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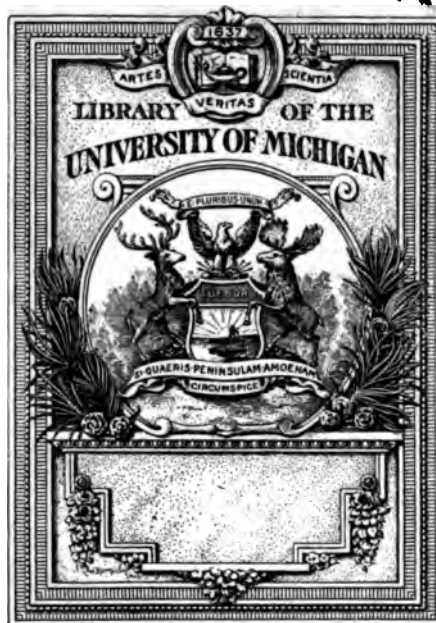
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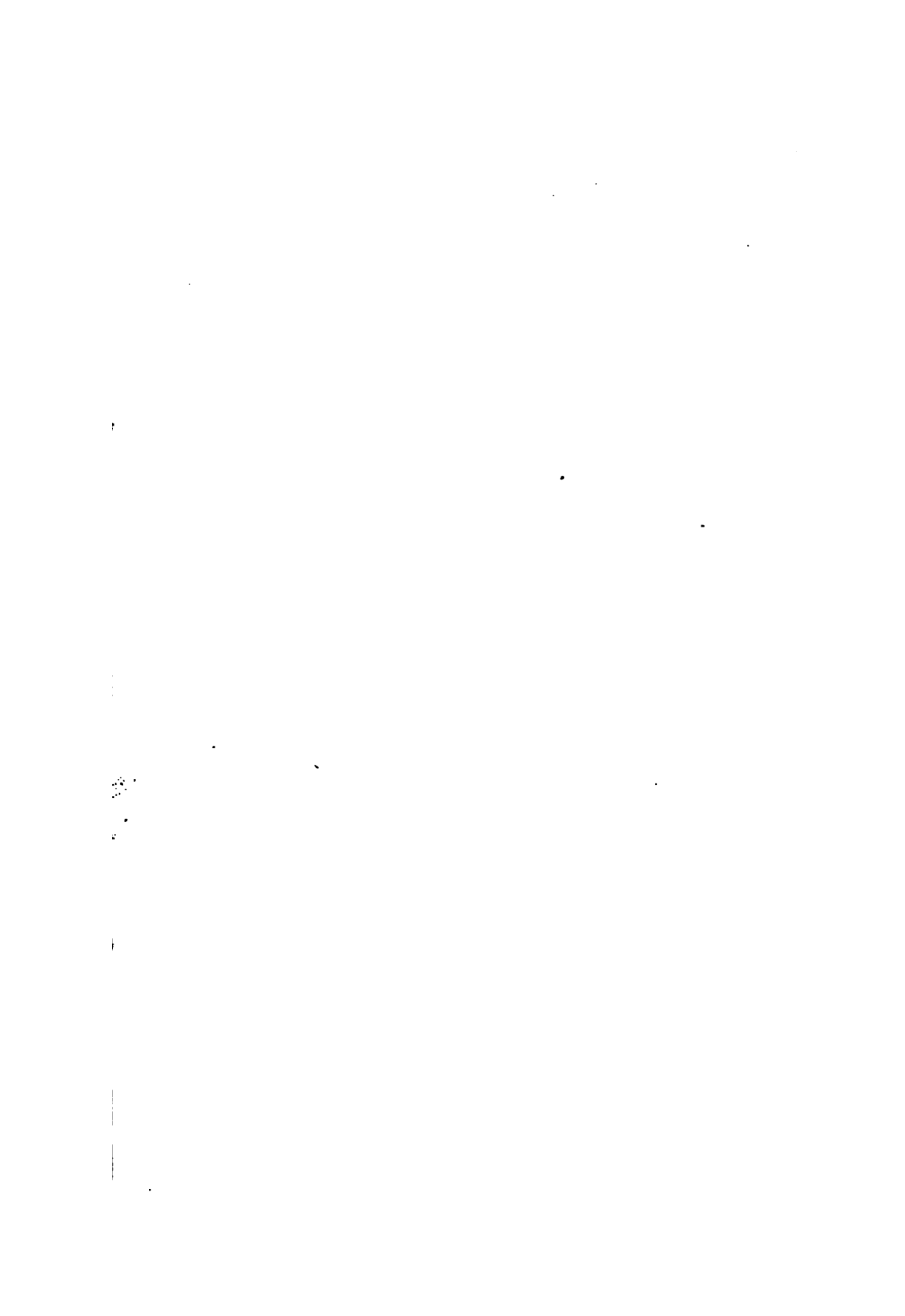
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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE CRUSADES - - - - -	1
IS ALCOHOL FOOD OR PHYSIC? - - - - -	21
AFRICAN CIVILIZATION AND THE COTTON TRADE - - - - -	33
GERALD MASSEY AND HIS WRITINGS - - - - -	52
EARLY SOCIAL STATE OF THE VICTORIA GOLD DIGGINGS - - - - -	63
CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY - - - - -	83
SOCIAL STATISTICS - - - - -	99
GREECE AND THE IONIAN ISLANDS - - - - -	105
EARLY CLOSING - - - - -	116
MIGRATIONS OF CONSCIOUSNESS AND THE UNCONSCIOUS SIDE - - - - -	130
THE ETIOLOGY OF DRUNKENNESS AND ITS RELATION TO THE STATE - - - - -	148
THE DISCIPLINE OF THE BAR - - - - -	158
THE EARLY WRECKED. A TALE - - - - -	169
NEWSPAPERS - - - - -	201
MILTON ON TEMPERANCE - - - - -	220
BREAD AND THE BAKERS - - - - -	239
WORKMEN'S HALLS - - - - -	259
A HAUNTED HOUSE - - - - -	267
INTERNATIONAL TEMPERANCE AND PROHIBITION CONVENTION - - - - -	286
OBSCURER DISEASES OF THE MIND AND BRAIN - - - - -	297
INFANTICIDE AND ILLEGITIMACY - - - - -	323
OUR PENAL SYSTEM - - - - -	342
A PROTEST AGAINST CAPITAL PUNISHMENTS - - - - -	356
IS IT FOOD OR POISON? - - - - -	367
RECORD OF SOCIAL POLITICS - - - - -	101, 192, 381
REVIEWS OF BOOKS - - - - -	104, 196, 289, 381

1

1

Meliora.

ART. I.—1. *History of the Crusades.* By M. Michaud. Translated by W. Robson. 3 vols. London: Routledge.

2. *The City of the Great King; or, Jerusalem as it was, as it is, and as it is to be.* By Dr. Barclay. Philadelphia. Challen and Son.

NO city in the world has such a history as Jerusalem. A halo encircles it from the earliest times. Events of lasting memorial and of eternal interest have there transpired. Attractions exist within it which have drawn crowds of pilgrims, throughout long centuries of time, to gaze on its site, tread its streets, and to meditate among its tombs. The pages of the past are filled with its history, and prophecies of the future are replete with references to this city of the Great King. 'Jerusalem as it was, as it is, and as it is to be' has formed the subject of contemplation and regard by the devout of every age. The post-diluvian patriarch, Shem, is supposed to have laid its foundations, and under the name of Melchizedek to have reigned in Salem. Abraham, the friend of God, has associated one of its hills for ever with his unparalleled devotion. David's bravery won it for his metropolis, Solomon's princely munificence adorned it with the temple where the tribes went up to worship, and God consecrated it with the pillar-cloud of his manifest presence. It was thus linked with the patriotism and the piety of the Jew. The captivity at Babylon could not alienate him from the holy city: the fear of a lion's den could not prevent him from turning towards it as he prayed. Emigration to all seats of commerce could not make the Jews forget Jerusalem. 'By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down: yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof. . . . If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget its cunning.' Whenever they bent the knee in daily devotion, they prayed for the peace of Jerusalem, and pronounced their benediction on them that loved it.

Restored by the edict of Cyrus, rebuilding their city and its temple amidst many oppressions and troubles, Jerusalem became doubly dear to the Jews, and as the descendants of Abraham

assembled there year by year, their growing formalism constrained them to fancy that within its walls they were safe in the outer court of the kingdom of heaven.

But the greatest glory of Jerusalem was yet to come. In its immediate neighbourhood God became incarnate in a Jew. At Gethsemane, beside it, he endured his awful agony, and was arrested by the hands of men. In the city He was tried by the potentates of earth, and condemned to an accursed death. He bore the bitter cross along the 'dolorous way,' was crucified on Calvary, where He made expiation for human sin, and He had his tomb for a time in a rock hard by. Around it were uttered many of those words of divine wisdom which have taught the world for ages, and there were wrought many of those miracles of power which attested the Messiahship of Jesus.

Dear as was Jerusalem to the Jew, and fond as has been his attachment to it during his expatriation for eighteen centuries, the Christian has regarded the holy city with peculiar solemnity. It was the theatre where God had been manifest in flesh; where redemption had been wrought, where the Saviour had conquered death and consecrated the grave, and where He had by his rising again pledged the universal resurrection. It was natural that pilgrimages to scenes of such surpassing interest should early begin, and that Christians should love to visit the city of God. Early in the history of the Church did travellers brave many dangers and long absence from home, and freely spend their substance to look on Bethlehem and Galilee; but especially on Jerusalem, where the Cross of the Son of God had stood. As superstition corrupted the purity of Christian faith, and virtue seemed to linger on these scenes of sacred history, the blessings of heaven were deemed to favour those who sang a Christmas hymn in Bethlehem, renewed their baptism in the waters of Jordan, bewailed their sins at Gethsemane, professed their faith in the Son of God at the holy sepulchre, and looked for the return of Jesus from the rock where fancy had fixed his last footprint on earth. Under the reign of Constantine, who took the Church of the martyr ages into imperial favour, the holy places became splendid shrines. Helena, his mother, visited Jerusalem, and erected many churches on the spots where Christ had lived and suffered. Under the protection of the eagles of Rome, Christian pilgrims could now go to the Holy Land, and in the days of Jerome, at the end of the fourth century, such crowds arrived at Easter as to make an annual Pentecost in the numerous tongues which joined in the praise of the Redeemer. The wise and the enlightened saw the dangers to piety from the superstitions which had superseded faith, and lifted their warning; but the zeal of the faithful was too blind to perceive, and too fanatical to fear any dangers.

dangers. They imagined that they were better prepared for heaven if they saw the Gospel in the wooden Cross and worshipped at the tomb of Christ. As the missions of the middle ages extended the Gospel to the West, pilgrims from the Rhone, the Rhine, and the Thames were found journeying to the holy city.

The holy places were recognized as sacred asylums for those who had merited death by their crimes. After a pilgrimage to the tomb of Christ, law forbore to condemn and justice hesitated to punish. There was no guilt which could not be expiated by a visit to Calvary. The murderer, after his return from Jerusalem, was revered as a saint. The faithful forgot and forgave the vices of the wicked in the acts of devotion which a pilgrimage implied. In the eleventh century the Western Church permitted pilgrimages to stand instead of canonical penances; and 'sinners were condemned to quit their country for a time and to lead a wandering life, after the example of Cain,' in order to satisfy the Church for their trespasses, and to save their souls.

It was deemed a neglect of Christian duty if any failed to perform some pilgrimage to the shrine of a saint; and he was accounted the holiest who undertook a journey to the distant East. Fathers began to dedicate their sons to travels which would merit heaven. Nor was the virtue thus supposed to be gained regarded as available only for the parties whose pilgrimage obtained it; it was supererogatory, and could lessen the pains of purgatory or secure spiritual blessings on behalf of a friend. It thus became the interest of Christians in all lands to favour the holy travellers. Pilgrims were everywhere honoured, and could make their journeys on little money. Hospitals were built for their comfort at convenient stages from the Atlantic to the holy city. Rich merchants freely gave money to sustain the devotees, and the clergy collected subscriptions to aid a work which tended so much to the glory of the Church.

In addition to those who performed some pilgrimage to expiate sin or acquire merit, there arose professional visitors of sacred places, who made it their sole business to go from shrine to shrine as substitutes for the million, and to collect relics which increased in value as the desire for pilgrimages grew. The Palmers, as these men were called, were held in high estimation, and were sustained by the charity of Christians. To them could be disclosed the deepest secrets, as the Abbess in Sir Walter Scott's 'Marmion' indicates by unfolding to one the mystery of her soul—

"O holy Palmer!" she began,
"For sure he must be sainted man
Whose blessed feet have trod the ground
Where the Redeemer's tomb is found."

Having travelled far and seen much, these pilgrims could often be of service to guide and cheer the way of knights and barons. Thus is one described in 'Marmion':

'Here is a holy Palmer come
From Salem first, and last from Rome,
One that hath kissed the blessed tomb,
And visited each holy shrine
In Araby and Palestine;
On hills of Armenie hath been,
Where Noah's ark may still be seen;
By that Red Sea, too, hath he trod
Which parted at the Prophet's rod;
In Sinai's wilderness he saw
The Mount where Israel heard the law,
'Mid thunder-dint and flashing levin,
'Mid shadows, mists, and darkness given.
He shows St. James' cockleshell;
Of fair Montserrat, too, can tell;
And of that grot where olives nod,
Where, darling of each heart and eye,
From all the youth of Sicily
Saint Rosalie retired to God.'

But when, in the seventh century, Mahomet arose and passed like a scourge over the East, and threatened also the West, obstacles were put in the way of pilgrimages to Jerusalem. The Saracens were masters of Syria and Egypt. The north of Africa yielded to their power. Constantinople was threatened by their advances. They made Spain their prey and ravaged the coasts of Greece and even of Italy itself. But Jerusalem especially was an object of desire to believers in the Koran. After a siege of four months, Omar entered into the city of God. The abomination of desolation now filled the holy place, and supplanted the mummery of superstition. A mosque arose where Solomon's temple had been. Tribute had to be paid by Christians. Persecution tried the faith of pilgrims to the sepulchre of Christ. But the fears of martyrdom did not check the desire for pilgrimage; many longed to die in the land that had been consecrated by the blood of Christ. The greater trial and danger which were experienced enhanced the religious merit in the esteem of the pilgrim and of the Church. As superstition increased in the West, which it then was doing rapidly, and crowds of pilgrims flocked to the East, the jealousy of the Saracens was aroused, churches were converted into stables, religious ceremonies interdicted, and pilgrimages were only permitted by the payment of a heavy tribute.

Meanwhile as the Mussulman power was advancing in Asia, the authority of the Church was reducing Europe to an empire greater than the Cæsars had ruled. Hildebrand made Rome again the capital of the world, and waved the two-edged sword of St. Peter

St. Peter over the kingdoms of the earth. Europe was made a vast religious society where the preservation of the faith was the principal interest, and where a spiritual law awed into submission the most powerful monarchs and feudal barons.

At such a time it was not difficult to inflame the minds of the people with a desire to win by force of arms for their devotion, the lands that had been made sacred by Christ. Gregory VII. was implored to undertake a holy war, and the crafty pope was ambitious enough to encourage the idea. But disputes with the Emperor of Germany embroiled him in European affairs, and he gave no more attention to the deliverance of Jerusalem.

The next pope had to contend with an opponent in the holy see, and could not carry out his desire of attacking the Mussulmans. The commencement of the Crusades, which engaged the attention, and commanded the united energies of Europe throughout two hundred years, was reserved for a pilgrim and a monk.

Peter the Hermit was a restless, active spirit. 'He sought in all conditions of life for an object which he could never meet with in any. The study of letters, bearing arms, celibacy, marriage, the ecclesiastical state, offered nothing to him that could fill his heart or satisfy his ardent mind. Disgusted with the world and mankind, he retired amongst the most austere cenobites.' His mind became excited, he saw visions, and dreamed dreams. He believed himself to be in special favour with heaven, and charged to declare the divine will. 'He possessed,' says one, 'the fervour of an apostle with the courage of a martyr.' A desire to see the tomb of Christ drew him from his retreat; but the sight of the persecutions of Christians and impieties of Mussulmans in the city of the Great King, aroused his indignation and called forth his zeal. He appealed to the Christian patriarch resident there, and urged him to seek the help of the West to restore to the Church the localities of its birth and bloody baptism. A voice from heaven seemed to call him to avenge the cause of Christ. Full of these thoughts, he resolved to appeal to the pope and Catholic Christendom to take arms for the holy sepulchre.

After his appeal at Rome, Urban II., then pope, pronounced him a prophet, and applauded his designs. With the papal benediction, Peter went forth to preach a crusade. He rode on a mule, with his head bare, a crucifix in his hand, his body covered with a coarse frock with hermit's hood, and girt with a thick cord. He was everywhere received as a saint, and made most powerful impressions upon the thousands that assembled to hear his words. He preached in pulpits, in the roads, in the streets, and wherever an audience could be gathered. He gave in animated style a description of the profanation of the holy

holy places, and of the torrents of Christian blood in Jerusalem. 'He invoked, by turns, heavenly angels, whom he called upon to bear witness to what he told them. He apostrophized Mount Zion, the Mount of Olives, which he made sob and groan. When he had exhausted the miseries of the faithful, he showed the spectacle carried with him; striking his breast and sometimes shedding torrents of tears.' Occasioned by their return from Palestine joined him, and as if suffering to the impressions made by the people were moved to the heart, made solemn prayer to God and the saints to give themselves, their prayers for the deliverance of the holy places. He took them as a saint of the highest order—a special favourite of God, and happy was the man who touched his hair from his mule, as a sacred relic to inflame

At this juncture the Emperor of Constantinople addressed the pope to solicit assistance against the Saracens. The pope called a council, which was so numerous that no church could hold them. But though 200 bishops, 4,000 ecclesiastics, and 30,000 of the laity were present, they did not yet determine upon a holy war. It was the martial nation of France to resolve upon the conquest of Jerusalem. At a council assembled at Clermont, Pope Urban II. appealed to the people—described the holy city, recalled the bravery of Charles Martel, and summoned the nation to become soldiers for God. The entire remission of sins was promised to those who join in the war. Their civil concerns were protected, the Church, and heaven was to be their reward. Every soldier of the Cross. The vast assembly responded, and answered the appeal with a shout: 'It is the will of God!' 'It is the will of God!' They knelt, confessed their sins, and received absolution. They then commenced to distribute the spoils of warfare to all the brave. Bishops, barons, knights, to avenge the cause of Jesus Christ. Crowds of crosses of cloth from the hands of Urban II. The French seemed now to have no country but the East. Gold and steel seemed the only articles of value. They were forgotten in the general call to arms for the Holy Land.

Other countries soon felt the flame. England, disturbed by the Norman conquest, Germany, by the papal anathemas, Italy, torn by its own factions, and partially occupied by Saracens, contributed

Crusade. The entire West was moved to undertake an armed pilgrimage.

The times and the circumstances of these countries favoured the new proposal. Internecine wars had disturbed the people, and made provisions scarce. Feudal tyranny oppressed them. They gladly took the cross to avoid more galling servitude or more pressing want. By this, too, they were freed from imposts, and could not be pursued for debt. Guilt escaped the law, serfs became free under the new influence which invited them to warfare in a distant land.

Ambition moved some. In an age of warfare this could not fail to enlist the brave. Chivalry was then rising to its glory, and as its devotion was said to be claimed by her whom they called Ever-Virgin, knights forgot their ladye love in a higher attachment, and were even induced by their fairest friends to give themselves to the service of Christ. Ladies sent a distaff to the timid to reproach their cowardice. The *needy* who saw little room for themselves in their native land—the younger sons of nobles who had no avenues to commerce or industry—rejoiced in the opportunity to win fame and fortune by war in other lands. The *bad* embraced a cause which would atone for their crimes. The robber got by it the sanction of religion to his plunder. Monks exchanged the convent for the camp, artisans their tools for the sword and the bow, and barons sold their castles and lands for means of warfare. Even women and children imprinted the cross upon their delicate limbs, and swore to follow the soldiers of Christ. The aged and feeble gave their money in heaps; the poor gave their prayers and benedictions or the promise of their sons; all envied the fate of them who could go to the Holy Land; whole families joined the Crusade. Villages were emptied; the one idea of conquest possessed all. None thought of distance, of danger, of want, or of carnage. Country, relationship, honours were all sacrificed to the Crusade. ‘Moderation was cowardice, indifference treason, opposition a sacrilegious interference.’ Europe was a land of exile. The aspirations of all were towards the East. In 1096 peace was universal in the West; and 300,000 people began their march across the continent to the city of Jerusalem. Ill provisioned, ill governed, ill disciplined, moved only by enthusiasm and prepared only with hope, this mighty mass exulted as they united in an army. Most were on foot, few had horses or carriages, armour was scant and rude, and money scarcest of all. They celebrated their victories in songs and festivities before they had won them, and indulged in the excesses which often follow a conquest. Sins were all covered under the cross; the piety of the warfare atoned for the frailty of the warriors; the spirit was willing though the flesh was weak.

Superstition

Superstition and passion went hand in hand. The cuirass was confounded with the frock, the mitre with the helmet, and the austerities of penance with the debauchery of prostitution.

Peter the Hermit had a large concourse early around him, and him the ignorant, fanatical multitude chose for their general. With hood, mantle, and sandals, crucifix and mule, Peter put himself at the head of 100,000 men. These were chiefly composed of the lower orders, and were divided into four divisions. The vanguard was under Walter the Penniless, an adventurer as miserable as his followers. He had only eight horsemen. The rest were on foot and dependent on charity. So long as they passed through France and Germany they were well provided for, but when they advanced to the Danube they were cut to pieces for their excesses by the brave Bulgarians. The *second* division, under Peter, was led without moderation or prudence, and soon fell into danger. Thousands perished by the way and under the attacks of the people whose lands they sought to plunder. The *third* division experienced a similar fate; and by the time these three parts had reached the plain of Nice, where they were attacked by the Turks, only 3,000 remained.

In addition to them was a *fourth* division, consisting of a mass of the refuse of France, Flanders, and the Rhenish provinces. They wandered in disorder, without a proper commander, and preceded by a goat and a goose, which they believed to be inspired. They numbered nearly 200,000. They slaughtered the Jews all along their march, and proposed to do likewise to the Hungarians who refused them provisions. Many of them were then slain. The waters of the Danube were dyed with their blood, and choked with the numbers of dead bodies.

'Before twelve months had expired since the spirit of crusading was roused into action by the Council of Clermont, and before a single advantage had been gained over the infidels, the fanatical enthusiasm of Europe had already cost the lives, at the lowest computation, of 250,000 of its people. But while the first disasters of the Crusade were sweeping the mass of corruption from the surface of society, the genuine spirit of religious and martial enthusiasm was more slowly and powerfully evolved. With maturer preparation, and with steadier resolve than the half-armed and irregular rabble, the mailed and organized chivalry of Europe was arraying itself for the mighty contest; and a far different, a splendid and interesting spectacle opens to our view.'

It is not our purpose to give a history of the Crusades, on which several volumes have been written; but it may be necessary to a proper understanding of them to glance rapidly at the principal events connected with them. There were eight Crusades in all, carried on, as already hinted, during the long period of two hundred years. The abortive attempt under Peter the Hermit is scarcely entitled to be ranked in the number. It was the preface to the work which followed.

The

The first was commanded by Godfrey de Buillon, Duke of the Lower Lorraine. He was a fit captain for an expedition so grand.

'Contemporary history, which has transmitted his portrait to us, informs us that he joined the bravery and virtues of a hero to the simplicity of a cenobite. His prowess in fight and his extraordinary strength of body made him the pride of camps. Prudence and moderation tempered his valour; his devotion was sincere and disinterested; and in no instance during the holy war did he employ his courage or inflict his vengeance but on the enemies of Christ. Faithful to his word, liberal, affable, full of humanity, the princes and knights looked upon him as their model, the soldiers as their father, and all were eager to fight under his standard.'

His two brothers joined his standard, and the nobility of France, the Rhine, and of Italy united their forces with his. Raymond, the Earl of Toulouse, Robert, Duke of Normandy, Hugo, brother to Philip I., King of France, Robert of Flanders, Stephen of Chartres, Bohemond, Prince of Tarentum, and his brother Tancred, were among the illustrious in the army. The first division, under Godfrey, was composed of 80,000 foot and 10,000 horse. The other divisions numbered also largely, so as to make the army formidable.

Proceeding by different ways, they met under the walls of Constantinople, where their power created much uneasiness to the occupant of the Greek throne. But their aims were not to overthrow the Christian empire. They therefore entered Asia and began their warfare. Almost every step of their way was covered with the bones of those who had preceded them; they therefore went onwards, determined to avenge their comrades and to extirpate all the Mussulmans from the Holy Land. At Nice they were met by the Turks, who were well disciplined, under one leader and inured to war. The Crusaders, on the other hand, numbering 500,000 foot and 100,000 horse, under leaders distinct from each other, and only nominally under Godfrey, were not easily guided. Conflicting motives operated among them, and personal glory animated knights and princes. They proved victorious at Nice, but with very heavy loss, in 1097. It was at a still greater sacrifice that they gained Antioch, and at the last only by treacherous stratagem. But even after they were within its walls, they were besieged. Famine, that had pressed on them in the camp, was more severe in the city. They could make no forays. Their spirits fell. They were resorting to cannibalism, when, by a desperate effort, they sallied forth against their besiegers and gained a glorious victory over the Saracens. They had lost more than 200,000 by battles, famine, misery, and disease. Many had returned to the West unwilling to brave further peril. Baldwin had his troops at Edessa, where he had gained a kingdom. Bohemond was invested with the sovereignty of Antioch. Several of the leaders were at feud with each other. Vice was
paralyzing

paralyzing the army. By the time they started from Antioch for Jerusalem only 1,500 cavalry and 20,000 infantry remained of the vast army which had set out from Europe.

They now approached the summit of their hopes; their last great battle was to be fought—Jerusalem was to be won back to Christendom—the way to the tomb of the Saviour was about to be opened to the faithful of the West.

‘By the break of day,’ says M. Michand, ‘on the 10th June, 1099, the Crusaders ascended the heights of *Emmans*. All at once the holy city presented itself to their eyes. The first who perceived it exclaimed together, “Jerusalem! Jerusalem!” The rear ranks rushed forward to behold the city that was the summit of all their wishes, and the words, “It is the will of God! It is the will of God!” were shouted by the whole army, and resounded over Mount Sion and the Mount of Olives, which offered themselves to the eager gaze of the Crusaders. The horsemen dismounted from their steeds, and walked barefooted. Some cast themselves upon their knees at beholding the holy places, while others kissed with respect the earth honoured by the presence of the Saviour.’

They all there renewed their vows to free the city from the yoke of the Mussulmans. Tasso has beautifully described this scene in his immortal poem, ‘Jerusalem Delivered.’

‘Feathered their thoughts, their feet in wings were dight,
Swiftly they marched, yet were not tir’d thereby,
For willing minds make heaviest burdens light;
But when the gliding sun was mounted high,
Jerusalem, behold, appeared in sight,
Jerusalem they view, they see, they spy;
Jerusalem with merry noise they greet,
With joyful shouts, and acclamations sweet.

‘As when a troop of jolly sailors row,
Some new-found land and country to descry;
Through dangerous seas and under stars unknow,
Thrall to the faithless waves, and trothless sky;
If once the wished-for shore begin to show
They all salute it with a joyful cry,
And each to other show the land in haste,
Forgetting quite their pains and perils past.

‘To that delight which this first sight did breed,
That pleased so the secret of their thought,
A deep repentance did forthwith succeed,
That reverend fear and trembling with it brought.
Scantly they durst their feeble eyes dispread
Upon that town where Christ was sold and bought,
Where for our sins He, faultless, suffered pain,
There where He died and where He lived again.

‘Soft words, low speech, deep sobs, sweet sighs, salt tears,
Rose from their breasts, with joy and pleasure mixt,
For thus fares he the Lord aright that fears,
Fear on devotion, joy on faith is fixt:
Such noise the passions make as when we hear
The hearse sea-waves roar hollow rocks betwixt;
Or as the wind in haunts and shady greaves
A murmur makes among the boughs and leaves.

‘Their naked feet trod on the dusty way,
Following the ensample of their zealous guide;

Their scarfs, their crests, their plumes, their feathers gay
They quickly doft, and willing lay aside ;
Their moulten hearts their wonted pride allay
Along their watery cheeks warm tears down slide.'

It was a full month, however, before they took the city and planted the standard of the Cross where the crescent had waved. The carnage was awful. Saracens were massacred everywhere. At the mosque of Omar their blood, reached to the bridles of the horses. The cries of infants and the tears of women, age or wounds availed not to soften the hearts of the soldiers of the Cross.

After the city was subdued, a king was elected. Godfrey was the unanimous choice of the princes and captains ; but with humility characteristic of himself, he refused to wear a crown of gold in a city where his Saviour had worn a crown of thorns ; and he contented himself with the title of Defender and Baron of the Holy Sepulchre. He did not survive the anniversary of his election.

Though various monarchies were established in the Holy Land by the Crusades, yet their fortunes considerably declined during the half century subsequent to the taking of Jerusalem ; and they were obliged again to appeal to the European princes to assist them.

The preacher of the second Crusade was one of the most remarkable men of his age, and whose memory and influence have continued to impress succeeding time. Bernard of Clairvaux was a monk who secluded himself from the world for the purpose of devoting himself to the Lord. He was perhaps the most influential man in the twelfth century, and has been called *the last of the Fathers*. He was consulted by popes and by monarchs, and even general councils of the Church bowed to his decision. He was an extraordinary preacher. The specimens of his eloquence in the discourses which he daily addressed to his monks at Clairvaux, and which were preserved to us by those who were privileged to hear them, fully justify the opinion of Sixtus of Sienna, when he said that ' his discourses are at once so sweet and so ardent, that it is as though his mouth were a fountain of honey, and his breast a whole furnace of love.' His preaching of the Crusade made a great excitement all over France and Germany. ' His aspect, his manner, his extreme vivacity, and the fiery energy of his whole manner, produced so powerful an impression on the minds of men, even on those who only saw him, and heard nothing more than the sound of his voice, that, as is related in his life, when he preached to the Germans, they were moved to tears by his discourses without having understood a single word of the language in which they were delivered.' The King of France, the Emperor

Emperor of Germany, hundreds of nobles, thousands of knights, and hundreds of thousands of people received the cross at his hands, and went away on the second Crusade. The number has been computed at about a million, of whom 300,000 were fighting men, the rest were clergy, pilgrims, women, and camp followers. The success of this expedition was much as the first. The greatest part of the Crusaders melted away before they arrived at the Holy Land: the most shocking excesses abounded. Many perished at sea, many by famine, many by the sword. Dissensions also prevailed in the camp. The Christian chiefs in Palestine entertained jealousies of each other, and did not unite their forces. Meanwhile the Saracens were growing in strength, and were under the command of one of the greatest of warriors, Saladin, of illustrious memory. He was the viceroy of Egypt and Syria, and he took advantage of the disunion among the Christians to attack and conquer them. He took the King of Jerusalem prisoner in 1187, and in the same year brought the holy city again under the sway of the crescent. The French and German monarchs had returned to Europe before that time with miserable remnants of their grand armies. The Christian cause in the East was really worse than when the Crusades began, after the vast expense of life which had been sacrificed in its defence.

The third Crusade was commanded by Frederick Barbarossa, Emperor of Germany, with a prodigious army in 1189; but he lost his life in Syria. Philip Augustus, King of France, and Richard of the Lion-heart, King of England, followed in 1190 with great armies. Philip retired in 1191, and it was left to an English king to reduce the valiant Saladin to terms of peace. A truce was formed for three years, and Christians had free access to the holy places.

Attempts were made in the commencement of the thirteenth century, urged by Innocent III., the reigning pope, which resorted rather in expediting the fall of Constantinople than in the promotion of the Crusade. Eager to enjoy the plunder of the empire, the chiefs lost the most favourable opportunity covering the Holy Land.

The fifth Crusade was ordained by the General Council of Lateran, in 1215, and embraced the Hungarians, under King Andrew, and a large army of French, Germans, and Italians before. King Andrew's attempt was abortive; but he invaded, and Damietta taken by the second expedition. Emperor Frederick, who had married the daughter of King John of England, came to the succour of the Christian cause, and obtained access, during a peace of ten years, to the holy places. The sixth Crusade effected little but the loss

seventh and eighth were rendered brilliant by the bravery and devotion of Louis IX., King of France. He defeated the Mussulmans, but was himself defeated and taken prisoner, and ransomed by the surrender of Damietta to the Turks. However, he resolved upon a new expedition to retrieve his misfortunes. He raised a very large army, and was accompanied by the flower of the French nobility ; but success did not attend his efforts. Pestilence seized the army, and the king himself fell a victim to its influence on the 25th August, 1270. He was the last European prince who engaged in the Crusades against the Turks. His pure devotion, upright character, manly nature, and kingly wisdom were worthy of a better fate. He was beloved by his subjects, whose interests he had truly at heart, and when he died great was the lamentation of the French people. His was a death-bed that may compare with many, favoured with more evangelical light. Calling his son to his tent he gave him instructions for the government of the kingdom and for his own conduct. His dying exercises were wholly in relation to the eternal world, and his last words were, ' O Lord, I shall enter into thy house, and shall worship thee in thy holy tabernacle.'

The death of Louis IX. terminated the Holy Wars, except in fanatical attempts made during the the 14th and 15th centuries to subdue the Turks ; but these resulted in the subjugation of the whole Eastern empire to the Mahommedan power. On the 29th May, 1396, the sun last rose on the Roman empire of Constantinople ; Mahomet and his janissaries laid it in the dust ere the evening closed. The Crusades were in every way disastrous to that empire, and as they ended, the Koran took the place of the Bible, the crescent that of the cross, and the Moslem that of the Christian in the city of Constantinople. The West was filled with consternation at the catastrophe, and made several futile attempts to recover the Golden Horn. The Emperor Frederick III. and Pope Calixtus III. endeavoured to stir up a crusade ; but the Turk, instead of being made to retire continued to advance. Mahomet II. swore to annihilate Christianity. He subdued Greece, seized Cyprus, and captured, though he abandoned Otranto. Italy was distracted. The next pope, Sixtus IV., implored Christian Europe to expel the Turks. But notwithstanding the death of Mahomet II., and the subsequent divisions, Egypt and Persia, Palestine, and all the powers of the East yielded to the authority of the Turks under Selim. In course of time Belgrade and Rhodes were captured, and Vienna besieged by the followers of Mahomet. Not till the pontificate of Leo X., in the early part of the sixteenth century, was the power of the Turks broken at the battle of Lepanto, by Don John of Austria. Christendom then rejoiced ; but what was left to Christendom after the long
blight

blight of superstition and fanaticism, and after the divergence of active zeal and valuable life in the cruel wars of four hundred years?

In thus glancing at the Crusades, we must not pass over one phase of this so-called Holy War, directed, not against the Saracens, nor on behalf of the tomb of Christ and the holy places of Judea, but against the church of the Albigenses, who had kept the light of apostolic Christianity in their native valleys from the earliest days. They were the only persons who protested against the Crusades, in an age when men were given over to the darkness of superstition, and to the cruelty of fanaticism. But they were themselves made the object of a Crusade. Missionaries and papal legates were sent among them, but made no converts. Those who had the truth, and adorned it in their exemplary lives, were not likely to accept a creed which corrupted their faith and depraved their morals. They were therefore doomed to be exterminated. Innocent III. gave the same promises of heaven and plenary indulgences to all who engaged in the war against the Albigenes and Vaudois, as he gave to the crusaders against the Saracens. There were not wanting men ready to engage in the horrid slaughter. Simon de Montfort, the Duke of Burgundy, has attained the memorial of a lasting infamy for the part he took in the persecution of the people of God. Many joined his standard, for it seemed an easier way of gaining the same advantages than by going to Palestine. De Montfort executed his task with relentless cruelty, ravaged the country, burned the houses, massacred all the people, whether Romanists or not, inflicted the most revolting indignities and wrong upon the weak and the helpless. But the light did not cease to shine, the truth still lingered in the valleys, and successive generations of the martyrs have presented the glorious spectacle of a pure church amidst surrounding darkness and superstition.

What opinions, then, are we to form of the Holy Wars, and what were their results? These two questions we shall now propose to answer.

A French historian of the Crusades, M. Michaud, in estimating these Holy Wars, supposes for a moment that they had been successful, and draws a beautiful picture of Egypt, Syria, and Turkey as Christian colonies, the East and the West conspiring to promote the march of civilization,—the same religion extending over lands on every side, uniting all in happiness and prosperity and the hope of heaven. And he concludes that if this had been the case, there would have been but one opinion of the Crusades, and that all would have rejoiced and thanked God for the chivalry and warfare which consummated such bliss. But let us judge the Crusades in the light of justice and religion.

They were wars undertaken in the name of religion and for the purpose

purpose of destroying its enemies. They were carried on with relentless cruelty for the purpose of propagating the faith of Christ. They were the effort

‘To make men by persecution think,
And by the sword believe.’

Following the counsel of one of the popes who applied to the Church the words of the Apostle, ‘Here are two swords,’ they sought to force the unbelieving world to yield to the power of the Church. In the name of the Gospel they perpetrated the greatest crimes. Under the banner of the Cross they bore malediction to those who knew him not. Is this the spirit of Christ or of his holy gospel? Is it not rather the spirit of Mahomet, who made the alternative of his propagandism always be ‘The sword or the Koran?’

Had but a hundredth part of the numbers who went to fight against the Saracens become missionaries of the Cross, and evinced a similar zeal for the souls of the Mussulmans as they did against them, what might have been the result? The display of such philanthropy, disinterestedness, and self-denial for the good of men could not fail to have moved the minds of the most superstitious among the followers of Mahomet. What vast resources were wasted, thousands of lives sacrificed in an insane attempt to make the religion of the Saviour triumphant by force of arms! In the holier war of missionary enterprise, not a thousandth part of these vast armies have ever gone forth, yet how magnificent have been the results! The banner of the Cross now waves where the idolatrous sign was seen. The worship of stocks and stones has been supplanted by the fear of God, alike devout and intelligent. Heathen temples have given way to Christian churches. Ignorant, depraved, cruel, and cannibal tribes have been transformed into an enlightened, exemplary, and Christian people; and lands where war and cruelty, waste and desolation prevailed, are now peaceful and happy, cultivated and fruitful.

The true crusade is against sin and ignorance, and not against man. Its mission is to enlighten, and civilize, and save—to transform every heart into a shrine, and every country into a holy land. It seeks not to allure into its service by the promise of pardon, or a plenary indulgence for sin. It accepts no labourer who is not a volunteer, whose motive is not the love of Christ, and the desire for extending his knowledge for the salvation of man. But it has room for all in its holy ranks, work for all in its world-wide mission, and a reward for every labour of love in the name of Christ. This mission has been given to the Church of Christ. Preachers commend it to their people, and urge the duty and promise the beatitude of a dedication so holy and so beneficent as the service of Christ in saving souls.

The

The Crusades of the middle ages were instigated chiefly by the most superstitious and fanatical notions, and promoted by the ambition of popes to subdue the rising power of kingdoms under their sway, and joined in by kings and by barons to restrain the spirit of freedom which they fostered among their subjects. The desire to advance the interests of a true Christianity did not possess many of the chiefs who led the mighty movement. Religion was scandalized, before the followers of Mahomet, by the unprincipled and depraved Crusaders, and by the object which they professed to have in view. The disciples of the Prophet were not led to study the claims of Christianity. They were prejudiced against the faith which prompted deeds of wrong, boasted of lying wonders, and practised the weakest superstitions and the grossest vices. They obtained no benefit from the learning, civilization, or religion of the West. They despised alike its literature, its laws, and its faith. A hatred against Christianity and Christians seized the minds of the Moslem, and modern missions still reap the fruits of the evil influence of the Crusades. No people are more difficult of access, of none have fewer converts been gained, among none is opposition to the Christian faith so inveterate as the Mohamedans throughout the world manifest.

To Christianity as a religion the Crusades did much evil.

'The principle of the Crusades,' says Gibbon, 'was a savage fanaticism; and the most important effects were analogous to the cause. Each pilgrim was ambitious to return with his sacred spoils, the relics of Greece and Palestine, and each relic was preceded and followed by a train of miracles and visions. The belief of the Catholics was corrupted by new legends, their practice by new superstitions; and the establishment of the inquisition, the mendicant orders of monks and friars, the last abuse of indulgences, and the final progress of idolatry, flowed from the baleful fountain of the holy wars. The active spirit of the Latins preyed on the vitals of their reason and religion, and if the ninth and tenth centuries were times of darkness, the thirteenth and fourteenth were the age of absurdity and fable.'

The Church sank more deeply into superstition; the clergy into ignorance; and all Christendom exhibited a reproach and a scandal to the name which it bore.

At the period of the Crusades, the Arabians and the Greeks were far in advance of the West in knowledge, industry, and art, and those who engaged in the Holy Wars from the spirit of fanaticism, were slow to observe or to profit from the intellectual and industrial superiority of those whom they made their enemies. The civilization of Europe, instead of taking advantage of these avenues to improvement, wasted its own strength and resources in vainly attempting to reduce the stronger and more polished Easterns to their sway.

There can be no doubt that progress was made during these two hundred years; but some writers have depreciated the influence of the Crusades on the improvement. Gibbon, Hallam, and Guizot seem

seem to regard the irruption of the northern nations into the Roman empire as effecting a far happier result on society in Europe than all the labour and travel consumed in eastern wars. The Crusades opened the way for the barbarian, and for the new life which the latter threw into the decaying civilization of the West. Mr. Hallam has not allowed much to the Crusades in overthrowing the feudal system. Had they done so, he thinks that 'they would have repaid Europe for the prodigality of crimes and miseries which attended them.' But there can be no doubt that they aided considerably to curb the power of the barons, and to set free their serfs from bondage. In the holy wars, every man gained a freedom from his feudal superior, though, as we have already hinted, in order to retain some portion of power, many barons joined the Crusade at the head of their retainers. But they could not restrain the spirit of liberty. Cities obtained enfranchisement by their corporate wealth. Communes followed by seeking the protection of the king against the baron, and the royal authority was often extended, and the power of the kingdom consolidated by the union of the prince with the people.

'The larger portion of the inhabitants of Europe was chained to the soil, without freedom, or property, or knowledge; and the two orders of ecclesiastics and nobles—whose numbers were comparatively small—alone deserved the names of citizens and men. This oppressive system was supported by the arts of the clergy and the swords of the barons.' The authority of the priests operated for a time as a salutary antidote; but the power of the sword kept the people in subjection. When, however, the Crusades opened the way for the serf to be independent of his master, and impoverished the estates of the feudal lords, liberty was wrung from the reluctant, security was gained for the trader, and a greater healthfulness pervaded the community. 'The conflagration,' says a brilliant writer, 'which destroyed the tall and barren trees of the forest, gave air and scope to vegetation and the nutritive plants of the soil.'

The holy wars aided to make legislation more beneficial to the people. 'The departure of the Crusaders gave occasion for a number of actions; precautions against fraud were multiplied; public notaries were called in; the use of charters was adopted.' The legislation of Venice and of Constantinople opened up new ideas to Franks, and led Louis IX. to make a collection of laws and the people to sue for justice.

Though the progress was slow, the Crusades undoubtedly contributed much to navigation, commerce, arts, science, and learning.

Navigation had been followed by few. Before the twelfth century, 'France had but two or three ports upon the

mandy, and had not a single one upon the ocean or the Mediterranean, when in the seventh Crusade Louis IX. caused that of Aigues-Mortes to be dug.' It must be remembered that Marseilles, which had been a flourishing port for ages, did not then belong to France. 'England was scarcely more advanced, and abandoned the navigation of the seas surrounding it to pirates.' But the Crusades called forth navigators from Norway and the Baltic to assist in conveying armies and besieging maritime cities. The sight of the Mediterranean ports awakened a new spirit, and navigation was fostered by commerce, to which the East was able to contribute so largely. The Saracens manufactured stuffs. Metals were wrought in great perfection at Damascus. Tyre was famous for its glass. Indigo, alum, and saffron, in relation to the useful arts, may be traced to the times of the Crusades.

The *fine arts* derived little benefit from the holy wars. The Mussulmans despised painting, and the Koran forbade sculpture. And the Latins, after their conquest of Constantinople, 'destroyed most of the monuments raised by the genius of sculpture, and converted the masterpieces of Phidias and Praxiteles into pieces of coin.'

Geography was much advanced by means of the Crusades. This science was very little known before that period. The soldiers of the Cross knew scarcely anything of each other's country till they met in a common army; but their international knowledge was extended while they opened up the East. In the thirteenth century, charts of the globe gave neither the configuration of the earth nor the extent of countries. They merely trace by vague designations which struck travellers most forcibly—such as the curiosities of each country, the animals, the buildings, and the various dresses of men. A recent historian of the Crusades writes—

'We have seen a map of the world, which is attached to the "Chronicle of St. Denis," and which appears to have been made in the thirteenth century: we do not find, as in modern maps, the names of the four cardinal points set down, but on the four sides are written the names of the principal winds, to the number of twelve. Jerusalem, according to the opinions of the time, is placed in the centre of the three parts of the world; a large edifice, surmounted by a cross, represents the holy city. Around this queen of cities, the author of the map has figured by other edifices the cities of Palestine, Syria, Egypt, &c.; the distances are marked without any attention to exactness; all appears thrown at random on the paper: this confused mass of edifices or houses seems to be less a representation of the universe than the shapeless picture of a great city, built without plan or regularity.'

In the fourteenth century, geography made considerable progress.

Learning derived its advantages from the Crusades. Greek literature found a new entrance to Rome. The 'Iliad' and the 'Odyssey' were again brought to the land of the 'Æneid,' and the

the orations of Demosthenes were read amidst the ruins of the forum where Cicero delivered his orations. Aristotle came again from Constantinople to the West, and at once took a place in the schools higher even than the Holy Scripture.

History received great additions from the pens of the Crusaders, chiefly ecclesiastics, who chronicled the events of which they were witnesses, or wrote itineraries of their travels. William of Tyre has been called the Livy of the Crusades. Villehardouin and Joinville, both Frenchmen, wrote in their native tongue, and their works are among the earliest monuments of French literature.

But *poetry* received a marvellous impulse by these great movements of men. The imagination had much to aid its development from the scenes and events of the holy wars. Poetry, therefore, awoke anew, and produced some of its most powerful pieces. Troubadours went to the East, and besides their feats of arms, added a glory to their names by their metrical romances. The names of Godfrey and Tancred, Richard and Saladin, were set to the music of the *trouvères* on the banks of the Loire. In Germany, the effect of the mighty movement on the muse was very apparent. The people that had lived within themselves for many hundred years had, by means of the Crusades, a new world opened up to their minds. New feelings were called forth as they joined the standard of the Cross. The loss of home, the desire to travel, bitter regret at parting, moved the young thought of Germany, and the poetry of that period is replete with its influence and preserves it. 'The genius of the old song was suddenly aroused. Then came the time of the Minnesingers, the first classical period of German literature.'

The Crusades themselves received, in an after age, the immortality of Tasso's noble epic, 'Jerusalem Delivered.' There, by means of the beautiful delineations of character, though not free from exaggeration, Godfrey, Tancred, and Rinaldo, each stand a model

'Whom every man in arms would wish to be.'

A new Crusade is working for the East. Towards the cradle of the Christian faith, the hopes of the Church are again turning, and efforts have been made to establish a mission in the holy city which will be influential in all the East. It is possessed of singular advantages and facilities for such a work. These are thus referred to by Dr. Barclay in his splendid volume on the 'City of the Great King,' which made a deep sensation and obtained an extensive circulation in America. He says—

'In no city, perhaps, on earth are there so many and such distinct races of men and grades of religion as are to be found in Jerusalem: the sensual, fair-skinned Turk; the swarthy, turbulent Arab; the barbarous, ebony-skinned African; the superstitious, circumventing Christian of every hue and dye; and the down-

trodden, Banquo-like Israelite, the wanderer of every clime, a stranger everywhere, at home nowhere, not even on his own heaven-given soil !

'From Jerusalem as a central point seventy-five thousand of the Arab family can also be reached in every direction. Situated on the Medimarinean isthmus, between the continents of Asia and Africa on the one hand, and the Mediterranean or Western Sea and the Indian or Eastern Sea on the other, leading to the abode of Japhet in Europe, and the Isles of the Gentiles in all Oceanica ; it is thus accessible to all nations, tribes, kindreds, and tongues. Nor is there another spot on the face of the earth so well situated as Palestine for the erection of a mighty Pharos, for the diffusion of moral light amongst those that are sitting in the region and shadow of death. Hence the importance of creating an immense Bible magazine in Jerusalem. Equally obvious, too, is the importance of the holy city as the most suitable place on all the earth for a "school of the prophets," a great mission establishment for preparing missionaries for the whitening fields of the East, that "the law may go forth of Zion, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem." What a noble and inviting enterprise !

Events are favouring such an anticipation. The towns and cities of the East are rising anew by reason of the overland route to India. Egypt has revived its busy appearance and life. Railways and telegraphs are giving a new impulse to Egypt. New importance is being attached to these seats of ancient blessing.

'But,' says a writer in a recent review, 'it is possible that events may take another course. Should the Euphrates railway succeed, there will be two channels eastward instead of one. The Egyptian one will still be maintained, for it has advantages of its own ; but the Assyrian one will be a mighty rival, and in its rivalry it may do for the buried cities of Babylonia what is now being done for the waste cities of Egypt. The stream of British commerce, pouring itself into the Persian gulf, will raise up the old cities and draw a new population to its banks. For a time, these two streams, flowing thus widely asunder, will leave Syria, or at least Jerusalem, untouched. But ere long the necessity for a junction will be felt, and the junction line between Egypt and Babylonia, though it might only skirt, not traverse Syria, would, by its necessary ramifications, lead to a resuscitation of the cities of Palestine, and, first of all, of Jerusalem itself.'

The Crusades of the past were expressions of superstition, fanaticism, and cruelty. The Crusades of the future must express the intelligence, piety, and missionary zeal of the Church. Those of old made the holy places scenes of idolatry, mockery, and scandal ; those of the future must make them a lesson of holiest enterprise and large-hearted philanthropy. Those of the past gloried in a locality of tradition ; those of the future must seek a glory of usefulness and Christ-like work. Those of the past walked 'about Zion to tell her towers and to mark her bulwarks ;' those of the future must 'give the Lord no rest until He create Jerusalem a rejoicing and her people a joy.'

- ART. 2.—1. *On Food and its Digestion: being an Introduction to Dietetics.* By William Brinton, M.D., Physician to St. Thomas's Hospital. London: 1861.
 2. *Medico-Chirurgical Review.* July, 1861.
 3. *British Medical Journal.* 1861.
 4. *History of Discoveries concerning the Action of Alcohol.* London: Caudwell. 1861.

IN a previous article we alluded to the controversy which has been raging amongst medical men in regard to the question, 'Is Alcohol Food or Physic?' and we examined the argument put forth by Dr. Barclay as indicating the stand-point of the profession at large a year ago. It now becomes our duty to give an account of the complete revolution of opinion which has been since effected amongst the highest teachers and wisest members of the profession, beginning with Dr. Brinton, the lecturer on physiology in St. Thomas's Hospital. His book is one of sterling merit, though not without its drawbacks and defects. A 'Saturday Reviewer' has, with peculiar instinct, seized upon the author's most questionable statement, and, wrenched from its context, used it as a plea for the bottle.

The doctor states that during the last twenty years he has examined sixty thousand individuals, and 'has met with very few perfectly healthy middle-aged persons successfully pursuing any arduous metropolitan calling under teetotal habits;' but 'has known many abstainers whose apparently sound constitutions have given way with unusual and frightful rapidity when attacked by casual sickness.' Perhaps this was intended as a sop to the Cerberus of popular prejudice, so as to allow an open door for the entrance of many sounder principles. At any rate, our author immediately says:—

'It may be suspected that any apparent rarity of the coincidence of perfect health and complete [?] teetotalism, is less of an argument against the claims of this doctrine than at first sight it seems to be. Certainly,' he adds, 'many of the habits of our urban populations are leagued against such an innovation—bad food, bad cookery, foul air, insufficient exercise, excessive mental and bodily toil; all combine to render a stimulus both less superfluous, and more harmless, than it would otherwise be; and suggest that the imperfect health often seen as the concomitant of teetotalism, should be referred to these well-known agencies of disease, rather than to any less direct and obvious cause, like the want of a particular drug. In like manner, that the constitution of a reformed drunkard often fails at a pinch, is a defect which ought in fairness to be charged to his previous habits, and not to the salutary change in these habits, but for which he would, in many cases, have lost his health and life long before.'

The mingled force and fallacy of this paragraph can only be distinctly seen by analysis and comparison with facts. 1st. It is not asserted that Dr. Brinton is as likely to inspect as fair a proportion of teetotalers as of drinkers. The abstainers who are healthy—

healthy do not go to be examined, except for life-policies, and he is not the examiner appointed by the Temperance Life Assurance Office. That few healthy teetotalers, therefore, should come before him is exactly what might be anticipated *à priori*. 2nd. Teetotalers in London, in the first half of the last twenty years, were very rare indeed, and are by no means plentiful now; yet, according to the newspapers, the Havelock Temperance Rifles are as fine and healthy a body of men as any others selected from the general community.* 3rd. It is not pretended that abstinence has anything to do, by way of positive cause, with weakness of constitution, to whatever extent it may prevail. 4th. It is not denied that persons of somewhat delicate health are more likely to join a movement professing to improve the constitution than persons of rude or robust health, who, feeling no injury, are apt to make the hasty inference that no evil is inflicted by their drinking habits. 5th. It is fully conceded that abstinence, in many cases, so far from causing, has actually postponed, the catastrophe—*i.e.*, prolonged life. 6th. It is also admitted that the moderate use of this particular drug is only 'more harmless,' that is, less injurious, in some circumstances than in others. Whether the constant use of a narcotic and blood-defiling drug can counteract the other bad circumstances—whether bad drink is a rational remedy for bad air, bad food, and bad blood—we must leave to the decision of common sense. 7th. It is not denied that the alleged evils are even more common amongst drinkers than abstainers. Finally, the indisputable facts are, that the teetotalers have very much less sickness, and sickness of a less serious kind, than even moderate drinkers.

The 'Morning Post'—which not many years ago said the proposer of the reformation of juvenile criminals was 'cracked'—with its characteristic persiflage and superficiality declares that 'the volunteer movement has placed total abstinence under an unfavourable aspect. Where is the superior steadiness of hand on the part of these gentlemen? 'We fancy abstinence records are only competent to disclose mediocrities, not stars; a quiet set of walking gentlemen, competent to fulfil the minor characters in the drama of life, but unfitted to enact its heroes.' All this is but the 'Post's' playful 'fancy,' for the facts of history, past and present, are against it. As to steadiness of nerves, take two cuttings from the press during the autumn:—

'At the rifle contest at Kidderminster, Mr. Henry Parker, a teetotaler of eighteen years' standing, won the first prize silver cup, against a grocer, a brewer,

* This battalion, composed entirely of teetotalers, was inspected on Saturday evening, by Colonel M'Murdo, at the Sessions House, Newington Causeway, London. A large and fine body of men, under Captain Cruickshank, were present. The colonel expressed his gratification at the precision with which they went through their evolutions.—*Morning Star*, Sept. 16, 1861.

a publican, and a solicitor. In another class, the silver cup was won by Mr. J. Pember, who has been a teetotaler all his life. This proves that teetotalism is no impediment to steady nerves.

'We have had two days' rifle shooting for prizes, in the usually quiet town of Gainsborough. The first prize—a silver cup, value 10*l.*, and the second, value 5*l.*—were won by a teetotaler. He was the only teetotaler in the list of competitors; and as he approached the mark, the people were heard to say, "See how steady he is!" A jolly Boniface who shot, never hit the butt.'

We have the pleasure of knowing a famous hunter, who lived many years in India, and was the first Englishman, perhaps, who killed a yak bull. We mean R. H. W. Dunlop, C.B., author of that graphic book, 'Hunting in the Himalayas.' After narrating an extraordinary adventure on the snowy peaks, attended by exhaustion, on which the party used some spirits, he gives this impartial testimony:—

'I have myself no prejudices in favour of temperance doctrines, but I have left off entirely the use of beer, wine, or spirits, simply because I have found them inevitably and unmistakably mischievous. I attribute the steadiness of my hand in rifle shooting very much to my not drinking wine or beer; and I have never in my life known any case of a hunter giving a fair trial to the system of drinking water, who did not find he could do better in walking, shooting, and endurance of every kind, than when on the "strengthening system of beer and spirituous tonics." Even in the present exceptional instance, I found that those accustomed to "drink" were the first to suffer from the collapsing effects of extreme cold on the circulation, were the least benefited by the stimulant, and soonest lost the slight fillip of abnormal or excited strength it gave. Now in this instance, the dram-drinking was strictly what it is often falsely assumed to be, "medicinal," the importance of the momentary stimulant being deemed worth the cost of after depression, or a few days' irritability of system.'

Again, Colonel Sir. J. E. Alexander, a competent authority on such matters, remarks, in an article on 'Camp Life,' in the 'United Service Magazine,' 'For long or short expeditions, spirits lead only to mischief.' In 'Wild Life in the Fjelds of Norway,' by F. M. Wyndham, p. 135, we find the following:—'Excellent coffee served to quench our thirst; and it may be here remarked that (in a healthy country at any rate) the use of strong drink is best abandoned when an expedition requiring the full bodily powers is undertaken.' As we don't want heroes every day, but useful, commonplace men, all the better for being common, we see no force in the 'Post's' lament. Is it in search of 'heroes'? If so, we hope it will not be 'as deaf as a post,' and refuse to hear the resoundings of Fame in honour of teetotalers. What does it say to Dr. Livingstone and to Dr. Sandwith of Kars? to Omar Pasha and to Havelock? Or suppose its eye can rest upon the little Isle of Caprera, and fancy itself listening to Garibaldi modestly retailing his exploits and saying, 'As for myself, I never drink anything but water,' might not even a 'Post' begin to suspect that, by the adoption of teetotalism, a man

Might gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world'?

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The rate of mortality in the Indian army, for the three classes of teetotalers, careful drinkers, and free drinkers, was one, two, and four per cent. respectively. In a trial in the army of the German Confederation, four corps of 20,952 men, to whom the usual rations were given, had 472 sick (or 1 in 44), while three corps of 7,107 men, from whom the drink rations were withdrawn, had only 79 sick (or 1 in 90).^{*} In the Crimean army, when the Turkish sick rate was two per cent., the British was six, seven, and eight, notwithstanding our soldiers were better fed, better posted, and better cared-for as regards sanatory conditions.

The experience of the Temperance Provident, Life Assurance Society, which has two sections of assurers, viz., carefully-selected moderationists and teetotalers, gives a quinquennial bonus of nearly twenty per cent. more to the latter than the former. A comparison of sick-clubs† shows that the drinkers have twice as much sickness, for twice as long a period, as the teetotalers, with, of course, twice the cost, and nearly double the mortality. The City of Refuge Lodge of the Sons of Temperance has only had one death in five years. The St. George's Benefit Club, London, with above one hundred members, has only lost one member by death in three years, and he a consumptive patient admitted without medical certificate. The St. Anne's, Spitalfields, with ninety members, has had no death for three years and a half. The Northwich Temperance Club, with an average of eighty members, instead of losing thirty-eight members at 2 per cent. annually, has only lost nine by death in twenty-four years, or less than half per cent. annually. Thus the lax statement of Dr. Brinton, and the fallacious deduction of the 'Saturday Review,' vanish before the stern evidence of facts and the array of incorruptible and genuine statistics.

Dr. Brinton sanctions all the early teachings of the teetotalers on the complex problem of digestion: 'The chemistry of artificial digestion,' he says, 'conclusively indicates that the mere solution of the gastric contents can undergo nothing but disturbance, or even opposition, from alcohol; the injurious effect of which is probably not altogether suspended by any but the most extreme dilution, and is certainly heightened by its combination with those saccharine and fermenting ingredients which are largely present in most alcoholic beverages, and which tend to set up, in the gastric contents, a decomposition akin to their own.' He thinks, however, that 'these (injurious) effects themselves *may* exert a salutary reaction on the system, obviating—perhaps oftener deferring and accumulating—some of the direct consequences of excess; . . . so as to check alike digestion and decomposition, and enable the intestinal canal to void its contents after a very scanty absorption

^{*} Works of Dr. Lees, vol. i. p. 41.

† *Ibid.*, p. 41.

of their nutritious principles.' Dr. Brinton concedes, also, that the teetotaler less needs a rich dietary than the blood-impooverished drinker:—'that the insufficient ingestion, and still more insufficient digestion of food, is one of the commonest and worst results of alcoholic excess, by which the organism is thus deprived of food, at the same time that it is prostrated by the copious introduction of an active poison. Contrasted with this, teetotalism provokes the cravings of a healthy appetite, and implies a larger consumption of food.' All through his eleventh chapter, Dr. Brinton employs the teetotal dialect in speaking of alcoholic drinks. Alcohol is 'their *main* ingredient—certainly their more poisonous constituent—their benefits are, as a rule, inversely as their alcoholic ingredient—in other words, the mischief they can and do effect is some high power of their fluctuating proportion of alcohol—the general usefulness of wine is its special value as a less poisonous and brutalizing agent than ardent spirits.' . . . 'It is the natural but multifarious admixture of ingredients in wine which makes this liquid generally so much less poisonous, and more medicinal, than dilute alcohol.' By virtue of the tartrate of iron (first in grapes) and other ingredients, he classes wine as 'something between food and poison, and, therefore, akin to physic—pleasant physic perhaps!' Then follows the thoughtless and foolish remark, 'Not pleasant without a purpose on the part of beneficent nature!' He reminds us by contrast of the atheistic philosopher who regretted that it was a pity so many pleasures should be sins; for this principle of Dr. Brinton's would clearly solve the difficulty by making pleasure sanctify sin, since he proves the purpose and beneficence of nature by pleasure being attached to its committal! When men adopt an argument in physics that proves too much, it ends only in absurdity; but when a similar sophism is applied to morals, it turns philosophy into the pander for hell. We trust the author will, in his next edition, erase this pernicious plea for sensuality.

Dr. Brinton faithfully points out the pathological results of the use of alcoholics, as described by Shakespeare in *Macbeth* (Act. ii. scene 3), on the brain, the limbs, and other functions:—

'Porter. Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock: and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

'Macduff. What three things does drink especially provoke?

'Porter. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes and unprovokes,

Dr. Brinton thus explains the meaning of a rubicund, port-painted visage: 'The unnatural flush, or the deep ruddy hue of the drunkard's face during a debauch, is scarcely more characteristic than is the more permanent colour of all the exposed parts of his integuments. And we may unquestionably observe an analogous,
if

if smaller effect of this kind, as the ordinary result of a moderate use of fermented liquor; so much so, that among persons equally exposed to the air, the pallor of the teetotaler will generally distinguish him at a glance from the ruddier consumer of beer or wine.' It is questionable, however, according to Dr. E. Smith, whether the true function of the skin is not retarded by this increased circulation in the capillaries. 'In moderate drinkers,' says Dr. Brinton, 'it may be fairly supposed that this effect is partly due to an elimination of the poison by this channel.' He stoutly opposes the nonsense about alcohol saving the tissues—a notion now old enough to be placed amongst the curiosities of the past. 'Supposing metamorphosis to be limited in the way assumed, how should we call this economy? Metamorphosis is so far identical with life as to be at any rate the coefficient of all healthy vital action.'

'Reverting to larger facts,' says Dr. Brinton—the facts of a broad experience—he concedes that alcohol cannot be used as an element of respiration, since it is found that the teetotaler is warmer even within the Arctic circle, and cooler in the tropics, than the drinker. His summing up is remarkable for its judicial impartiality, but leaves no room for the ordinary dietetic use of alcoholics:—

'Exertion, in all its more active forms, whether this activity find vent in a short but excessive muscular effort, or in a more sustained but less violent action, is just as certainly disfavoured by alcohol. Careful observation leaves little doubt that a moderate dose of beer or wine would, in most cases, at once diminish the maximum weight which a healthy person could lift, to something below his teetotal standard. While, even as respects more sustained exertion, the avoidance of feverishness, and the capacity of prolonged muscular effort, are gladly secured by many who habitually drink alcoholic liquid, by a temporary abstinence from it under such circumstances.* In like manner it is not too much

* Dr. Brinton refers in a note to the chamois-hunters of the Bavarian Alps, who, to secure their own safety and endurance, while tracking their game from one mountain peak or precipice to another, rigidly abstain, for their life is dependent upon a quick eye, a steady hand, or a strong foot; though they will freely imbibe brandy in the chalet below, when their perilous labours are over. It is the same with our trainers, runners, and prize-fighters. Give Deer-foot daily a pint of port or porter, and his fleetness and endurance would pass from him almost as rapidly as Samson's strength when his locks were shorn. Drink is the Delilah of the physical system—an inveterate foe to 'muscular,' no less than to moral, 'Christianity.'

'Of course, Mr. Sayers,' said a friend of ours, to this hero of the prize-ring, 'you must in training take a deal of nourishment, such as beefsteak, porter, and pale ale?'

'I'll tell you what it is, sir,' was the response of the redoubted Tom; 'I'm no teetotaler, and in my time have drank more than is good for me; but when I've any business to do, there's nothing like water and the dumb-bells.'

Heenan, his American antagonist, is systematically a teetotaler; and so also is the champion wrestler of Westmoreland. Johnson, of Manchester, the modern Samson, lost his power as an acrobat through the use of beer, but it has returned to him as an abstainer with a marvellous increase, so that he can now accomplish the most amazing feats of physical prowess. The strongest man in the Isle of

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to say that mental acuteness, accuracy of perception, and delicacy of the senses, are all so far opposed by alcohol, as that the maximum efforts of each are incompatible with the ingestion of any moderate quantity of fermented liquid. Indeed, there is scarcely any calling which demands skilful and exact effort of mind or body, or which requires the balanced exercise of many faculties, that does not illustrate this rule. The mathematician, the gambler, the metaphysician, the *maître d'armes*, the billiard-player, the author, the artist, the physician, would, if they could analyse their experience aright, generally concur in the statement that, even though they may find a bottle of wine, convivially speaking, not a drop too much, and a more moderate potation quite compatible with the exercise of all their faculties, yet that a single glass will often suffice to take (so to speak) the edge off both mind and body, and to reduce their capacity to something below what is relatively their perfection of work.—(Pp. 389, 390.)

These facts ought to be amply sufficient for settling the ethics of this question, unless we rank amongst our social privileges the right to take the edge off both body and brain, or are disposed to plead for the abolition of the Christian rule, 'whether ye eat, or drink, do all to the glory of God.'

'Many years have now passed since we predicted that controversy on this great temperance theme must end in the distinct and practical separation of food from poison by the disciples of common sense on the one side, and on the theoretic (as already in the habitual) amalgamation of drugs with diet on the other, by the atheistic philosophers of pleasure and the dialecticians of strong drink. In the Review before us' (October 1854), 'Dr. Chambers has verified our prediction, in an article distinguished by a considerable share of plausible talent. Short of his conclusions there was in truth no stopping-place. Sooner or later the stern logic of consistency must bring those who will drink to his issue,' viz., that alcohol, opium, and tobacco are equally medicinal food.

This was the opening paragraph of an elaborate analysis of Dr. Chambers's famous article in the 'Medico-Chirurgical Review,' written nearly eight years ago, in which Dr. Lees concludes with 'the expression of a sincere desire that the next time "Young Physic" undertakes to discuss this question it may be under happier

Portland at the present time, is a rigid teetotaler. Mr. Charles Dickens often twaddles in his tales about the 'poor man' and his 'pot of beer,' defending the beer as if it were one of the most valuable, instead of one of the most debasing, of 'British institutions.' Even he, however, in his last bundle of 'Christmas Stories,' rejects the fallacy of its excellence, in these passages:—The first concerns the Sanpietrini, who had to ascend by ropes, to illuminate the dome of St. Peter's, at Rome, on the occasion of the Carnival. 'We were allowed no wine, and the doors were locked upon us, that we might not procure any elsewhere. It was a wise regulation, considering the task we had to perform.' The second has reference to the 'Pony Express' from California to New York. 'I had come to two resolutions: one, to economise my little store of jerked beef as much as possible; the other, to refuse all hospitable proffers of whisky, being convinced that on water only could such trying work as that before me be accomplished.'

It would seem, therefore, from an induction of the opinions and practices of observant men outside of the temperance movement, that 'Water is best'—best in a deeper sense than old Pindar ever dreamt of, when he commenced his celebrated ode,

influences,

influences, with a better disciplined mind, and in a less presumptuous spirit. May age bring wisdom !' *

The wish is at last happily fulfilled : since the mountain would not come to Mohammed, he has come to the mountain. As the 'Westminster Review,' in January 1861, recanted the errors of G. H. Lewes's pretentious article which appeared in July 1855, so Dr. Chambers, in July 1861, frankly recants his fallacies of October 1854. His recent article displays all the former ability, but a finer discrimination and a more modest and matured judgment. One of his opening paragraphs indicates the corrective influence of progressive science, and is written under an evident consciousness of past error :—

'The most essential part of the influence of physical agents over life lies in their action upon formative nutrition, and the instrument they employ to effect this is usually the nervous system, at once the most impenetrable as to function, and the most mysterious tissue of the animal body. To repress over-sanguine hopes of rapid advance, to show what pitfalls lie in the path, and what *ignes fatui* of mechanical, chemical, and cellular theories will try to delude us and our children, it is proposed in the present article to sketch a history of the investigations made during our own generation, into the action of a drug, which, from its wide-spread use and abuse, has justly excited more attention than any other.'

The article is a decided advance towards true temperance, though inaccurate in several historical particulars, as in omitting Dr. Kirk's experiments, which were prior to Dr. Ogston's by seven years, and in ignoring the fact, that one of the first temperance leaders, ever since the year 1840, had, through books and oral lectures throughout the kingdom, insisted upon the conclusive nature of Dr. Percy's experiments. He, somewhat ungracefully, passes over the opportunity of acknowledging how 'science' on this point is indebted to a popular reformation. Yet it would be hard to be compelled to say how sadly medical science has lagged behind.

The absorption of alcohol is first considered, and the fact is brought out, that Rudolf Masing, of Dorpat, a pupil of Professor Buchheim, while engaged, in 1854, in refuting Duchek's claim to have detected aldehyde in the blood, first used the now famous chromic acid test. This test was suggested by the practice of dyers, who employ alcohol to form the green oxide of chrome in the manufacture of chrome alum.

In view of the fact that Dr. Chambers gave currency in this country to the notion of alcohol being 'accessory food'—a phrase to which some inferior writers still cling—the next passage is exceedingly significant :—

'It is clear that we must cease to regard alcohol as in any sense an aliment, inasmuch as it goes out as it went in, and does not, so far as we know, leave any of its substance behind it. It remains for some hours in the body, and exerts in that time a powerful influence. What is that influence, and over what tissues is it exerted? "A stimulant to the nervous system." On the nervous system, doubtless, and especially on the mental functions of the nervous system, every

* Works of Dr. Lees, vol. i. Appendix, p. 193. London, 1854.

experimenter,

experimenter, from the first patriarch [Noah, not Adam] downwards, would agree that its prime action is evident. But what is a stimulant? It is usually held to be something which spurs on an animal operated upon to a more vigorous performance of its duties. It seems very doubtful if, on the healthy nervous system, this is ever the effect of alcohol, even in the most moderate doses, and for the shortest periods of time. Dr. E. Smith has recorded very minutely the sensations experienced after brandy by a temperate man with a fasting stomach. The first lessened consciousness, and lessened sensibility to light, sound, and touch. Then comes a peculiar sensation of stiffness, with swelling of the skin, which is noticed particularly in the upper lip and cheeks. This is very unlike a spur to extra exertion. In a patient at present under our care, the same peculiar sensation of stiffness, and also the objective phenomenon of rigidity of skin without loss of sensation, is produced by the pressure of injured bone on the fifth nerve in the skull. It is a partial paralysis of sensitive nerve, and cannot in any sense be considered an increase of vigour.*

What now becomes of the assertion that 'the special effect of alcohol is to strengthen the nervous system transiently' even? * Dr. Chambers continues:—

'It is true there is noticed also an increased rapidity of pulse; but that cannot be regarded as an evidence even of locally-augmented vital action, for, of all patients, those especially exhibit it who have the weakest hearts, and are most enfeebled by disease. A diminution of force is quite consistent with augmented quickness of motion, or may it not be said that, in involuntary muscles, it implies it? The action of chloroform is to quicken the pulse, yet the observations of Dr. Bedford Brown, on the circulation in the human cerebrum during anaesthesia, clearly show that the propelling power of the heart is diminished during that state.'

This is confirmed by Dr. Smith's experiments, where the rate of respiration was generally lessened. When attention was directed to the act of inspiration, indeed, there was a sensation of greater depth, but this might be purely subjective, as the variableness in the amount of the respired air seems to indicate. At any rate, it was an 'irregular phenomenon,' as Dr. Chambers says.

'Physiologists have always taught, as confirmed by all experiments, that large doses immediately, and small doses after a time, depress the nervous centres, and that the cause of death is a cessation of the muscular respiratory movements. What we wish particularly to mark is, that the primary action is anæsthetic—a diminution of vitality in the nervous system.

'The exhilaration of mind is also an anæsthetic phenomenon. It is nothing more than a blunting of the sensations to the little half-felt corporeal pains and the thousand petty cares and ambitions of daily life. The intellect is said to flash forth brighter with wine; but analyse coolly the wit of a convivial party, and you will find it generally as poor as the beautiful poetry you seem to make in dreams, and which will never scan when remembered waking.

'Probably neither the highest manifestations of bodily vigour, nor the most precious productions of the intellect, are elicited by such agency.'

Dr. Chambers' weak point still centres in the obscurities of the metamorphosis of tissue. He abandons the notion of some special nerve-tissue-arresting-property, however, and approaches the following explanation of his former critic: 'With such narcotizing of the organs, and consequent retention and accumulation of effete matter, can there be any surprise at arrested assimilation, lessened appetite, and economized food? So, in a bilious state of the body, the system is narcotized, and food is saved, in precisely the same way.

* Dr. Barclay. 'Lecture on Ale, Stout,' &c.

Is bile in the blood, therefore, a box for savings? * Dr. Chambers now says much the same :—

'On the whole, we are justified in attributing the temporary arrest of metamorphosis caused by alcohol, mainly, if not entirely, to its anæsthetic action on the nervous system.

'We have been careful in what has gone before to avoid the use of a short word which, for convenience, is often employed as synonymous with "destructive assimilation" and "metamorphosis." Much as we love Saxon etymologies, there is danger in the double meaning of "waste." It unconsciously suggests the idea, that all diminution of excretion is a saving and direct gain. In point of fact, Dr. Donders has gone so far as to call alcohol a savings' bank. Now we must not forget that metamorphosis is life, that the arrest which we cause for temporary purposes is an arrest of life, and that it is beneficial only when it enables the body more easily to lay in supplies of nutriment.

'Life and warmth are so closely connected together in scientific as well as popular notions, that perhaps the most striking evidence of diminished vitality is in the lessened power to generate heat. MM. Dumeril and Demarquay published in 1848 their observation that intoxicated dogs exhibited a great loss of temperature; and Dr. Böcker and Dr. Hammond find the same result from even moderate doses.† This explains the experience of Dr. Rae, that alcoholic drinks give no satisfaction to Arctic voyagers, and of Dr. Hayes (Surgeon to U.S. second Grinnell Expedition), that they actually lessen the power of resisting cold. The "warming of the stomach" seems to be a mere insensibility to cold, and the flushed face and palm a secondary feverishness.'

This plays sad havoc with Dr. Barclay's notion that 'moderation' is but washing your face in warm water, excess 'scalding' it. Dr. Chambers, however, gives a new rule of drinking, which is entitled to some credit if only for its singularity :—

'The length of time which alcohol remains in the system, especially in those nervous tissues on which its effects are first shown, and for which it possesses a peculiar affinity, seems to offer us a means of laying down a definite limit between use and abuse. If the whole of a former dose has not been evacuated, we can easily understand the danger run by adding another, and the geometric progression of the danger from each successive quantity. At a city insurance office we are in the habit of substituting for the usual vague question about temperate habits, an inquiry if the proposed life ever takes beer, wine, or spirits in the forenoon; and we have never regretted refusing to insure every one who gives way to this indulgence, and who does not allow a full period of sixteen hours in each twenty-four to pass without alcohol.'

Can anything to which such language is applicable properly be called 'food'? What else is wine but a 'poison' and a 'mockery' when it can be taken safely but once in twenty-four hours? Our next and concluding citation is designed to show the delusion of supposing that no injury is inflicted where no injury is felt or perceived. In 1854 Dr. Chambers said: 'Medical men will, on reflection, assent to the proposition that, where no immediate pathological phenomena are observed, no future organic injury is to be apprehended.' Dr. Lees replied that 'the beginnings of many disorders defy detection by any outward signs;' but Dr. Chambers now answers himself in admirable fashion :—

* Works of Dr. Lees, vol. i. Reply to Dr. Chambers, p. ccli.

† Vide Works of Dr. Lees, vol. iii. p. elxiv, for examples from Dr. Muspratt and Dr. Jonah Horner, of the dogma held in 1855, that an intoxicated man will better resist cold than a teetotaler!

'It might have been anticipated *a priori*, that the diminished vitality which accompanies the use of alcohol should lead to a diathesis of general degeneration. No part of the body seems exempt, but it is of course most notably manifested in those organs which are of the first necessity, such as the liver and the kidneys.

'Earliest probably of all parts of the body this degeneration commences in the blood. Dr. Böcker noticed the alterations undergone by the blood of habitual alcohol-drinkers as yet in good health—namely, a partial loss of power to become red by exposure to the air, in consequence of the loss of vitality in a portion of the blood-discs. This loss of vitality manifests itself by the formation of black specks (oil) in the discs, and then by their conversion into the round pale globules which, in all cases of disease (*i. e.*, of diminished vitality), are found in excess in the blood. This devitalized condition of the nutritive fluid is probably the first step to the devitalization of the tissues which it feeds.

'To recapitulate: we think that the evidence, so far as it has yet gone, shows the action of alcohol upon life to be consistent and uniform in all its phases, and to be always exhibited as an arrest of vitality.* In a condition of health it acts in some measure immediately on the extremities of the nervous system by direct contact, and is also carried through the universal thoroughfare of the circulation to the brain. To nerve-tissue chiefly it adheres, and testifies its presence by arresting the functions of that tissue, for good or for evil. The most special exhibition of disease is in the special function of the nervous system, the life of relation, to perform the duties of which the devitalized nerve becomes inadequate. Then the vegetable life suffers; the forms of tissue become of a lower class, of a class which demands less vitality for growth and nourishment—connective fibre takes the place of gland, and oil of connective fibre. The circulation retains, indeed, its industrious activity, but receives and transmits a less valuable, less living freight, and thus becomes the cause, as well as the effect, of diminished vitality.'

Though Dr. Chambers and the leaders of the profession thus abandon an untenable doctrine, it is hardly to be expected that the less sagacious and more prejudiced of the herd will at once learn the true scientific state of the case. As with other systems, so with the pleasant theory that 'alcohol is food,' it will die hard; and the vulgar members will betray a spasmodic life long after the brain has been dead.

The 'Medical Times' of November 8th, for example, had a leader eulogizing as 'sound in theory' the principle of the United Kingdom Alliance, while accusing teetotalers of founding 'a new medical sect,' whose 'cardinal doctrine is, that alcohol is not food, but possibly medicine, and certainly poison.' After our former history of this question, the reader may well wonder where the writer discovers the novelty. This article is mere slop—a kind of medical 'half-and-half,' composed, in equal 'quarts,' of 'Barclay on Stout' and 'Lankester on Water.' Its character is sufficiently proclaimed by the assertion that 'no experiments have proved the elimination of any quantity of alcohol.' Its significance is found in

* The idea of such an agent, habitually employed, serving to prevent an attack of zymotic disease, will by this time have become sufficiently preposterous. We mark the singular fact, as showing how untrustworthy notices of books percolate into periodicals, that this very number of the 'Medico-Chirurgical Review,' which contains so effectual an explosion of Dr. Barclay's crotchets, has also a notice (p. 180) of his lecture, in which we are told that 'it explains the most scientific and most recent discoveries connected with the subject,' when, in fact, it is based upon a bubble which had already collapsed.

the fact of its being meant as a set-off to a manifesto in a younger and rival periodical, 'The British Medical Journal,' which, during the past year, has liberally opened its pages to the discussion of the question, 'Is Alcohol Food or Physic?' The accomplished editor, Dr. Markham, has come out on the temperance side, uniting a rare conscientiousness with an admirable acuteness and outspokenness. As might be anticipated, many pens have mingled in the debate. Dr. Lees, in one letter, calls upon Dr. Lankester to make good a statement hazarded, in supposed safety, at the Dublin Social Science Congress—that he had made some experiments which proved the chromic acid test to be utterly 'worthless'; while the editor criticises his views on alcohol as put forth in the somewhat boshy 'Lectures on Food.' So, at last, Dr. Lankester gives a response, amusing only from its evading his own mythical experiments and its general vapidness. These letters call out Dr. E. Smith, who, in an excellent paper, not only triumphantly vindicates the value and thoroughness of the bichromate of potass test, but shows up the flimsiness of the exceptions made to it.

In his paper of November 23rd, the conclusion of a series, the editor of the 'British Medical Journal' thus sums up the discussion so far as it had then gone:—

'We have no wish hastily to speak on this important matter, but we are in conscience bound boldly to declare the logical and inevitable conclusions, as they seem to us, to which a scientific view of the subject forces us.

'The grand practical conclusions are these: 1. That alcohol is not food; and that, being simply a stimulus of the nervous system, its use is hurtful to the body of a healthy man. 2. That if its imbibition be of service, it is so only to man in an abnormal condition; and that our duty, as men of medicine, is to endeavour to define what those particular abnormal states are in which alcohol is serviceable. 3. That ordinary social indulgence in alcoholic drinks, for society's sake, is, medically speaking, a very unphysiological and prejudicial proceeding.

'We will only add, that if we wanted any stronger proof of the necessity for the inquiry we now ask for, we should find it in the arguments—if they may be termed such—of those who have taken up the defence of the bottle.'

The controversy still goes on in respect to the medical use of alcohol, though with flagging spirit, indicative of approaching exhaustion. When it has issued in any clear and certain principles, such as have already been arrived at in regard to the dietetic question, we shall make them known to the readers of 'Meliora.' In the meanwhile, the friends of temperance and prohibition may be congratulated upon the hindrances removed, and the ground already cleared, from the path of legislation. It is the settled verdict of science that alcohol is not food and is poison. The rest will come with time and its right employment. Let them 'labour and wait' for the assured fruition of all manly controversy, knowing, in the language of Mr. J. S. Mill, that 'it is only by virtue of the opposition which it has surmounted, that any Truth can stand in the human mind.'

ART.

ART. III.—AFRICAN CIVILIZATION AND THE
COTTON TRADE.*

AFRICA has been happily styled 'the continent of the future.' The ancients looked upon Africa as a land of mystery and terrors. Burning wastes and barren mountains, wild beasts and noxious reptiles, creatures half men, half beasts, men without language or articulate voice, living naked in earth-holes, and feeding upon serpents, worshipping devils only, and cursing the sun as their enemy; others having their heads beneath their shoulders; others crawling like the kangaroo—such was the picture which ignorance and fear had early drawn of Africa and its inhabitants, and traces of which are found even in the scholarly pages of Herodotus and Pliny. Shakespeare puts such stories into the mouth of Othello to woo the gentle Desdemona:—

'Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak, such was the process;
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. These things to hear,
Would Desdemona seriously incline.'

And yet the ancients had withal a story of MOUNT ATLAS, which may well serve as a type of the African continent and its history. The Atlas range they imagined one huge mountain, which from the midst of the sands raises its head to the heavens; rugged and craggy on the side looking toward the outer world, but on the side facing the interior of Africa, shaded by dense groves and refreshed by flowing streams—fruits of all kinds springing up there spontaneously, so as to more than satiate every possible desire. By day no inhabitants of this mountain can be seen, but all is silent, as the dread stillness of the desert; but by night it gleams with innumerable fires, and re-echoes with the notes of the flute and the pipe, and the clash of drums and cymbals. 'The space,' says Pliny, 'which intervenes before you arrive at this mountain is immense, and the country quite unknown.' But while modern research has corrected the physical geography of the Atlas region, and dispelled its mysteries, it fully confirms the statement of Pliny, that the trees of Africa are 'covered with a flossy down, from which, by the aid of art, might be manufactured a fine cloth like the textures made from the produce of the silkworm.'†

* This article is reprinted from the 'New Englander,' with a few omissions.—ED.

† 'Nat. Hist.' B. v., c. i.

Pliny makes frequent mention of the cotton-plant as indigenous to Africa. 'Upper Egypt, towards Arabia, produces a shrub which some call *gossypium*, others *xyton*, from which are made cloths called *xylina*. The shrub is small, and produces a fruit like a bearded nut, from whose downy contents a yarn is spun. No cloth is superior to this in softness and whiteness. The garments made from it are preferred to all others by the priests of Egypt.'—*Nat. Hist.*, xix., c. 2.

Like the fabled Atlas of the ancients has stood Africa itself upon the map of history. Its interior an immense unknown—walled in from the civilized world by desert and mountain—a drear, silent, forbidding waste. But already through the night we see the kindling fires of peopled homes, and catch the wild music of free and joyous races; and beyond the desert are gushing fountains and streams of life, luxurious fruits and refreshing shades; and, most of all, there is everywhere that flossy tree, which art has learned to fabricate into textures that vie with the silks of a Roman senator.

The map of Africa, in its physical geography, presents one of the most striking configurations upon the surface of the globe. It has been likened to 'an enormous peninsula attached to Asia by the isthmus of Suez'—which alone hinders its complete circumnavigation.* North of the equator it reaches out westward a huge bulging head; south, it converges to a triangle with its apex at the Cape; in its extreme length and breadth measuring about equal, five thousand miles either way. Washed by the Mediterranean, the Atlantic, and the Indian oceans, its shore is fringed with irregular but often luxurious streams, while north, west, south, and east, great rivers, the Nile, the Niger, the Congo, the Zambesi, open the path of commerce into the far interior. Mountains and highlands girdling immense plateaus, navigable lakes—some of them two or three hundred miles in length, by from forty to ninety in width—vast grazing plains alternating with arid wastes, present a continent alike marked in structure and in resources, now challenging the enterprise, as it had long baffled the curiosity of the civilized world.

The most reliable statistics (by Dieterici of Prussia) give to Africa an area of about 9,000,000 square miles, or nearly one fourth the surface of the globe—a continent three times greater than Europe, only one third less than America.† Its population is computed in round numbers at 200,000,000, or one sixth of the estimated population of the globe—one fourth that of Asia, three times that of America. Africa is rich in valuable woods—dye-woods, ornamental woods, ship timber, especially the indestructible teak; every variety of palm—the date palm, the oil palm, the cocoa; it yields coffee, rice, wheat, maize, millet, indigo, ginger, tobacco, sugar, cotton, salt, nuts, and legumes in endless

The botanical name of the cotton-plant is *gossypium*, and the shrub, which Pliny so minutely describes, can be no other. In B. xii., c. 21, Pliny speaks of a tree on the island of Tylos, in the Persian Gulf, known by the name of gossy pinus, which 'bears a kind of gourd about the size of a quince; which, when arrived at maturity, bursts open and discloses a ball of down, from which a costly kind of cloth is made.' Cotton fabrics anciently were highly valued.

* The re-opening of the ancient canal, now promised by Mons. de Lesseps, will surround Africa with the waters of the sea.

† Pe'te mann, for Jan. 1859.

variety;

variety ; has mines of gold, silver, copper, iron ; and can furnish ivory and skins, medicinal and aromatic gums, in quantities to satiate the markets of the world.

So large a section of the globe, so well endowed by nature, invited the inquisitive gaze of commerce even when commerce hugged the coasts of continents, and threaded only their most accessible arteries. History tells of great seats of empire upon the continent of Africa. Not to speak of Egypt, which has ever been as unique in its civilization as it is isolated in position, nor of Carthage, which drew its strength and vitality from the Punic race, nor of the Roman empire that overspread the Mediterranean coast of Africa, the scholar ponders the stories of Libya and Ethiopia, from Homer and Herodotus down to Pliny and Strabo, with the conviction that the true aboriginal races of Africa once had a name and rank in the vanguard of nations. Heeren, in his 'Historical Researches,' remarks, that

'Except the Egyptians, there is no aboriginal people of Africa with so many claims upon our attention as the Ethiopians ; from the remotest times to the present, one of the most celebrated and yet most mysterious of nations. In the earliest traditions of nearly all the more civilized nations of antiquity, the name of this distant people is found. The annals of the Egyptian priests were full of them ; the nations of inner Asia, on the Euphrates and Tigris, have interwoven the fictions of the Ethiopian with their own traditions of the conquests and wars of their heroes ; and, at a period equally remote, they glimmer in Greek mythology. When the Greeks scarcely knew Italy and Sicily by name, the Ethiopians were celebrated in the verses of their poets ; "they are the remotest nation, the most just of men ; the favourites of the gods. The lofty inhabitants of Olympus journey to them, and take part in their feasts ; their sacrifices are the most agreeable of all that mortals can offer." And when the faint gleam of tradition and fable gives way to the clear light of history, the lustre of the Ethiopians is not diminished. They still continue the object of curiosity and admiration, and the pen of cautious, clear-sighted historians often places them in the highest rank of knowledge and civilization.'*

Some abatement must be made from these remarks, in view of the fact that the ancients applied the term Ethiopian to the black inhabitants of the Indian peninsula, as well as to the natives of interior Africa. Thus Herodotus says : 'The eastern Ethiopians have straight hair, while they of Libya are more woolly-haired than any other people in the world.'† But these Ethiopians proper—the black, woolly-haired race, whose home was to the south of Egypt—figure in ancient history as a nation great and powerful in arts, in commerce, and in arms. The ancient Egyptians in their geographical distribution of mankind made four leading races—the Red or ruddy complexion, which was their own type, extending also over Arabia to Mesopotamia—the Yellow or tawny, such as the Canaanites—the White, skirting the northern shore of Africa and the opposite coast of Europe—and the Black, occupying territory to the south. All these are to be seen distinctly

* Heeren, 'Researches,' vol. iv.

† B. 7, c. 70.

drawn and coloured upon the monuments and tombs of Egypt.* The Ethiopians or Cushites sometimes appear there as captives gracing the triumphs of an Egyptian Pharaoh. But it is a fact well established, that in the seventh century before Christ, Ethiopian kings reigned over Egypt for fifty years; and that centuries before, the Ethiopians were a famous and powerful nation, disputing the supremacy of Egypt in arts as well as in arms. So profound an historian as Niebuhr gives it as his opinion that the hieroglyphic writing, and 'all that we afterwards find as Egyptian civilization'† originated with the Ethiopians. Lepsius reverses this opinion, and traces the civilization of Ethiopia to Egypt. Be that as it may, the fact remains, that within the tropics, south of Egypt, and stretching from the Red Sea westward toward the desert, in what is now the region of Nubia, Sennaar, Kardofan, there was for centuries a civilized state of native Ethiopians, Cushites, the direct descendants of Ham.

The capital of their kingdom was Meröe, built upon a large island formed by two main branches of the Nile, or made an island by the overflow. Numerous pyramids and remains of temples, especially of the great temple of Jupiter Ammon, still testify to the grandeur and wealth of this Ethiopian city. Meröe was a principal depôt of the caravan trade between India, Africa, and Europe. The treasures of India and Arabia were brought to ports of Ethiopia [*Adule* and *Azub*], on the Red Sea, opposite Arabia Felix, and thence were transported by caravans to Meröe, and with the exchange of commerce were forwarded to Egypt and even to Carthage. It was of this people and their country that Herodotus wrote: 'Where the south declines towards the setting sun, lies the country called Ethiopia, the last inhabited land in that direction. There gold is obtained in great plenty, huge elephants abound, with wild trees of all sorts, and ebony; and the men are taller, handsomer, and longer-lived than anywhere else.‡ This is confirmed by the prophet Isaiah, who says: 'The labour of Egypt'—*i.e.*, the produce of its labour—and merchandise'—or the gains—'of Ethiopia and of the Sabeans, men of stature, shall come over unto thee.' Sabeans is another name for Ethiopians, from Saba, the son of Cush. Isaiah knew Ethiopia as a land of merchandise, and its inhabitants as 'men of stature.'§ The native Nubians still answer to this description. The finest physique we ever saw was that of Hassan the Nubian, our pilot on the Nile,—tall, stalwart, well proportioned, dignified, intelligent, graceful,—yet 'black he stood as Night.'||

* See copies of these monumental types, and maps of their distribution, in Brugsch *Geographische Inschriften, Altägypt. Denkmäler*, vol. ii.

† 'Lectures on Ethnography,' vol. ii. p. 341.

‡ B. 3, c. 114.

§ Isaiah xlv. 14.

|| 'Egypt, Past and Present,' p. 39.

As far back as the time of Job we find Ethiopia known as a land of precious stones. 'The topaz of Ethiopia shall not equal wisdom.' The Ethiopians not only sent out caravans, but established commercial ports in various parts of the world, as in modern times English and Dutch merchants have established factories in India, China, and Japan. The wealth and power of Ethiopia are strikingly portrayed by Isaiah in the 18th chapter of his prophecy, where the English reader should follow the *marginal readings* of the received version, which now have the sanction of the best scholars. It is a land, the moving of whose ships, or the noise of whose armies, is like rustling wings; a land that sends out ambassadors or commercial envoys by sea; a people that navigate the rivers in boats of papyrus; a people out-spread [and polished,—or tall and imposing, as Herodotus describes them; a people terrible from their beginning onwards; having a name in history as a nation that meteth out and treadeth down—trampling its enemies—whose land the rivers spoil, *i. e.* tear by the violence of floods and cataracts. Gesenius, who is still the highest authority upon Isaiah, makes the subject of this 18th chapter the people and kingdom of Tirhaka in Upper Egypt, which comprised both Ethiopia and Egypt. Where the English version reads 'scattered and peeled,' he translates *rüstigen und tapfern*—robust or vigorous and valiant or courageous. Instead of 'a nation meted out and trodden down,' he translates in the active sense, *dem starken, alles zermalmenden Volke*—to the lusty, all-crushing nation. In this reading he is followed substantially by Alexander and others. In his *Thesaurus*, Gesenius allows the meaning 'drawn out,' in v. 2, as given in the margin of the English version as the alternative of scattered. 'The Ethiopians are called in Isaiah xviii. 2, *a people drawn out*, extended, *i. e.* tall of stature, a quality ascribed to them. Isaiah xlv. 14, Herodotus, 3, 20.' There can be no doubt that the Ethiopians were a stalwart race, terrible in war.

The character of the Ethiopians appears in their proud answer to the Persian invader, Cambyses, who having conquered Egypt, sent ambassadors to Ethiopia as spies: 'Go tell your king he is not a just man, else he had not coveted a land not his own, nor brought slavery on a people who never did him any wrong. Bear him this bow—a long, tough weapon, in the use of which the Ethiopians excelled—and say, The king of the Ethiops thus advises the king of the Persians—when the Persians can pull a bow of this strength thus easily, then let them come with an army of superior strength against the long-lived Ethiopians—till then, let them thank the gods that they have not put it into the heart of the sons of the Ethiops to covet countries which do not belong to them.' Such were the Ethiopians 2400 years ago—tall, noble, independent, resolute, wealthy, powerful, able to bring 200,000 warrior

warriors into the field, ready to fight against injustice and oppression,—though they were only ‘the accursed seed of Ham,’ with the blackest skin and the woolliest hair of any people. So clearly is it established, upon the evidence of history, that black men—the seed of Ham, with all the physical characteristics of the negro race—can form and maintain a civilized and commercial state upon the continent of Africa and under a tropical sun.

The conquest of Egypt by the Ethiopians in the year 715 B. C. has already been referred to;—the Ethiopian dynasty in Egypt continued until 665 B. C. In the grand temple of Medenet-Abou, upon the western bank of Thebes, are sculptures commemorating the victories of Taharuka—the *Tirhakah* of the Scriptures—the greatest of these Ethiopian conquerors of Egypt. He is represented as offering up his vanquished enemies at the shrine of Jupiter Ammon, and among these are captives from Phenicia. The land of Cush or Ethiopia, which in earlier monuments appears at the head of countries conquered by Egyptian Pharaohs, here stands forth with Egypt as its captive. Strabo states that this Tirhakah extended his victories even to the pillars of Hercules. The Assyrian invader of Israel, Sennacherib, began to retreat with his immense army, when he heard that Tirhakah, king of Ethiopia, was coming to the help of Hezekiah. Such was the military fame of Ethiopia. ‘Even as late as the time of the Ptolemies,’ says Niebuhr, ‘Meroë was a wealthy city of a great state.’ In addition to this unquestioned Ethiopian dynasty in Egypt, the XXV., the kings of dynasty XVIII., the most illustrious in Egyptian history, were half Ethiopian in their descent. The priests of Memphis told Herodotus that there had been in all eighteen Ethiopian kings in Egypt. ‘The kings of dynasty XVIII., all reigned over Nubia as well as Egypt, and its founder was connected by origin and intermarriage with Nubian and even with black Nubian blood. This Nubian connection of the dynasty explains in some degree the great development given in some monuments and documents to the genealogy derived from Ameneruhe I. It explains also the wide-spread notion of later times, that the monarchy, civilization, and religion of Egypt had descended the valley of the Nile from Ethiopia, that is, from Nubia to Thebes.’*

In the time of Christ we find Ethiopia still a prominent kingdom, under the dynasty of Candace. Her lord treasurer had become a proselyte to the Jewish faith, and a little after our Lord’s crucifixion, perhaps at Pentecost, went up to Jerusalem to worship. He made the journey in state, travelling the land-route from Egypt to Jerusalem with his own chariot. At Jerusalem he must have heard something of the story of Christ, and on his homeward

* Palmer’s ‘Egyptian Chronicles,’ vol. i. p. 174.

journey he gave himself to the investigation of prophecy. At this point Philip, prompted by the Spirit, drew nigh. With what dignity and courtesy the Ethiopian receives him! With what intelligence and humility he listens to the exposition of the Scriptures! And how touching the sight, when the inspired evangelist goes down to the water-side with the princely Ethiopian to baptize him in the name of Christ! May we not accept this as a joyful omen of that approaching day of Christ's kingdom, when 'princes shall come out of Egypt, and Ethiopia shall stretch out her hands unto God?'

The decline of Ethiopia, and the long political and social degradation of Africa, should no more surprise us than the decline of Egypt, of Greece, of Rome, and the long degradation of nations once the leaders of the civilized world. Race and climate cannot be the exclusive cause upon the continent of Africa, of a phenomenon of history common to the continents of Asia and Europe. That once powerful and commanding Arab race, which in the seventh century spread its romantic civilization around the Mediterranean and over the African continent westward to the Atlantic, and southward to Mozambique, has now lost not only its military prestige, and political empire, but its very civilization, except in the tradition of its learning, commerce, and arts, and in the literature of its religion. Nor can we forget that at the Roman conquest our British ancestors lived on acorns and the raw flesh of animals killed in the chase; that they wore the skins of beasts for clothing, and fought with the ferocity of tigers; that they too had sacrifices of human blood; that in the time of Constantine, Britain was a name of 'mysterious horror' to the *élite* of his capital; that the sight of her slaves at Rome moved Gregory to send missionaries to the pagan '*Angles*.' It is not for the Anglo-Saxon to boast of blood and race, but to be grateful for the elevating power of a pure and free Christianity.

'It is the misfortune of Africa,' says a fine writer, 'that only the most degraded portion of its population have been its representatives before the world. The enslaved and thereby imbruted negro is the only specimen from which the civilized world obtains its ideas, and draws its conclusions, as to the dignity and capabilities of the tropical man. . . . What would be thought of a generalization in respect to the native traits and capacities of the whole Celtic stock—of the entire blood of polished France, and eloquent Ireland, and the gallant Scotch Highlands—that should be deduced from the brutish descendants of those Irish who were driven out of Ulster and South Down in the time of Cromwell; men now of the most repulsive characteristics, with open, projecting mouths, prominent and exposed gums, advancing cheek bones, depressed noses; height, five feet two inches, on an average; bow-legged, abortively featured; their clothing, a wisp of rags; spectres of a people that were once well-grown, able-bodied, and comely? But such a judgment would be of equal value with that narrow estimate of the natural traits and characteristics of the inhabitants of one entire quarter of the globe, which rests upon an acquaintance with a small portion of them, a mere infinitesimal of them, carried into a foreign land and reduced to slavery.*'

* Prof. Shedd, in the Bib. Sac., July, 1857.

There is then nothing in history, in the characteristics of race, in physical geography, or in climate, to forbid the development in Africa of a civilization, which, though having a continental type, will be second to none upon the face of the globe. The providence of God most clearly indicates that the time has come for enlightened, liberal, systematic, earnest measures for civilizing Africa. During the past ten years, geographical research, the instinct of curiosity, the love of adventure, the enterprise of commerce, political ambition, and missionary zeal,—all these various and powerful motives have prompted the exploration of the African continent; and as a result of this, we have an amount of knowledge touching Africa, its physical geography, its natural resources, its population, its commercial advantages, which enables us to map out that continent with a proximate accuracy, and to form definite plans for its development. Confining our view to that section of the continent which lies within the tropics,—the line of Cancer running just south of Egypt and Fezzan and across the great Sahara, the line of Capricorn running north of the Cape colonies and their dependencies—we may divide this great intertropical region into four general sections as explored by recent travellers.*

1. The region of Central Africa toward the west—as explored by Dr. Barth and his companions from the north, and by May, Bakie, and others, by way of the Niger. Starting from Tripoli, Dr. Barth's personal explorations extended nearly due south to Yola, on the Bónuwé, in 9° north latitude, and westward to Timbuktu, in latitude 18° north, longitude 5° west, i. e. 24 degrees from north to south, and 20 degrees from east to west; but his researches and inquiries, chiefly through native sources, cover the region westward to the coast from Senegal to Morocco, southward to the mouths of the Niger, and eastward nearly to the Nile. This tract of country exhibits the most marked physical contrasts. Along the north are vast deserts of frightful desolation: but beyond these, 'fertile lands irrigated by large navigable rivers and extensive central lakes, ornamented with the finest timber, and producing various species of grain, rice, sesamum, ground nuts, in unlimited abundance, the sugar-cane, &c., together with cotton and indigo, the most valuable commodities of trade. The whole of Central Africa from Baginui to Timbuktu abounds in these products. The natives of these regions not only weave their own cotton, but dye their home-made shirts with their own indigo.' Here are found well-organized communities, giving promise of an advancing civilization, as commerce shall be regulated and protected; and great commercial centres, such as Timbuktu and Kano, whose trade spreads over the whole of Western Africa.

* For a clear understanding of the physical geography of Africa, the reader is advised to have before him Sydow's excellent wall-map, published by Perthes.

Here the products of the earth are cared for and husbanded, and the natives understand the resources of their country, and show an aptitude to develop them. One traveller describes the region drained by the Niger as 'a country fresh from the hand of God.' Into this inviting region, the Bènuwé, the eastern branch of the Niger, is navigable without interruption for more than six hundred miles; while, by arrangements for passing the rapids, the western branch may be ascended for more than a thousand miles. In the Yoruba country, which commands the mouths of the Niger, the natives are generally quiet, orderly, industrious, thrifty. Already under the stimulus of a regulated commerce with Britain, from the port of Lagos, the native city and district of Abeokorota, in the interior, is growing rapidly in population and in productive labour. This semi-civilized community upon the very borders of Dahomey, must at length suppress the slave-trade even in that seat of its abominations.

2. Equatorial Africa upon the West. Our knowledge of this region is yet very imperfect, being derived mainly from Du Chaillu, who claims to have explored a region extending fifteen degrees upon each side of the line. Du Chaillu appears, however, more in the character of a romantic adventurer than of a scientific explorer, and his statements may be too highly coloured for geographical sobriety. He affirms that 'there is good reason to believe that an important mountain range divides the continent of Africa nearly along the line of the equator, starting on the west from the range which runs along the coast north and south, and ending in the east, probably in the southern mountains of Abyssinia, or, perhaps, terminating abruptly to the north of the great lake (Fanjanyika) discovered by Capt. Burton.' He regards this chain as the feeder in part of the Nile, the Niger, and Lake Tchad upon the north, and of the Ngowyai, the Congo, the Zambesi, and the great lakes upon the south. The inhabitants of the western equatorial region are generally low in the scale of humanity, fierce in war, addicted to the slave-trade, and some of them to cannibalism. Yet they are not without skill in manufactures, especially of iron, which here abounds. The iron and steel manufactured by the Fan tribes is said to be superior to any known in Europe or America. Ebony, barwood, india-rubber, palm-oil, bees-wax, and ivory abound; and the soil is capable of high cultivation. The missionaries at the Gaboon have never penetrated far into the interior, and therefore have but little personal knowledge of the mountain country or its tribes. This whole region has been sorely cursed by the slave-trade; but the opening of a lawful and remunerative commerce, to which its products invite the civilized nations, would speedily check this iniquitous traffic. The *quasi* slave-trade, conducted by the French

governments

government, under the fiction of emigration, drew its chief supplies from the Fans, but by a recent treaty with the British Government, this is now to be exchanged for the Coolie trade. A principal river of this region is the Agobay, which Du Chaillu found to be navigable for a distance of three hundred and fifty miles. A few degrees south of the equator we reach the Portuguese settlements on the western coast.

3. Eastern Africa from Nubia to Zanzibar, covering the explorations of Beke, Rebmann, Krapf, Burton, Speke, and others,—a region of highlands and mountains running coast-wise,—Ghauts, about six thousand feet high,—with vast interior plains or elevated plateaus, watered and verdant, and with a great system of lakes and tributary streams. It is inhabited for the most part by tribes of comparative intelligence and morality. Captains Burton and Speke describe the negroes of the interior as on the whole peaceable; ‘they manufacture iron, cotton fabrics, have abundance of cows and goats, and live in comparative comfort.’ The trade of this region lies mainly in imported domestics, plain cotton cloths, beads, brass-wire, hardware; and the export of copal, ivory, skins, cereals, timber. Burton reports that ‘Cotton is indigenous to the more fertile regions of Eastern as well as of Western Africa. At Port Natal and Angola, it promises, with careful cultivation, to rival in fineness, firmness, and weight, the medium staple culture of the New World. On the line between Zanzibar and the Tanganyika lake, the shrub grows almost wild. Cotton flourishes luxuriantly in the black earths fat with decayed vegetation, and on the rich red clays of the coast regions of Usumbaru, Usajuru, and Ujiji, where water underlies the surface. These almost virgin soils are peculiarly fitted by atmospheric and geologic conditions for the development of the shrub. At present the cultivation is nowhere encouraged, and it is limited by the impossibility of exportation to the scanty domestic requirements of the people.’ Steam navigation on the rivers, tramroads, and the protecting presence of a civilized power, overawing the jealousies of native tribes, would soon develop a large cotton trade. This section of Africa is attracting much attention from European explorers, upon both commercial and geographical grounds. The problem of the source of the Nile is well-nigh solved, and may soon be definitely settled by the new expeditions of Captain Speke and Consul Petherick. It is highly probable that the Victoria Nyanza of the former, a lake which the natives described as reaching ‘to the end of the world,’ and the Bahr-el Gazal of the latter, a shallow lake one hundred and eighty miles long, are both feeders of the mysterious river of Egypt, draining for its yearly inundations the mountainous districts of the equator. Farther to the south is the great Lake Tanganyika, first navigated by Major Burton,

Burton, which is computed to be two hundred and fifty miles in length, by about thirty-five in width. Burton is of opinion that this is the reservoir of a wide river-system of Central Africa.

The Gallas, a nation of eight millions, occupying this equatorial region from three degrees south to eight degrees north, are one of the most intelligent and industrious of the African races, and would entertain with favour the advances of Europeans in commerce and the arts.

4. Southern Africa, as explored by Livingstone from Cape Town to the Congo, and from the Indian Ocean to the Atlantic; a region generally well-watered and fertile, the soil yielding two crops a year, so that 'hunger is unknown.' Along the Shire, a branch of the Zambesi, Livingstone found provisions abundant and cheap; cotton plentiful, and quite equal to American uplands—the plant indigenous and perennial. Of the climate, he says: 'Europeans who keep at work are healthy; those who settle down and smoke all day and drink brandy, are sure to find the climate bad.'

These four main sections of exploration have four great river systems, besides a general net-work of streams;—the Niger and its tributaries in the central western; the Congo or Zaire to the south of the equator; the Nile and its branches in Eastern Africa; the Zambesi and its branches in the south-east. These all are navigable for a great distance by steamers of light draft; and the ingenuity of commercial enterprise would soon invent a mode of overcoming rapids or other obstructions to interior navigation. If foreigners avoid night exposure in the mangrove swamps of the deltas, and study the laws of health, a safe and profitable commerce, upon a large scale, may be opened with almost every part of Africa. Such a commerce, as remarked above, would put an end to the slave-trade, the prime cause of African degradation and barbarism. The one salient fact in the reports of African explorers, is the wide diffusion of the cotton plant upon that continent. Barth, May, and others, find it in the west; Livingstone, in the south; Burton, in the east; and it is already a staple of commerce in the valley of the Nile.

We note, then, as one indication of Providence towards the civilizing of Africa, the opening of that continent to the knowledge of the civilized world by thorough and widely-extended exploration.

2. A second indication, in the same direction, is given in the manifest determination of the cotton manufacturers of Europe to rid themselves of dependence upon the slave-fields of the United States for their supply of the raw material. This determination is by no means to be ascribed to the superior philanthropy and virtue of British manufacturers. So long as the price, the quality,

and the supply of cotton suited them, it mattered not that it was the product of slave-labour under the lash. Cowper might sing—

‘I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble while I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earned!’—

but the crowded docks of Liverpool, and the myriad spindles of Manchester, importing and consuming American cotton at the rate of two million bales per annum, show that England has no ruling *conscience* against wealth earned from ‘sinews bought and sold.’ A few sincere and enlightened philanthropists of England have for years been labouring to detach Great Britain from this support of American slavery, by encouraging other sources of cotton supply; but their labours have been feebly seconded by the capital enlisted in the cotton trade and manufacture; and though the heart of the English *people* is always found in sympathy with universal freedom, the tone of the representative press and many of the representative men of England largely indicates that had not the people and government of the United States taken in hand the rebellion of the slave-holders just when and as they did, the English government would have given the right hand of fellowship to a confederacy which, though avowedly founded upon negro slavery, promised free trade and cheap cotton. For bad as slavery is, the Morrill tariff, and the embargo upon southern ports, are so *much* worse!

But the slaveholders have overshot the mark. They have given a shock to the confidence of British manufacturers in the certainty and sufficiency of their cotton supply; and now, not sympathy for the American slave, but care and apprehension for British factory-hands—not philanthropy, but political economy—will strike the death-blow of slavery. Says the ‘Westminster Review’—

‘There is no doubt that a loss of the greater part of our cotton-market will be the ruin of the slave system of the United States; and the very efforts which have been made by the South to save that hateful institution from destruction, by forcing our manufacturers to seek other sources of supply, will operate more powerfully in extinguishing it, than any measures which could have been taken for its suppression by the Federal government, under the inspiration of a hostile President. It was mainly by our cotton trade that the slave-trade was supported; and when this support is weakened, as it inevitably must be, the slave-trade will become proportionately insecure.’*

When Governor Hammond, of South Carolina, in the United States Senate, just three years ago, boasting the power of the South to rule the world by cotton, said, ‘What would happen if no cotton were furnished for three years? I will not stop to depict what every one can imagine; but this is certain, Old England would topple headlong, and carry the whole civilized

* April, 1861.

world with her ;—that vapouring threat struck the British nation in their most sensitive point. The financial interest of England has taken the alarm, and within five years England will have emancipated her cotton manufacture from the domination of the American slaveholder. Already from twenty to twenty-five per cent. of the cotton used in British manufacture is derived from countries other than our Southern States ; and this, without any special stimulus of wealth or enterprise for its production.

In 1855 the total quantity of raw cotton imported into Great Britain, from all sources, was 891,751,952 lbs. ; from the United States, 681,629,424 lbs. ; from other countries, 210,122,528 lbs. In 1856, the amount from all sources, was 1,023,886,304 lbs. ; of which, the United States furnished 780,040,016 lbs. ; leaving 243,846,288 lbs. derived from other countries. In 1857 the proportion stood : total, 969,318,896 lbs. ; United States, 654,758,048 lbs. ; other countries, 314,560,848 lbs. In 1858, total, 1,034,342,176 lbs. ; United States, 833,237,776 lbs. ; other countries, 201,104,490 lbs. In 1859, total, 1,225,989,072 lbs. ; of which, United States, 961,707,264 lbs. ; and other countries, 264,281,808 lbs. With the exception of the year 1858, the quantity imported from other countries, in these years, is greater than that imported into Great Britain from the United States in any year prior to 1833, when the total quantity imported was but 303,656,837 lbs. ; of which the United States supplied 237,506,758 lbs. For the five years from 1851 to 1855, inclusive, the *average* quantity of cotton imported into Great Britain, from all sources, was 872,305,200 lbs. ; of which, the United States furnished an average supply of 685,100,417 lbs. ; and other countries, 187,204,783 lbs. With the exception of the year 1827, this average supply from other countries is greater than the supply furnished by the United States in any year prior to 1830.

The same comparison may be made somewhat more conveniently by bales of a standard weight of 400 lbs. The results are as follows :

1855	Total bales imported	2,278,218
	From the United States	1,623,478
	From other sources	654,740
1856	Total bales imported	2,468,869
	From the United States	1,758,295
	From other sources	710,574
1857	Total bales imported	2,417,586
	From the United States	1,481,715
	From other sources	935,871
1858	Total bales imported	2,412,629
	From the United States	1,863,147
	From other sources	579,482
1859	Total bales imported	2,828,900
	From the United States	2,086,124
	From other sources	742,776

In

In the quinquennial period from 1855-9, the supply of raw cotton to the British market, was in the following proportion: United States, .76; Brazil, .02; Mediterranean, .03; East Indies, .18; other countries, .01. But great as is still the excess of the United States, the per-centage of supply from this country has declined, in the past ten years, as follows: 1830-4, .79; 1835-9, .79; 1840-4, .81; 1845-9, .84; 1850-4, .78; 1855-9, .76.

The data, for the comparison in pounds, are derived from the tables in Mann's 'Essay on the Cotton Trade of Great Britain'; the comparison by bales is derived from the tables in Simmonds' Appendix to Dr. Ure's 'Cotton Manufacture of Great Britain.' Their results are substantially the same, though a different mode of computing the year leads to a slight discrepancy. These tables, having the highest official and commercial authority, show that while facility of transportation by river and railroad, relative nearness to market, improved machinery, abundant capital, commercial enterprise, and the established relation of the cotton crop to the mercantile exchanges of the two countries, have all tended to give to the Southern States a monopoly of the cotton supply to Great Britain, other countries, having none of these advantages, do, nevertheless, now furnish nearly one-fourth of that supply. But this statement by no means represents the total productiveness or capacity of other cotton-raising countries, nor the ratio of increase in their export of the raw material during a series of decades.

To begin with India—for the above five years, the export of cotton, from India to Great Britain, was as follows: 1855, 143,486,672 lbs.; 1856, 178,378,592 lbs.; 1857, 248,301,312 lbs.; 1858, 129,398,752 lbs.; 1859, 190,520,400 lbs. In 1860 India exported to Great Britain 204,141,168 lbs., against 118,872,742 lbs. in 1850. But India exports cotton to China and to Continental Europe, and for the decade from 1850 to 1860, her total export of raw cotton has averaged more than 251,000,000 lbs. per annum, which is a larger quantity than was exported from the United States to Great Britain in any year prior to 1834. But this is barely *one-tenth part* of the whole amount of clean merchantable cotton estimated as the yearly product of the East Indian peninsula, which Mr. Mann puts in round numbers at 2,400,000,000 lbs. The price of land in India is about the same as in Texas, and the old, long-worked soil of India yields only about half as much clean cotton to the acre as the average lands of our cotton-growing States. But native free labour in India is *eighty per cent. cheaper than slave labour in the South*, and therefore, 'with facilities of cheap transit, India can, even under the present system of cultivation, sell cotton in Liverpool at a price which, making allowance for inferiority of quality, is more advantageous to the manufacturer than other kinds, for employment in about seventy per cent. of his business.'

business.' But the want of facilities of cheap transit, and the bad financial management of the cotton trade in India, keep back the great bulk of the crop, for home consumption. To follow Mr. Mann's reflections :

'If it be correct that upwards of 24,000,000 of acres are at present under cotton cultivation in India, and which, it may be remarked, is nearly four times the area of that under cotton cultivation in the United States, it must be remembered that this immense area is scattered over, in a more or less degree, the whole of the great peninsula, and yet hardly a single district throughout the whole extent of this magnificent territory is developed to one-third of its capabilities, or rendered sufficiently productive. The Bombay Presidency, containing 76,841,600 acres, and a population of 11,109,067, is calculated by Mr. Chapman to contain 43,000,000 acres of land, admirably adapted to the growth of cotton, greater by nearly one-tenth than the extent of such land in the whole of the United States, as estimated by their government; but if only one-fourth of this extent were cultivated, and each acre produced, on an average, one hundred pounds of clean cotton (which, by improvements, it is reasonable to expect may be doubled), we should have 1,075,000,000 pounds, or equal to the quantity at present imported into the United Kingdom from all countries; and it is said this quantity might be sold to a profit in Liverpool at 3½d. per pound.

But the Indian cotton now sent abroad is carelessly prepared, and often adulterated.

'Under the present order of things, the systematic adulteration of Indian cotton will always exist; the poverty of the native growers, and the absence of English agents, to make reasonable advances to them on the spot, compels them to borrow money at a ruinous rate of interest, and to sell their cotton much below its real value; the consequence is, they become indifferent as to its quality or condition, in fact as to everything pertaining to it except *mere quantity*. Ignorant, and a prey to the native money-lenders, improvement with them in the art of cultivation is entirely out of the question; they are unassisted, incapable of progress, and bound as in fetters of iron to the imperfect modes of culture pursued by themselves and their forefathers. Under more favourable circumstances, however, they would make greater advances in improvement, and by the aid of knowledge, and implements and machines of European or American construction, speedily and successfully compete, in favoured localities, with their rivals on the banks of the Mississippi.'

Mr. Mann proposes to remedy this evil by dispensing, as far as possible, with 'middlemen,' and establishing direct relations between the East Indian cotton grower and the British manufacturer.

'As the Indian cultivator shall be freed from this unnatural incubus, the production will increase—he will be able to compete with his American competitor, and his position will then be doubly improved, when the success or failure of his own crops shall impart the tone to the market, and influence our prices accordingly. That it is possible for them, with facilities of cheap transit, to compete with the Americans, as cotton growers, cannot, I think, admit of a reasonable doubt, but in order to do so, they must have immunity from the tyranny of the "middlemen;" in short, they must be so elevated and enlightened as to be able to triumph over, or resist the machinations or impositions of the money-lender; and there is every probability that, ere long, European houses, one and all, will find it to their advantage to advance to the grower all his requirements, on a moderate charge, and furnish machines, and instruct him in their use.'

But besides this improved financial arrangement between the cultivator and the manufacturer, the means of transit must be greatly increased, in order that Indian cotton may be brought to market

market in large quantities under favourable conditions. Transportation by bullocks is tedious and expensive, and it exposes the cotton to damage from rain and mud. The railway map of India shows a very extensive and comprehensive system of railroads already projected, and in part completed. Mr. Mann favours a system of canals, as cheaper in itself, and as contributing to enrich the country by irrigation.

'The question of the relative abilities of the United States and India to compete for the supply of our great staple manufacture, is in the main contingent on the facilities of cheap labour and transit. For the immeasurable superiority of the soil of Texas, with its 300,000,000 acres, as compared with our Indian possessions, which do not seem to be capable of producing a greater average yield, under the present careless system of cultivation, than one hundred pounds of clean cotton per acre, (although, as before said, where care has been employed, and particularly by the application of judicious irrigation, greatly increased results have been obtained), is only counterbalanced by the relative scarcity of labour in the former, and perhaps an almost equal rate of charges for transit, as compared with that of our India supply, which is now, for the most part, obtained from the coasts and spots having facilities of easy and comparatively cheap communication.'

A new impulse is likely to be given to the building of railroads in India by the favour of Parliament; and when the gigantic network already projected shall cover and unite the whole peninsula, India will be second only to the United States in the magnitude and the serviceableness of its railway interest. Our author thus sums up his conclusions—

'We have seen that India embodies all the constituent qualities necessary to enable her to become the first cotton-producing country in the world. We have seen that means are being vigorously employed to assist her onward progress, in this and other respects, and there is great hope that before long she will rival America both in the quantity and quality of produce in the English market. The cloud which has so long overshadowed the vast Asiatic continent is quickly dissipating before the dawn of civilization, and in opening up the country, and developing its resources, our legislators will have followed the most certain road for securing its emancipation and forward march in the sure path of moral and material development.'

But this development must be a work of time; and much as it is for the interest of Great Britain to improve the resources of her vast eastern dependency, the necessities of the hour will lead her also to regard with favour other sources of cotton supply. Among these the most prominent are the British West Indies, and the continent of Africa. The Turkish empire possesses a soil and climate well suited to the growth of cotton; but the insecure and burdensome tenure of landed property, the imperfection of agricultural implements, and the oppressive taxation, are serious obstacles to its cultivation. The whole empire produces only from thirty-five to forty millions of pounds per annum, and exports of this about twenty millions. In the ten years from 1849 to 1859, the Mediterranean supplied the British market with an average of thirty million pounds of raw cotton per annum. In the same period, Brazil supplied about twenty-four million pounds per annum,

annum, which, however, is no higher average than that country yielded for the ten years from 1815 to 1825. Indeed, for nearly fifty years the yearly supply from Brazil to the British market has ranged at about twenty million pounds. Forty years ago the British West Indies and Guiana shipped to England from seven to twelve millions of pounds of raw cotton per annum; but since 1825, this export has gradually declined until in 1850 it fell to the low figure of 228,913 lbs. Yet, in 1857, it rose again to 1,443,568 lbs., and in 1860, was 1,050,784 lbs. This fluctuation is owing to the deficiency of labour and the uncertainty of the market—in other words, to the want of a well-organized system of production and exchange. The Coolie immigration and the investment of British capital would soon enable the West Indies to produce cotton in large quantities at a low price. The soil and climate of the islands are well suited to its production, and the market is always accessible. Australia, as yet, has exported but little cotton to the parent country, but with an increase of population, and established means of transportation, would soon become a vigorous competitor of the South.

But to Africa, next to India, must Great Britain look for a supply of cotton that shall release her from her crippling and dangerous dependence upon the Southern States. In Africa, as we have seen, cotton is indigenous and perennial; labour is abundant and cheap, and in many parts the natives are well disposed towards commercial intercourse with foreigners; in a word, nothing is wanting but a well-ordered and well-protected system of delivery and payment at the ports to secure from Africa an almost unlimited supply of this staple of British industry. Egypt fairly began the culture of cotton about the year 1820; and now the cotton plant is one of the most familiar sights in the valley of the Nile. During the last ten years about 49,000,000 lbs. per annum have been exported from Alexandria; in 1858, upwards of 38,000,000 lbs. were shipped to England alone. The ratio of increase in the export of Egyptian cotton to Britain, in decennial periods, is remarkable. Beginning in 1820, with a quarter of a million of pounds, it had increased in 1830 to five million, in 1840 to eight, in 1850 to nineteen, and in 1860 to nearly forty million pounds. We are informed that even the poor fellahs of the Nile valley are keeping back their little store of cotton the present year in expectation of a higher price because of the troubles in America; and the same cause will lead to the planting of a much larger quantity for the next season. South Africa, especially the large region watered by the Zambesi and its tributaries, offers to British enterprise an inviting source of cotton supply. But the most promising field of cotton culture in Africa is the western coast from Sierra Leone down to Lagos and the mouth of the Niger. At two or three points upon this coast,

Agricultural Societies have been established which give special attention to the culture of cotton; the cotton-gin has been extensively introduced, and regular marts have been opened for the cotton of the interior. Dr. Barth reports an extensive cotton trade among the tribes of Western Central Africa, who manufacture a coarse cotton cloth for native use. A few years since, a missionary in Western Africa proposed to purchase all the cotton which should be brought to him. On the first day he received a few pounds, on the second about one hundred pounds, on the third day over three hundred pounds, and was soon obliged to discontinue the trade for want of funds to carry it on. He had no doubt that if he had continued to purchase, the quantity of cotton offered would have continued to increase to an indefinite extent, and from a careful estimate of the resources of the country he is confident that if the commercial instincts of the natives are quickened by the prospect of certain and immediate gains, a safe, extensive, and profitable trade in cotton might be speedily developed.

The Cotton Supply Association of Manchester, having explored every cotton-producing country of the globe, declare that beyond a question 'Africa is the most hopeful source of future supplies.' The Association is directing special attention to the Yoruba country, whose inhabitants are enterprising and skilful, and whose chief city, Abbeokuta, is already the seat of a large cotton trade. Eight years ago the first cotton was exported from Lagos, the port of this district, to Great Britain, and amounted to only 235 lbs. Last year three thousand four hundred and forty-seven bales were exported, which was an advance of 100 per cent. in the preceding year. Cotton-gins, sent from England, have been sold to natives in Abbeokuta, and two chiefs ordered and paid for hydraulic presses for packing the cotton. The slave-trade has been extinguished at Lagos. Messrs. Campbell and Delaney have a favourable treaty with the government of Abbeokuta, and the African Civilization Society proposes to send thither companies of picked emigrants. 'The cotton districts of Africa are more extensive than those of India. The whole line of the western coast of Africa is studded with towns, many of them containing one hundred thousand inhabitants, in which regular marts are established, and from which unlimited supplies may be obtained.'*

If, now, we go back to the beginning of the cotton trade in this country and recall its rapid growth, we shall find that this has been artificially created by capital and invention. Thus will it be in Africa, when the capital, the enterprise, and the political power of Great Britain, stimulated by the need of self-protection, shall be

* Speech of Lord Palmerston.

directed thither for the cultivation of cotton. England having emancipated her own slaves, will now complete the doom of slavery by emancipating herself. Moreover, by thus opening up new sources of cotton supply, she is creating new markets for her own cotton manufactures. The American market barely absorbs one-tenth of these. Of British cotton goods we last year imported 3,848,750*l*. In the same year Egypt imported 1,045,988*l*.; Brazil, 2,300,101*l*.; Turkey, 2,789,954*l*.; China, 3,157,359*l*.; India, 10,518,094*l*., and in all, for about four million sterling to us, she sold thirty-six million sterling worth of cotton manufactures to other nations. England may yet contrive to do without buying cotton of us, or selling cotton goods to us. But it may be asked, Can an American contemplate with satisfaction the possible destruction of a great industrial interest of his own country? The answer is twofold. When Constantine abolished idolatry throughout the Roman empire, might not a Christian patriot rejoice, though the lucrative business of manufacturing idols and furnishing temples was brought to an end? Must ministers stop preaching the Gospel because Demetrius cannot sell any more false gods? But secondly, a cotton competition in Africa that shall break down the slaveholder's monopoly and make slavery too ruinous to be continued, would *help*, not harm, the industrial enterprises of this country. Free labour would grow cotton cheaper in the South; and this would be no injury to our northern manufacturers, at whose cost the growth of southern cotton was originally protected. Free labour would also create a thrifty peasantry, who would themselves become consumers and buy our manufactures, as has proved to be the case in the British West Indies. Free labour would develop new resources in the South and increase her wealth. And a civilized Africa, *vis à vis* with our continent, would open to us marts for a profitable and ever-increasing commerce. The ratio of increase in the cotton crop of the Southern States has already passed its maximum. For a time this was stimulated by the high price of cotton, the accession of new territory, and the railway system of transportation. But in the last decade, while the increase of cotton production in India has been as five to two, in the United States it has been only as seven to five. The South must cease to depend, like Ireland, upon a single crop. In 1856, a *New Orleans* journal said of the cotton crop—

'The main dependence of the world is on this country, which last year furnished three million five hundred thousand bales out of a total product of four million. As the new lands of the West come into cultivation, and the progress of our railroads brings the crop within reach of the sea-board, there will be a gradual increase of our production; but to this even there must be a limit, considering the nature of the climate and the soil necessary, and the time may be very far distant when we shall fail to meet the demand. Under this state of things, it is not to be wondered at that the Governments of England and France are putting forth every effort to foster the cultivation of cotton in their colonies.'

We have certainly no cause for fear or jealousy in view of these efforts. Not only are we as producers interested, but the foreign manufacturer, the political economist, and the philanthropist alike have taken the matter into serious consideration. We can scarcely contemplate without emotion the disastrous results, commercially, politically, and socially, that might follow a general failure of *only one crop* in this country.

3. A third great providential indication for the regeneration of Africa is given in the readiness of intelligent and enterprising men of African descent to enter upon the work of civilizing that continent. For thirty years Africa has been held up before her descendants in this country as a *retreat* from the unrighteous disabilities under which they labour here—a view that would make the very fact of emigration a brand upon the black man's manhood, and an unworthy subterfuge for the white man's conscience. It could hardly fail that a scheme of colonization, under the moral coercion of Northern prejudices and of Southern terms of emancipation, should cease to attract those whom it was intended to benefit. The motives of the early Colonizationists were philanthropic and beneficent; and notwithstanding many mistakes and mishaps, both here and there, the colony of Liberia has achieved a commendable success.

ART. IV.—GERALD MASSEY AND HIS WRITINGS.

WHOEVER honestly desires to master those difficult problems, the solution of which is essential to the welfare of our working classes, rejoices to meet with an exposition of the feelings and opinions of one of their own body. It has, as compared with the views of the student placed in a higher stratum of society, the superiority possessed by experience over theory. But when he can avail himself of the *progressive* opinions of such a representative, who, having been born among the labouring population, and having remained one of them long enough practically to understand their needs, has yet subsequently risen to that vantage-ground for arriving at a fair appreciation of the hindrances to be removed before those needs can be supplied, which intellectual cultivation and the exchange of hand for head-work affords, he hails the light thus thrown upon his task, and 'gladly learns' that he may 'gladly teach.'

The lives and writings of few men can be more usefully studied with the aim we have indicated than those of Gerald Massey; and aware how brief—we had almost said superficial—our present notice must be, we hope, nevertheless, it may induce our readers to seek fuller information from his works themselves.

Gerald Massey was born in May, 1828, near Tring in Hertfordshire, in a little stone hut, of which the roof was so low that a man could not stand upright under it. His father was a canal boatman earning

earning ten shillings a week ; and so destitute of instruction, having grown up while yet England laboured under the reproach of neglecting the education of her poor, that he could not even write his name. Gerald's mother, though equally illiterate, possessed a delicate intellectual organization, a tender yet courageous heart, and a noble spirit of independence—affording one more example in support of the almost universal rule that men who rise to eminence have had mothers of distinguished moral and mental endowments. 'She needed all her strength and courage to bear up under the privations of her lot. Sometimes the husband fell out of work, and there was no bread in the cupboard, except what was purchased by the labour of the elder children, some of whom were early sent to work in the neighbouring silk-mill. One week, when bread was much dearer than now, and the father out of work, all the income of the household was five shillings and ninepence ; but with this the thrifty mother managed to provide for the family—and there were not fewer than six children to feed—without incurring a penny of debt.* Disease, too, often fell upon the family cooped up in that unwholesome hovel ; indeed the wonder is, not that our peasantry should be diseased, and grow old and haggard before their time, but that they should exist at all in such lazar-houses and cesspools.'†

The promoters of model lodging-houses, and like means of ameli-

* A passage in a sermon we chanced to hear while engaged upon this article afforded a remarkable comment on the incident in Massey's life related in our quotation. One bright afternoon, during a sojourn at Clevedon, in Somerset, we attended service at the parish church. The building, quaint and simple in style, but not without architectural beauty, standing in a secluded nook among green hills, away from the village and close to the sea-shore, possesses in itself a charm which cannot fail to attract the visitor. But genius has invested it with a yet deeper interest. In this tranquil spot in the family tomb among his ancestors was laid Arthur Henry Hallam, the son of the historian and the friend of Tennyson. To his early death in a distant land we owe one of the poet's noblest efforts, 'In Memoriam ;' and as in the pauses of the service we heard the murmur of the waves upon the beach we thought of the lines—

'The Danube to the Severn gave
The darkened heart that beat no more ;
They laid him by the pleasant shore,
And in the hearing of the wave.
'There twice a day the Severn fills ;
The salt sea-water passes by,
And hushes half the babbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills.'

But to return. The preacher, in a sermon peculiarly adapted to the character of his congregation, which included every grade a rural district affords, from the squire to the peasant, while recognizing the inequality of social rank as an immutable law of Providence, deplored the want of sympathy which separates class from class, and the painful contrasts sometimes presented by the luxury of the wealthy and the destitution of the poor. 'Often,' said he, 'the price of one among the innumerable dishes on the rich man's table exceeds the cost of a week's food for the whole family of his humble neighbour.'

† Notice of Gerald Massey in 'Eliza Cook's Journal,' April, 1851.

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oration are nobly labouring to improve this state of things ; but the efforts of individuals are wholly incommensurate with the magnitude of the evil ; and the condition of the dwellings of our working classes, both rural and urban, remains a disgrace to a civilized country. The fault, however, does not rest wholly with the landlords. The ill effects of their niggardliness or negligence are often greatly aggravated by slatternly habits, prejudice, and ignorance, or indifference regarding the conditions of health, on the part of the tenants. Similar agencies undermining the health of the rich are, though less virulently, no less certainly at work also—if we do not reject the statements of Miss Nightingale*—among the upper classes, and may help to account for the startling fact ascertained by the eminent staticians, Mr. Neison and Mr. Danson, that the higher in society we investigate, the lower we find the chance of life ; though doubtless sedentary and in-door occupations, excessive demands upon the brain—the centre of the nervous system, and a highly artificial mode of living, on the one hand ; an out-door life, abundant bodily exercise, and enforced temperance in diet on the other, are pre-eminently the causes producing a result, in which, were it not proved by indisputable figures, it would be impossible to believe, namely, that our aristocracy die earlier, and our peasantry live longer than any other classes in the community.

What Gerald Massey could learn during a short time spent at a pennyschool, where the teacher knew little more than his pupil, was all the instruction he ever received. At eight years of age he began, like his brothers and sisters, to work for his livelihood, eking out his parents' slender gains by the few pence he could earn weekly. The scene of his labour was a neighbouring silk-mill, ' rising at five o'clock in the morning, and toiling there till half-past six in the evening ; up in the grey dawn, or in the winter before the daylight, and trudging to the factory through the wind, or in the snow ; seeing the sun only through the factory windows ; breathing an atmosphere laden with rank oily vapour, his ears deafened by the roar of incessant wheels. . . . What a life for a child ! What a substitute for tender prattle, for childish glee, for youthful playtime ! Then home shivering under the cold, starless sky, on Saturday nights with 9d., 1s., or 1s. 3d., for the whole week's work ; for such were the respective amounts of the wages earned by the child-labour of Gerald Massey.

' But the mill was burnt down, and the children held jubilee over it. The boy stood for twelve hours in the wind, and sleet, and mud, rejoicing in the conflagration which thus liberated him.' The painful recollections associated with his employment in the mill—a mode of life peculiarly irksome to one possessing Gerald Massey's poeti-

* 'Notes on Nursing.'

eal organization, and intense love of nature—may be gathered from these lines in his poem entitled ‘Lady Laura—’

‘Pleasantly rings the chime that calls to the bridal hall or kirk;
But the devil might gloatingly pull for the peal that wakes the child to work:
“Come, little children,” the mill-bell rings, and drowsily they run,
Little old men and women, and human worms who have spun
The life of infancy into silk; and fed child, mother, and wife,
The factory’s smoke of torment, with the fuel of human life.
O weird white face and weary bones, and whether they hurry or crawl,
You know them by the factory stamp, they wear it one and all.
The factory fiend in a grim hush waits till all are in, and he grins
As he shuts the door on the fair fair world without, and hell begins.
The least faint living rose of health from the childish cheek he strips,
To run the thorn in a mother’s heart; and ever he sternly grips
His sacrifice; with life’s soiled waters turns his wildering wheels;
And shouts, till his rank breath thickens the air, and the child’s brain devilward
reels.

From cockcrow until starlight, very patiently they plod;
A sea of human faces turning sadly up to God.
O wan white winter world, that hides no coloured dreams of spring!
No summer sunshine brightens; no buds blossom; no birds sing.
In at the windows Nature looks, and sings, and smiles them forth,
To walk with her, and talk with her, and see the summering earth;
And drink the spicy air in perfumed pathways dim with dew;
While the miracle of morning raises glorified life anew.
But they are shut from the heavenly largess; they must stint and moil,
Though death stares ghastly in their face, and life is endless toil.
Did you mark how vacantly they eyed this land of loveliness,
The flower of sleep into their eyes, your heart would ache to press.
The moving glory of the heavens, their pomp and pageantry,
Flame in their shadowed faces, but no soul comes up to see.
They see no angels lean to them; they stretch no spirit-hand;
Melodious beauty sings to them; they cannot understand.’

Later in the poem, the hero, born in the humblest rank, and who had worked in the factory, marries the wealthy, high-born Lady Laura; and bent on social reform—

‘They bought the factory; turned its stream of toil
To a flood of joy on Lady Laura’s lands.
There life, whose dark and stagnant waters swarmed
With hideous things, in merry radiance runs;
Brightens with health, and breaks in frolic spray;
Peeps through a garland green, and laughs in light:

They built their little world, wherein the poor
Might grow the flower of hope and fruit of love,
And human trees with outstretched arms of cheer,
Might mingle music.

They bought and sold, they ploughed and sowed, and reapt.
Cheapness, free trade, and such economy
As such their strength from human blood and tears

They bowed not down to.’

We are reminded by this passage of ‘The Deserted Village,’ wherein Goldsmith envelops his false political economy, and impracticable aspirations for the happiness of mankind, in poetry so exquisite, inspired by compassion so tender for his suffering fellow-creatures,

creatures, that while we read—while the music of his verse yet lingers on the ear—we are almost beguiled into sharing his creed that it were better to forego the material progress of man, to relinquish the glorious achievements of one of his noblest gifts from the Almighty—Invention, and content ourselves with the primitive mode of life of our forefathers, assured that where enterprise found no place, so must strife and jealousy have been absent, and that simplicity of habits was necessarily accompanied by integrity of conduct and purity of mind. A very slight examination beneath the surface of the Past suffices to demonstrate the fallacy of this delusion. Macaulay, in one of the most beautiful passages of his immortal history, likens it to the mirage in the desert, which cheats the way-worn traveller into the belief that refreshing waters occupy the space he has lately traversed, but where, in truth, he plodded wearily through the burning sand.*

Again; in comparing the evil and the good involved in factory and in agricultural occupations it must never be forgotten that in the statistics of ignorance and of crime our peasantry occupy a position far more humiliating than do our operative population.

Goldsmith wrote at a period when the distress of the poor was more intense, and far less within their own power to remove than at present. In those days laws oppressive to all bore so heavily upon the lower strata of society as to render the rise of those classes almost impossible. Owing partly to protection and consequent limited production, partly to the rude state of our manufactures and the difficulty of procuring the produce of foreign countries, the necessities of life were barely within their reach, while its luxuries were entirely denied to them. The 'ample page' of 'knowledge,' communication with absent friends, means of transport to distant places—the blessings now conferred upon all by cheap literature, penny postage, railways and steamboats, existed not for them. Not only was an enlightened course of education, such as should be attainable to every man and woman, far beyond their grasp, but instruction even in reading and writing was, with rare exceptions, a blessing not granted them to share.

But more bitter than any other deprivation was the want of sympathy from their happier brethren. The contrast in this respect is more marked, perhaps, than in any other between Goldsmith's age and our own; and the lack of that sympathy was an element of suffering in the lot of the humbler classes which would most forcibly affect his sensitive heart, so full of compassion for the poor among whom he had long dwelt as one of them, and whose generous kindness he had often experienced.

We sorrowfully admit that society is far from having reached

* 'History of England,' vol. I. p. 426.

that equal interchange of kindly action and feeling—the only sort of equality it can ever know—which should be universal among the followers of Christ ; but we as earnestly maintain that the upper classes in this country are becoming more and more alive to their duties towards those beneath them—that public opinion is on the side of right, and that in the examples of self-devotion to philanthropic objects which now abound among the wealthy and the highly-born, we recognize one of the most prominent, as it is also one of the happiest features of the present age. But the task to be accomplished demands the exertions of all.

Centuries of selfishness and indifference on the one hand, of ignorance and servility on the other, have created wrongs too vast to be redressed by the unaided efforts of any one class. The lower ranks have their part to perform in the amelioration of our social state. If they desire the friendship of their superiors, they must win their respect and esteem. They must open their minds to the conviction that the rich and the powerful have their trials and temptations, their toils and anxieties ; and that often the dazzling attributes which most move the envy of those who behold them from far beneath, impose upon the possessor an amount of labour and weight of responsibility from which they would recoil in dismay. But above all they must give the upper classes credit for kindly feelings, and an earnest desire to help their humbler brethren to obtain the blessings a happier lot has bestowed upon themselves.

Among numerous forms in which such kindly feelings are evinced, we will select as a peculiarly appropriate illustration in the present instance, the provision made by manufacturers for the moral and social benefit of their workpeople. To find excellent schools for both children and adults, lecture halls, savings banks, mutual improvement societies, recreation societies, &c. &c., attached to our manufactories, involving a large outlay of money, and a still larger expenditure of what is far more valuable, anxious thought, and benevolent interest on the part of employers, is year by year becoming the rule rather than the once rare exception ; and thus the vast mill with its surroundings is if slowly, yet surely, assuming the character of an educational institute.

There are factory communities in Lancashire and Yorkshire which might be cited as models as regards the conduct of the artisans, their observance of the duties of life, and all that constitutes good citizenship. That there are others still widely different, victims of social neglect, improvidence, and ignorance, is greatly to be lamented, but we much hope that these will not long lag behind. Much depends upon the example of the employers, and the moral supervision which they exercise in their respective establishments. We believe that there is a rapidly increasing number who regard their workpeople as something better than so many "hands," and feel that there are higher objects in life than to spin an even thread, or to open out new markets for the products of their looms and "jennies." When masters exercise the high functions which belong to them in the enlightened and kindly spirit which many of the best of them now display, it will be

found that the aggregation of workpeople, which has heretofore been regarded as a source of mischief, will become an equally powerful instrumentality for good. The 90,000 Sunday-school children assembled before the Queen in the Peel Park at Manchester, in 1851, was only one of the many indications which might be mentioned of the beneficial influence which has taken place in these great centres of our manufacturing population.*

To enumerate more than a small proportion of factories thus conducted is rendered impossible by their abundance; but referring to those which have chanced to fall immediately under our notice, we may mention the social advantages enjoyed by the operatives in the employment of Mr. Salt, at Saltaire; the Messrs. Winfield, Messrs. Bagnall, and Messrs. Chance at Birmingham; of Messrs. Cordes at Newport; of the Messrs. Richardson at Newry, in Ireland; the Messrs. Spottiswoode, printers, in London; and the Messrs. Courtauld in Essex. Personal observation enables us to speak with earnest respect and approval of the benevolent zeal with which the improvement of their operatives is forwarded by the Messrs. Courtauld.

Our space does not permit of details; but these may be studied in the interesting letters of a lady, employed by the head of the firm, and admirably suited by nature and education to her important mission, who devotes her whole time to promoting the welfare of the workpeople.†

As deeply impressed as Gerald Massey himself with a sense of the moral deterioration which results from neglect of the beautiful objects with which Nature has surrounded us, and of the happiness the study of her marvellous works can confer, this lady sedulously cultivates a practical love of natural history among her pupils. On the Saturday afternoons when the mills are closed, on Sundays in the intervals of worship and attendance at school, and in the long summer evenings, she accustoms them to seek recreation in the lanes and meadows; and to give their rambles a more than passing value she makes them the opportunities for collecting specimens in the various departments of natural science. While reading the passage already cited from 'Lady Laura,' descriptive of the misery of mill work, a bright contrast presented itself to our mind in the recollection that arose of the happy faces and merry voices of the young factory girls whom we saw gathered round their kind friend, exhibiting for her approbation the lovely wreaths of wild flowers which they had plucked and woven with their own hands. 'Melodious beauty sang to them'—and they *could* 'understand.'‡

* 'Quarterly Review,' January, 1860.

† 'Factory Experience,' by M. M.; 1867. London: Englishwoman's Journal Office, 19, Langham Place, W. Price 6d.

‡ Since we wrote the above, the lady spoken of has resigned the post; she had occupied for more than twelve years, but only to enter elsewhere upon a still more arduous enterprise. Meanwhile, the seed she has sown in Essex is bearing a goodly harvest.

Surely

Surely labour which brings under the beneficent influence of such employers our most needy classes, compares favourably with almost every other kind of occupation within their reach; and while there are children who must work if they are not to starve,—so long as parents bring offspring into the world whom either they cannot or will not support, we may well rejoice that the factory is open to them where they may at once earn the necessities of life and receive the education which will render them moral and enlightened citizens.

In his Preface to the third edition of 'Babe Christabel,' Mr. Massey, with rare and admirable frankness, acknowledges a change in his political opinions, and we hope we are justified in including the verses we have cited from 'Lady Laura' among those which he says he keeps as—

'Memorials of my past, as one might keep some worn-out garment because he had passed through the furnace in it, nothing doubting that in the future they will often prove my passport to the hearts and homes of thousands of the poor, when the minstrel comes to their door with something better to bring them. They will know that I have suffered their sufferings, wept their tears, thought their thoughts, and felt their feelings; and they will trust me.'

It is a precious, but a dear-bought privilege.

'I have been congratulated,' he elsewhere says, 'by some correspondents on the uses of suffering, and the riches I have wrung from poverty; as though it were a blessed thing to be born in the condition in which I was, and surrounded with untoward circumstances as I have been. My experience tells me that poverty is inimical to the development of humanity's noblest attributes. Poverty is a never-ceasing struggle for the means of living, and it makes one hard and selfish. To be sure, noble lives have been wrought out in the sternest poverty. Many such are being wrought out now, by the unknown heroes and martyrs of the poor. I have known men and women in the very worst circumstances to whom heroism seemed a heritage, and to be noble a natural way of living. But they were so in spite of their poverty, and not because of it. What they might have been if the world had done better by them I cannot tell; but if their minds had been enriched by culture the world had been the gainer. When Christ said, "Blessed are they who suffer" he did not speak of those who suffer from want and hunger, and who always see the bastille looming up and blotting out the sky of their future. Such suffering brutalises. True natures ripen and strengthen in suffering; but it is that suffering which chastens and ennobles, that which clears the spiritual sight, not the anxiety lest work should fail, and the want of daily bread. The beauty of suffering is not to be read in the face of hunger.'

We return to the incidents of the life here so touchingly indicated.

His occupation at the mill being gone, Gerald Massey 'went to straw-plaiting, as toilsome, and perhaps more unwholesome than factory work. Without exercise, in a marshy district, the plaiters were constantly having racking attacks of ague. The boy had the disease for three years, ending with tertian ague. Sometimes four of the family and the mother lay ill at one time, all crying with thirst, with no one to give them drink, and each too weak to help

* 'Ballad of Babe Christabel,' 5th edition, 1855, p. vii.

† Preface to 3rd edition of 'Babe Christabel.'

the other.* But already the love of reading had been kindled. Books, however, were very scarce in the family. The Bible and Bunyan were the principal; he committed many chapters of the former to memory, and accepted old Bunyan's allegory as veracious history. Afterwards he obtained access to 'Robinson Crusoe' and a few Wesleyan tracts left at the cottage. These constituted his sole reading until he came up to London at the age of fifteen, as an errand boy; and now, for the first time in his life, he met with plenty of books, reading all that came in his way, from 'Lloyd's Penny Times,' to Cobbett's Works, 'French without a Master,' together with English, Roman, and Grecian history. The wonders of a new world had opened to him. 'Till then' he says, 'I had often wondered why I lived at all—whether

It was not better not to be,
I was so full of misery.

Now I began to think that the crown of all desire, and the sum of all existence was to read and get knowledge. . . . I used to read at all possible times and in all possible places. . . . Greatly indebted was I to the bookstalls, where I have read a great deal . . . When out of a situation I have often gone without a meal to purchase a book.†

Until he fell in love, says Gerald Massey, and tried to rhyme himself, he never cared for written poetry. It was not until four years later that he first appeared in print, when his maiden poem was published in a provincial paper. The power of knowledge, virtue, and temperance to elevate the condition of the poor was the subject. Shortly afterwards he printed at his native town, Tring, a shilling volume entitled 'Poems and Chansons,' of which about 250 copies were sold.

His thoughts now turned to politics, and his taste led him to study democratic authors. These, together with the events of the French Revolution of 1848, powerfully influenced his political opinions.

'Full of new thoughts, and bursting with aspirations for freedom, he started, in April 1849, a cheap journal, written entirely by working men, entitled, "The Spirit of Freedom:" it was full of fiery earnestness, and half of its weekly contents were supplied by Gerald Massey himself, who acted as editor. It cost him five shillings during a period of eleven months,—twice because he was detected burning candle far on into the night, and three times because of the tone of the opinions to which he gave utterance.'

The principle of association among workpeople, which has for its object to render them capitalists as well as labourers, approved itself strongly to Gerald Massey's mind, and he eagerly promoted its practical application. His efforts in this direction, with those of his devoted fellow-workers, known as the Christian Socialists,

* 'Eliza Cook's Journal.'

† Ibid.

have,

have, we believe, merged in the co-operative movement, now rapidly extending through the country, and of which the Rochdale societies afford so grand an example—a subject which has already been treated in these pages.*

Of late years his pen has been much and variously employed in contributing to some of the leading publications of the day, among which may be mentioned the 'Athenæum.' He is also favourably known as a lecturer. The addresses he delivers in this capacity are distinguished by fertility of illustration, and for the vividness of the pictures which, by aid of his glowing eloquence, he presents to the mind's eye of his audience. They are, in fact, spoken poems. But with written poems also, laboriously as he applies himself to other branches of literature, Gerald Massey still finds time to delight us. Walter Savage Landor has compared him with Keats, whom in richness of imagery and intense love of the beauties of nature he certainly resembles. But there is a healthier tone in his writings than the productions of Keats reveal, though had the latter lived longer and lived happily, his maturer compositions would probably have displayed this essential characteristic of true excellence. In the 'Bridegroom of Beauty' Massey has described the mission of the poet, how justly this passage will show—

'Anon I would sing songs so sweetly pure
That they might pillow a budding maiden's cheek
Like spirit-hands, and catch her tender tears ;
Or nestle next her heart lapt up in love :
Songs that in far lands under alien skies,
Should spring from English hearts like flowers of home.
I'd strive to bring down light from heaven to read
The records writ on poverty's prison walls,
The signs of greatness limned in martyr blood,
And make worn faces glow with warmth of love,
Into the lineaments of heavenly beauty.

'Who wears a singing robe is richly dight ;
The poet, he is greater than a king.
He plucks the veil from hidden loveliness ;
His gusts of music stir the shadowing boughs
To let in glory on the darkened soul.
Upon the hills of light he plants his feet,
To lure the people up with harp and voice ;
At humblest human hearths drops dews divine,
To feed the violet virtues nestling there.
His hands adorn the poorest house of life
With rare abiding shapes of loveliness.'†

Massey is pre-eminently the poet of the domestic affections. His political verses may be forgotten,—we believe they will when, having wrought their part in our social improvement, the troubled period which gave them birth has passed away ; his 'Love Lyrics,' too, may not survive,—they are upon a fruitful theme and have many rivals and many superiors ; but so long as our language

* 'Meliora,' January, 1861.

† 'Craigcrook Castle.'

endures

endures those poems will live in which Gerald Massey has shed upon the subject dearest to English hearts, Home, the pure radiance of his genius. Among many, we may mention—'When I come Home,' 'Husband and Wife,' and 'A Poor Man's Wife.' In solemn contrast with the buoyancy of spirit and heartfelt happiness born of hallowed love which breathe throughout these compositions, is the tone of the exquisite poem 'Only a Dream,' and of the following powerful lines:—

'IN THE DEAD UNHAPPY MIDNIGHT.'

- 'Tis midnight hour, and the dead have power
Over the wronger now!
He is tortured and torn by the crown of thorn
That hath fallen from the suicide's brow.
- Wind him around in the toil of thy charms,
Nestle him close, young bride!
At the midnight hour he is drawn from thy arms;
Through the dark with the dead he must ride.
- The rose of her mouth is red-wet, red-warm:
She smiles in her heaven of calm.
Tost! hurried! and sere in a pitiless storm;
Slumber for him has no balm.
- He feels that ghostly groping along
The corridor of dreams!
And a dark desolation lightning-lit
Is his face by ghostly gleams!
- Love's cup flushes up for his crowning kiss,
With his lip at the burning brim;
Lo, the dead uncurtain his bower of bliss,
Stretching wild arms for him!
- Wind him around in the toil of thy charms,
Nestle him close, young bride!
Yet, at midnight hour he is drawn from thy arms;
Through the dark with the dead he must ride.
- And the dark hath a million burning eyes,
All of his secret tell!
And the whispering winds are damned fiends
That hiss in his ear of hell!
- Warm in her bed the young bride lies,
Breathing her graceful breath;
Dead mother and babe with their drowned eyes
Stare dim through the watery death.
- 'Tis midnight hour, and the dead have power
Over the wronger now!
He is tortured and torn by the crown of thorn
That hath fallen from the suicide's brow.*

'God's World is worthy Better Men' is a noble poem, nobly illustrated by the struggles and by the achievements of its author's own life. That life will have accomplished much for the class whose sufferings lie so near Massey's heart—and for whom he has laboured in the spirit of genuine philanthropy, revealed in the following beautiful lines:—

* 'Craigcrook Castle.'

'Who

Who work for freedom win not in an hour :
Their cost of conquest never can be summed !
They toil and toil through many a bitter day,
And dark, when false friends flee, and true ones faint.
The seed of that great truth from which shall spring
The forest of the future, and give shade
To the reapers of the harvest, must be watcht
With faith that fails not, fed with rain of tears,
And walled around with life that, fighting, fell.*

ART. V.—SOCIAL STATE OF THE EARLY VICTORIAN DIGGINGS.

THE world that never saw before, may never see again, that singular social phenomenon exhibited in the gold fever of California and Victoria. The study of some of its leading points must, then, be an interesting one. The writer, being in an adjoining colony at the time of the Ballarat rush, allowed but a few months to pass before he was upon the field.

Governor Latrobe, in his first despatch upon the gold fever, describes it as having 'completely disorganized the whole structure of society.' He goes on to speak of 'cottages deserted, houses to let, business is at a standstill, and even schools are closed. In some of the suburbs not a man is left, and the women are known for self-protection to forget neighbours' jars, and to group together to keep house.'

The effect upon the neighbouring colonies of South Australia and Tasmania was for the time being most distressing. The shop, the counting-house, the farm were alike deserted. So great was the emigration of men, that a serious panic seized the ladies of Adelaide upon the report that the blacks intended to be avenged for the treatment of their wives, by now coming in a body to the capital, and making a Sabine onset upon the white women. Property went down to zero, and the hearts of the strong grew faint.

Our colonial wits made merry at the excitement. One composed the following upon the symptoms of insanity, and stuck the paper against a gum tree at the first Victorian diggings, at Anderson's Creek—

'1st. Rising early and proceeding to the creek, pulling the stones about and washing the sand and gravel, then placing it in a box, resembling a cradle, imagining the stones and sand to be a *child of earth with golden hair*, rocking the child to sleep; then taking the mud and gravel out and putting it into an *expecting dish*, mixing it with water and shaking it, all the time looking at the slush with the fondest solicitations for its safety—ultimately throwing it away with disgust, and assuming the appearance of intense disappointment.

'2nd. Repeating the above strange proceeding day after day.

'3rd. Troubled sleep at night, with frightful dreams of being pelted by Midas with lumps of gold, upwards of 106 lbs. weight, and being unable to pick it up, or of smaller nuggets sticking anywhere but in your breeches pocket.'

* 'Craigcrook Castle.'

In a brief sketch of the social state of the early diggings there will, of course, be many apparent contradictions. Everything was more or less chaos. Men's minds were unusually excited.

It is not attempted here to exhibit all the phases of society, and certainly not to dwell at any length upon any of them; but a broad touch here and there may give the English reader of 1862 some impressions of the diggings in 1851, 1852, and 1853.

The vast increase of civilization there, the growth of personal comforts and conveniences, the development of intellectual and moral agencies, the establishment of the highest forms of social progression, and the multiplication of religious means, have all tended to the elevation of the diggings. At the same time it must be equally admitted that the propagators of disorder and vice have been quite as assiduous, and more so, and that there now exists there an amount of intemperance and lasciviousness wholly unknown in the early times.

The political circumstances of the colony must be regarded in this investigation of the social condition of the diggings.

Previously, the country was essentially, and necessarily, a squatting one. Herds of cattle and flocks of sheep grazed over the rich pastures, and the land was leased out on easy terms to the lords of the wastes. The colony had been recently declared independent of the older settlement of New South Wales, and His Honour Mr. Superintendent Latrobe became His Excellency the Governor of Victoria. The Legislative Council was almost entirely a nominee one of the government. Such a thing as a true representative system did not exist, and the ruling power was thoroughly oligarchical.

Complaints had been raised against this anti-British rule, but the real pressure was not felt when the country was so thinly populated. As soon, however, as the circumstances of the colony changed, in the advent of new blood, the rise of new modes of life, the accession of numbers, the growth of wealth, the unparalleled advance of the labouring classes, an alteration in our institutions was loudly required. A political expansiveness must keep pace with social progress.

The battle between the contending parties was not of long duration. The pressure from without compelled reform. England seconded the zeal of the Victorian council. The queen's ministry exceeded in liberality the wildest dreams of the oldest colonists. In addition to the self-control of the land fund, the sovereignty of the soil, the settlers, to the surprise of many, received the boon of universal suffrage and vote by ballot.

But we have leaped over a few years in our story, and have to retrace our steps to the opening of the diggings.

Not great sympathy was entertained for the vagabonds, as they were

were said to have been called by some of the governing body. The squatters, whose runs were invaded by the pick and cradle, whose flocks were scattered by the diggers' dogs, whose shepherds fled to the mines, were not disposed to view the gold mania otherwise than as a nuisance and a danger; though, when they afterwards saw their property wonderfully raised in value by the change, their resentment passed away.

In the mean time, instead of encouraging the movement, impediments were employed, and vexatious and unwarrantable interference with miners' rights took place.

The mining licence was a sore trouble. The first was issued in Victoria on Sunday, September 21, 1851, for the month of September. As three fourths of the month had expired, only half of the month's fee of thirty shillings was demanded. As an equivalent in the shape of protection was expected from the government, few complaints against the system arose at first, excepting it was thought hard to pay so large a sum for so small an occupancy of the waste lands.

The working of the system, however, was felt to be most annoying. Frequent demands for the exhibition of the paper were objectionable. The luckless fellow on the field without the permit was fined five pounds. Occasionally the defaulter was kept a prisoner some time along with thieves, or even secured by a rope to the stem of a tree. The hunting for licences was not conducted either prudently or humanely. Violent discussions followed this line of conduct. Demagogues fanned the flame, and advocated physical force to get rid of the tyranny.

It is needless to say that ample justice has since been done to this branch of industry. There is no longer the reproach that the miner is a nonentity in the state, and that the liberty which was afforded him in town was refused when he was clad in the jumper of the digger. Equity was satisfied, but not until blood had been shed at the stockade of Ballarat, in the so-called rebellion.

At the outset of the gold fever, a determination existed to maintain order at the mines, even with little protection from the law to help them. The songs of a people are not less illustrations of feeling than incitements to action. One very popular but rude ditty was chanted in the tent at the close of 1851 and beginning of 1852. Too long to give entirely, a few stanzas may serve. It was set to the air of 'Coronation.'

' True bushmen we, we all agree
That no consideration
Shall cause disturbance 'mongst the free
Upon this golden station.
In bush attire, let each aspire,
By noble emulation,
To gain a digger's chief desire —
Gold, by wise regulation.

- ‘ With spades and picks, we work like bricks,
And dig a gold formation ;
And stir our cradles with short sticks,
To break conglomeration.
This golden trade doth not degrade
The man of information ;
Who shovels nuggets with his spade,
Of beauteous conformation.
- ‘ What mother can her infant stock
View with more satisfaction,
Than we our golden cradles rock,
Which most love to distraction ?
Let those who dare try thwart our care
At our gold occupation ;
They with bewilderment will stare
At golden incubation.
- ‘ We dig and delve from six to twelve ;
And then, for relaxation,
We wash our pans and cradles’ shelves,
And turn to mastication.’
 &c. &c.

Whatever may be said of the rhyme, the reader will admit that the moral is right enough. There was a principle of law and order at work among a people who could sing this song.

The mode of life pursued by the diggers greatly influenced their moral condition. The constant presence of dirt, untidiness, rude dress, rough food, with inadequate supply of water, and a total absence of the delicacies and refinements of society could not but exercise a most prejudicial effect upon the miners. It is wholly different now. Upon the diggings at this time, comforts, and even luxuries, are within easy reach ; but in the early times, as the writer knows from experience, discomfort was the rule. The excitement of drink, under these circumstances, was the craving of many.

A colonial writer thus refers to the sorrows of an amateur cook of a party—

‘ Ah ! if they only knew the trouble you have had—how the fire would not burn that morning—how many maggots you had to pick off the beef before boiling—how the pudding got more dust than spice by the wind—how the damper got burnt, while you were wiping out the greasy dishes with that rag that had, unwashed, performed so much service of the kind—how you were puzzled to make the soup with nothing to put in it—how the vinegar keg had leaked on the sugar bag—how that stupid bullock put his dirty foot into your last dish of clean water, just as the kettle boiling for supper gently glided off the log, and deliberately lay down in the ashes.

A colonial poet, giving vent to his feelings upon this question of diggings comforts, has the following lines—

- “ ‘ Well, it don’t suit me,” said Tim, “ I’m sure ;
That crowbar makes my hands too sore.
And miserably soaked, all day I’ve stood,
Rocking the cradle, knee-deep in mud.
Now mucking at cooking, and slushing all day ;
Now delving through dirty rocks and clay.

Gold

Gold digger! bah! It's all my eye,
And that you'll say, lads, by-and-by.
You're welcome to your golden joys,
Your duffs, and Johnny cakes, and doughboys,
Your vile lobecouse and milkless teas,
Your endless bacon fry and cheese,
Your dreary nights and weary days,
Your harb'rous, semi-savage ways;
Farewell to all your toil and strife,
And welcome quiet, cleanly life."

If not quite so bad as the Burns of Geelong has made it appear, the life was miserable enough, and had no tendency to sweeten the temper, refine the manners, or elevate the morals.

As may be supposed, the health of the early diggers was much affected by the discomforts of living, the severity of toil, and the excitement of the nerves. The profession of a gold digger was not then established. The pioneers had to learn much, and endure much for the benefit of those coming after. The first holes sunk were some six or eight feet square; it has since been the fashion to sink one about the shape and size of a child's coffin. The extra toil, the unwonted exposure, the miserable cooking, the bad water, the wretched beds, the annoying surroundings, all tended to reduce the physical.

Dysentery was sadly prevalent, and doctors' fees were almost fabulous. Accidents were comparatively rare, owing to the reigning sobriety. Sitting upon damp ground, especially when driving in at the bottom, induced several severe disorders. Rheumatism occurred often by carelessness. Women were more to be pitied than men in this time of hardships. The writer has known cases of confinements with no bed but a collection of leaves on the ground, and no furniture save a single clothes chest. A medical friend attended a case of this kind, in a tent of such thin texture that the rain came in readily upon the poor creature on her wretched couch of rags and leaves. The expense of medicine was fearful, and the general character of professing medical practitioners was something that would astonish the College of Surgeons.

Every man must wash his own shirt in that day, or pay very handsomely for the accommodation, when ten and twelve shillings a dozen were expected.

A story is told of a certain cunning digger of that era of difficulty. The poor fellow had in vain attempted to conciliate the good-will of a laundress. He sought the cleansing of his linen, and the lady was too busy to undertake the job, or too independent to bother herself about it. Finding no chance of a clean shirt by a direct attack he had recourse to stratagem. He dropped all mention of the linen, and gradually went into another line of argument. Soft tones of flattery fell upon the maiden's ear. The voice

of love stole upon the heart of the laundress, and her eyes soon rested in modest pride and pleasure upon the manly face of the miner.

The citadel was gained. The wily fellow waited till the sacred knot was tied, and then turned upon his fair bride with a sort of malicious smile, and said, 'I have you now. You are my wife now. You must wash my shirts now.'

The moral condition of the diggings, even at the early period, was not most flourishing, in spite of the regulations prohibiting the sale of drink, together with the remarkable paucity of females upon the gold-field.

The one prominent cause of crime there was the presence of run-away convicts and expirees, known commonly as Van Demonians, or Derwenters, as Hobart Town stands upon the river Derwent.

These loose fish of the colonies were first to move across to the charmed land. They were rough and ready characters, as hard handed for labour as hard hearted for vice. They worked well, and got the cream of the gold in the early days, but in town they knocked it down quickly enough in drink, and indulged freely in riot and disorder. 'Derwent Gully' and 'Derwent Store' met the eye at every rush, and testified as much to the members of the tribe as to their devotion to the country of chains they had left.

Some of these worthies found that they could get just as much gold by working at their old trade as at the new. Gold digging would not prove so profitable or so pleasant as the process of bush-ranging. They took advantage, therefore, of the small number of constables, the irregularity of times, and the recklessness of wealthy travellers, to commence their former employment. This was not done on a petty scale, such as robbing golden washing stuff, but in the more orthodox fashion of 'stand and deliver.'

The share which these Derwenters took in such proceedings may be ascertained from the police records. Although after all but a small fraction of the population of Victoria, they managed almost to monopolize the crime.

At one of the assizes, in 1853, the presiding judge called attention to the fact, that of sixty convictions in the previous year forty were laid to the charge of convictism. Another statement was added, that twenty-six of forty formed the average at another time.

'It is painful,' exclaims his Honour, 'to consider that we should be stigmatized and held responsible for the guilt of sixty-six incorrigible offenders, strangers to us and our country in every sense of the word, and that our goals should be crowded and our resources encumbered to furnish means of safe custody, maintenance, and coercion for men in whom the alternations of chains, rigour, and liberty have produced no amendment.'

The colonists had been for several years previously to the gold discovery engaged in a struggle with the home government respecting transportation.

Providence

Providence brought relief to the sorrows of the colonies, and compelled the authorities of Downing Street to look to our necessities through their own interests. When the table of gold was spread before the criminals of the South the inducements to commit crime in Britain, in order to have a free passage to Australia, at once shocked the Ministry, and urged them to discontinue transportation. It was high time, for 'Punch' himself had spread the glad news throughout the British dominions in the stirring appeal of

'Labourers as wago and wittles likes
Unto a jemmy turn the coulter,
If you'd dig nuggets with Bill Sikes,
And not potatoes with Giles Jolter.'

The diggings were favoured with visits of ladies as well as gentlemen of this particular class from the banks of the Derwent. We give an illustration from the 'Diggers' Magazine.'

"'Why don't you get married?'" says Dick to Tom, his mate, as they came down for a spell. Tom had got a good swag, and thought he might now cage a bird for a change. A lucky digger is a sure magnet for women; and he had less difficulty in gaining consent than in getting a licence. After the blessing at church, a new gig was bought, and the bride, with all her blushing honours, was driven along, with her gold watch and satin dresses, to the bark hut of the diggings. A mate soon after made a morning call upon the lady. He found her disrobed of her satin glory, with a dirty cap half concealing a black eye, a short pipe in her mouth, and barely sober enough to utter these memorable words, 'I'm a Derwenter, and I don't care who knows it.'

This peculiar satisfaction in contemplating the past, and loyalty to the island in which they had served their time, may be said to have been general with the Derwenters.

On one occasion, early in 1852, the writer was passing through one of the delightful valleys of the diggings region, when he heard the shout of a salesman. The man was standing in his cart, exhibiting some splendid pippins, and singing out aloud, 'Ere's your Van Demonian happles, and them as doesn't like the country needn't buy 'em.'

The profession of a gold digger has had no reputation for morals at any time. Somehow or other, mining countries have not always been esteemed for virtue. According to an old translation from Ovid—

'Men deep descend into the earth
With mattock, shovel, and spade,
And wicked wealth is digged up
Which mischief all have made.'

Before this golden age the colonies had made great social progress. Literary, scientific, benevolent, and religious institutions had been everywhere established, and were everywhere in healthy action. Lectures at mechanics' institutes were crowded, schools were promptly attended, temperance societies were in successful operation, and a strong vein of piety ran through the settlement. Even Tasmania, with all its taint of convictism, and in defiance of
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the cruel injustice of the parent state, had so advanced in morals as to present features of improvement which the writer has not seen surpassed in Europe. The enthusiastic reformer wanted but the cessation of transportation to realize his ideas of a southern millennium. So great a march had been made by tectotalism that about the year 1850 a very large proportion of ministers and Christian people were members of the society, and a strong public feeling in its favour had been originated: the year 1860 presents not so fair a picture.

The excitement of the gold discovery closed the halls of the mechanics' institutes, broke down organizations of moral progress, and almost annihilated the columns of temperance.

And yet upon the gold fields themselves there was not in the very early times that profanity and vice so conspicuous at a later date. An important reason may be that, excepting the Derwenters, a large number of the diggers were men of families from neighbouring cities, whose influence would be used on the right side. Notwithstanding the serious examples of declension there were not a few who maintained the integrity of their principles. Checks existed in the knowledge that folks were surrounded by those who knew them, and who might hereafter bear a tale to the distant fireside.

Another good thing was the absence of temptation to do wrong, however few might be the inducements to do well. No drink was publicly sold upon the field. This was the salt of the day. Then, there were few women at all present on the ground, and the hordes of prostitutes of all degrees, so common and devastating now, were unknown then.

Sunday was from the very first observed in a proper manner. Work was totally suspended. This deference to public opinion is worthy of notice, as Chinese and expirees alike obeyed the impulse. It is true that with many Sunday meant only a clean shirt, a wash, a rest, and a plum pudding; but others kept it up in the reading of the Scriptures and private worship, if unable to attend a service.

A number of Wesleyan local preachers, from Adelaide and Hobart Town in particular, being gathered on the diggings, held services in their own localities. A couple of young ministers of that body were then despatched to the scene. The writer heard one of them preach on a stump under a huge tree at the Forest Creek. He had the pleasure of hearing that excellent Presbyterian pastor of Buninyong, the Rev. Thomas Hastie. This gentleman was the first to gather the diggers together at Ballarat. We listened to his earnest discourse on one of the Flats beside a fallen monster of the forest.

In March and April, 1852, the Bishop of Melbourne went round

round the diggings, and held services. We were present when he conducted worship at Bendigo. He stood beneath a sort of umbrella canopy to shield his head from the sun, and his congregation were scattered about upon fallen logs, or lounging beneath the trees. He did not go through the entire service, giving us the Litany, Commandments, and Thanksgiving only. His sermon was upon the prayer of 'Let me die the death of the righteous.' At the conclusion of his interesting service, he addressed the miners upon the necessity of putting up more substantial residences against the rigour of the coming winter season. He thus showed his anxiety about the temporal as well as the more enduring happiness of his audience.

The heavy expenses attendant upon a mission to the gold fields prevented a speedy advent of clergymen. The Government, however, came to the rescue with a special fund of assistance, in addition to the usual annual church grant. Then another objection existed in the minds of ministers—the wretched mode of life and real hardships to be endured. The diggers had the same in a more aggravated form. When the clergy did arrive, they found the abode less irksome than they feared; while the enormous fees they received from the rush of marriages in the primitive period, in addition to handsome salaries, rendered their position an envious one to their brethren elsewhere.

The churches of the day were of canvas, with earthen floors. These were subsequently exchanged for wooden ones; to be supplanted, in their turn, by splendid architectural structures of brick and stone.

In the early times men worked early and late. They were ardent in pursuit of wealth, if not wise in retaining it. There were no drawbacks to interfere with their employments. No amusements had come up on the field, so soon to be inundated with players, boxers, mountebanks, singers, tumblers, &c. No roadways had been formed, beyond the tracks wheeled out by the miners themselves, and rambling among the holes at night was neither pleasant nor safe. The 'Argus,' regularly cried through the diggings, gave them news of the outer world; and a very irregularly managed and besieged post-office afforded them intelligence from friends.

Thus protected from evening excitement, they were preserved from much temptation.

Times changed when women began to assemble at the diggings. With the discomforts and social disadvantages of the first year or two, this was no place for females, proving agreeable to the individual husband. It was neither prudent nor comfortable for a wife to be under the same tent covering as her husband's mate, though the family couch may have been parted off by a calico

screen.

screen. The decencies and proprieties of life were constantly invaded by the huddling together of persons and sexes.

The evils grew apace when drink came more freely upon the field. Their temptation to wives received a fearful extension in the proffer of the cup. Great irregularity ensued. Left-handed marriages became the fashion. Loose women from the neighbouring colonies crowded up to the more attractive gold region, and formed discreditable and transitory alliances. Exchange of partners, and desertions of connexions, entailed great misery and vice, and pressed cruelly upon the condition of children.

Much was said about the disparity of sexes as the cause of licentiousness. Without disputing the fact and the conclusion, we cannot but say that far less vice existed when the men were almost wholly alone, than when the disparity was considerably lessened by the accession of female society. For the first year at the diggings, before the great advent of English immigration, the amount of the social evil upon the gold fields was small indeed, and most unintrusive in character. Perhaps, with some temperance leanings, we may consider that the comparative absence of alcoholic stimulants may have had much to do with this virtuous demonstration. It is but right, also, to add that the majority perhaps, of the early miners were married men, who had left their families in Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide, or Hobart Town.

The TEMPERANCE QUESTION comes prominently before us in this investigation.

It has been well said that drunkenness is fed by excitement. It may be judged, then, that so high a stimulus as the gold fever would call for large draughts of alcohol. The very congregation of men away from homes, from women, from hallowing and restraining influences, engaged in such a calling, and surrounded by so many discomforts and annoyances, would seem, according to British notions, to necessitate the existence of a considerable development of the drinking usages.

The nature of society, so rent and disorganized, so little checked by legislative and administrative functions, was also favourable to this demoralization.

The composition of the community indicated the high probability of such intemperance, as a large proportion of the first diggers came from Van Diemen's Land, that gaol of convictism. The worst men had fewest bonds to confine them to their homes, and were foremost in the flight across the Straits. And though a check to their passage was raised by a severe enactment passed by the Victorian Council, absolutely prohibiting, under severe penalties, the immigration of those who had been under government control in the little island, yet a very large number of this rough class

class got upon the gold fields. Carrying thence their natural love of liquor, and being amply provided with means for the wildest indulgence of their taste, with little or no hindrance to their enjoyment, it is not surprising that these men of chains went to riotous lengths, and brought into European disrepute the social state of the early diggings.

The first men upon the field were colonists of the province. They had homes and families to leave. They were, generally speaking, sober, well-conducted citizens. They were of no one station in society, but were representatives of all degrees. The writer had neighbouring cradle mates, of not merely lawyers, doctors, merchants, and ministers of his acquaintance, but even members of the legislature. When, therefore, they found themselves placed insecurely enough with so mixed a population, without adequate government protection, they were not likely to be blind to the prejudicial influence of strong drink upon the condition of society. However much they may have been used to the beverage, they saw at once that in their circumstances its introduction in any guise was to be prohibited to insure their peace.

When, therefore, at a gully a barrel of spirits was found, it was seized by popular exclamation, and its contents solemnly emptied into the creek, rather than down the throats of the miners. It was better, it was said, that one man should suffer the loss of his property, than that disorders should be created, and the public safety hazarded.

The government of the country, though perhaps not more virtuous, or heedful of the comfort of people, than authorities in general, proceeded to endorse this public sentiment, and added the force of law to the absolute prohibition of any alcoholic liquor upon the diggings.

This was resented by those who preferred their own selfish enjoyment to the welfare of the community, by those who cynically object to any regulation whatever proceeding from head-quarters, by those who hoped to make profit by vice, and who loudly declaimed against interference with the freedom of trade, &c., and by those who hoped for plunder in the wreck of order by drink.

No law, however good, can be without some injury to the innocent. It is but human that there should be weakness. The absolute prohibition of sale, rendered it, at least, exceedingly difficult for the sick to procure port wine or porter under medical prescription, especially in cases of fever, which were rather common in the very early times, from the wretched condition in which the miners were obliged to live.

The writer has known a medical friend to go from tent to tent

and store to store in search of a bottle of wine for a patient, offering a most extravagant sum for the article.

But when at length, in answer to remonstrances, a sale was permitted upon medical certificate, the irregularities which ensued seemed to justify the apparent harshness of the original measure, and confirmed the views of those who supported the prohibitory course of authority. The following quotation from the '*Gold Diggers' Magazine*' for November, 1852, exhibits the evil—

'We are sorry to learn that certain self-styled medical gentlemen are in the habit of keeping genteel grog-shops at the diggings. The ordinary pills and bitter draughts are renounced for the more tasty and better-paying indulgence of alcoholic physic; and this, not in the form of tinctures and cordials, but in the less refined guise of common spirituous liquors.'

But, as with the opium traffic of China, so with drink in Australia, wherever purchasers are to be found, there will always be those, greedy of gain, and regardless of moral arguments, who will dare the law to make a profit. Not a few of those who kept stores upon the diggings had a private repository of the forbidden article, to retail to the *safe* ones. With grief it must be affirmed that some Melbourne and Geelong merchants, of high repute as Christian professors, were forward in this evil work. They could not resist the temptation, though only drapers or grocers, of adding to their wealth by becoming sly grog sellers. And when fines and confiscations fell upon more insignificant and less prudent dealers, complaints were loudly expressed that the respectable but more extensive retailers were forgotten or undiscovered by the police.

Sly grog tents became the institution of the diggings. They entered quietly and unobtrusively, and pursued their trade at first in secret and with caution. Emboldened by success, and enriched in the speculation, their numbers rapidly increased, and their reserve was abandoned.

As early as December, 1851, a few months only after the first pick had struck auriferous ground, we have the testimony to the prevalence of this awful evil, in a letter from Mount Alexander. Alluding to the grog tents, the writer says—

'The numerous drunken men to be seen knocking about, fights, and robberies, are sufficient evidence that this nuisance exists to some extent; and it will require something stronger than the dozen or two of the whitey-brown force to put it down, more especially as it is on the spread, like the thistles round Melbourne.'

The practical experience of the writer, which commenced three months after the date of this communication, was not of so gloomy a character. Upon his advent upon the gold fields, he saw so little interference and violence, as to raise his astonishment. Thousands of rough characters were brought together, and yet he felt no fear in moving about the gullies at any hour, and very seldom encountered

encountered a man under the influence of liquor. It was very clear to his own mind that the law of prohibition was so far carried out as to be of immense benefit to the community.

The difficulties in the way of stopping the liquor traffic may be briefly stated. The prohibition doctrine arose from no temperance origin : it was an expedient suggested by Christians for the prevention of crime in a lawless condition of society. They who promulgated the order of the State were never suspected of tectotal leanings. They took their glass, and were willing that others should drink in Melbourne and Geelong. They objected to the inflammatory beverage among an inflammatory community. They had no higher ground for prohibition. Once remove the fear of an outbreak, and their supposed temperance principles fell at once to the earth. There was, then, no inherent vigour in the ordinance.

The police, who were appointed to carry out the enactment, could certainly never be charged with even sober qualities. Some of them had passed certain degrees of freedom in the neighbouring island, and were useful from their experience at an older date, while others were found in that then unpopular and hooted order from their unwillingness to labour, and general reckless habits. The police force of Victoria, which ultimately became as efficient and as high principled in the execution of duty as any in the world, was in the early digging times of no great account.

The share in the fines was the propelling motive for conviction ; but as means were forthcoming without such trouble, and saving uncomfortable collision with persons, these convictions became less and less, until the law became a byword and a reproach.

The sly grog dealers, who always regarded themselves as a most harshly and unjustly treated set of people, were not pleased at this subtraction of their profits, and often grudgingly gave the bribe, which in some instances went in the shape of a black mail. One man told the writer that what he had paid the inspectors of police, to ward off attacks upon his premises, would have made his fortune.

Anyhow, it is certain that collusion did exist between the police and the dealer, and the prohibitory law thus became in great part a dead letter.

Another check to the operations of the law arose from the great unpopularity of government. This was conspicuous enough in 1852, but grew rapidly after, until it culminated in the Ballarat rebellion of 1854. The police, employed in the collection of diggers' licences, were so much the objects of public abhorrence, that their interference even in more legitimate and wholesome proceedings was viewed with distrust and resented as tyranny. Thus it was that the grog sellers, when set upon by the authorities, were esteemed by the miners as fellow martyrs, and sympathized with accordingly.

The mode in which the executive treated the offenders was one rather partaking of Turkish rule than the English constitution. It was not enough that the vendor was fined fifty pounds, one half of which went to the informer, but his alcoholic property was destroyed, and his tent was burnt to the ground. However this summary way of acting was thought of at first, it soon became a subject of outcry, from its barbarism and unnecessary cruelty. The writer has been present at the burning of a grog tent, and was witness to a demonstration of popular condemnation of the deed, while few undertook to defend the conduct of the dealer.

The unpopularity, therefore, of the convictions, from the mode of operation, and the actors in the charge, induced a gradual diminution of attacks, and a corresponding increase of grog tents.

Further, the diggers themselves were charged in process of time. The nature of the employment, from its associations, tended to lower the moral sense, and elevate the force of animal propensity. A taste for liquor was thus almost insensibly gained, even by those who had once been loudest in their condemnation of the traffic. Again, a respectable class of early diggers quickly left the field. They retired to their colonial homes. A call had been made for their services in their respective professions. It was discovered that the doctor and the lawyer could raise handsome fees in towns, the shopkeeper realize most extravagant returns, the mechanic obtain enormous wages, and the farmer sell his hay at a price which made sugar less valuable by weight.

The new comers from England, and from almost the world at large, were not likely to feel the necessity of provision for the welfare of the colony, as those who had established homes therein. Most of these were doubtless men of education, and many of them had been brought up in even respectable positions; but a hesitancy may be observed as to their superiority of moral character. However good at home, some were apt to think they must be *colonial* out there. To be *colonial* they thought was to be low, drunken, and reckless. This compliment the real colonists did not acknowledge. In pursuit, then, of this supposed colonial qualification, which they too evidently derived from consorting with the Van Demonian fast ones of the gold fields, the new comers were rapidly the means of exalting the dignity of the sly grog tent, and of aiding in the propagation of anti-temperance principles. Young men, suddenly thrown from the confinement of desk and counter, and removed from the restraint of family relation, were not likely to be deterred from the indulgence of their own selfish propensities by any sympathies for the social progress and welfare of the colony, of whose gold they were willing to take, but for the good of whose children they were not willing to make the least sacrifice.

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It was not always so. Once it was written from Mount Alexander: 'The respectable diggers are willing to be enrolled as *specials*, and are desirous to prevent the sale of spirituous liquors.' This was the report of an inspector of police to the head of his department. Another person, addressing the writer of this article, writes thus from Fryer's creek: 'The new commissioner, Mr. Mostyn, deserves the congratulations and gratitude of every friend to order. The police, directly or indirectly under his able superintendence, have been fortunate enough to detect and fine several infamous proprietors of these local nuisances' (grog tents).

An extract from another private letter may be published. At the very time when the digger wrote these lines he was in the meshes of a grog tent. The writer found the poor fellow in one of these disreputable hovels, and vainly sought to rescue him from the destroyer. A gentleman by birth, and scholar by education, and a literary man of some talent, he had early fallen a victim to strong drink. His remarks, therefore, have a force which would not belong to those from one less practically acquainted with the nature of these dens.

'I cannot refrain,' says he, 'from a recommendation of the powers that be to exercise the utmost of their authority in suppressing the numerous sly grog tents which swarm in the gold fields. The police may be vigilant, energetic, and impervious to bribery; but I am of opinion that the remedy to so monstrous an evil must be effected through other means. Most of us have heard of Murderer's Flat and Choko'em Gully in the location of Fryer's creek; and it is supererogatory to refer to the prolific source which gave names to such places. Upon the diggings there are resident hundreds of educated gentlemen of high family and respectable connexions. These persons, I am sure, would with laudable alacrity aid our colonial government, and come to the rescue in such a moral campaign.'

Alas! he could not come to the rescue. He was a slave to the evil, but had no moral power to lift a finger to its removal, however much he groaned beneath its miserable oppression. He has with bitterness related his experience, and avowed his physical inability to avoid a glass if that glass were before him. Such a man could call upon others to come to his rescue, by the enforcement of the government scheme of prohibition.

The highest authorities in church and in state bore testimony to the beneficial effects of the law, however feebly and imperfectly carried out. At the first sessions held at Castlemaine, in December, 1852, we have the judge congratulating the jury upon the small number of offences. He is careful to refer it to the true source, the recent act of the legislature, 'that which,' he declares, 'prohibits the detestable illicit trade in these infuriating liquids, to the debasing indulgence in which almost all crime is to be traced.'

Mr. Hargraves, the first discoverer of gold in Australia, paid a visit to the Victorian diggings in 1852. At a public breakfast in
Melbourne

Melbourne, the writer heard him make the following assertion : 'He heard a great deal of the disorganization which existed at the mines ; but he was happy to state that he had found none of that disorganization of which so much had been said in the sister colony.' Judge Barry, in June, 1852, bears the same sort of testimony.

In answer to the charges of English prints, an advertisement was inserted in the colonial papers, bearing the signature of leading clergymen of various denominations, medical men, storekeepers, merchants, and others. Among other statements is this : 'It is scarcely possible to imagine that so many persons could be congregated with so small an amount of crime, or a greater degree of security, both as regards person and property.'

The English reader must bear in mind that this prohibitory law was promulgated at a time when the government was so feeble as to be a perfect laughing-stock to the colonists. The want of means, and the difficulty of obtaining constables, or even clerks, prevented the authorities from supporting their own orders. The enactment was sustained at the outset by public sentiment. When, through circumstances before mentioned, that sentiment no longer adequately existed, the law became wholly inoperative, in spite of a vast array of officials and mounted police, then brought to act upon the ground.

The crimes which stained the colonial calendar of the early period of the diggings were almost wholly committed either in the two seaports, or upon the roads. There the public-houses presented temptation to men to become preys to robbery, and excited others to deeds of violence. The horrors of the Black Forest will be long remembered. But the roving bands of plunder were sheltered, if not organized, in the roadside inns of the neighbourhood.

The writer is tempted here to give his personal experience of those roadside dens of the period—to tell of their filthiness and wretchedness, their extravagant charges and inadequate accommodation, their tumult and confusion, their display of blood and infamy. But desiring to keep strictly to his subject of the gold fields themselves, he cannot enter upon this sad story.

When the habits of the people grew worse, when society became more corrupt, and when government itself was less capable to restrain, or less willing to encounter the sly grog system, a determined effort was made in Melbourne, in 1853, to bring a pressure to bear both upon the diggings and the rulers.

A Maine Liquor Law movement was organized. An influential committee was appointed. Large sums of money were forthcoming. Several merchants promised a hundred pounds a year to the society. A strong moral influence was brought to bear upon the
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the respectable but illegal traffic in drink. The Governor received deputations and memorials. An agent held meetings throughout the colony. The press, almost universally, advocated the cause of prohibition.

Though associated with temperance, and both organized and chiefly conducted by those who were known as advocates of teetotalism, it was not, strictly speaking, a teetotal society. At that period total-abstinence institutions were silenced. Many were altogether wrecked, and others held but a trembling existence. Drunkenness raged so fearfully in Melbourne, and spread with such terrific violence to the neighbouring colonial capitals, that the very demon of misrule seemed to have been loosed amongst us there.

A sort of despairing cry had gone up from the settlements, and had spontaneously originated this Maine Law movement, which politicians and moralists of that day appeared to think the only saving clause.

After doing good service for a time, the society sunk into desuetude. Funds failed from the commercial panic. Internal inconsistencies checked the zeal. Public sentiment failed to come up to the mark. The social disorder overwhelmed the efforts of the few. Personal interestedness thwarted exertion, and checkmated designs. The institution fell through, and rose no more. But one active result of the undertaking was the infusion of fresh spirit into the real temperance movement, and the resuscitation of local societies for the reclamation of the drunkard.

A vigorous attempt was made in the legislature to open the diggings to the licensed system.

It was urged that the sly grog tents were nests of crime. None doubted that. It was then said, that licensed houses would afford the required accommodation for travellers, but destroy the sly grog system. This position was declared by our friends to be untenable. Results have verified their predictions. But the publicans' interest was powerful, and some good men were deceived into the belief that at least the trial of the change might be desirable.

Against this insidious policy the colonists generally uttered their indignant remonstrance. The 'Argus' did good service on the occasion. In May, 1853, we hear the editor despairingly exclaiming, 'The prevalence of drunkenness is beyond description.' The 'Gold Diggers' Magazine' for February, 1853, presents the subject in this language—

'Drinking there is, but the proprietors of those dens (sly grog tents) do their best for their own sakes to prevent disorder and intemperance. So long as no legalized public-houses are established, we have no great alarm for the sobriety and safety of the diggings. But we should tremble for the consequence of their introduction. Drunkenness would be more open and frequent; disturbances and bloodshedding among an armed community would be common; sly grog shops would increase enormously, from the facility with which they could then obtain their supplies; and the tradesmen would mourn over the loss of industry and property, as much as the philanthropist over the growth of immorality and misery.'

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But the attempt did not succeed on that occasion. The bill did not pass. The occasion led the magazine on the following month to indulge in some premature exultation:—‘Every friend to good order and morality must surely rejoice in the failure of the proposed measure to establish public-houses at the mines. “Hurrah for the diggings!” will be the cry now of faithful wives and anxious mothers. The well-disposed digger, who believed it impossible to remain, should the law have passed, may now rest from his fears. Those of our council who have voted in opposition to the bill deserve the thanks of the whole community. Much honour is due to the writer of an excellent leader upon this subject in the “Argus.” . . . We trust no other attempt will be made to bring crime, disunion, and dismay into our diggings by legalizing the sale of strong drinks there. The diggers, as well as the citizens of Melbourne, have publicly declared their abhorrence and alarm at the contemplated measure.’

But the triumph was soon eclipsed in defeat. Townships were proclaimed on the gold fields. The despotic rule of the commissioners was arrested. A more liberal disposition of government followed. In the success of more enlightened policy the enemies of temperance saw their means of triumph. Once proclaimed a township, nothing could prevent Castlemaine and Ballaarat having the institutions of settled society. Time-honoured usage had sanctioned the licence system. It came by virtue of the new order of things upon this part of the diggings, which was thus taken out of the more direct control of the legislature.

According to custom an application for a licence must be posted. It was affixed upon a huge tree. The writer had the mournful satisfaction of seeing it duly recorded. The application was, to tell the truth, well supported. It was signed by the two clergymen of the diggings—English and Scotch.

Houses ran up rapidly. Hotels of vast magnitude, and some rough magnificence, followed. In various other places a remarkable outburst of civilization took place. Individuals of a particular locality were suddenly seized with the township mania. The government office was besieged with applications that such a locality be nominated a township.

The reason for this singular activity for the interests of the public was obvious enough to the initiated. The disinterested parties were anxious to open a public-house in that quarter.

It is quite unnecessary to follow up the history of the diggings, as the article must confine itself to the very early period of their establishment. But it may be mentioned, in passing, that the establishment of the regular and orthodox public-house did not tend to the diminution of sly grog tents, but greatly increased their number and audacity. For awhile the publicans of the state order seemed ready to play the indignant, and resent the intrusion
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of the contraband. But they soon recovered their placidity, as they observed the development of thirst and the extension of the wholesale trade; and they were content to receive with smiles the men supposed to be their opponents.

The growth of intemperance at the diggings was in equal proportion to the spread of conveniences for sale. The greater the facility, the greater the excess. A sad tale could be told of the sorrows of drink; but the readers of 'Meliora' are, unfortunately, too well acquainted with the miseries of drunkenness in Britain to need a description of the consequences of drinking elsewhere.

At the mines it completed the degradation of some, and accelerated the fall of others. Women were being brought upon the new ground, to be subjected to new temptations under most provoking circumstances. Deaths accumulated, disorders multiplied, poverty was extended, resources were wasted, enterprise was checked, and the moral progress of society sustained a shock which once seemed ready to paralyze the arm of the benevolent, and the voice of the preacher.

In the cautious times the sly grog-seller had no brandy, but hard stuff; no gin, but vinegar; and no rum, but brown lemonade. He was obliged to decline payment for the liquor, even under these disguises, and be content with selling a bit of tape or a glass of water.

The less said about the character of these establishments the better. They were haunts for robbers, asylums for blacklegs, and houses of infamy. The loss of health, money, and reputation followed entrance therein. A woman convicted of sly grog-selling was questioned by the magistrate. 'Who is your husband?' said he. Her immediate and shameless reply was, 'Any one who has five shillings.' She was a fair type of her class.

An advertisement which appeared in the public prints in 1853 will still further illustrate the social state of the diggings. A prospectus, signed by Dr. Bainbridge, was issued with the following title:—

'GEELONG SANATORIUM AND GOLD-DIGGERS' HOME.'

It runs thus: 'It is proposed to establish an asylum for the sick, and a home for the homeless and friendless gold-digger; for such as are so unlucky as to have too much money to entitle them to be admitted into the Geelong infirmary; for those who have been so imprudent as to have resorted to the public-house for shelter, and have, consequently, been found drunk in the streets; for such as have unwisely devoted their hard earnings to the destruction of their health, both of body and mind.'

Many good-meaning Christians never interfere with politics. They believe it to be their duty to let governors do as they will. In Victoria there were some of this kind, and they kept true to their principles so long as the government went smoothly, or there

seemed nothing opposed to the interests of humanity. But when, with this vast immigration of 1852 and 1853, they found the lands of the colony so locked up from the people, that with the disposition to settle on a farm there was no way to obtain it, an outcry was raised against the government, and a demand for a more liberal policy was urged, on the ground of morality. It was said that men got money at the diggings, could not invest it in land because of the obnoxious regulations, and were induced to spend their earnings wastefully in drink.

When, too, surveys and sales were originated, it was still asserted that the system was not so extended as to be of much avail except to the capitalists.

A successful effort was made to procure the unlocking of the lands, on the plea that the working man's millennium would then come. He would have land cheap and good. He would be able to settle down away from the bad diggings, marry, and be a sober citizen. This was the dream. It required something stronger to wean the men from drink.

Without doubt they who did invest their savings in a farm were in a better moral position than those who rambled about from one digging to another. But the sorrow was this: that temptation came near them still. Lots of townships were proclaimed in the centre of every little knot of farmers; and the public-house, though, perhaps, excepting the blacksmith's shed, the only building in the township, became the rallying-point of the thirsty, and the destruction of many a good resolution in the retired gold digger.

A diminution of the evil was certainly obtained; for the better sort of men were thus saved from the fire of temptation at the reckless mines, when induced to purchase a farm.

The primitive diggings of Ballaarat, Mount Alexander, and Bendigo have since wholly changed their character. The miserable canvas store has become the well-built shop, with plate-glass front. The gold-buyers' tent has grown into the magnificent stone bank. The earth-floored church of calico has spread into the noble proportions of architectural beauty. Ballaarat, Castlemaine, and Sandhurst have all the progressive institutions of the most flourishing of European cities. The press is worthily represented, and municipal bodies are in vigorous being.

These are, so to speak, the outward developments of progress. We decline going into the question of moral greatness. Our task was to bring out some of the social exponents of the early golden age. From the rudeness of that forest life, Anglo-Saxon energy has raised an European civilization. Whether in the advance of Victoria, as in the mighty growth of civilization in the old halls of Europe, there is a real corresponding increase of national virtue and individual happiness, yet remains a question.

ART.

ART. VI.—*The Constitutional History of England since the Accession of George III.*—1760—1860. By Thomas Erskine May, C.B. In 2 Vols. Vol. I. Longman, Green, Longman, and Roberts.

HISTORY, like geology, exhibits two leading divisions. The unstratified and the stratified rocks of geology find their parallel in the revolutionary and constitutional epochs of history. Like the era of igneous rocks, the period of revolution was one of fierce and fiery change. The molten granite, that afterwards became hardened into high hills and deep valleys, is the type of the fierce turmoil and strife of a nation in a state of temporary disorganization, which, after a time, cools down into its present seemingly permanent form of the highly-elevated upper class and the lowly-depressed lower class,—the hills and the valleys of society. Nor does the parallel end here. Every country presents traces of social as well as of geologic convulsions. Not only does the granite crop out above later strata, telling of a time when the now fruitful soil was once in a state of seething, fiery liquefaction, but the best-ordered country is sure to disclose traces of the time when it passed through a state of fiery trial. But they are not the best-governed countries in which these revolutions occupy the largest portion of their history. Liberty and social happiness cannot flourish on the granite-like soil of revolutions. It is in the strata of a gentler and a kindlier growth that she takes root and grows. It is in the countries where there has been a slow but sure deposit of laws and customs, in the country of a stratified constitution, that wealth, and peace, and happiness increase unto perfection. Compare our own land of

‘Just and old renown,
Where freedom slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent,’

with the country where ‘the red fool fury of the Seine’ has, time after time, burst forth with all the destructiveness of an earthquake. Which has advanced farther towards the idea of that perfect state in which the greatest happiness is secured for the greatest number—France, with its volcanic outbreaks of 1789, 1830, and 1848, or England, with its sober legislation, its resolute dislike of revolution? There can be little doubt about the answer; little doubt but that the sedimentary deposits of gradual legislation are the most fertile in their abundant growth of national vigour and social freedom. Contrast the events of the past year which have taken place in the two countries;—Gladstone removing the last shackle from a now free press, and Persigny, with his interminable *avertissements* drawing tighter month by month the bonds which he has laid upon free speech and free thought.

Compare the great debate on the exclusive privilege of the House of Commons to tax the people, with the disclosure that Napoleon, by a prodigal use of his prerogative to supplement the votes of the Corps Législatif on his own authority, has involved the country in a deficit of forty millions sterling.

We have placed at the head of this article a book with the title of 'The Constitutional History of England from 1760 to 1860.' It would be impossible to find such a book in relation to France. There has been no constitutional history for that country in the sense in which we have come to understand these words—in the sense of law and order, and settled, though progressive, government. Of French constitutions, indeed, the name is legion. Did not the Abbé Siéyes keep a whole stock of them fairly written out and endorsed, and tied up with red tape, and put in his pigeon-hole? But of the progress of constitutional government in France there has been no narrative, just because there has been nothing to narrate. Talleyrand said that he had sworn eternal allegiance to eleven constitutions; and if we reckon all that preceded him during the last forty years of the eighteenth century, and all that have been presented to the world since his time, the number would be more nearly represented by the square of eleven. What was the frightful history of the first revolution, with its National Convention, its Reign of Terror, its Directory, its Consulate; or the first Empire, with its military despotism and exterminating wars; or the Restoration, with its systematic aggression by Louis XVIII. and Charles X. on the rights of their people; or the Three Days and the Citizen King, himself as great a despot as he whom he had dethroned; or the Revolution of 1848, with its barricades and its capital in civil war; or the military dictatorship of 1861—but so many defeats of constitutional government? Socially, France may be better off than she was when Marshal Vauban drew his fearful sketch of the poverty of the rural classes. Jacques Bonhomme is not now compelled to eat grass for bread: he may fill his belly with something better than swine's husks; but he possesses no more political power than his great-grandfather did in the times of the Grand Monarque. He has not now, any more than he had then, any share in the passing of the laws, in the levying of the taxes, in making war and peace. He has got rye-bread instead of hay, but is still as far removed from all share in the government as he was before Samson the executioner beheaded 'M. Veto.' Again and again frantic efforts have been made to obtain fuller freedom, but all these efforts have been vain. While in England, with its quiet and steady progress, such an advance has been made as renders it almost impossible for us to believe that we were a century ago in a far different condition, France, with all its convulsive
attem ts.

attempts, is no better off, as regards her political state, than she would have been if she had submitted quietly to the multiform despotisms which have oppressed her. We during the last hundred years have had no September massacres—no January 21st, with its dreary guillotine spectacle—no 1848 barricades. We have merely passed from one stage of freedom to another; while those who have shed blood like water in order to obtain what has cost us nothing but patience and steadfast, persevering obedience to the law, are where they were. In England, as in France, a hundred years ago, there was neither free speech nor free writing. State prosecutions were every-day occurrences on this side of the Straits. The country knew nothing of the deliberations and proceedings of its representatives. Parliamentary reporting was illegal. Constituencies with no constituents returned members, while populous cities were totally unrepresented. We were almost as backward as our neighbours. And yet, though they have made such desperate efforts after greater liberty, while we have simply made the most of circumstances as they happened, we can point to our splendid newspapers, with their full reports of the parliamentary debates published three hours after the termination of the sitting: we can rejoice in the thought that our judges will no longer dare nor wish to restrain criticisms on the rulers by the ruled. We can boast of representative institutions which, if not yet perfect, still do their work well; while in France the press is hampered, political discussion is dangerous, and representative institutions exist only in name. The truth is, that all approach towards political perfection must be made by means of steady adherence to, and improvement on, principles already established, rather than by the adoption of new theories. Systems of government, French-polished, warranted sound, beautiful-looking Pantisocracies, somehow do not answer. The great truth, that what is to endure must have a gradual growth—a truth which Nature herself teaches in her living monument, the thousand-year-old oak—cannot be violated. Well said Sterling—

‘How slowly ripen powers ordained to last:
The old may die, but must have lived before;
So Moses in the vale an acorn cast,
And Christ was shadowed by the tree it bore.’

It has been affirmed again and again, and it is a lesson hardly learnt through many a sad experience, that every civilized country contains in its laws and constitution the seed and germ of its own advancement; and that every violent revolution not only does not hasten on the consummation, but seriously retards it, and even in some cases endangers it altogether; as much as the child prevents the growth of a plant, who, impatient that the seed does not at once shoot forth, digs it up to see if it is growing ere it has
laid

laid hold of the ground. The gradual growth of English liberties through Plantagenet strifes, Tudor despotism, Stuart impotence, and Hanoverian stupidity, is one illustration of this principle. The last eighty years of French history affords another illustration *e converso*, but not the less obvious. The ardent followers of liberty should bear in mind Herrick's lines, in which the mistress gives advice to her lover:—

'You say to me—ward your affection's strong;
Pray love me little, so you love me long,
Slowly goes far; the mean is best. Desire,
Grown violent, does either die or tire.'

Mr. Erskine May's book is a most valuable contribution to the recent history of England. His position as an official in the House of Commons has enabled him to avail himself of the best materials, the statutes and the reports of the debates. His plan is very admirable, and we trust that he may speedily complete the work which he has so ably commenced. The first volume, which was published in the early part of 1861, embraces a 'history of the prerogatives, influence, and revenues of the Crown, and of the constitution, powers, functions, and political relations of both Houses of Parliament. The second volume will comprise—among other constitutional subjects—a history of party, of the press, and political agitation; of the Church, and of civil and religious liberty. It will conclude with a general review of our legislation—its policy and results—during the same period.' A wide and fruitful field this; and that portion of it already cultivated will afford us ample supply for more remarks than the limits of one article would permit. We propose to take up only a few of the topics referred to by Mr. May.

George III. ascended the throne amid the general congratulations of his people. No sovereign ever commenced his reign with happier auspices, or with fewer tokens of the disasters that afterwards befel him. But this popularity was dangerous. The young monarch had been brought up by his mother in the most exalted notions of royal prerogative, and with a belief in the divine right of kings, that was far more deeply rooted even than the belief of King William of Prussia is. He was both ambitious and stubborn; indeed his very conscientiousness degenerated into obstinacy. His intellect was of just that narrow order that it was capable of seeing with great distinctness all that made for himself; but it was not sufficiently capacious to understand more than one side of a question. His predecessors had been neither so popular nor so ambitious as himself. William III., who is considered an essentially constitutional monarch, had in reality conducted much of the national affairs which were ostensibly managed by his ministers. But when that master mind had ceased to rule England, and, indeed,

indeed, the greater part of Europe, the power of the British sovereign diminished. Queen Anne was the tool of the Churchills; the two first Georges were too thoroughly German to value at any high rate the supreme direction of English affairs. Their reigns were just adapted for the purposes of great and powerful ministers, of whom Sir Robert Walpole was the chief. But the third George, who delighted his new subjects by referring with pride to his English birth, valued more highly the honour of being supreme in the councils of his native land. He was not long in showing that he was every inch a king, and a very despotic one. From the time that he ascended the throne to his long malady, his reign was the history of one obstinate struggle between himself and his ministers, between a more than Stuart absolutism and constitutional government by responsible ministers. George III.'s plots against his own ministers are a disgraceful episode in a reign which has somehow come to be considered glorious. There was nothing secret in the king's manœuvres. Members of Parliament who voted against any of his favourite measures were, if they held any office under the Crown, unceremoniously dismissed; officers were removed from their commands, lord lieutenants of counties deprived of their dignity, while at a general election the interference of the king in order to obtain acceptable representatives was most unwarrantable. A less popular king would have brought about a revolution, and George III. did his best to produce one. Indeed, his fatal obstinacy did lose him his American dominions; there, as a century and a half before at home, the attempt to enforce an odious tax was the signal for a great rebellion, in which the Crown was forced to yield.

In the year 1780 the undue influence of the Crown had become so excessive that Mr. Dunning moved a resolution in the House of Commons to the following effect:—'The influence of the Crown has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished.' This resolution, with a slight verbal alteration, was passed, and the debate was signalized by a speech from the Speaker, Sir Fletcher Norton, who bore his personal testimony to the increased and increasing influence of the Crown. The same subject was debated in the Lords. On the meeting of Parliament in the November of the following year, amendments were moved in both Houses to the answer to the royal speech, which gave occasion to the expression of strong opinions condemnatory of the irregular and irresponsible system under which the government of the country was conducted. The Duke of Richmond declared that the country was governed by clerks. The Marquis of Rockingham described the system of government pursued since the commencement of the reign as a proscriptive system—a system of favouritism and secret influence. Mr. Fox imputed all the defeats and disasters of the

war to the influence of the Crown. At length the opposition became so strong that the king, whose motto was *Frango non flecto*, desired his yacht to be got ready, and openly declared his intention of retiring to Hanover. However, the minister and not the sovereign was the one who had to abdicate. Lord North retired, in March 1782, and was succeeded by the Marquis of Rockingham, with Mr. Fox as a colleague, who wrote to one of his friends—‘Provided we can stay in long enough to give a good stout blow to the influence of the Crown I do not think it much signifies how soon we go out after.’ This ministry did its best to fulfil its mission. It passed bills disqualifying government contractors and inland revenue officers from becoming Members of Parliament, and it reduced the number of government offices. But what was to be done when the king openly caballed against his ministers, when he unblushingly bribed M.P.’s to vote against the measures which were brought in in his name? The Rockingham ministry had a short existence. Then came the celebrated Coalition, in which Lord North and Mr. Fox combined their forces. But King George hated Mr. Fox. He instructed members of both Houses to protest against government measures in the king’s name. The use of the king’s name was strongly reprehended by the Commons as a breach of the privileges of the House and an attempt to interfere with their debates and legislation. After a stormy discussion a resolution was passed by 153 votes to 80, declaring that ‘to report any bill or other proceeding depending in either House of Parliament, with a view to influence the votes of Members, is a high crime and misdemeanor, derogatory to the honour of the Crown, a breach of the fundamental privileges of Parliament, and subversive of the constitution.’ But while the constitutional party triumphed in the Lower House, the king’s friends were victorious in the Upper. A bill brought in by the king’s ministers was defeated at the king’s request, and his Majesty at once dismissed his advisers with every mark of ill-will and insult. The king had driven his enemies from the field, but now he had the far more difficult part to play of maintaining his position. At this crisis he found a strong helper in a statesman who was in years little better than a boy. Pitt, a youth of twenty-four, was made Premier of England under circumstances that would have dismayed far older politicians. The country laughed at

‘A sight to make surrounding nations stare—
A kingdom trusted to a schoolboy’s care.’

But let those laugh who win. Not slowly, and yet surely, Pitt turned the current of popular opinion. At first he met with the fiercest hostility. The Opposition refused to vote the supplies, refused to pass the Mutiny Bill; again and again the ministry was outvoted, but it would not resign. By little and little the adverse majority

majority dwindled down, until on the fifth vote it was only one. Then was the time to strike the blow; Parliament was dissolved, a general election took place, and Mr. Pitt's triumph was complete. Upwards of 160 of his late opponents lost their seats, and on the assembling of the new Parliament, he could scarcely reckon his majorities.

'If such,' says Mr. May, 'was the success of the minister, what was the triumph of the king! He had expelled one ministry and retained another in defiance of the House of Commons. The people had pressed forward loyally to his support, and by their aid he had overborne all opposition to his will. He now possessed a strong government and a minister in whom he confided; and he enjoyed once more power, freedom, and popularity. Not only had he overcome and ruined a party which he hated, but he had established the ascendancy of the Crown, which henceforth for nearly fifty years continued to prevail over every other power in the state.'

It would be too long a story to tell of the fall of subsequent ministries, nearly all of which lost their places solely through the intrigues of the king. It is a tedious tale that of the obstinate sovereign's conscientious objections to every kind of reform. Even his favourite minister, Mr. Pitt, he sacrificed once to his inflexible determination to perpetuate the civil disabilities of all his Roman Catholic subjects. His son was as bigoted as himself. During the regency the younger George fully maintained the excessive influence of the Crown. His opposition to liberal measures was worthy of his father's son. The royal voluptuary could always summon up a religious scruple whenever he was pressed to do justice to Dissenters or Roman Catholics. It was not until the fat Adonis had considerably overpassed his sixtieth year, and when he had become enfeebled in mind and enervated in will, that he was induced to give his consent to the abolition of a measure which he had always declared he was bound by his coronation oath to retain.

If money is the root of all evil, it is also the root of much good. It has been a powerful instrument in the hands both of kings and of their subjects. George III. was the first English sovereign since Henry VIII. who inherited money saved by his predecessor. Yet, in spite of this favourable circumstance, in spite of the fact that George lived in a style of the most unkingly parsimony, he got enormously into debt. In February 1769, the arrears of the civil list were more than half a million, and his Majesty was obliged to apply to Parliament to discharge them. Eight years later he again had recourse to Parliament, not only to pay off another debt of 618,340*l.*, but to increase his annual civil list to 900,000*l.* a year. On the second occasion ministers were compelled to produce a statement of accounts, which they had refused on the first occasion. It was then seen that the amount of secret service money on the pension list was suspiciously large, and it was insinuated that the money had been spent in **corrupting**

Members of Parliament. In 1779, the Duke of Richmond proposed a reduction of the civil list, but the motion was lost by more than two to one. Shortly afterwards, Mr. Burke proposed his elaborate scheme of economical reform, and in his memorable speech, Feb. 11, 1780, pointed out the innumerable offices attached to the royal household whose duties were long since obsolete. The king's turnspit, for instance, was a Member of Parliament. Jobbing, waste, and peculation existed in every department. Burke was for the time unsuccessful in his efforts, but in 1782 the king was compelled to announce another debt upon the civil list, amounting to nearly 300,000*l*. This led to important modifications, by which the pecuniary resources of the king were diminished. 'Nevertheless, debt continued to be the normal condition of the civil list throughout the reign of George III. Again and again applications were renewed to Parliament; and the debts discharged at different periods after 1782 exceeded 2,300,000*l*. From the beginning to the end of this reign, the several arrears paid off by Parliament, exclusive of the debt of 300,000*l*. charged in the civil list in 1782, amounted to 3,398,000*l*.' It was not till William IV. ascended the throne that an organic change was made in the revenues of the Crown. Instead of deriving his income from a variety of droits and dues, the king, surrendering these rights, accepted a civil list of 510,000*l*. The civil list of Queen Victoria was settled on the same principles as that of William IV., and amounted to 385,000*l*., the only material variation being, that in lieu of the pension list of 75,000*l*., her Majesty was empowered to grant pensions annually to the extent of 1,200*l*. In neither of the two late reigns has any application been made to Parliament for the discharge of debts upon the civil list.

The removal from the sovereign's hands of so dangerous a means for the corruption of Parliament, has been attended by a reduction of court influence highly beneficial to all estates of the realm. Until the accession of William IV. the influence of the Crown was invariably exercised against a liberal policy, and often against the liberties of the people.

'But,' adds Mr. May, 'the earlier years of this reign presented the novel spectacle of the prerogatives and personal influence of the king being exerted in a great popular cause on behalf of the people. . . . Yet, in truth, the attitude of the king in regard to this measure (the Reform Bill) at first resembled that which his royal predecessors had maintained against a progressive policy. When ministers first proposed it he regarded it with dislike and apprehension; he dreaded the increasing influence and activity of the Commons; and—alarmed by the spirit in which they had investigated the civil list—he feared lest, strengthened by a more popular representation, they should encroach upon his own prerogatives and independence. The royal family and the court were also averse to the measure and to the ministers. But when his Majesty had given his consent to the scheme submitted by the cabinet, he was gratified by its popularity—in which he largely shared—and which its supporters adroitly contrived to associate with his Majesty's personal character and supposed political sympathies.'

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We have no intention of describing the great contest which took place between 1830 and 1832. Mr. May has narrated its incidents in a manner worthy of the event. By the Reform Bill another safeguard has been erected against the improper influence of the Crown. The political extinction of the rotten boroughs has rendered it more than ever difficult to tamper with the constituencies. Yet, remembering how the tide of constitutional government has fluctuated in this country, even within the present century, there is still, and probably always will be, need for the third estate to carefully protect its privileges, and to keep a watchful guard against any encroachment.

To pass from the king to the lords. The second estate is happily very different now from what it was. In the reign of Henry VII. no more than 29 temporal peers received summons to his first Parliament. On the death of Elizabeth, this number had increased to 59. The Stuarts raised the number to about 150. In Queen Anne's reign were added 16 representative peers of Scotland. The frequent creations made by Anne and by George I. excited the jealousy of a body, in the smallness of which consisted the importance of each member. In 1719, a bill was brought in by the Duke of Somerset to restrain the Crown from creating more than 6 peerages beyond the then existing 178. This bill, and another introduced in the following session, were strenuously and successfully opposed by the House of Commons, who urged with great force that thus to restrict the sovereign was an infringement upon the royal prerogative. Lord North and Mr. Pitt were very liberal in their creations; the latter had bestowed nearly fifty patents during the first five years of his administration. Having experienced the advantages derived from such a course, he was unwilling to leave the same power in the hands of his political opponents, and he therefore proposed to restrict the regent in the exercise of this prerogative of the king. Such a proposal came with ill grace from a minister who in two years had created or promoted 35 peers, and in eight years had created nearly 70 peers. On the union of the Irish legislature with that of England, 28 representative peers were admitted to seats in the Parliament of the United Kingdom. Unlike the Scotch peers, however, the Irish were elected for life. A further privilege was conferred upon the Irish nobility, not granted to the Scotch, that of sitting in the House of Commons for any place in Great Britain. Since the Act of Union several additions have been made to the peerage.

* In 1860 the House of Lords consisted of 460 lords temporal and spiritual. The number of hereditary peers of the United Kingdom had risen to 885, exclusive of the peers of the blood royal. Of these peerages 128 were created in the reign of George III., 42 in the reign of George IV., and 117 since the

of William IV. Thus 287 peerages have been created or raised to their present rank since the accession of George III., or very nearly three-fourths of the entire number. But this increase is exhibited by the existing peerage alone, notwithstanding the extinction or merging of numerous titles in the interval. The actual number of creations during the reign of George III. amounted to 388, or more than the entire present number of the hereditary peerage. No more than 98 of the existing peerages claim an earlier creation than the reign of George III.; but this fact is an imperfect criterion of the antiquity of the peerage. When the possessor of an ancient dignity is promoted to a higher grade in the peerage, his lesser dignity becomes merged in the greater but more recent title. An earl of the fifteenth century is transformed into a marquis of the nineteenth. Many of the families from which existing peers are descended are of great antiquity, and were noble before the admission to the peerage. Nor must the ancient nobility of the Scottish peerage be forgotten in the persons of those high-born men who now figure on the roll as peers of the United Kingdom of comparatively recent creation.

It will have been seen from the above remarks, that the House of Lords has not only increased in numbers, but has to a great extent altered in constitution. The number of peers, not hereditary, who now sit in the Upper House, exceeds the whole peerage in the time of Henry VIII. The two Union Acts, by which the Parliaments of Scotland and Ireland were merged in that of England, involved the principle of representation. At the present time there are 16 representative peers of Scotland elected only for a Parliament, 28 representative peers of Ireland elected for life, 4 Irish representative bishops, and besides these are the 26 English bishops holding their seats for life, so that the total number of lords not sitting by virtue of hereditary right, and, therefore, more amenable to external influences, is a considerable element in the constitution of the Upper House.

During the present generation the House of Lords has passed through two important crises which threatened to materially alter its constitution. The first of these was occasioned by the obstinacy of that branch of the legislature itself. The persistent obstructiveness with which all attempts at reform of the parliamentary representation were resisted excited such intense hostility against the House of Peers that its very existence was threatened. To 'Swamp the House of Lords!' and 'Down with the Lords!' were the cries heard in every large town of the kingdom. The statesmen who had charge of the Reform Bill saw that there was but one course before them, if they would avoid a revolution such as that which had deposed Charles X. from the throne of France. Their remedy was homœopathic in principle, but not in quantity. To correct the fatal obstinacy of the peers by creating more peers was the only remedy that seemed possible. Accordingly Earl Grey and Lord Brougham received an autograph order from William IV. 'to create such a number of peers as will be sufficient to insure the passing of the Reform Bill,—first calling up peers' eldest sons.' But the Lords, whose political influence is in inverse ratio to their number, yielded. They saw that it was impossible

possible to save the House of Commons from the fate which they predicted for it, and so they devoted themselves to the rescue of their own House from a similar doom. The complaints, however, were not the less loud and bitter. 'Swamping'—wholesale creation,—was the subject of vehement protests. More vehement than just; for inasmuch as the peers, with the exception of the 16 representative Scotch peers, and the 4 representative Irish bishops, are not affected by a dissolution of Parliament, the creation of new peers is the only analogue to a general election, the only check that the two other estates of the realm have upon this. Were it not for this power, the House of Lords might defy both the King and the Commons, and render impossible all measures of political advancement. This power is the more necessary, because even liberal politicians often become conservative when they have passed to the Upper House. They are no longer influenced by the opinions of a popular constituency, but, on the contrary, are now brought in contact only with cautious and often timid politicians, who, having attained to honour and prosperity under the existing state of things, are averse to even the slightest alteration of the present social system. In reality, the strength and the popularity of the House of Lords consist in its capacity for development. The fact that the peerage is not an exclusive corporation, but is open to the meanest, if only he shews himself worthy, renders an aristocratic body wonderfully popular, even in the most democratic districts of the country. Englishmen point with pride to peers of the realm who, or whose fathers, were barbers, coal-pitmen, briefless barristers, or friendless midshipmen. Recent additions to the peerage, by which bankers and manufacturers have been added to that august body, have still further increased the popularity of an institution which perhaps never stood higher in the public estimation than at the present time. It was asserted some time ago by a well-known democratic M.P. that 'while we might single out a few families who have come down from remote times, the majority of whom had generally shown themselves considerate and just to the people of the country, all the modern peerage was bred in the slime and corruption of the rotten-borough system.' On reading this wholesale denunciation we turned to 'Dod,' and found that among the peers who have been elevated to the peerage (not to a higher rank merely) during the last hundred years, about 270 in number, are the following, who certainly had nothing to do with the rotten-borough system, and who, or whose predecessors, were rewarded for services done to the state. First, we meet with the following, who did gallant service as soldiers or sailors: Lord Abercromby, the Marquis of Anglesey, Earl of Camperdown, Viscount Exmouth, Viscount Gough, Viscount Hardinge, Lord Hawke, Vis-

count

count Hood, Earl Nelson, Earl of Powis, Lord Raglan, Lord Rodney, Lord Seaton, Viscount St. Vincent, and the Duke of Wellington. We next find the following lawyers, many of whom never sat in the Lower House at all : Lords Abinger, Brougham, Campbell, Chelmsford, Cottenham, Cranworth, Denman, Ellenborough, Erskine, Kenyon, Kingsdown, Lovelace, Lyndhurst, Plunket, Redesdale, St. Leonards, Tenterden, Truro, Wensleydale, and Wrottesley. We find the following eminent statesmen who hold their titles in reward for services done as ministers or diplomatists, by themselves or their predecessors : Lord Auckland, Earls Canning, Cowley, Cowper, Dalhousie, Durham, Viscount Eversley, Earl Granville, Earl Grey, Lord Harris, Lord Heytesbury, Earl of Ilchester, Lords Llanover, Lyveden, Earl of Malmesbury, Viscount Melville, Lord Monteagle of Brandon, Earls of Onslow, Orford, St. Germans ; Lords Panmure, Stanley of Alderley, Stratford de Redcliffe. Lastly, we find the following peers who, during the past few years, have been raised from the ranks of commerce to those of the aristocracy : Lords Ashburton, Belper, Broughton, Overstone, and Tredegar.

The second crisis through which the House of Lords has passed, and with far greater *éclat* than that of 1832, took place six years ago.

'In 1856 her Majesty was advised to introduce among the hereditary peers of the realm a new class of peers created for life only. Well-founded complaints had been made of the manner in which the appellate jurisdiction of the House of Lords had been exercised. The highest court of appeal was often without judges, their place being filled by peers learned in the law, who sat as members of the court without affecting to participate in its judgments. . . . As an expedient for adding to the judicial strength of the House, without a permanent increase of its numbers, it was suggested that the most eminent judges might be admitted to the privilege of sitting there for life only.'

This practice was not without precedent, but it had fallen into disuse ; and it was upon this ground that the peers rested their objection to the proposed life-creations. It was also suggested that if the sovereign were once permitted to make peers for life only, he might altogether cease to grant hereditary peerages, and thus the peers would be creatures dependent upon the Crown. Some very animated debates followed. A Committee of Privileges was appointed to inquire into the validity of Lord Wensleydale's patent, and reported 'that neither the letters patent, nor the letters patent with the usual writ of summons, can entitle the grantee to sit and vote in Parliament.'

No one who witnessed the complete triumph obtained by the Commons over the Lords in 1832 would have believed that in less than thirty years the Lords would assail successfully the most cherished privilege of the Commons, that of granting supplies, and enacting taxes. The circumstances attending the rejection of the bill for the repeal of the paper duty by a majority of eighty-nine in the House of Lords are too recent to need a full narration here.

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We allude to them merely as a proof of our assertion that the Upper House is now more popular than it has been for many years past; and that it may now venture to do that which would thirty years ago have caused something very like a revolution.

Interesting as are the other portions of Mr. May's History, that which relates to the third estate exceeds in interest. The chapters referring to the House of Commons ought to reassure the most dispirited reformer. When he reads of what has been accomplished, in spite of the most prolonged and bitter opposition, he may at the same time congratulate himself on the eventual redress of great injustice, and on the smallness of the evils which he now seeks to remedy. Mr. May has, we think, admirably explained the recent failures in the reform of the representation—failures, be it remembered, due not to the obstinacy of either of the three estates of the realm, for the third estate at least has been far in advance of the demands of the nation, but to the utter indifference of the people themselves.

'Whence this indifference?' says Mr. May; 'why so marked a change of popular feeling in less than thirty years? The settlement of 1832 had secured the great object of representation—good government. Wise and beneficent measures had been passed; enlightened public opinion had been satisfied. The representation was theoretically incomplete; but Parliament had been brought into harmony with the sympathies and interests of the people. It had nearly approached Mr. Burke's standard, according to whom "the virtue, spirit, and essence of a House of Commons consist in its being the express image of the feelings of a nation." The best results of reform had been realized; the country was prosperous and contented.'

The English are averse to change. Unless the evil is great, they do not care to alter it. Especially are they indisposed to amend long-standing institutions for the purpose of attaining a logical consistency, a theoretic perfection. It is no doubt doctrinally unjust that Bodmin, with its 400 electors, should return as many members to Parliament as Birmingham, with its 10,000 electors. But on the whole the present system works well, and all future attempts to obtain a more complete numerical conformity are likely to meet the same fate as recent attempts.

With all its faults, we may well value our English constitution as it at present exists, when we compare it with its condition at the end of the last century. Nomination boroughs are rare in these days, but in those they formed a very large proportion of the whole constituencies. The Duke of Norfolk returned eleven members to the Lower House; Lord Lonsdale, nine; Lord Darlington, seven; the Marquis of Buckingham, the Duke of Rutland, and Lord Carrington each six. Seats were holden in both houses by hereditary right. Where the constituencies were too large to be under the domination of one nobleman, they were always accessible to bribery. Soon after the accession of George III. a large influx of Indian nabobs excited great jealousy among
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the English landowners. The latter complained that the former, having amassed enormous riches, were able to outbid them, and that the price of boroughs was thus permanently raised. In 1766 Sudbury, disfranchised not long since, openly advertised itself for sale. In 1768 the corporation of Oxford, being heavily embarrassed, offered to return two gentlemen, provided they would pay the debts of the city. The king himself was cognisant of the prevailing corruption, and wrote to Lord North in 1779: 'If the Duke of Northumberland requires some gold pills for the election, it would be wrong not to satisfy him.' Some seats were openly sold to the highest bidder. In others the ministry for the time swamped the independent electors by driving a whole army of tax collectors and revenue officers to the poll. This was made the subject of repeated complaints in the Lower House, and more than one unsuccessful measure was introduced for the disfranchisement of such officials. The principle of disfranchising officeholders under the Crown has, however, been gradually extended to the Customs, the Post-office, and to contractors. Subsequently the disqualification included all the judges, except the Master of the Rolls, who is now the only judicial personage who has the right to sit in Parliament, but who at the present time does not exercise that right.

With such a thoroughly corrupt system as that which we have described, there was but small room for the independent politician. To compete with the ministers for the time being, who, like Lord Bute and his colleagues, spent over 80,000*l.* a year of secret-service money, chiefly in debauching the constituencies or their representatives, was a hopeless undertaking. While the other class of constituencies, rotten boroughs in the gift of noblemen, who bestowed them only on the condition of unconditional support to their own party, was utterly repugnant to all highminded men. These, while warmly attached to a party in the main, were not prepared to sacrifice truth and justice to its imperious claims, and for them there was but one course open, bad among worse, that of purchasing seats. Mr. May well remarks on this practice:—

'The system of purchasing seats in the House of Commons, however indefensible in principle, was at least preferable to the general corruption of electors, and, in some respects, to the more prevalent practice of nomination. To buy a seat in Parliament was often the only means by which an independent member could gain admission to the House of Commons. If he accepted a seat from his patron his independence was compromised; but if he acquired a seat by purchase he was free to vote according to his own opinions and conscience. Thus we find Sir Samuel Romilly—the most pure and virtuous of public men—who had declined one seat from the favour of the Prince of Wales, justifying the purchase of another, for the sake of his own independence and the public interests. Writing in September, 1805, he says: "As long as burgage-tenure representatives are of only two descriptions—they who buy their seats, and they who discharge the most sacred obligations at the pleasure, and almost as the servants, of another—surely there could be no doubt in which class a man would choose to enrol himself;

himself; and one who should carry his notions of purity so far, that, thinking he possessed the means of rendering service to his country, he would yet rather exclude himself altogether from Parliament than get into it by such a violation of the theory of the constitution, must be under the dominion of a species of moral superstition which must wholly disqualify him from the discharge of any public duties."

Happily we have changed all that now. A few boroughs there are which are so far under the control of powerful families, that a candidate hostile to their views would stand small chance of being elected. Yet even here we find that this power is usually exerted in a right direction: and such constituencies are often the refuge of leading statesmen who having, during a temporary unpopularity, been defeated in more open constituencies, have betaken themselves to a secure haven unexposed to the gales of popular displeasure, where they may, without being overcome with anxiety as to the effect of this or that vote upon their chances of re-election, and without being overburdened by the petty cares inseparable from large constituencies, devote their time and energy to the interests of the State. Boroughs are no longer offered for sale. Bribery and intimidation are sure to bring down condign punishment. Election committees are not as they were, mere trials of party strength, but judicial assemblies, dealing out with equal hand the unseating of erring members, or the disfranchisement of peccant boroughs. We have got rid, too, of Gatton and Old Sarum, and such-like constituencies without constituents. It is no longer possible for a county with a population of fourteen thousand to have but one elector resident in it, who, as at an election in the county of Bute not a century ago, nominated and seconded himself as a fit and proper person to represent the electors in Parliament. Granting that the theory is still imperfect, it now works without serious inconvenience, and with but few occasions of scandal. Recent experience has shown that the most popular constituencies do not return the best, nor even the second-best representatives, and there is a general and growing tendency on the part of men of high standing to avoid boroughs whose electors number five figures.

The contest between the Parliament and the press is the most exciting portion of Mr. May's most interesting volume. He rightly says that the liberty of reporting was a greater boon to the nation than even the Reform Bill of 1832 itself. Whatever inequalities there may be in the representation they do not prevent the unrepresented from influencing the legislation of the country. Long before a bill is passed, its provisions have been recorded and discussed in the public newspapers, and the people at large—electors and non-electors—have had full opportunity of expressing their approval or opposition, either by the journals which are devoted to their interests, or in public meetings. Who can doubt

but that the non-electors had at least as much share in repealing the Corn Laws as the electors had? Who can doubt but that if the great body of the working classes were really bent upon obtaining an extension of the franchise, Parliament would be obliged to concede it? The press and the platform are far more powerful agencies than the polling-booth, and are satisfactory substitutes to the now almost exploded weapon of petition. But with what a great sum was this freedom obtained. Even now to report the speech of a member in the House is a breach of privilege, and the theory is still maintained by those industrious officials who pace the Strangers' Gallery and pounce upon any unwary person who is guilty of displaying pencil and paper. Practically, however, the theory is given up, and the reporters have had a gallery assigned to them in the present Houses of Parliament, a privilege never before conceded; and both branches of the legislature feel that publicity is a great safeguard, that the people themselves assisting in the legislation will be the less disposed to assent to any violent or sudden changes of the law. It would be unjust to impute to Parliament all the blame of the obstinacy with which it for so long resisted the publication of the debates. Its repugnance was in great measure caused by the unfairness and untrustworthiness of the reporters. Dr. Johnson, who wrote the debates for the '*Gentleman's Magazine*,' used to declare he took care that the Whig dogs should never have the best of the argument. While, on the other hand, Mr. Pitt used to complain that he was made by some of the newspapers to say the very reverse of what he had said. To misreport is even now a breach of privilege; and when reporters used to give way to their own political prejudices, and, instead of faithfully recording the orator's words, distort them to his disadvantage, it was not surprising if reporting was altogether viewed with suspicion and disfavour. But this, too, we have changed. The modern reporter is a being without parts or passions; he is, for the time, a mere stenographic machine. The words as soon as uttered by the speaker pass through the ears of the reporter, and find their way to his hands, which, being acted upon, move up and down upon the paper; and lo! we have recorded before us a chart of oratory as faithful as the self-recording charts of the wind.

There are many other subjects of great importance treated by Mr. May, in his '*Constitutional History*.' But our limit of space is exhausted, and we cannot even allude to them now. We will only say here that we wish Mr. May all and speedy success with the second volume which he promises us, and which, judging from its proposed topics, will certainly not be less interesting than the first.

ART. VII.—SOCIAL STATISTICS.

COMPARATIVE NUMBER OF HOUSES IN ENGLAND AND WALES at each of the Censuses from 1801 to 1861.

Census Years.	Inhabited.	Uninhabited.	Building.
1801	1,575,923	57,476	No Return.
1811	1,797,504	51,020	16,207
1821	2,088,156	69,707	19,274
1831	2,481,544	119,915	24,759
1841	2,943,945	173,247	27,444
1851	3,278,039	153,494	26,571
1861	3,745,463	182,325	27,580
Increase between 1801-61	2,169,540	124,849	Abt. 11,000

COMPARATIVE POPULATION OF ENGLAND AND WALES at each of the Censuses from 1801 to 1861, showing the ACTUAL INCREASE in the respective Decennial Periods.

The Army, Navy, and Merchant Seamen, belonging to England and Wales, both at home and abroad, are included in this Table.

Census Years.	Total Population.	Increase in each Decennial Period.	Decennial Increase per Cent.
1801	9,156,171		
1811	10,454,529	1,298,358	14
1821	12,172,664	1,718,135	16
1831	14,051,986	1,879,322	15
1841	16,035,198	1,983,212	14
1851	18,054,170	2,018,972	13
1861	20,223,746	2,169,576	12
Total Increase between 1801 & 1861		11,067,575	120

HOUSES AND POPULATION IN ENGLAND AND WALES, 1851 and 1861.

HOUSES.

Census Years.	Inhabited.	Uninhabited.	Building.
1851 (March 31)	3,278,039	153,494	26,571
1861 (April 8)	3,745,463	182,325	27,580
Increase between 1851 & 1861	467,424	28,831	1,009

POPULATION.

Census Years.	Males.	Females.	Total.
1851 (March 31)	8,781,225	9,146,384	17,927,609
1861 (April 8)	9,758,852	10,302,873	20,061,725
Increase between 1851 & 1861	977,627	1,156,489	2,134,116

ASCERTAIN

ASCERTAINED INCREASE OF POPULATION IN ENGLAND AND WALES between 1851 and 1861, compared with the Registered Births over Deaths in the Ten Years from 1851 to 1860.

In 11 Divisions of Registration Districts, chiefly embracing the Counties stated below.	POPULATION ENUMERATED.		Ascertained Increase between 1851 & 1861.	Excess of registered Births over Deaths in Ten Years, 1851-60.
	1851.	1861.		
1. LONDON (within the limits of the Metropolis Local Government Act)	2,362,236	2,803,034	440,798	253,989
2. SOUTH EASTERN (Surrey and Kent [extra-metropolitan], Sussex, Hants, Berks)	1,628,416	1,846,876	218,460	196,992
3. SOUTH MIDLAND (Middlesex [extra-metropolitan], Herts, Bucks, Oxford, Northampton, Hunts, Beds, Cambridge)	1,234,332	1,295,375	61,043	155,742
4. EASTERN (Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk)	1,113,982	1,142,202	28,220	129,726
5. SOUTH WESTERN (Wilts, Dorset, Devon, Cornwall, Somerset)	1,803,261	1,835,551	32,290	200,673
6. WEST MIDLAND (Gloucester, Hereford, Salop, Stafford, Worcester, Warwick)	2,136,573	2,436,137	299,564	298,980
7. NORTH MIDLAND (Leicester, Rutland, Lincoln, Nottingham, Derby)	1,215,501	1,288,718	73,217	161,763
8. NORTH WESTERN (Cheshire and Lancashire)	2,488,438	2,934,722	446,284	308,022
9. YORK (Yorkshire)	1,789,047	2,015,329	226,282	256,117
10. NORTHERN (Durham, Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmorland)	969,126	1,151,281	182,155	152,694
11. WELSH (Monmouthshire and Wales)	1,186,697	1,312,500	125,803	145,878
Total	17,927,609	20,061,725	2,134,116	2,260,576

TOTAL POPULATION OF ENGLAND AND WALES, AND IN THE ISLANDS OF THE BRITISH SEAS, on 8th April, 1861.

Exclusive of the Army, Navy, and Merchant Seamen abroad.	Males.	Females.	Total.
England and Wales	9,758,852	10,302,873	20,061,725
Islands in the British Seas	66,394	77,385	143,779
Total Population	9,825,246	10,380,258	*20,205,504

* This includes part of the Army in England and the Channel Islands, and the Navy, Merchant Seamen, and others on board Vessels in Ports and Rivers.

ART.

ART. VIII.—RECORD OF SOCIAL POLITICS.

WHEN we last wrote our 'record,' a deep and overwhelming wave of national sorrow had come upon us as a people. There were stricken hearts in our palaces, our halls, and our cottages. England's beloved queen had lost her royal consort, and the whole of her loyal-hearted people deeply sympathized with their widowed monarch and the orphan princes and princesses. Nor has that wave of sympathetic sorrow rolled back to the silent depths of a forgotten calamity. The lorn feeling still pervades our spirits, although the outward expression is being repressed by the gentle hand of mighty Time—the soother and healer of many of the afflictions of human souls. Nor will future generations be without suggestive mementoes of our present mournful experience. The name and fragrant memory of Albert the Good will be perpetuated by many fitting memorials. An obelisk of noble proportions and grand artistic expression is to grace the site of the memorable world's Exhibition in Hyde Park—that owed so much of its grandeur and success to the generous fosterings of His Royal Highness, the late Prince Consort. And in most of our large provincial cities appropriate memorials are being raised by the voluntary offerings of the people, who thus testify, not only their deep loyalty, but the yet deeper reverence of the English heart for what is noble and patriotic, as exemplified in the life and labours of the beloved prince, who stood by the throne as a worthy consort of Queen Victoria.

Another all-absorbing topic was briefly glanced at in our last—that unfortunate affair of the 'San Jacinto' and the 'Trent.' Columns of angry comment were appearing in several of our leading organs, tending to produce a state of public irritation, on both sides of the Atlantic, that boded results that the thoughtful and patriotic could not but shudder to anticipate. For the moment war between England and America seemed not only possible but imminent. We, however, refused to yield to the clamour of the passing hour, and recorded our conviction that the affair, grave and threatening as its aspect then was, would be settled by an appeal to reason, law, and mutual interests, rather than by a resort to

force of arms. Strong in that conviction, we said, 'It cannot be that the cabinet of Abraham Lincoln can wish to offer a deliberate insult to, or outrage upon, the flag and honour of England. He is too sober-minded, sagacious, and law-abiding to attempt anything of the kind; and we doubt not the President will act with calmness and moderation in this great emergency. And we have equal confidence that our British Cabinet will endeavour to steer clear of the rock ahead, and carry us safely through the breakers.' Our prognostications have been fully verified. Before the middle of January the message of peace and a just surrender of the rebel commissioners, was wafted over the United Kingdom, sending a thrill of delight and unspeakable gratitude through every bosom in which throbs an English heart. It came as a solace in the midst of our national mourning, and was doubly prized by the people for the relief it would afford to the sorrowing and widowed lady of the realm. And it was a happy coincidence that Columbia's message of peace to the mother country, came to us by a steamer bearing the honoured name of the father of the American republic—'Washington'—as noble and upright an Englishman as ever lived. Could our Federal friends in America have beheld the joy and thankfulness created amongst all classes of English society by the news brought by the 'Washington' from Washington, they would have been convinced, despite other appearances, that the heart of England yearned towards them as truly and as affectionately as ever the heart of a mother was moved towards her first-born. Nor have more recent events tended to remove that impression to thoughtful and dispassionate observers. The recent grand successes of the Federal army, the evident anti-slavery bearing of the Federal policy, are all bringing the hearts of our people into unison and generous sympathy with the Federal cause. The mists, misconceptions, and misrepresentations that for so many months surrounded the question of the American civil conflict—as discussed by certain leading organs of British opinion—are being gradually and most effectually dissipated. The 'Daily News,' the 'Star and Dial,' the 'Manchester

'Manchester Examiner and Times,' and numerous other advanced papers, have nobly helped to accomplish this great and good work in the interests of justice, freedom, and humanity. The enlightened utterances of John Bright, John Stuart Mill, Lord Stanley, W. E. Forster, M.P., and the Solicitor-General, with many other of our thoughtful statesmen and publicists, have succeeded in placing the American rebellion before the minds of our people in its true character and tendencies. It is only for Englishmen to know the true facts and bearings of that 'rebellion' to decide them as to which side their sympathies, as liberty-loving men, must adhere. Nothing can prevent the English nation being heart and soul with the Federal cause, so long as it is seen that the Federal party are true to their own platform and declared policy. Let there be no swerving to protect the 'interests' of slavery by compromising the Federal power and sanction, to foster the 'wild and guilty phantasy,' but let the evil be exterminated as far and as fast as Federal authority and power extend. That the United States government are really in earnest, has been made palpably evident in many ways of late; and in nothing, perhaps, more so than the execution, in New York, of Captain Gordon, the convicted slave trader. Throughout America that event is understood to be one of peculiar significance. It is an index of the quality of Mr. Lincoln's government, of its strength of anti-slavery principle, and the consistency of its policy. It foreshadows the coming doom of the vile system. It avenges the fate of Captain John Brown, the hero of Harper's Ferry. There is not a kinder-hearted man than Mr. Lincoln; but neither is there a man who better understands how cruel may be the indulgence of a fond sentimentalism, at the expense of grave national duty. He could not allow himself to lose the precious opportunity to strike a blow at a system which costs hundreds of lives yearly, and dooms the brave men of the two African squadrons to ruin their health on a pestilential coast. The man-stealer will never again, we trust, carry on his piratical and murderous traffic, under American stars and stripes, with impunity.

Whilst writing we have received the mails which bring the information that

President Lincoln has sent a message to Congress, which will secure for him the warmest sympathy and admiration of the civilized world. He proposes that the two Houses should, by a joint resolution, offer to co-operate with the Slave States for the gradual emancipation of the slave population. He advocates this proposition by arguments which are irresistible. He points out that this measure is one of the most efficient of self-preservation; and that if adopted by the more northern Slave States, it would alienate them permanently from the Southern Confederacy, and so break the neck of the rebellion. While not claiming for the Federal Government the right to interfere with slavery within State limits, the President significantly remarks, that if resistance to the national authority continues, it is impossible to foresee what may take place. 'Such means as may seem indispensable, or may obviously promise great efficiency towards ending the struggle, must and will come.' This is an unmistakeable hint to those who persist in rebellion, to put their house in order. Mr. Lincoln, in the form of an interrogatory, suggests whether the compensation offered would not be of more value to the States and persons concerned, than the institution of slavery in the present aspect of affairs. The message appears to have been well received in America by the more influential organs of the press, and we shall wait with great interest for the debates which it must occasion within the walls of Congress. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of this document, or the momentous character of the issues which are involved in the propositions which it contains. It is an indication that the dawn of emancipation is not remote, and that the government of the United States are prepared to carry out that great act of justice by wise and peaceful means.

We regret to learn that a serious agitation is being carried on in Russia against the emancipation of the serfs. Thirteen of the local judges are placed upon their trial for refusing to carry out the imperial edict. As a set-off to this temporary backward movement—or rather impediment to the noble measures of the Emperor of Russia—we have the pleasure to record the noteworthy fact that the Dutch government has decided upon emancipating all

all the slaves held by that nation. The scheme as it now stands is not immediate and unconditional; but we trust that the precious boon of liberty will ere long be bestowed upon every one of the oppressed subjects of that and every other civilized nation.

The sad calamity at Hartley Colliery has left a deep and abiding mark upon the national heart and memory. We need not go over the intensely agonizing incidents of that fearful catastrophe; they are but too painfully present to the mind of every reader. We rejoice, however, to record the fact that ample provision has been generously and promptly made for all the sorrowful survivors of the appalling accident, by which more than two hundred persons were literally buried alive, almost within sound of the shrieks of their bereaved widows and children. The relief fund has reached the sum of 72,000*l.* We trust that one result of this sad accident will be the more careful and ample protection of miners by means of humane regulations, enforced by wise legislation. It is thus that the law of progress vindicates the providence of God, educing good out of evil, and making the future of humanity not a mere continuation but a development of the past.

An important legal decision has recently been recorded in regard to the liabilities of shareholders in companies. At the County Court held at Bacup, judgment was given in a case which excited considerable interest in the locality. In the beginning of May, 1861, a co-operative manufacturing company was formed, denominated the Rawtenstall Bobbin Manufacturing and Commercial Company. It was intended that the capital of the company should be 50,000*l.*, in ten thousand shares of five pounds each; but the entire number of persons to whom shares was allotted was only fifty-four, and all the shares taken were less than 120. A resolution was carried for the purchase of Hareholme Mill, for the sum of 882*l.* 9*s.* 6*d.*; but, in consequence of the funds not being adequate, the scheme had to be abandoned. As there were expenses incurred in the formation of the company, proceedings were taken in the County Court to recover a proportionate amount from each shareholder to cover

those expenses. It was agreed that the decision in one case should determine all the rest. The defence was simply a question of law. It was to decide how far persons who had become shareholders had made themselves responsible, in cases where the original design of the company had never been carried out. It was argued in this case that the mill had not been purchased; that bobbins had not been manufactured; and that no business set forth in the memorandum of association had been transacted. It was argued that the company had been formed under a false pretence; and as the promoters had broken faith with the shareholders, they were not liable to contribute to the expenses which had been incurred.—His Honour, in giving judgment, said that in this case the company was incorporated, the defendants had taken shares, paid calls, and taken part in the meetings of the company. He held that the company might sue in any competent court of law for calls due; and the verdict would therefore be for the plaintiffs. He warned persons to be wary in becoming shareholders in such companies, lest they might unwittingly find themselves in courts of justice.

The remarkable case of Windham's alleged lunacy that for several months has been before the Law Courts has terminated in a decision in favour of the sanity of the defendant, and will lead, we trust, to some decided improvement in the Lunacy Laws. It is a disgrace to our jurisprudence and civilization that such a trial, under the circumstances, was either needful or possible. A Lunacy Regulation Bill was read a second time in the Lords on the 21st ult. It proposes to limit the inquiry, under any commission of lunacy, to the question whether the person 'is, at the time of inquiry, of unsound mind, and incompetent to govern himself and manage his affairs;' and that no evidence shall be receivable which goes back more than two years from the date of the commission. It makes medical evidence inadmissible. The alleged lunatic to be personally examined before any evidence is taken. A new trial may be granted within three months after the return of the first inquisition.

ART. IX.—REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

London Labour and the London Poor; a Cyclopædia of the Condition and Earnings of those that will work, those that cannot work, and those that will not work. By Henry Mayhew. Supplemental volume on Those that will not work. London: Griffin and Co.

THIS work carries out Mr. Mayhew's idea, and comprises accounts of prostitutes, thieves, swindlers, and beggars, by several contributors. It contains also an introductory essay on the agencies at present in operation in the metropolis for the suppression of vice and crime, by the Rev. W. Tuckniss, B.A. It is a volume full of material for the social reformer, and ought to be read and pondered. Its facts are startling, its revelations appalling, and the appeals it makes on behalf of the lower strata of society such as should melt the hearts and engage the energies of the benevolent.

The Syrian Leper: a Chapter of Bible History Expounded. By the Rev. C. Bullock, author of 'The Way Home.' London: Wertheim and Co.

THIS is a practical and earnest little book, much in the same spirit as the author's former work. The popularity of such treatises is a pleasing sign of the times.

The British Controversialist for 1861. London: Houlston and Wright.

THERE is much interesting and able matter in this volume, discussing questions of the day, and of abiding worth.

The Historical Finger-Post. A Handy-book of Terms, &c. By Edward Shelton. London: Lockwood and Co.

A VAST amount of matter is comprised in the volume just named. Though not in all cases correct, yet it affords answers to many questions, and affords information on many dark subjects.

The Rebellion: its Origin and Main-spring. Mr. Sumner's Address at the Cooper Institute, New York, Nov. 27, 1861.

THERE are few men in America in whom we have greater confidence, or whom we regard with higher esteem than the Hon. Charles Sumner. He is a true statesman, with good principles before God and man. This speech should be read, as it will aid to reveal the state of parties in relation to the war in America.

The Mother's Picture Alphabet. S. W. Partridge.

THE highest style of art is connected with very engaging matter in this beautiful book. Mothers who can afford it,—and it is a cheap book—should purchase this. It would not fail to interest the domestic circle, and charm many an hour.

Attic Tracts on Danish and German Matters. By Baron C. Dirkurek-Holmsfeld, of Roskild, Denmark. London: Trübner and Co.

MUCH insight is afforded by this pamphlet into the questions agitated by the Danish-German questions.

The Magdalen's Friend. London: Wertheim and Co.

WE again call attention to this admirably-conducted and very useful magazine.

The Temperance Dictionary. Part I. By the Rev. Dawson Burns. London: J. Caudwell.

THIS work deserves as large a circulation as will warrant its completion. It contains a vast collection of interesting and valuable matter, which would form a text-book for temperance speakers. Mr. Burns is doing his part with ability, brevity, and good writing.

Agatha: a Magazine of Social Reform and General Literature. Dublin: J. Robertson.

THIS offspring of the Social Science Congress at Dublin is a very creditable serial in the interest of social reform. It is well edited, well written, and well illustrated. We cordially hail its appearance, and wish it success in its benevolent course.

The Threepenny Magazine. London: Caudwell.

THIS is a new candidate for popular favour, and advocates total abstinence and social improvement. If well sustained, it will be an efficient helper. We trust that temperance reformers will patronize and circulate the literature of their own theme.

Beacon Lights for British Youth. A series of Tracts. By J. A. Harding. London: Simpkin and Co.

THESE are both devoted to the social evil and its suppression, and are very suitable. Mr. Harding's tracts should be put before young men.

Meliora.

- ART. I.—1. *Address of the Ionian Assembly in reply to the Speech of His Excellency the Lord High Commissioner, and His Excellency's rejoinder, April 4th, 1862.*
2. *Reports on the Condition of the Ionian Islands.*
3. *Reports of Mr. Eliot, Her Majesty's Secretary of Embassy, Mr. Consul Wood, &c., on the Finances and Commerce of Greece.*
4. *A Journal kept in Turkey and Greece.* By Nassau W. Senior. London, 1859.
5. *Greece and the Greeks of the present day.* By M. About, Edinburgh, 1855.*

THE insurrection at Nauplia, and what must now be called the usual annual plea of the Corfu Legislature for a discontinuance of the British protectorate, have called the attention of the public to the condition of the Greek kingdom, and the state of the Ionian republic. It is curious to observe that, whilst the Greek people have long been dissatisfied with their sovereign, and have repeatedly endeavoured to get rid of him and his courtiers, the Ionian islanders have, at the same time, been agitating to become the subjects of King Otho. As England is not only sole protector of the Septinsular Republic, but is likewise one of the three powers which placed King Otho on the Greek throne, and undertook the thankless office of guarding him whilst there, an inquiry into the avowed grievances, and the general condition of the two peoples, will not be without interest to our readers.

The manner in which Great Britain came to be mixed up in Hellenic affairs can be told in a few words. Beginning with the Ionian Islands, we need not go further back than the time when they formed part, or rather ceased to form part, of the Venetian Republic. This was in 1797, when Venice came into the possession of Austria, and the seven islands were made over to France. This arrangement, so far as the latter power was concerned, scarcely existed two years; for in 1799 the Gallic soldiers were driven out of the Ionian Isles by the combined forces of Russia and Turkey.

* Reference has also been made to Kolb's 'Handbuch der Vergleichenden Statistik' (1860), and the 'Almanach de Gotha' for 1862.

During the next seven years the Septinsular Government existed in the form of a republic, under the guardianship of Russia. A constitution was made for the islands by the Czar; but it appears to have been even more unsatisfactory to them than the one they are now under. Ultimately, in 1807, in accordance with a private arrangement, known as the treaty of Tilsit, made between Alexander and Napoleon, they were once more placed under the dominion of France, being much courted by the latter Emperor, as a sort of half-way house to Turkey. But his designs were frustrated by the English Government; one by one, between 1809 and 1815, the whole of the seven islands were wrested from the possession of France; and Great Britain, with the consent of the other great powers, became, and has since remained, their protector. A constitution was given to them in 1817, upon which several improvements have been made, and now the Ionians have all the freedom as well as the honour which belongs to subjects of the British throne; nevertheless, in their own opinion, as expressed, in April last, in the Address of the Assembly, delivered by the most illustrious Doctor Eliæ Zervò Jacobato, the President, in reply to the speech of His Excellency the Lord High Commissioner, they are about the worst governed and most miserable people in Europe.

Our official connection with Greece commenced about thirty years ago; but for some years previously, during the revolutionary period, our people had been firm supporters of the Hellenes, and it was chiefly by means of their moral and material assistance that the Greeks worked out their independence of the rule of Turkey. Great expectations were entertained at that time that, when once liberated from the iniquitous government of the Porte, the descendants of the fathers of poetry and philosophy would soon make for themselves a position and a character worthy of their great ancestry; but never were vaticinations more completely unfulfilled. In everything which constitutes real progress the nation has made scarcely a step forward, whilst in some respects it has positively retrograded. Hence the very general indifference with which the recent troubles of the country have been viewed by Europe; yet the Greeks are the people with whom the Ionians desire to be united, in preference to an association with the greatest, most prosperous, and most liberal nation of modern times. They do not allege that the ills which they assert they are suffering are not in existence in the Greek kingdom; but the fact that they point to an incorporation with that nation as the only panacea of their troubles, warrants the inference that they would have us to understand such to be the case. Let us see.

First of all, as to *finances*. 'Mismanagement and waste of public revenues,' says the Address above alluded to, 'have contributed

buted to produce the present deplorable condition of the finances of the State. This has been aggravated by contributions to the protecting power.' There is an amount of falsehood in this statement which is perfectly astonishing. The assertions were flatly contradicted by Sir Henry Storks, the Lord High Commissioner, and rightly so. But the most extraordinary allegation is the assertion that 'the deplorable condition of the finances has been aggravated by contributions paid to the protecting power.' What will Professor Goldwin Smith and the colonial emancipationists say to this? They advocate the liberation of our transmarine possessions partly because of the expense entailed upon the British taxpayer by their retention; but the Ionians, it seems, contribute to the protecting power, not the protecting power to the Ionians! The plain facts are these: When the protectorate was assumed, it was agreed that the Ionians should provide the necessary means for carrying on the civil government, and should, in addition, pay an annual sum of 35,000*l.* towards the support of the military, the home government paying about three times as much. Instead of this, the sum spent by the dependency has been reduced to 25,000*l.* per annum, and that paid by the imperial government raised to 200,000*l.* It is the protector, not the protected, that ought to grumble. 'But they manage these things better in Greece,' say the Ionians. This superior management on the part of the Greeks consists in spending 250,000*l.* per annum, or one-third of the revenue (777,000*l.*) in naval and military affairs, against only 25,000*l.* on the part of the Ionian Islands! The Ionian islanders talk of the revenue as if it were something exorbitant; yet it does not amount to quite fourteen shillings per head of population: the figures for 1860 being 172,304*l.* revenue, and 246,483 population. On the other hand, the revenue of the kingdom of Greece in 1861 was 777,000*l.*, and the expenditure 892,000*l.*, or over sixteen shillings per head of population (1,067,000). In addition to which the Greeks have a public debt of nearly 12,000,000*l.*, or above 11*l.* per capita, against an Ionian debt of only 300,000*l.* or not much more than 1*l.* per capita. M. About, an impartial observer, states that if Greece were organized like the Ionian Islands, she would realize annually over and above her expenditure a net profit of 6,500,000 drachms (232,000*l.*).

The culpable mismanagement of the finances has been one of the causes of the periodical insurrections which disturb the Greek kingdom. In 1824 the provisional government contracted a loan in London for 800,000*l.*, and in 1825 a further one of 2,000,000*l.* Both were issued in five per cent. bonds; but the interest on the first was repudiated in 1826, and that on the second in 1827, since which the Greek Government has flatly refused to pay either principal or interest. The accumulated obligations to English

creditors now amount to 7,383,000*l.*, and the whole sum may be looked upon as a bad debt. In 1832 England, France, and Russia became guarantees for a further sum of 2,400,000*l.* to enable the new kingdom to make a fair start. Part of the loan was to be paid over to Turkey and other creditors, and the remainder was to form the nucleus of a national capital to be employed in developing the agricultural and commercial resources of the country. 'Unfortunately,' says M. About, 'the funds were confided to the Council of Regency. The regents were irresponsible; they employed the money as they pleased, and went away without leaving any accounts.' King Otho was brought up in a bad school, and surrounded with spendthrift tutors and associates, and he has rigidly followed their teachings and examples. Payment of the 2,400,000*l.* was provided for by a sinking fund of one per cent. This, and the interest on the bonds, were forthcoming, though not without some assistance from the three powers, pretty regularly down to 1842; but since then the guaranteeing powers have had to pay the whole of the annual dividends (137,000*l.*), and at the present time the principal and arrearages of interest amount to 4,320,000*l.* In addition to the foregoing there is 187,000*l.* owing to Bavaria. The sum total of liabilities, therefore, amounts to 11,880,000*l.* Besides this, there is a considerable sum owing to the Bank of Athens, the amount of which we have been unable to ascertain. So utterly prostrated is the credit of the Government, that even the Bank of Athens, so recently as in April last, refused to open a new account until the old liabilities shall have been paid off. External aid has long been out of the question. The credit of a Government which is either unable or unwilling to deal honourably with its creditors must necessarily be nil. Yet the resources of the country are ample for the requirements of the State. 'The Greek people is poor, but the country is not,' says About. The fact is, the court, like a sponge, habitually absorbs all the money it can extort from its million of subjects. The material interests of the community are neglected to the aggrandizement of the personal schemes and comforts of the sovereign. Notwithstanding the disgraceful financial position of the nation, the king has not scrupled to spend over half a million sterling in the erection of a new palace; and the queen, with a quiet conscience, calls for nearly two thousand a year to keep her gardens in order; to say nothing of the pensions and salaries paid to Bavarian parasites. Yet this is the nation with which the Ionians are said to be anxious of being incorporated. We do not mean to say that the islanders express themselves satisfied with the condition of Greek finances, but we protest against them assuming that those finances are in a better state than is the case at Corfu.

If we compare the *industrial state* of Greece with that of the
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Ionian Islands, we shall find the result quite as favourable to the latter as we have shown the case to be in the matter of finances. No better criteria can be found whereby to judge of the amount of progress made by a country than its tables of imports and exports. These are the indicators of its growth or decline. The trade of Greece advanced with considerable strides from 1833 to 1837; thence to 1849, says About, 'it made no progress; since 1850, it has fairly declined.' The Septinsulars, however, think that they are in a still worse condition, and have no hesitation in asserting that 'everything that could contribute to the development and encouragement of the resources of the country has been neglected;' and further on in the Address it is said that this 'deplorable condition' cannot be ameliorated so long as the islands are 'divided from the already liberated section' of the nation; or, in other words, Greek commerce is more prosperous than Ionian. The malcontents do not deal in statistics; so, from 'vague assertions,' as Sir Henry Storks remarked, 'appeal must be made to facts.' In 1859 the imports into Greece were valued at 1,650,000*l.*, and the exports at 872,000*l.*, or a total of 2,522,000*l.*, or about 2*l.* 7*s.* per head; during the same year the value of the imports into the Ionian Islands was 1,107,000*l.*, and that of the exports therefrom to 839,000*l.*, or 1,946,000*l.* together, being above 7*l.* 18*s.* per head, or more than three times the per capita amount of Greece, though the geographical area of the latter is more than fifteen times, and the population over four times the extent of the area and population of the Ionian Islands.

The causes of this comparative inferiority of Greek commerce are manifold, but they may be all traced to the negligence and malpractices of the Government. Foremost of all is the want of roads. 'Roads there are none in the whole monarchy,' says Mr. Eliot, 'except such as may by courtesy be so styled in the immediate neighbourhood of the capital.' 'There is no road between Athens and Sparta,' says M. About; 'no road between Athens and Corinth; no road between the capital of the country and Patras, which, thanks to the currants, is becoming the capital of commerce. With the exception of the bad road which joins Athens to Thebes, passing through Eleusis, all the roads which leave Athens are only drives for the queen's horses.' Similar testimony is made by Mr. Senior. The natural result of this is that agricultural progress is restricted. Much of what is produced is consumed on the spot, except when in the neighbourhood of a seaport, because the expense of conveyance would eat up more than the value of the article many times over. Hence but one-third of the arable land of the entire nation is under cultivation, and the people are dependent upon foreign sources for
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what could be produced at home under a better condition of things; and, though the imports of breadstuffs are large, the people of the interior derive no benefit from them, as the absence of practical means of transit is equally preventive of communication from the coast to the interior as from the interior to the coast. 'In a large part of the kingdom the peasants eat nothing but cakes of maize—a heavy and unwholesome food; and this is not to be had by everybody that wishes for it. I have been in Arcadia villages where the people live on nothing but herbs and milk, without bread of any kind.' (About.) The Queen spends as much upon her gardens as the Government appropriates for opening new roads and keeping the old ones in repair. The expenditure on roads is about 2,000*l.* annually, whilst the cost of the army is 250,000*l.* For the latter, the kingdom has little or no use, for the guaranteeing powers will see that the nation is not invaded; whilst the welfare of the people and the credit of the Government would be much better consulted if a portion of the money spent in military displays were laid out in works of public utility. The nation would become richer, the revenue would augment, the population would increase, and by-and-by a manufacturing system would spring up, and reverse that impoverishing state of things which must ensue where the imports are double the value of the exports, and where the people purchase nearly the whole of their clothing, and a good part of their food, from foreign countries, although the resources of the country, if properly looked after, are equal to the provision of both.

There are 7,500,000 acres of arable land in the kingdom, of which 2,000,000 acres belong to the State; yet not a third of the whole is under cultivation. Besides the arable land there are 3,000,000 acres of forests, which, if worked intelligently, would be a mine of wealth to the country, but culpable negligence here again obstructs the path of industry. Mr. Wood, the British consul at Patras, drew particular attention to the neglected timber resources of Greece: 'It is much to be regretted that, in consequence of there being no good roads, it is difficult to bring down timber where very extensive forests of oak exist, and will prove a valuable article of export should this country some day have the advantage of improved land communication.' Hence, in the midst of plenty, so to speak, Greece imports 50,000*l.* worth of timber annually for building and other purposes. The same influence injuriously affects the welfare of the oil, wine, silk, and other agricultural products.

The mining resources of the country, which are mainly government monopolies, are equally neglected. Useful coal is to be found at Marcouboulo, in Boeotia, and at Kami, in the island of Eubœa; but the former bed is not worked, and the latter only partially.

partially. A French economist has calculated that, properly worked, the mines of Kami would bring in an annual income of nearly 2,000*l.*—their present income is scarcely 500*l.*—a clear loss to the Government of 1,500*l.* a year. Then there are the lead mines of Zea, and the marble quarries of Carysto; the latter were of repute in the time of Cæsar, but now they are almost unknown to modern Greeks. Then, again, there are the fisheries, farmed by the Government to individuals, and the salt works, carried on by the State itself, which are miserably managed. The entire income from public domains is about 70,000*l.* annually. Properly conducted, the revenue would be increased threefold, if not more.

M. About, speaking of the management of the public domains, remarks:—

‘The letting out of the public property brings no profit to the State; it gains still less by alienating them. No buyer has the means of paying in ready money for what he buys; willingly or unwillingly, the sum must be divided into ten, twenty, or thirty annual instalments, of which the first is sometimes paid, the second rarely, the third never. What is to be done? Take back the property sold, to sell it again? A new buyer will not pay up more regularly than the first. Farm them out? The farmers will not pay their rent. The national property will only be sold or let profitably when the Government know how to induce capital to flow into the country, and to compel debtors to the treasury to fulfil their engagements.’

It is the absence of capital which keeps the nation from progressing, and it is bad government which causes the absence of capital; for who will lend money to a country unable or unwilling to meet the dividends on its present loans, and which draws from the guaranteeing powers 137,000*l.* per annum?

This financial mismanagement injures the people in other respects. One of the causes of the severity and fatal effects of Indian famines is the impossibility of rendering assistance to the distressed section, in consequence of the want of the means of transit. It is no uncommon thing for plenty to be reigning in one district whilst want and misery are prevalent in another. This, notwithstanding the small geographical extent of the country, is not unfrequently the case in Greece. Another result is the number of industrial centres which are forced to render themselves self-dependent in all matters of prime necessity. Co-operation is out of the question, and an advanced system of manufactures impossible. ‘In most districts,’ says Mr. Wood, ‘the chief element of industrial progress—division of labour—is entirely wanting, and the inhabitants of each village are generally obliged to provide for their own wants in the matters of clothing and food.’ Everything is in the most primitive condition, agriculture is semi-barbarous, and manufactures have only arrived at about the same point as the industry of England had reached three or four hundred years ago. There are only two establishments for silk-winding

winding in the country, and they are small and barely remunerative. Silk-winders travel from village to village, and from house to house, crying out, 'Have you any cocoons to wind?' (About); and these wandering spinners are patronized in preference to the stationary establishments, because of the difficulty and expense of reaching the latter. How different is the case in the Ionian Islands! 'Corfu and the other six islands,' says About, 'are better cultivated and more flourishing than any province in the kingdom of Greece; the communications by land and sea are easy; the country is traversed in all directions by admirable roads [constructed by the Government]; all the islands are connected together by a regular line of steamboats.' And yet the Ionians assert their position to be inferior to that of 'liberated' Greece! Could infatuation go further?

Another evil suffered by Greece, though it is one which the Ionians do not claim to be afflicted with, still one which ought to be taken into account in any consideration of the relative claims of the two systems of government, is the manner in which a large part of the revenue is levied and collected. The bulk, we may say the whole, of the Ionian income is derived from indirect taxation; but in Greece, indirect taxation furnishes only about one-fourth of the whole, and more than one-half is the produce of a land-tax levied in kind. The evils which attend this system are innumerable. 'The dime system, or custom of paying tithes in kind,' says Mr. Eliot, 'acts most prejudicially on the producer, who is bound, after verification by a government surveyor, to transport the tenth part, at his own cost, to the nearest depôt.' One effect of this is a considerable amount of dishonesty, but the most injurious result is the obstacle which it throws in the way of material improvements. Mr. Senior tells a good illustrative anecdote. A gentleman broke up a large tract of land and laid it with potatoes. The tithe farmer required him to compound for the tax on the basis of the high prices ruling at Athens. But as the carriage of the potatoes to that city would enhance their cost two hundred per cent., the producer claimed a reduction of two-thirds from the amount of assessment. This was refused, and as payment of the tithe in kind would have involved a still greater loss, the claim of the tax-gatherer was paid in full, and the potato grower was told, in reply to his remonstrance, 'never to grow any bulky commodity until the law was altered.' It is needless to say that he followed this piece of gratuitous advice. After this we cease to be surprised that only one-third of the arable land of the country is under cultivation. In the Ionian Islands more than two-thirds of the arable land are under cultivation.

The population of Greece is 1,067,000, and its area 15,000 square miles, which gives 70 inhabitants to each mile. The area
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of the Ionian Islands is 1,041 square miles, and its population 264,000, or more than 253 to each mile! The resources of Greece, if properly developed, could sustain five times its present population. The fact that the number of inhabitants has scarcely increased during the past five years speaks volumes against the government of the country. It is not that the Hellenes are devoid of energy, for away from home they are most successful merchants and traders. At Constantinople, Odessa, Alexandria, Trieste, Marseilles, and Amsterdam, the Greek merchants carry on an extensive trade; and in our own country—in London, Manchester, and Liverpool—there are numbers of opulent Greeks. Indeed the Levant trade is entirely in their hands; and the increase in the exports to Turkey, from 1,000,000*l.*, twenty years ago, to 4,000,000*l.* at the present time, is one of the fruits of Greek enterprise. In fact, as M. About says, ‘I discover only one country where it is impossible for Greeks to make a fortune—that is Greece.’

Then there is the absence of justice in the legal tribunals of the nation. The Ionians complain of personal liberty being outraged, and public opinion being circumscribed, but they fail to adduce authority for the support of their assertions; whilst Sir Henry Storks, in reply, states that ‘individual and public security is enjoyed in the highest degree, and political and personal liberty in opinion, speech, and action is permitted to an extent unknown in other countries.’ In Greece, however, everything rests with the reigning sovereign. Both M. About and Mr. Senior, as well as the British Consuls, have shown that in the administration of justice, corruption holds full sway. M. About says distinctly that there is *no* justice in Greece, and he puts the circumstance down as one of the causes of the general stagnation. ‘Capital would not be wanting,’ he says, ‘if business had some promise of security, if lenders could count on the probity of borrowers, or, on the integrity of justice.’ A Greek informant told Mr. Senior that the court, whenever it liked, dictated the sentence of the tribunal, and that though some improvement had been made upon Turkish law, still there was as much corruption and intimidation as ever there had been. But besides this liability to be victimized by the corrupt influence of parties high in power, there are the miserable arrangements for the administration of justice, which often render it impossible for an injured person to obtain redress, even when the question at issue is not of immediate interest to the court, except by submitting to personal annoyances and expenses, altogether out of proportion to the value of any claim he may be making.

‘Our tribunals,’ said one of Mr. Senior’s interlocutors, ‘hold their courts of justice in the capital of the Eparchæa, often twelve or fifteen miles from its limits.
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If a man has been injured it costs him a day's walk to apply to the nearest justice; another day is lost in sending the summons to the defendant; another in the defendant's journey to the tribunal. The plaintiff and defendant, or the accuser and the accused, may have to wait a week or two before their cause is heard. To obtain legal redress from injury of five drachmas may cost thirty.

The natural consequence of this state of things is the existence of a species of Lynch law, for it is no uncommon occurrence for an aggrieved party to take the law into his own hands; then follows a series of retaliations and counter retaliations, until one or both of the disputants are ruined.

In the Ionian Islands all this is reversed. Justice is as cheap, as easy of access, and as righteous as in England itself. Rich and poor are alike evenly dealt with, and no one is in danger of being victimized by a corrupt administration of the laws.

The Ionians, in virtue of the latitude of expression allowed to them, and which they would be debarred from if under the rule of King Otho, abuse the English Government most cordially; yet they have the boldness to assert that 'the expression of opinion is circumscribed, and even punished, and all power is concentrated in the hands of the executive authority.' The very attitude of the Corfu Chamber is a standing contradiction to these groundless complaints. What would have been the fate of the petitioners in Athens? The fact is, they would never have been allowed to make any complaints at all. Greece is reputed to be governed constitutionally, but, as one of Mr. Senior's informants remarked, 'We, on the spot, know that the chambers are the organs, not of the nation, but of the court, and that an act of the Greek Parliament is merely a royal proclamation. King Otho has a better right than Napoleon had to say, "*L'état c'est moi!*"' The lower house of the legislature, though consisting nominally of the representatives of the people, is really a company of government nominees, elected through the influence of the various local officials, who receive their appointments at the hands of the king. Popular candidates are rarely returned; there is consequently no opposition to the doings of the court. The members of the upper house are elected for life by the king himself, and in case that any portion of them should attempt to oppose his designs, he has simply to introduce a sufficient number of his favourites to neutralize the opposition.

Then with regard to the press, the fetters of the court are as successfully applied to the various organs as is the case in France or Austria. The press is said to be, and by the Constitution ought to be, free. But such is not the case. A short time ago a law was passed for the punishment of all attacks on the king. It is easy to perceive that such a measure places the press entirely under the control of the sovereign, who alone has the power of pronouncing what may, or may not be, libellous. With this constant

constant terror hanging over them, the conductors of the various newspapers of Athens have no option but to laud every performance of the king and his court, whether the imperial conduct be praiseworthy or not.

In the matter of education the Ionians complain that 'public instruction has fallen into decay.' Yet their public schools, supported at a government expense of 11,500*l.* a year, contain 7,000 pupils, or one out of every thirty-five inhabitants, whilst in Greece the budget only gives 3,780*l.* towards national education, and the number of pupils is only as one to every forty-eight inhabitants. Public instruction, so far from falling into decay in the seven islands, has done the reverse, for both the expense of carrying on the schools, and the number of pupils attending them, has been increasing yearly.

As in everything else, the Ionians possess perfect freedom of opinion in religious matters, and there is more enlightenment and little or none of the superstitious element which is so prevalent in Greece. In the latter, dissentients from the religion of the State are tolerated, but that is all; and in case of popular persecution, of which there are occasional instances, the State is powerless to prevent the intolerance of its subjects. The result is that every Protestant feels that he is only in the country on sufferance. Proselytizing is looked upon as a crime of the most heinous nature. The officials of the Greek church are plentiful, and hold considerable influence over the people. For a population of just over 1,000,000 souls there are 30 bishops, 5,114 priests, and 12,549 monks, &c., all in the pay of the State.

The unanimous testimony of travellers is that socially the Greeks are about the least advanced of any people in Europe. They have a supreme contempt for all sanitary regulations, and both in their persons and in their homes are the willing slaves of uncleanness. This is simply the result of their habitual laziness, which, in its turn, is promoted by the want of stimulus on the part of the Government. If a man finds his exertions frustrated on every side by adverse influences, he grows indifferent—swims with the tide. There is plenty of scope for industry in Greece, but so long as the Government neglects to provide good roads and good laws, and fails to see that the latter are fairly administered, industry will seek a more congenial clime, and laziness will stay at home; hence all the energy, and, what is more, the capital, of the Greek nation emigrates to the great cities of England and continental Europe. This is patent to all men engaged in business pursuits.

The Ionians are far more industrious than their brother Hellenes. Their habits of life are of a higher order. In short,
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whilst the Greeks present all the semi-civilized features of Eastern sociology, the Ionians have imbibed the habits and manners of the people of Western Europe. In Greece, the position of the weaker sex is little better than it is in Turkey. It is not exactly as it should be in parts of the Ionian Islands, but great progress has been made of late in the right direction.

Look at the state of the two countries how we may—whether we examine their finances or their industry, their political, their educational, their religious or their social condition—the superior government of the seven islands is strikingly apparent, and the culpable negligence of the Greek State prominently manifest.

The complaints of the Corfu Assembly, therefore, were perfectly groundless, and the insurrection at Nauplia quite intelligible. That the Ionians sincerely desire to be united to the 'liberated section' of their race, we are ready to admit, but they will not further their cause by a perverse course of misrepresentation. The Islands are of no great value to Great Britain, especially now that the unity and integrity of Italy are guaranteed. The question is whether a united Greece would not be a benefit to England and Europe at large. One thing is certain, the English taxpayer would be a gainer to the extent of some 200,000*l.* a year. But the fact that the most influential classes, which may be considered as represented in the Senate, do not desire any change, and the miserable condition of the Greek kingdom will prevent any movement, for the present, towards a withdrawal of the protectorate. King Otho has evidently already more subjects than he can well manage, and to add to them would only be to create a 'Greek question' to give employment to all the diplomats of Europe. The hope of the Hellenic race is in the next occupant of the Greek throne, and who he may be is uncertain, for the successor of King Otho has not yet been named.

- ART. II.—1. *Sixteenth Annual Report of the Early Closing Association.* 1860.
 2. *Seventeenth Annual Report of the Early Closing Association.* 1861.
 3. *Practical Testimonies to the Benefits attending the early payment of Wages, &c.* 1858.
 4. *The Pioneer of Progress, or the Early Closing Movement in relation to the Saturday Half Holiday and the Early Payment of Wages.* By John Dennis. Prize Essay. 1860.
 5. *The Half Holiday Question.* By John Lilwall. Third Edition. 1856.

6. *A Plea*

6. *A Plea for Moderation in the Hours employed in Business.*

By Samuel Martin, Minister of Westminster Chapel, Westminster. Ward & Co.

'Vide ne funiculum nimis intendendo aliquandò abrumpas.'

THE pronounced tendency of this age to utilitarianism, and the worship of wealth, acting on the energy and earnestness natural to the English character, have resulted in the establishment of a highly artificial system of overworking, which excludes recreation, prejudices health, and is well calculated, if unchecked, to insure the moral and physical degeneracy of our race.

'In England only one sees those rigid self-contained figures wending their way with restless steps, careless of all that is passing around them, and seeming to consider every wasted minute an irreparable loss,' was the remark of Madame Ida Pfeiffer while in London.

'I see at a glance these people have enough to do,' says Heine. 'By day and night John Bull must tax his brains to discover new machines, and he sits and reckons in the sweat of his brow, and runs and rushes, without much looking round, from the Docks to the Exchange, and from the Exchange to the Strand, &c. So it seemed to me as though all London were such a Beresina bridge, where every one presses on in mad haste to save his scrap of life; where the daring rider stamps down the poor pedestrian; where every one who falls is lost for ever; where the best friends rush without feeling over each other's corpses, and where thousands, in the weakness of death, and bleeding, grasp in vain at the planks of the bridge, and are shot down into the icy grave of death.'

To take our pleasures sadly has been, since the days of Froissart, part of our national character; and too often, in common with other northern nations, when we relax, our holiday has been only another name for a scene of license, disorder, and intoxication.

The different kinds of overwork to which, as a people, we have delivered ourselves up may be classed under three divisions. The first is that of the brain, where there is a predominance of thought over action; the second is that of the body, where there is a predominance of action over thought; and the third is where the labour is mechanical rather than intellectual or physical—it makes no great demand on the brain or muscle; it presents a nearly total absence of the excitement of hope or the stimulus of competition, and because of its essentially dispiriting nature, its littleness of aim and minuteness of details, its monotony and drudgery, and, above all, because of the very long hours of business which are exacted—for these very reasons in this description of labour, it is perhaps, of the three, the most trying and injurious to mind and body.

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Amongst the overworked in the first category, we place our statesmen, judges, law officers; the upper classes of government officials in the Bank of England, Post Office, Dockyards, and the like; the heads of our private banking and commercial firms; our literary men and women (making exceptions, of course, of those with whom the swiftness of production and quantity and quality of work are measured solely by their own inclination or capability); a large proportion of professional men, editors, schoolmasters, governesses, and reporters for the press.

In these various positions, though there is much drudgery and considerable bodily fatigue, the main burden is thrown upon the brain, arising either from the responsibility and anxiety of mind inevitable to administrative authority and commercial enterprise, or the perpetual exercise of severe thought and accurate judgment, which becomes a second nature to the judicial mind, or else from the excessive speed and unfavourable conditions with which some particular kinds of mental work have to be performed.

In the second category we place the greater number of working manufacturers and operatives, and, in general, all workmen, builders, masons, railway navigators, porters, guards, agricultural and dockyard labourers, engineers, miners, journeymen bakers, and country postmen.

In the third class are clerks, in government employ, in banks, counting-houses, railway and telegraph offices, London postmen, railway signal-men, and all sorts of shopkeepers, assistants, milliners and dressmakers, and, in some cases, domestic servants.*

There are also employments which are directly prejudicial to health, either from their sedentary nature, from the vitiated and unwholesome atmosphere in which they are pursued, or from the necessity of working at them in a particular position. Such are the trades of the journeymen bakers, tailors, weavers, woolcarders, knife-grinders, stone-cutters, &c.

With regard to the first class, few men who think at all, and are possessed of the most moderate knowledge of the laws of health, doubt that the work is very severe, and greatly in excess of what it ought to be. It is not of a kind so patent to public observation as that of handicraft or manual labour. The evidence of it is to be sought in the verdict of the medical men, who find among its members their most intractable cases of dyspepsia, hypochondria, and paralysis; and lunatic asylums their surest supply of patients. Members of Parliament, for example, pursue

* Perhaps the maid of all work, for whom legislation is powerless and private benevolence inoperative, presents the only instance in which the three conditions are unfortunately and almost ludicrously combined, of responsibility, heavy for her humble sphere, and severe and prolonged physical labour.

their labours until the small hours; and the reporters, printers, correctors of proofs, and writers of the leading articles, necessarily follow suit. To shorten the hours, therefore, for the sitting of the Lower House would be at once to affect all these employes favourably; and this appears a question well worthy of serious consideration, for it would not be too much to assume that, by talking less, our legislators might effect as much in a shorter space of time. The judges and law officers labour until very late: this keeps the attorneys' offices open, which, again, compels the copiers and law-stationers to work after hours, often, indeed, until the Sunday morning. There appears to be a feeling in this profession in favour of early closing on Saturday afternoon rather than the diminution of daily labour; but if to gain both steps be impossible, the one half-holiday in the week would be an enormous benefit, supposing always that it were conscientiously taken advantage of. Some heads of firms, however, are so wedded to their work, that we have known occasions where, when the public proclamation of a holiday necessitated the closing of the doors, while the young clerks walked out in troops, the grey-headed senior has quietly lit his gas, locked himself in, and proceeded with his daily routine. 'What should I do with a holiday?' said one well-known member of a legal firm (now no more); 'it is very well for boys, but I shall work as usual.' The high pressure of intellectual labour, and the perpetual excitement endured by some of our most brilliant authors, too frequently result in their being incapacitated by disease, or early snatched away by death. Examples of this kind are, unhappily, over-frequent to need mention. To use a homely phrase, they 'burn the candle at both ends,' and are yet surprised at the rapid waste of the material which supports combustion.

In the second division, the hours of work do not appear so unreasonably long among certain kinds of labourers. The manufacturing operatives in mills are protected by law so far as women and children are concerned, and it is gratifying to record that none of the evil consequences have resulted which were so confidently prophesied by those who termed that act of the legislature an interference with the liberty of the subject. But the over-hours which alternate with half-time, make sad havoc among the men. The builders, masons, and bricklayers labour in summer from 6 A.M. to 6 P.M. (allowing an hour and a half for meals), and for a much shorter time during the winter season. The chief things to be desired for them are, the leaving off work earlier on the Saturday afternoon, and the payment of wages on Friday morning, so as to enable their wives to get the money and make the weekly purchases on Saturday morning instead of Saturday night, or, as very frequently happens, on Sunday morning.

morning. The workmen at the Government dockyards, similarly situated, possess these privileges, and evince a full sense of the value of them. The journeymen bakers are grievously oppressed under the existing system. We shall have more to say of them hereafter, but it may here be briefly stated, that with wages of a very moderate amount, their hours are from fourteen to eighteen in the twenty-four, in a most stifling and heated atmosphere, and with very little advantage of rest as respects Sunday. Railway porters and guards are worked too many hours at a stretch, and country postmen perform enormous distances every day in the week, often in terrible weather, for very inadequate pay, but, as a rule, they complain very little. Whether this is owing to the natural phlegm and content which distinguishes the agricultural part of our population or not, remains to be proved ; but the same cannot be affirmed with respect to the London postmen. Of their amount of toil, and length of hours of actual labour, it is difficult to speak with certainty, because their times, hours, and beats are systematically varied ; but that they are frightfully overworked and underpaid, recent disclosures have established as facts beyond controversy.

Of course it is in our large centres of industry, where the population is simply enormous, the living literally from hand to mouth, and the competition for wealth, and even for bare life, absolutely grinding, that the high-pressure system of work presents itself and its effects in its worst aspect ; and London, as being the head-quarters of labour, and also as being the spot where the association for early closing first commenced its operations, will furnish the most appropriate material for our inquiry. It would be difficult to affirm that the young men in those departments of Government which close at four P.M. are in any respect overdone either as to length of time or amount of work ; but the clerks in merchants' counting-houses are required to attend until very late, and when there is a press of foreign correspondence, and only a limited time for the purpose, they seldom, then, leave until midnight. Since the postal transmission from London has ceased on the Sunday a great improvement in this respect has been the natural result so far as the Saturday night is concerned ; and it seems difficult to see why they should not, as far as is practicable, be released on that day at two P.M.. Railway clerks work about ten hours per diem ; bankers' clerks eight, or even less ; railway signalmen from twelve to fourteen hours at a time, as was proved by evidence given during the inquiry which followed the disastrous accident at Brighton. But it is to the unfortunate condition of the remainder, who form the third class—the large body of shop-keepers, assistants, milliners, and dressmakers—that we would most especially direct the attention of our readers. It appears that

that, with the exception of certain districts, the hours of labour from Monday to Friday are injuriously long, and on the Saturday criminally so. The grocers, cheesemongers, provision dealers, and oilmen seem unable, generally, to close before ten P.M., and at midnight on Saturdays. The boot and shoemakers close about nine or ten on week days, eleven on Saturdays; chemists and druggists towards eleven P.M., besides having Sunday business; hatters and glovers from ten to eleven P.M.; milliners and dressmakers work up to midnight, and, during the season, often until early in the morning; hairdressers keep their shops open commonly until eleven P.M.; cigar-shops and eating-houses are closed frequently only at midnight, and sometimes not even then when in the neighbourhood of places of amusement. A walk, any Saturday night, about ten P.M., in Bethnal Green, the New Cut, Lambeth Walk, or Tottenham Court Road will afford to any person who likes to take it the most incontrovertible evidence as to the extent to which trading is carried on at these hours. Brilliant jets of gas are flaming from almost every open shop or at every stall. The streets are packed with costermongers' carts; all the spoiled and bruised vegetables are sold off at merely nominal prices: fruit—such as oranges, cocoa-nuts, apples, and pears—and fish—such as oysters, crabs, mackerel, and herring—are noisily chaffered for; moveable stalls of licensed hawkers, covered with articles of clothing (slop manufactured, of course, or second hand), quack medicines, corn plaisters, &c., pins, needles, and cutlery, are surrounded by dirty little city Arabs and untidy, wretchedly-attired women, sometimes with children at the breast, sometimes dragging their uncombed, unwashed, half-fed, and half-clothed offspring by the hand. The pavement is almost covered with orange peel, cabbage leaves, and other vegetable refuse. Round most of the butchers' shops a sort of auction is going on, and meat which would most assuredly never pass the inspection of the Sanitary Committee is readily sold off and conveyed from an atmosphere sufficiently vitiated by smoke and gas to one still more tainted with the breath of perhaps a score of unwashed, unhealthy human beings. The men are shouting, brawling, hustling, smoking, spitting, and swearing, or standing in groups, redolent of spirits, with their pipes in their mouths, their hands in their breeches pockets; they are unshorn, and, if the time be summer, in their shirt sleeves; and thus they lazily stand watching the efforts of the women to secure cheap food, and listen wearily to the never-ending din.

This brings us to the question of Sunday trading, the practice of which forms a large contribution to the excess of work performed by the nation. The proximate causes of it, as well as can be ascertained, are twofold: First, the late payment of wages on

the Saturday night;* so that, Sunday being considered an idle day, half the money is often spent in the public-house (where, unhappily, wages are frequently paid out) before the wife ever touches it, and then the provisions for the week have to be made hurriedly, and by gaslight, when the choice of the market is gone. The second proximate cause is the miserable state of the abodes of the poor, especially where they live in underground cellars, as is the case in many districts.† The tainted state of the atmosphere is such that, whether in hot or cold weather, meat, and all sorts of provisions, turn putrid and foul in an amazingly short space of time. The first reason could easily be remedied, and has been by many employers; but the second, referring to the dwelling-places of the poor, opens another question, and, until some alteration be effected with respect to them, it appears to us that the Saturday half-holiday movement, if universally followed, will rather stimulate than decrease the buying and selling on the Sunday.

According to evidence given before a Committee of the House of Commons in 1850, the grocers', butchers', and drapers' shops, to the number of seven out of ten, in Whitecross Street, were open every Sunday from seven A.M. to one P.M.; in Houndsditch, Lambeth, Westminster, St. Giles's, Spitalfields, Hoxton, and Bethnal Green, the streets on that morning were like a fair. The agents of the London City Mission stated that, in the particular districts where they laboured, about 14,000 shops were more or less open on Sunday; and it was computed that, during the morning, about 20,000 men, women, and boys were engaged in selling goods, and perhaps about two or three times that number of purchasers supported them. This state of things has been greatly ameliorated within the last ten years; but Sunday trading, though the police authorities in the City, Bermondsey, Somers Town, and elsewhere have endeavoured to check it as much as possible, does still exist to a large extent among the news-vendors, butchers, bakers, barbers, grocers, fish shopkeepers, and cigar-dealers.

Having thus glanced at the system as it exists at present, we proceed to examine evidence as to its results. So few people there are who have not had, at one time or other, definite experience of the effects of toil in excess (whether of kind or of time, physical or mental), that it should be hardly needful to enter into the question from a medical point of view. We, however, quote extracts from the testimony of some of the most distinguished members as fair specimens of the opinions entertained by the profession.

* It often happens that a week's wages paid to one man have to be subdivided among a number of underhands, who work under the slop or sweating system. In such cases the distribution hardly ever is made before Sunday morning.

† St. Giles's affords sufficient instances of the kind in its neighbourhood.

‘ Dr.

Dr. Stevens: 'A prolific cause for the rapid and extensive increase of insanity in this country is to be found in the unceasing toil and anxiety to which the working classes are subjected.'

Dr. Simon: 'Medicine cannot tell you in figures how much strength is wasted for want of play. Nothing is more familiar to medical observation than the ill effects of that monotonous industry of the million which has grown up under the pressure of our commercial competition.'

Sir J. Clark, after describing the ill-ventilated rooms in which milliners' apprentices worked from six A.M. to twelve P.M., adds: 'A mode of life more completely calculated to destroy human health could scarcely be contrived.'

Dr. Arnott speaks similarly of tailors and printers, &c.

Dr. Lankaster: 'There is in this metropolis a sacrifice of a thousand lives annually through the practice of keeping in shops for a greater number of hours than the human constitution can bear. For 1,000 deaths from this cause there are 8,000 individuals whose health suffers from it.'

Dr. James Copland: 'No less than three-fourths of the diseases to which human life is liable in London actually arise from this cause (prolonged labour).'

Sir A. Cooper, Dr. Southwood Smith, and Dr. Guy urge the same point; and scores of others might be quoted, but these are ample for our purpose. No man, sensible or foolish, will deny that the practice of overworking commonly exists, that it is a very bad thing, and that it has a steady tendency to increase where it is not checked by organized opposition. What men sometimes doubt is its being a preventible evil; they see no remedies, or only such as are worse than the disease.

With a view to the investigation and reform of this oppressive state of things, the Association for the Promotion of Early Closing was first formed, nineteen years ago, in 1842. The objects professed by the Association are as follows:—

1. An abridgment of the hours of labour in all departments of industrial life where necessary, especially on Saturday nights.
2. Adoption of a Saturday half holiday where practicable.
3. Early payment of wages.
4. Rescue of shopkeepers and assistants from the drudgery of Sunday trading.

The principles originally laid down, and which have been rigidly adhered to, were that nothing should be attempted which should improperly interfere with the just rights of capitalists and employers, or the convenience of customers and the public generally; that persuasion and argument only should be used to further its aims; and that no violent measures, no coercion, moral or otherwise, should be employed or countenanced for an instant.*

The means used by the Association are of a twofold kind. It was sought to interest the public at large by holding meetings, at which employers, assistants, and customers were invited to attend and discuss the question; by the publication and distribution of

* The consequence of this wise and conciliatory conduct has been that the leading employers are now active supporters of the Association; and those who refuse to be convinced by argument, and are deaf to entreaty, are nevertheless without any hostile sentiments towards it.

short papers and tracts containing brief summaries of the arguments in favour of shortening the hours of work, the experiments, and results; by inducing ministers of religion, Members of Parliament, medical men, &c., to speak on the matter, and from the pulpit to point out, generally, the evil of Sunday trading and the duty of employers to the employed on that day; and by the establishment of branch associations in various parts of Great Britain, to co-operate with and communicate progress at head-quarters.

Then, as respects more private endeavours, the committee engaged suitable agents, whose special province it was to wait on the heads of large firms in certain districts with a view to effect some sort of unanimity in the agreement to close earlier on all nights, but especially on the Saturday. The same representations were made to the young men employed in shops and warehouses. Their approbation, so far as opinion went, was not difficult to obtain; but it was also explained to them that, without some self-denial on their part, so as to afford aid, whether personal or pecuniary, and without a steady and marked energy and industry in business, neither short hours nor half holiday were likely to be obtained. Those employed in the wholesale trade have always enjoyed greater advantages as to shorter hours than those in retail business; and the shopkeepers at the West End have, as a whole, experienced less difficulty in closing early than those in the poorer and more populous districts.

We have described the state of things in 1850, and the large margin there appeared to be for increased activity in the labours of the Association. The chief difficulties to contend with were, 1st. The selfishness, perverseness, or cupidity of some few tradesmen, who, by persisting in late hours, obliged their neighbours to do the same throughout the district. 2nd. The late payment of wages on Saturday night, which rendered late buying unavoidable. 3rd. The supposition that early closing could injure trade, because families whose orders were refused after certain hours would, it was imagined, leave the shop and deal elsewhere. The first difficulty was one that recurred so frequently, and in so many different districts, that it did for a considerable length of time, and does still, greatly impede the movement. It is of a kind that time, conciliation, and the pressure of public opinion only can vanquish entirely. If a man can be clearly shown that he neither increases his profits nor procures better work from his men by long hours than by short ones, it is certain he will not long hold out in favour of a confinement as irksome to himself as to his men. From 1850 to 1860 a large progress was effected, and latterly with an astonishing rapidity, due, probably, to the feeling in favour of the newly-established volunteer rifle corps. In 1858, in a memorial laid before the Directors of the Bank of England, the

the following establishments were cited as closing early on the Saturdays: The Stock Exchange, Lloyd's, the General Post Office, and the railway companies in certain departments only (more could not, for obvious reasons, be effected in these two last named), a large majority of insurance companies, distillers, leather and hop factors, wholesale fruiterers, stationers, booksellers, and all the great warehousemen north and south of Cheapside engaged in the West of England and Scotch trades. Petition was made to the Directors that they would adopt the principle of closing at two P.M. on Saturdays. The prayer was not then complied with, on the cogent ground 'that though disposed to assist any decided expression of public opinion, the initiative could not be taken by the Bank Directors.' An application from the Association to the Chairman of the Committee of Bankers, G. C. Glyn, Esq., was more successful; and in the commencement of 1860, the committee decided in favour of closing private banks at three P.M. on Saturdays. This example was shortly followed by the Bank of England. In the spring of the same year the wholesale booksellers, who formerly closed at 7.30 P.M., acceded to the solicitations of the Association, and commenced shutting up at two P.M. on the Saturdays during the summer months and four P.M. for the rest of the year. With one or two exceptions, the iron merchants and wholesale ironmongers agreed to the same hours. The large retail houses of different trades in the City and the West End commenced making arrangements in favour of the movement, either by closing altogether at five P.M., or by releasing one-half or one-third of their hands at two P.M. during the summer. Several firms which adopted these measures forwarded testimonials to the Association to the effect that 'they have found them act well and not interfere with business.' In the legal profession large advances have been made. In 1860, the county courts closed at one P.M. on Saturdays, the Bankruptcy Court at two P.M., Common Law three P.M., and Equity Court at four P.M., and 1350 solicitors were named as closing their offices in consequence at two P.M. The districts of Islington, Highbury, Holloway, Tottenham Court Road, Borough, Newington, Aldgate, Whitechapel, Pimlico, Edgeware Road, and Chelsea were actively canvassed, and the agents of the Association were, in general, courteously received and listened to. Representations have been also made to the heads of the establishments in the Burlington Arcade in favour of releasing the young women employed there at an earlier period of the evening—the hours being nominally nine P.M. in summer, but often much later, and eight P.M. in winter. The Honourable Mrs. Kinnaird had instituted evening classes for the benefit of these young persons, by which they have, so far, been but little able to benefit. The measure was not unanimously agreed to, but hopes are entertained that before long it

it may be so. Lord Shaftesbury, the Hon. A. Kinnaird, and Lord Chesham (owner of the property) have expressed a warm interest in the matter. The Association has likewise, in conjunction with that for the 'Aid and Benefit of Dressmakers and Milliners,' made many efforts in behalf of this unfortunate class, the members of which are in a peculiarly helpless and unfriended position. The evil is from various causes most difficult to grapple with, and not much progress, it is feared, has been effected as yet. A letter was, however, forwarded to the committee, addressed to Messrs. Jay, of Regent Street, from the young women employed by them, thanking them for the boon of two additional hours of evening recreation, *i. e.* from seven to nine P.M. In September, 1860, the milliners in Whitechapel began to close at six P.M. on Saturdays; those in Westbourne Grove had previously set the example; but these are the only cases wherein any considerable number of milliners have agreed to do so. From about that date a very great progress commenced, more especially in the half-holiday movement. A curious cross action existed at first, and it was found that the half holiday in the City and offices had the effect of greatly increasing the business at the West End, as the gentlemen appropriated their leisure to shopping with the ladies. This, however, has been remedied, and now the great majority of the West End tradesmen close early, particularly the drapers, hairdressers, chemists, druggists, &c. Many firms in the Edgeware Road changed their hours from ten P.M. to nine P.M., and other shops in that neighbourhood, formerly closing at twelve P.M., do so now at eleven P.M. In the Borough, Clapham, Blackfriars Road, and Brixton similar results have been obtained. The boot and shoemakers have showed great good-will to the cause; but the hosiers and hatters appear indifferent or unwilling, and in numerous places it is on evidence that one opposing tradesman has the power of compelling the whole of the shopkeepers in the neighbourhood to keep their houses open from fear of the pecuniary loss which might otherwise accrue to them. In the districts of Hackney and Kingsland this hardship has been especially felt. In Kentish and Camden Towns the progress has only been from eleven to ten P.M. on Saturdays, and from nine till eight P.M. on other days. We need not recal to the memory of our readers the particulars of the lamentable strike in the building trades of July 1859. Previous thereto, the committee of the Association had several interviews with the committees, both of the master builders and the building operatives. It was felt that the contemplated strike was not only in opposition to the attitude of the Association, as being coercive and irritating in its nature, but that it was ineffectual, short-sighted, and unwise in policy, whether employed as a measure of aggression or economy. The committee nevertheless offered to
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mediate between masters and men, but from various reasons the proposal was not accepted, and the strike took place, amply justifying in its course and by its termination the reasons and conduct of the committee. Up to this time, therefore, the hours of the builders remain as before, excepting that sufficient ill-will has been generated to throw back for some time any chance of amelioration. This does not, however, apply to those few places where the hour system prevails, where, of course, the men arrange their own time.

For many years the case of the journeymen bakers has engaged the attention of the Association, and, latterly, of the public at large. At the Social Science Congress in 1857 the subject was brought forward by Mr. Lilwall, then secretary to the Association, and in 1859, at the Bradford Congress, that gentleman read a paper, entitled 'The Claims of the Journeymen Bakers,' in which their hardships were ably and temperately discussed. It was distinctly stated, however, that, not from unwillingness to do otherwise, but from causes for which the employers saw no remedy, a large number of these men are forced to work 112 hours in the week, which, if we were to exclude Sunday, would give an average of 18 hours out of every 24. The wages of the men (excepting the foremen) range from 12s. to 18s. per week, including an allowance of bread. Most of the bakehouses are under ground, ill-ventilated, and excessively hot. The beds of the men are often underground also, adjoining the bakehouse; and, in some cases, no beds were provided, but the men slept on the bare boards as well as they could. Most of this destructive night-work is rendered necessary in order to supply the hot rolls for London breakfasts,—a rather sad reflection for those who indulge in that luxury. Nearly all the master bakers admit that the system is bad.

Mr. Bonthron (an employer) says: 'I have been too long dissatisfied with the present system to wish to continue it.'

Mr. Mackness: 'I have been the means of killing many men under it, and I do not mean to kill any more.'

Mr. Callard: 'The number of hours was decidedly excessive.'

Dr. Guy corroborated all this, and added an appalling mass of medical testimony. Mr. Bennet, in the name of the Operatives' Society of Bakers, proposed 12 hours a day, *i. e.*, from four A.M. to four P.M. But it appeared that the masters who were willing to reduce the time from 18 to 12 hours nevertheless required to be at liberty so to arrange those hours as best to suit their own localities and particular class of business. A good deal of conflicting evidence was adduced, one master having found that the twelve-hour system worked well, and another declaring that his experience was to prove it impracticable. Conferences continued
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to be held, at which the nature of the resolutions carried was decided, according as there was present a preponderance of masters or workmen. The greatest objection seemed to be raised as to the leaving off on Saturday night on the score of the provision required for the Sunday's consumption. The idea of a strike was at one time entertained. But the delegates of the Society had an interview with Lord Shaftesbury on November 17th, who succeeded in dissuading them from so suicidal a measure, and advised them to keep their hard case well before the public, and avoid, as long as possible, any appeal to the legislature. No definite progress has, therefore, as yet been made; but it appears to us that some arrangement might be adopted similar to that so successfully carried out by other tradesmen, and a part of the hands released, or work half time on the Friday, and so be ready to supply the required amount of labour on Saturday.

Agricultural labourers seem, in general, pretty well content with things as they are; but as the extensive introduction of steam power and other machinery greatly increases the amount of work accomplished in a given space of time, their condition will gradually approximate more nearly to that of their town brethren, and they will seek, and, we hope, obtain similar advantages with respect to leisure for education and recreation.

The question of the earlier payment of wages is not one that will provoke discussion from any right-minded man. To pay wages on the Friday or Saturday morning, instead of Saturday night, is an incalculable benefit to the welfare, comfort, and character of the workmen, their wives, and families, and involves neither outlay, loss, nor trouble with regard to the master. It is the practice in all the Royal and Government establishments; and it is gratifying to observe that a score of public companies, and upwards of 200 of the largest metropolitan firms, both wholesale and retail, as well as most of the newspaper offices, have adopted the plan, and have publicly given the most ample and decisive testimony as to the good effects which have ensued. To quote the words of one witness: 'We find it a convenience to ourselves and advantage and satisfaction to those employed.' The weak point of the Saturday half-holiday movement strikes us as being that, so far as the very poor are concerned, notwithstanding the early payment of wages, so long as their dwelling-places are so unhealthy and ill-ventilated that they cannot keep their food sweet in them, so long will they purchase their provisions as late as they can;* and if they cannot buy on the Saturday night they will do it on the Sunday morning.

* The adoption of habits of prudence with regard to drink, and other unnecessary indulgences, invariably tends to lift the adopters into more wholesome habitations.—*Ed.*

The wise and conciliatory conduct of the Association as standing between the public, the masters, and the workmen, with respect not only to strikes but aggressive measures generally, cannot be too highly praised. Nothing is to be permanently gained in these affairs by forcing matters with a high hand. Thoroughly to enlist public opinion is perhaps the longest way of gaining rights and privileges, but it is the surest means of retaining them.*

It is evident that, to carry on such extensive and energetic operations, the Association must be involved in very considerable pecuniary outlay, and at the present moment its financial position is not a satisfactory one. It is matter of regret to find that it does not meet with that general support, in this respect, from those in whose behalf it labours that we might expect. There are many honourable exceptions to this remark; but it appears that it is from the upper ranks of life and the heads of firms that the monetary support is most steady and liberal. No one supposes that the subordinates of the smaller establishments can or ought to contribute largely; but surely an annual subscription of from one to five or ten shillings, according to the amount of salary received, would not involve too much self-denial when weighed against the advantages for which the struggle is made.

Our object has been rather to demonstrate the necessity of shortening the hours of labour, and to trace the origin and progress of the Early Closing Association, than to discuss the manner in which the hours gained from business shall be employed. We may briefly remark, however, that, besides the excellent libraries which are provided by most of the large firms for the use of their assistants, the reading rooms, the lecture halls, and institutes, the associations and Bible societies, which exist in large numbers, there are evening classes at King's College and Crosby Hall, (now Sussex Hall, Leadenhall Street),† so that it is undeniable that opportunities of the most ample kind exist for mental recreation and study if the young men choose to avail themselves of them.

* The intemperate conduct of some young men, animated by over zeal for the cause, induced them to offer such annoyances to a respectable tradesman as to draw on themselves the severe censure of the magistrate. We are glad to record that this folly has not been repeated.

† With respect to this institution an important public meeting was held in October, 1861 (the Lord Mayor in the chair), for the purpose of reconstituting it on a self-supporting plan, under the form of a collegiate establishment, to be called 'The City of London College for Young Men.'

ART. III.—*The Action and Reaction between Churches and the Civil Government.* A Lecture by H. W. Newman, Latin Professor at University College, London. London : 335 Strand.

IT is said that no man believes, in his heart, that other men fully understand him. By some, this is made matter of thanksgiving ; to others, it is matter of indifference ; a third class find in it matter of complaint. Assuredly the complaint is very unreasonable. It is not to be marvelled at that others fail to understand us, seeing that the very wisest come so very short of understanding themselves. Something of our own contents we, of course, believe we know ; but there remains a world within the most discerning of us, almost entirely ignored. No doubt we might be very well satisfied to leave these seldom illumined parts of our nature under their usual veil of darkness, were they but as quiescent and uninfluential as they are retiring and obscure. It is, on the contrary, a demonstrable truth, that upon those portions of our being whose favourite aspect is shadow and eclipse, immensely more of our character, conduct, and destiny depend, than upon all that is commonly held under the view of our consciousness.

The flame of consciousness, indeed, lives upon the wick of no stationary, steadily-burning lamp. It is carried around the terraces and corridors of our being, constant only in fluctuating, and supplying no fixed elements wherefrom its wilful orbit can be calculated. 'The house we live in,' regarded from the exterior, is never illumined throughout all its storeys at once. As if borne by the hands of restless and wayward inmates, the light of consciousness moves up or down, gleams now in the basement, glows anon in the entertaining rooms, ascends presently to the chambers, or from some dormer window sends forth upon the dark a hooded and flickering ray. In connection with the physical frame, familiar experiences supply plentiful illustrations of the fact we are referring to. That which we may term the *bodily consciousness* does not pervade the whole corporeal system with equal presence at all times. It has its centripetal currents, and its centrifugal ; now pressing in upon the vital organs, and again surging out from the centres to fill the superficies and reside for awhile with unwonted emphasis in some external part. Electricity is always determined to the outer surfaces of its conductors ; consciousness not always ; yet it has its skin-preferring hours. At such times, the contact of a feather or a straw can thrill the corporeal sense, and sway it to pleasure or to pain, as it lies spread out upon the periphery of the body. Then, to be touched involves a dermal ecstasy, or sends a cold shudder creeping all along. Then, a finger's point drawn across the footsole provokes laughter in shrieks,

shricks, or a breath upon some strip of bared cutis extorts a remonstrant cry. The very hairs of the head, which God's providence numbers, may be numbered too—dolefully individualized and set apart, live hair from live hair—by abnormal sensibility at the bulbs. After awhile, however, all such gushing forth of the consciousness into the termini of the physical frame, all such abnormal residence in the most external parts, where the bodily man leaves off and his clothes begin, may be succeeded by a total desertion of those out-premises by the consciousness; a stubborn insensibility of skin; a stolid refusal to acknowledge by any responsive feeling the most laboured appeals to dermal sensibility. The medical books swarm with cases in point, but there is no need to open those volumes; such cases are amongst the commonest of our experiences, and the most familiar examples that we can alight upon will be the best. The tender excrescences within the shoes of the martyrs of Shoemakerdom, will sometimes bear to be trodden on better than at other times. On frosty days it is a familiar grievance that one 'cannot feel one's fingers' or one's nose. Children can sometimes defy the usually irresistible touch in the side or elbow, and boast that they are 'not ticklish' to-day. Hard sitters often know what it is to have the foot 'asleep,' the bodily consciousness in it having temporarily disguised itself, if not actually absconded. And as the outer parts of the frame have their variations and defections of consciousness, so have the more inward. Witness the lungs, wherein the blood-oxygenating process is usually conducted rather for us than by us. Commonly we scarcely know that we breathe, the business being deputed to those automatic subsidiaries that ply the bellows in quiet industry, no instructions being asked and no recognition courted. But let the clerk who has with too sedulous sitting polished to the very height of its capacity the seat of his office-stool; let the shopman beneath whose unresting shoe-soles a track has been worn upon the floor behind the counter; in short, let any one long 'in populous city pent' escape to some rural scene, and there, roaming over the unsmoked turf or climbing the breezy downs, absorb the full atmospheric volume so long denied; how conscious then becomes the mere exercise of breathing, that now delightful privilege—the high enjoyment of a glad power of chest-expansion—untrammelled spiration of clean air at mouth and nose,—the boon of opening to its utmost the rib-bound breast, which no poor urban mill-horse of a man cramped in his city den can know! Exuberant, then, and riotously glad, the bodily consciousness seems to live emphatically in the lungs, organs felicitously emancipated and gratified, replenished and satisfied with good. In the lungs, again, but in a widely-contrasted manner, the corporeal consciousness seems all congested and pent, when the victim of asthma feels that hateful visitant

visitant with hard hand contracted about his breathing. What anxious wheezings and pantings then, what intolerance of closed windows, what labourings of the dismally disappointed chest, what research for air and suckings of it in like blood-bought treasure, what miserly reluctance in letting go the atmospheric modicum, what gaspings with lips kept wide apart upon the livid face, what rolling of the eyes in strained antagonism with their sockets, and how strictly and narrowly, disregarding all other calls and needs, deserting all other habitats, in the one, anxious, anguished act of breathing, the bodily consciousness abides !

Every night (the cares of this life and heavy suppers not preventing), the corporeal consciousness recedes inwards from all parts of the body. The soul seems then to be off and away, about business of its own, too far to show its usual body-wisdom, yet not too remote to keep a one-eyed watch on the bodily senses, and return at short notice to them if need befall. The bodily consciousness, during this furlough of the immortal part, may be said almost to have ceased. But much deeper retired from the bedrugged body is the consciousness of the drunkard in his tipsy sleep ; whose very feet may be burned off him at the limekiln's edge or oven's mouth, without any remonstrance or withdrawal. And still more profoundly far from the physical frame, the spirit seems to be removed in trance and catalepsy ; not merely ' flown like a thought until the morrow day,' but eloped like a bird that has detected a broken wire in its cage, and unless recaptured does not return, and is heedless of enticements.

Moreover, not only can the consciousness roam from part to part of the body ; it can wander from region to region of the mind, or, as the case may be, from body to soul, or soul to body. As the bulb of an onion consists of coat within coat, so the consciousness of man may readily be followed through several layers, stratum within stratum. If, for one example, we assume to be Mrs. Smith in company with her neighbour Mrs. Jones, we notice, as the outermost fact of the intercourse, the sensuous envisagement of certain phenomena in which we receive Mrs. Jones's aspect and conversation : that is to say, Mrs. Smith sees and hears her friend. But upon these outermost facts of her consciousness, her intelligence and will from within react ; and, no longer merely looking and listening, she inwardly shapes her own aspect and arranges her words in order to give what her visitor will appreciate as a friendly welcome. It may happen, however, that at the moment of the interview, beneath the amicable countenance and genial manner of Mrs. Smith, there lies a feeling of regret that Mrs. Jones did not arrive at a time more fitting Mrs. Smith's own convenience ; which feeling is evidently the more inward of the two, and is carefully kept retired and veiled behind the cordial face
and

and kindly address with which she receives her visitor. Thus far, then, we have touched upon three layers of different depths in the consciousness of Mrs. Smith; and this by an easy analysis, such as every one is equal to, without treating the matter with any metaphysical exactness. The first and outer layer is the seeing and hearing; the second is the thought and desire to be seen and heard as befits friendly intercourse; the third is the hidden sentiment in Mrs. Smith which would grieve Mrs. Jones, and probably force her to go, if she were but aware of its existence, and which, therefore, remains unexpressed. But is it to be assumed that even at this third stage in the analysis, the core is really stripped? Far from it; all these polite and unpolite thoughts and feelings about a casual Mrs. Jones and one's own relations to her, these trivialities of time, are merely skin-deep in the soul, and might scale off, and be forgotten, and yet the soul with its profounder feelings and its eternal relationships remain. But through such gradations of depth, and many more, the consciousness can pass, sojourning here or there, more superficially or more deeply, as necessity or convenience requires.

The friendly excuse, 'He was not himself just then,' implies the transference of the consciousness from one region of the psyche to another. No foolish person is steadily and consistently foolish at all times. At intervals the lucid mind prevails, and gazes forth from the midst of its enveloping fog of insanity, in the denizens of Bedlam. Then again, there are the hacknied quotations, '*Aliquando dormit bonus Homerus*;' and '*Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit*.' With facility more or less, according to the mobility or firmness of the temperament—from intellect to feeling—from the white heights where moral sentiment sits enthroned, down to the muddy excavations and pits of passion—or from these to those—the consciousness undergoes transitions. To persons habitually tender and compassionate, marmoreal moments may occur,—case-hardened intervals, when even they, like the false deity of the Pope-upon-Bolingbroke philosophy, can 'see with equal eye'

'A hero perish, or a sparrow fall.'

(A god, this, by the way, infinitely removed from the Heavenly Father of the Christian, without whom, it is true, 'not a sparrow falls to the ground,' but who, notwithstanding, holds His heroes as 'of more value than many sparrows.') If, to-day, we reprobate, with Wordsworth, the man who can

'Peep and botanize
Upon his mother's grave';

after all, who knows? perchance to-morrow that same man shall be found in quite another mood, tenderly touched at the sight of the turf, bitterly weeping upon the headstone. Even in him

him the consciousness, albeit abiding now in the cold reasoning parts, and not swift to rise and open the door when some occasion of feeling knocks for entrance, may yet pass over and take up its residence in the heart, wherefrom, melting all, it shall pour forth emotion as of a woman, or flaming up as from an altar, like the rapt seraph shall 'adore and burn.' The man is the same ; but his consciousness has migrated for awhile from its usual seats, travelling along in his soul as from region to region.

Thus through what cycles of change, through what discrepant varieties of state, do men pass as the days carry them onward ; in person unaltered ; in feeling, in thought, in purpose, sadly, or gloriously, unlike their former selves ! Do not all people at times, and some at almost all times, see more or less reason to suspect that (to put the case strongly) they, individually, are, in fact, not so exclusively one, as they are several persons in one—that they comprise a whole board, a corporation aggregate of persons, of whom one may be prominent and authoritative one day, but another eminent and sceptrigerent the next ? Now, they find themselves flying abroad in roomy reaches of thought ; but now, again, they seem all cabined, cribbed, confined in some mere bodily organ—the stomach, for example, ignobly dwelling upon fish and flesh, and all dead within them for the time save a shabby corporeal hunger. At one period, they are frosty, apathetic, and only active in pushing action away. But at another, the ice within them breaks up, melts, grows warm, simmers, begins to be ebullient, then hotly boils. They are all quick now, vibrant, energetic, passionate, or enthusiastic ; ready to throw away the world for a word, lose themselves for a toy, or fight to the death for an idea. Such processions of the consciousness in certain persons are effected from above downwards—from moral feeling and intellect to lower things, with difficulty, and with alacrity upwards from below. They may be likened to the stately progress of a governor-general, who, from the pure, cool, mountain heights where he by choice resides, descends occasionally for a tour through the sultry plains, not of preference, but of duty, that no part of the dependency may be unvisited by the master's abuse-rebuking eye. With other persons, the march of the consciousness from low passions and poor bodily needs to lofty thoughts and aspirations, is tedious and repugnant, and the preference for studious stomach-servings and other grovelling cares determined and inveterate. These, in their mode of inhabiting their body and their more outward mind, are like a herring-retailer retired from business and having all due entertaining rooms and conveniences in his villa ; but who cannot tread upon his soft, thick carpets without seeming to owe them an apology for the liberty, and who resides really, except on Sundays,

in

in the kitchen. Certainly, it concerns all of us to reflect, whereabouts in ourselves it is that we habitually inhabit; and whether exalted life even below stairs (since we must at times go below), should not always be expected from us by ourselves. Too often, it is to be feared, we allow the cook or the butler to rule over the gentleman and the lady within us; and we become profuse in inconsistencies, through the shiftings of command that we connive at, from one part of the nature to another. But happy is he who has at last learned how, and by Whose strength, to maintain august principle upon the throne of the empire within him, able to hold riot down with firm hand, and to keep at all times hasped the brazen doors through which, when open, rank rebellion marches.

It occurs next in order to be noticed, that besides the common fluctuations and migrations of the consciousness from part to part of the bodily, and from faculty to faculty of the mental frame, it has occasional, rare, sometimes signally epochal and for ever memorable extensions. With a glad overflowing rush, as when Napoleon adds Savoy to France, so is it (but free from the plotting and the guilt) when a new province of thought and feeling in a man becomes subject to his consciousness. On this he enters, and he takes possession of it, and wonders, now at the new things rendered actual or possible, now at the narrowness of his former life with its barriers so long effectual, yet so thin. He asks, How was it that he could not break through or leap over them before? The apparent advantage of being young is, that it has on all sides walls that it secretly feels to be undermined, bounds that are only to hold it in provisionally; limitations which it knows will ere long have to succumb before a magic charm, the first letters of which are already set on the tongue for utterance. We call this an apparent advantage of youth, because we hold it to be only such; the same condition—that of being within temporary limits that are presently to yield to vast expansions—belongs also, doubtless, to old age. For although, according to the appearance—

‘ There’s somewhat comes to us in life,
But more is taken quite away ;’

yet in deepest truth, the icy barriers that gather about, press in upon, and so sadly narrow the scope of advanced earthly life, are icy, not only in that they are cold, but also as being liable to liquefy. At last, when the sun of eternity shines on them, they drink in the heat and melt away. But as far as this earthly life is concerned, it is notorious that, *after* the birth of the senses that put us in communication with the outward world—(that original introduction to the marvels of touch, of taste and smell, of eye and ear)—the first great triumph of the consciousness is won when it enters upon its deferred birthright of poetic feeling and thought.

Having

Having trodden for some years the now familiar round of eating and dressing, undressing and sleeping, of school and play—every room in the house of our life become, as we think, well and to the uttermost known to us—there arrives a supreme moment when we discover, in the wall of one of the well-known chambers of our daily experience, as it were a moveable panel, heretofore unseen. In obedience to a happy inspiration, we press the spring ; lo ! the wall opens, and with joy and wonderment we pass through to an apartment larger, more richly furnished, and with new views from ampler windows than all previous experience had revealed. For now the rich overflowings of poetic life are ours. Now,

‘ The whole world is made
Golden with glorious glimpses,—wide, wild gleams
Of the intense divinity of dreams.’

The light that suffuses all things with a novel glow is not the old light of the sun—

‘ For goes withal a flood of such rich dyes
As makes earth near as heavenly as heaven ;’

but because this magnificent and enrapturing enlargement of the field of consciousness is intended to instruct us to look onward and upward still, therefore it is presently revoked, and even the professed poet is compelled to own at length that with him, also, it

‘ Fades into the light of common day.’

How very requisite this defection, this ‘ falling from us,’ this ‘ vanishing,’ is, by way of lesson, the heart that most intimately knows itself can explain the best. It must be that we lose for awhile the glorious light of youth and poesy—

‘ Else would our souls their higher aim forget,
And be to nature’s fairness all enslaved.’

Let us not deem, however, that these marvellous glimpses of how ethereal and elate a state our life may attain, are, as many call them, the illusions of youth. They are foreglimpses of another and a better state, where that rarefied but most rich air of poetry shall be the very grossest and poorest atmosphere that the ennobled spirit shall be required to breathe. And so we catch it, in this life, only fitfully, in glad but unsatisfying gasps. As was said of Virgil, and after him of his translator by Pope, *tantum vidi*—so must the most inspired of poets complain of ‘ the light that never was on sea or land,’ but came streaming in from a higher world than this into the corporeal eye—we have only just seen it ; one happy glimpse, in the blessed youth-time, one glad visitation of it, has been vouchsafed to us ; and then was closed ‘ the vision and the dream.’ For our parts, let us all say, Be it so. We are content. The hint so kindly given shall suffice. It exists, then, that glorious air ? There is such a continent of youth,

youth, and love, and joy within us, though not subject to consciousness, except in memory—the consciousness of the past? Enough. Let us plod on, then, as we are plodding, in life's prosaic round; and welcome be all losses, wrongs, and pains, since they shall bring us at last (at least, save for our own default) to the full user and fruition of that inheritance of beauty and gladness, which it was the office of youth, in its brief halt, to flash once vividly before our eyes.

It is not always that joy attends such revealing epochs—such expansions and overflowings of the consciousness into new ways. Great sorrows come, and show us how bitterly, how profoundly, these hearts of ours can grieve. At the bottom of much of our sorrow, it is true, there lies a secret delight, especially on the more unconscious side of it; for everything, sorrow even not excepted, that apprises us what shocks of grief are possible to us, has a hidden recommendation to us, because it is our consciousness visiting a new domain and privileged to sit for awhile in an unaccustomed seat. At the end of the elegy, then—the mournful tribute paid, dear Lycidas bewept—there occurs the anticipation,

‘To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.’

And so the pale flower of our grief has a worm of joy in it, after all; joy, in that it assures us, by another proof, that there are vast tracts of the wide world within us that still remain to be won by our footsteps. But, on the other hand, there is the case of the man who, long morally asleep, toying idly with life's feathers, flowers, and straws, is awoke, at length, finding himself on the very verge of the committal of some great crime. Or ever he was aware, he had allowed himself to be silently thrust along by those ‘heathen deities called circumstances,’ to the very edge and brink of that hideous chasm. ‘What then,’ he shudders as he cries, ‘this *was* possible for me? *So near* was I to falling headlong?’ Just so. Even so near. Between him and the despised tenant of yon prison cell, no more distinction than inheres between the performance or non-performance of one half-conscious act. In him therefore, he sees it plainly now, there is all this dread possibility of lapse! The dark places of man's inner world, replete with the houses of cruelty, have loomed into unexpected visibility; and it is his with terror to gaze on vast deserts of barrenness, wide forests of wild unconsecrated growths, unchristened peninsulas of paganism, black continents of guilt, within himself, and unsuspected before. To those who to good purpose make such discoveries, the occasion is critical and epochal; their whole life is struck up off the old pivot, and set revolving around a new axis. The period of such an awakening can much less easily be forgotten than the hour wherein the man, of whom the newspapers told us some months ago, found his familiar fireside chair sinking suddenly from beneath

him ; and he snatched himself aside just in time, and down the deep well, thus laid open, with ashen face stared horror-struck.

But it is not by signal and ever-memorable acquisitions of new ground for our consciousness, that we are most effectually assured of the existence of vast territories of feeling and thought and faculty that are in us, and are not yet our own. There occur to all, not excepting the most saturnine temperaments, experiences of exaltation, moments of unwonted fullness and fluency of ideas, and of firmer grasp of executive power, placing us, although only for a brief interval, on a level with persons wontedly far more competent than ourselves. To force their way into such temporary expansions of the consciousness, what schemes, what labour, what associations, what drugs will men not condescend to ! At such times, we commonplace people seem to understand the secrets whereby astute diplomatists treat, great statesmen govern, profound mechanicians invent, sagacious naturalists discover, or the immortal poets sing. Tasks from which in sheer despair we would shrink in our ordinary hours, now strike us as quite within reach of our accomplishment ; as, in fact, the most appropriate undertakings to engage skill and force such as we find to be ours. Observing how we acquit ourselves at such moments, our friends say of us, ' He surpassed himself.' But anon, the tide ebbs ; the golden moment dies. These rich capacities, that unwonted genius, came only as a bird might come, alighting on the hand, or sitting to prune its pens upon the shoulder. Whilst it stops, it is ours, indeed, and we seem to stand higher by a head because of its strength-inspiring song ; but, whilst we plan a glorious life with this fortunate visitor, the bird is flown, and we sink down again, little men, dullards, fainting away under the familiar weight of our old inefficiency.

That there are within all of us great capacities which, like trees laden with goodly fruit, fringe our pathway all through life, and would be ours could we but attain the inaccessible art of grasping them, is argued by many of the facts of somnambulism. In the thick night the somnambule opens his chamber-window ; by help of the invisible gleam of the unlighted candle in his hand, walks forth upon the roofs ; and with a foot marvellously sure proceeds confidently on his unbeaten way.* The point is, that this very man, so skilful, is, whilst (as we call it) *awake*, unconscious that

* 'The phenomena connected with this form are familiar to every one. The individual gets out of bed ; dresses himself ; if not prevented, goes out of doors ; walks frequently over dangerous places in safety ; sometimes escapes by a window, and gets to the roof of a house ; after a considerable interval, returns, and goes to bed ; and all that has passed conveys to his mind merely the impression of a dream.' — *Inquiries concerning the Intellectual Powers, &c.*, by John Abercrombie, M.D.

any such power of walking safely on perilous heights by night, lies within him, and he could not for his life, except when 'asleep,' essay any such adventure; after the first step upon the benighted roof, a very short series of movements would terminate in his fall. But wrapped up somewhere within him (as his fit of sleep-walking has proved) there was the talent of a Blondin; as, by the same token, we boldly conclude there must surely be in us all. Doubtless we are all highly proficient rope-walkers, if we only knew the fact, and could take hold of our hidden powers by the practical haft. That empowerment, unfortunately, eludes our waking research. By the luck of his organization, with hard labour and much patience, one man amongst ten thousand imports it out of sleep-land into this subsolar world of consciousness, and he becomes a great funambulist, and we pay him a hundred pounds a night for doing what we could all do for ourselves, as easily as walking, did we but know where the key is to unlock those chambers of our inward being, whereunto sleep gives ready access, and wherein, packed up, lie the best part of our abilities.

The same argument is, of course, adduced by all those exalted states in which sleepers transcend their waking powers; and it may prove comfortable in teaching us respect for the vast capacities which we have not, and yet we have. In what we term sleep, (some day, shall we not find that it was a momentary waking out of a life-long slumber?) eloquent and touching sermons have been delivered, books dictated, and poems written, such as in his ordinary life the author could not equal, and perhaps was not competent to comprehend. In the medical and psychological books there are recorded many such cases; all showing that, when 'sick' in a peculiar way, some persons are capable of intellectual or artistic or other achievements, whereof when in usual health, they gave little or no sign.* The inference thrusts itself upon us, that could we all be *sick* in the like manner, similar accessions of

* 'In another year from this time she began to talk a great deal in her sleep, in which she seemed to fancy herself instructing a younger companion. She often descanted with the utmost fluency and correctness on a variety of topics, both political and religious, the news of the day, the historical parts of scripture, public characters, and particularly the characters of members of the family and their visitors. In these discussions she showed the most wonderful discrimination, often combined with sarcasm, and astonishing powers of mimicry. Her language through the whole was fluent and correct, and her illustrations often forcible and even eloquent. She was fond of illustrating her subjects by what she called a fable, and in these her imagery was both appropriate and elegant. "She was by no means," says my informant, "limited in her range,—Bonaparte, Wellington, Blucher, and all the kings of the earth, figured among the phantasmagoria of her brain, and all were animadverted upon with such freedom from restraint, as often made me think poor Nancy had been transported into Madame Genlis' Palace of Truth." The justness and truth of her remarks on all subjects excited the utmost astonishment in those who were acquainted with her limited means of acquiring information.'—*Inquiries concerning the Intellectual Powers, &c.*, Part III., Section iv., § 2, II., by John Abercrombie, M.D.

faculty might be displayed by all. And then, from the shoulders of this inference, wings immediately expand, bearing us aloft with it to the delightful faith whereto, indeed, all the fluctuations of our consciousness are suasive—that we are not really the dull and helpless creatures that in daily life we appear to be; that, as, on the word of One who ‘knew what is in man,’ there is (or should be) a whole kingdom within us, so in that kingdom there can be provinces of inspired ‘gifts,’ sciences, arts, and powers, made for our use, and waiting to come upon us hereafter, yet affording only the briefest, faintest, and rarest hints of their existence now amid the usual impotence of everyday existence.

Descending, however, from this higher region of allusion, we may recal the assurance of Sir William Hamilton, that ‘The mind may and does contain far more latent furniture than consciousness informs us it possesses.’* Thus much, it must be granted, Sir William proves. But he proves more; he says: ‘I am not only strongly inclined to the affirmative—nay, I do not hesitate to maintain that what we are conscious of is constructed out of what we are not conscious of—that our whole knowledge, in fact, is made up of the unknown and the incognizable.’† In this respect, is not our knowledge in one case with all the objective world? for even the largest and most solid material things are composed of infinitesimals, of which no possible microscopic power can lay hold. ‘There is,’ says the same authority, ‘indisputable evidence for the general fact, that even extensive systems of knowledge may, in our ordinary state, lie latent in the mind beyond the sphere of consciousness and will; but which in certain states of organism may again come forward into light, and even engross the mind to the exclusion of its everyday possessions. The establishment of the fact that there are in the mind latent capacities, latent riches, which may occasionally exert a powerful and obtrusive agency, prepared us for the question, “Are there any ordinary, latent modifications of mind, agencies unknown themselves as phenomena, but secretly concurring to the production of manifest effects?” This problem, I endeavoured to show you, must be answered in the affirmative.‡ In soberest truth, then, a great metaphysician being our witness, it is from these ‘latent riches,’ it is from this unconscious side of our being, that the major part of our conduct proceeds. The conscious side of our nature is that by which we would fain be judged by our fellows, but they chiefly appraise us according to that unconscious side of our character which shows itself in every action of our hands, in every gesture of our bodies, and, although never very visible to any, is generally much more obvious to others than to ourselves. It is

* ‘Lectures on Metaphysics,’ XVIII.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid., XIX.
well

well to know that much that passes for hypocrisy is not so, consciously; and many of the inconsistencies of conduct that strike us in others, are not such in the view of the persons who commit them, but flow spontaneously, from the unconscious side of their character, unchastised, because unknown to the consciousness. How else could it be, that (to give only one example) the ardent advocate and champion of liberty, the scorner of tyrants and bearder of oppressors, the denouncer of despots and breaker of yokes, the man renowned in his circle for burning aspirations after freedom manfully asserted, and deeds of daring for liberty's sake well done, may yet be, as sometimes he is, the man whose wife and children scarcely dare lift up their eyes to meet his, and whose servants, if he has any, tremble at his nod? This 'open secret,'—*that he is at heart a despot*, is cardinal in his life, and on it turn no small part of his actions. This, however, evidently lies out of the track illumined by his consciousness; it is on the obscure side of his nature, operates down there in the dark, and makes him a hypocrite without his knowledge.

And thus, whilst the mariner loiters in the cabin, or drowzes and nods at the helm, unobtrusive currents may silently drift his barque aside, and take him leagues away from his true course. Such currents work underneath all of us as we sail upon life's ocean; and they are the undemonstrative masters of our being, the motives that commonly and unconsciously mould and sway our lives. But that whereof we are usually conscious we assess as if it were all that exists; and we forget the vast remainder that only occasionally, and then never fully, emerges into our view. There is no one of all the planets, and no human being, that has not at any given moment a side of light and a side of shade. It is true, whilst the planetary orbs rotate, the light and the darkness fluctuate, chasing each other round the globes from meridian to meridian; whereas, what is obscure in human life is so habitually, and seldom becomes illumined. Like the moon's, its hemispheres retain their respective aspects, one side always towards the individual, the other always averted. The lunar librations, however, bring into occasional visibility portions of disc at northern or southern, eastern or western rim; and the human being also, as we have shown, has his librations, irregularities of orbital motion, now and again bringing unfamiliar tracts of disc into view.

Consciousness also has its migrations in that compound personage, the societary man—the tribe, the nation, or the race—who, in all his forms, is just as liable as the simple individual is to fluctuations and processions of the consciousness. As these are known to John Smith, so are they to the nation. The tide of shifting consciousness ebbs and flows in the individual from hour to hour; but from year to year, or from half-century to half-century,

tury, in 'the community at large.' Sometimes with the skin—that is, with comparatively external matters of interest—the nation's consciousness is engrossed ; at other times, rushing to the vital parts, there is a determination of the consciousness to affairs of profoundest moment. It would be a most interesting task to trace some of the chief points of fluctuation in the consciousness of our own nation during the experience of still living persons ; but there is room here only for a slight glance at a single point. For many years after Annus Domini 1832, the nation, as well all remember, could by no means eat its meals in peace, or sleep quietly upon its bed, by reason of solicitude about its bones, which, politically speaking, were found to be altogether out of joint. Of what dislocations in electoral representation did it not tell ? Of what fractures of the suffrage did it not complain ? The vast majority of the nation had arrived at the conclusion, as a perfectly and finally settled thing, that it immediately must have the concession of certain 'points.' The nation at large was absolutely sure that these, and nothing instead of these, were what it wanted, and that, whilst devoid of these, it never should, would, nor could remain content for a single day. We all remember, for the discovery is recent, how the effects of that long-reiterated assurance endured after the sense of the need had generally died away. When the sun is so far beneath the horizon that refraction cannot keep him visible, there still lingers in our latitudes a twilight to remind us of the departed luminary. And it was thus that the twilight of the need of political reform, once almost universally felt, lingered behind after the sense of its real necessity had, for the most part, departed. The feeling of requirement, as regarded certain points, had become, at length, with many a mere habit. It was with the country at large at the last, somewhat as with a poor wretch who died in Manchester a few years ago. Some injury to the thumb was said to be cured, and the surgeons had dismissed the case, but the patient, unable to apply himself to work, restless all day, all night sleepless, had still paced the floor of his house, gazing mournfully at his thumb, continually lamenting, 'My thumb, my thumb, oh dear, my thumb, my thumb !' Like a petrified pain the bodily consciousness seemed to be fastened about that member, unable to be dissolved away. The necessity for political reform had latterly become, in this sense, as the nation's ever painful thumb. The cry, once very earnest with the many, continued such only with the comparatively few ; and, in a thousand of its houses of utterance, had been, at last, a mere formal habit. Then, first, of course, statesmen in power began to believe in it ; prepared, at length, really to do something, they sought for the patient, and found him—where ? Not awaiting them, not prepared to give them any useful audience ; but, with back turned upon them,
standing

standing in the new guise of a volunteer rifleman, gazing out at the Italian window, or through the Atlantic casement at fratricidal America. At the present moment, whether we deplore or be thankful for it, it is evident that the nation's need for politico-organic reform is scarcely within the field of its consciousness. Yet the facts of the case remain the same. The need for such reform was not greater in 1842 than it is in 1862; nor is it less now, by one whit, than it was then. What has changed is the seat of the consciousness of the nation. That consciousness has retired from political reform, as in arctic regions life recedes from an unguarded nose. Politicians, faithful to a loved conviction, rub hard; but the frosted organ refuses to feel. And, in some quarters, it is even asked whether the gelid member might not be better restored by rubbing with snow, rather than with the usual hot embrocations.

The birth and growth of a hundred philanthropic organizations, rendering this century notable above all others for the turning of classes able to tender help to classes requiring it; the 'crowning mercy' of a Social Science Association, which has actually just been privileged to startle with its presence the great hall of William Rufus, and to marshal its forces in the Houses of Parliament;—what shall we say more?—the existence of 'Meliora' herself, organ of social science as she is;—these are attributable to the fact that the consciousness of the nation has migrated, and been of late years increasingly determined to affairs of still more profound importance than many which engrossingly occupied it in the earlier part of the century. From matters of the clothes and skin it has receded inwards, and, happily, the sympathetic viscera have had an unusual share of conscious life. How much more vigorously the heart of the nation consciously answers now, as shown in the tone of its literature and the charities of its action; how much more readily, and to the purpose, the nation's bowels yearn towards the poor and the oppressed, is matter of general regard. If the nation, for awhile, has ceased, comparatively, to dwell anxiously upon the political articulation of its joints; if its young men, instead of their fathers' old masculine conflict in the arena of earnest political debate, prefer, just now, that inferior expression of masculinity which presents to the eyes the uniformed rank and file, and finds voice in the rifle's bark; we may all, however we view these changes, rejoice that at least the nation is less than ever neglecting to be conscious of the deep-lying causes of self-reproach which have never been so clearly diagnosed, and so intensely blushed for, as now. Great Britain still bears upon her giant brow, along with 'the round and top' of her material sovereignty, such brands, dark and damnable, as that of woman's honour widely trampled in the dust; and that other one of revenue, shamefully
drawn

drawn from the licensed panderers to the nation's vices. But her consciousness as to sins such as these is changing, and its vividness is every day improving ; and long may this happy turn of the nation's consciousness endure, and no fluctuation interfere with the steadiness of the purpose now being set like a lever, and used like one, under a vast heap of evils.

It would be unjust to the present age to conclude that its evils, heaved up by a change of the bed of the sea of public opinion, make it on the whole the worst age of the world. The truth is simply thus :—the consciousness of the community, in its new fluctuation, overspreading tracts of life previously unvisited, did not create what was non-existent before, but brought things old and dark into bright and scandalizing view. The dioptric lantern collects the whole of its illuminating power, forbidding its escape upwards or below, and hurling it forth in a plane of light visible afar. But whilst where they flow forth, the luminous waves give brilliant demonstration to all that they encounter, they leave utterly dark all that is above or below their plane. The consciousness, also, never at any one time illustrates all that is, whether in an individual, or in a nation ; but whilst it lights up large tracts, it always leaves still larger ones unilluminated, and these are therefore commonly unsuspected to exist. The effect of any mutation of the level of its incidence, is a revelation of multitudinous things, existent all along, but now, perhaps, first made visible. And well is it with the nation, as with the person, that uses well the opportunity thus given, of recognizing her or his own unpublished contents, and setting straight all that needs to be rectified.

This setting straight is always a difficult matter ; but Providence never permits the light to be focussed upon any evil, until a remedial counter-agent has been set within reach. Of remedies, however, as of nations and of individuals, it is true that there is not only an action that is within the field of consciousness, but also an action that is upon the dark or unconscious side. The man, or the nation, that knows this truth, and is earnest for self-amelioration, will be solicitous as much to be set in the midst of silently-operating sanative circumstances, as to have the more demonstratively remedial measures applied which popularly monopolize reputation as cures.

In his tractate named at the head of this article, Professor Newman recognizes and sets forth the truth, that influences working unconsciously within the nation, do more to mould the national character than all that would most readily be presented to the consciousness when we begin to ask how it comes that the nation is just what we perceive it to be. For it is impossible to see beneath the surface of the matter, without acknowledging not only that the

the obscure and unilluminated depth of the nation's life and character is that whereout its actions most largely spring; but, further, that this deeper and more obscure and unconscious side is affected for better or for worse, more by agencies working apart from any general consciousness of such effect, than by others more confessedly and conspicuously operant. To illustrate this should be the object of the next portion of this article; but acting on the necessities of space, it is requisite to strike by a short cut, and rapidly, to a close. Professor Newman, slighting for the nonce the establishment of religious and moral truth by the conscious and voluntary way of precept and doctrine (his own little essay, however, being all the while intended to conduce by precept and doctrine to what he believes to be that end), affirms the inestimable tutorial value of the never-sleeping and unconscious tutorial operation of institutions and laws. Of course, very far, therefore, would he be from assenting to the statement of Mr. T. Campbell Smith, that 'The honest man never came into contact with the laws. His life was the same as if they did not exist. It was only to enforce just and to silence unjust claims, that law and lawyers need exist at all.'* The honest man, on the contrary, if he knew all, would find that to some extent he owes his very honesty to the silent but powerful education of laws which directly in his own earlier days, or indirectly through his ancestors, have been instruments contributing to make him what he is. Were this otherwise, his life could yet not be the same if led apart from the influence of laws, as it proves to be being in their sphere, since his every day's experience must be largely affected by the actions of others, all of whom, backwards through their ancestors, and forwards up from their mother's knee, have come under and been more or less moulded by a thousand unseen agencies, and amongst them the country's laws. The phenomena of local colour teach that no object could appear exactly as it would appear to the eye of an efficient observer, if the circumjacent objects were not just what and where they are. Hence the poet sings:—

'The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearl to their enamel gave;
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam,
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore
With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar.'

Moreover, we are assured that 'Every substance, physically different, it signifies not whether as it regards colour, chemical

* 'Transactions of the Social Science Association, 1859,' page 271.

composition,

composition, mechanical structure, calorific condition, or electrical state, has a power of radiation by which a sensible change can be produced in a body differently constituted.* And if physical things thus impose upon and press in upon each other, much more must souls prove plastic to all that is about them. 'I have heard that stiff people lose something of their awkwardness under high ceilings, and in spacious halls.'† The exposition of the same truth by the present Chancellor of the Exchequer will do for our purpose, perhaps as well as any other. Mr. Gladstone says :—

'The whole experience of life, in small things and in great, what is it? It is an aggregate of real forces which are always acting upon us, and we reacting upon them. It is in the nature of things impossible that in their contact with our plastic and susceptible natures they should leave us as we were; and to deny the reality of their daily and continual influence, merely because we cannot register its results like changes of the barometer, from hour to hour, would be just as rational as to deny that the sea acts upon the beach, because the eye will not tell us to-morrow that it is altered from what it has been to-day. If we fail to measure the results that are thus hourly wrought on rock and sand, it is not because those results are unreal, but because our vision is too limited in its power to discern them. When, instead of comparing day with day, we compare century with century, then we find that land has become sea, and sea has become land; even so, we can perceive, at least in our neighbours—towards whom the eye is more impartial and discerning than towards ourselves, that, under the steady pressure of the experience of life, human characters are continually being determined for good or for evil, are developed, confirmed, modified, altered, or undermined. It is the office of good sense, no less than of faith, to realize this great truth before we see it, and to live under the conviction that our life from day to day is a true, powerful, and searching discipline, moulding us and making us, whether it be for evil or for good. Nor are these real effects wrought by unreal instruments. Life and the world, their interests, their careers, the varied gifts of our nature, the traditions of our forefathers, the treasures of laws, institutions, usages, of languages, of literature and of art, all the beauty, glory, and delight with which the Almighty Father has clothed the world for the use and profit of his children, and which evil, though it has defaced, has not been able utterly to destroy—all these are not merely allowable, but ordained and appointed instruments for the training of mankind; instruments true and efficient in themselves, though, without doubt, auxiliary and subordinate to that highest instrument of all which God has prepared to be the means of our recovery and final weal, by the revelation of himself.'

In Professor Newman we have a politician, ranking decidedly on the liberal side, but remarkably denouncing 'The cardinal heresy of the liberal party in both continents;—'The heresy which, in proportion as it triumphs, demoralizes nations, and makes them vacillate between anarchy and despotism;—the heresy, that 'in the State it is an erring obtrusiveness to legislate for the morality of the nation; and that all zeal for morality should be yielded up to individuals, or to voluntary societies.'

'Does any one,' he asks, 'seriously believe that the State can do little, or rather does not at present do much, for moral interests? What if it were to sanction polygamy? Must we go to the Mormons, or to the universally decaying Moham-

* 'The Poetry of Science,' by Robert Hunt. Chap. VIII.

† 'The Conduct of Life,' by R. W. Emerson. IV.

median powers, to ask the probable consequences? If it threw open the trade of gambling, betting-houses, and lotteries, have the churches so much spare energy, kept in reserve, that they could counteract the demoralizing influences which are now pent up? Indecent and corrupting exhibitions or gatherings, which evade the existing law, are at present believed to perpetrate much moral mischief in our great towns. And if you duly consider how willing a fraction of mankind is to enrich itself by acting the tempter and promoting vice, can any of you doubt how grave an addition to our existing vice would be caused, if every vile man were allowed by law to thrust upon our children such sights and sounds as more mature years know to poison the fountains of youthful peace, innocence, and love? In the year 1830, grave statesmen and economists talked learnedly on the efficacy of free trade in beer to promote sobriety. Free beer-houses were established by the consent of both sides of Parliament; but in four years' time a select committee of the Commons, likewise composed of both sides of the House, judicially pronounced that a flood of vice had been set loose by the measure. Several select committees of both Houses have since declared themselves on the subject, always confirming this fact; yet it pleases the larger part of the press of England to shut its eyes, and pretend that the State can do nothing for morality. If time allowed, it would not be difficult to show, in numberless ways, how the action of public law is either a depraving or an improving influence. That we often are not aware of this, is a result, and in part a means, of its very efficacy. As a child has all its habits determined for it by the rules of the family, and moves in leading-strings unawares, so is it largely with the nation that has once become accustomed to the regulations of State. Habit is the great regulator of conduct and hereby of morality. The atmosphere which we are ever breathing, without observing it, is the main source of health or of sickness.

'Habit,' he says again, 'is the ever-plodding tortoise which wins the race while the hare is asleep. Oh, how great the misery to a struggling human soul to have been reared in profligacy and recklessness of right! Where the public institutions favour vice and crime, and almost enforce it, how many of us will remain untainted? To touch pitch, and not be defiled; to walk through fire, and not be burned; to live in the midst of everything immoral, and maintain a conscience void of offence; to be subject to an unscrupulous and exacting superior, and behave to him with modesty and dutiful boldness, performing all his rightful commands, and refusing his unrightful,—is a task rather for an angel than for a man. Now let me ask: If we are truly religious men—I care not under what name,—if those whom I address are a religious church, what greater calamity from without could befall you as a religious body, in its religious hopes and aims, than if some evil demon could suddenly turn the civil institutions of our England into those of Nero's Rome? Oh, what a thing it is for our own moral and religious life to have no slavery among us! What a thing to have fixed law and fair juries, a police which cannot plunder and torture, magistrates who cannot arrest without cause, judges who cannot be terrified by power, soldiers who are restrained by civil law, and a law which is enforced equally upon all ranks! What a thing it is that impurity dares not to obtrude itself in full glare, usurping art, invading literature, penetrating into public religion, and dislocating family relations! Is it a fond fancy of Englishmen that it is characteristic of their nation to love fair play, to esteem truthfulness, to abhor hypocrites and slanders, to uphold the rights of the weak, to disapprove all cruel extremes of punishment, all mere vindictiveness, all making of oneself judge in one's own cause? If in any of these things our boasts are justified, we owe these good qualities to the laws of the land. Let us not deceive ourselves. The best foundations of our moral character come to us as a gift from our predecessors, who have elaborated our civil institutions. Very imperfect we are; but the majority of us would be far worse if the laws of England were worse; and if we desire a purer and nobler morality to be wider spread and more permanent, we must desire and seek the removal of all those public regulations and customs which are experienced to be corrupting; we must aid every movement towards a purer condition of the whole social state.'

In endeavouring, then, to ameliorate the condition of the country, let the two sides—the light and the dark—the obvious and

148 *The Etiology of Drunkenness, and its Relation to the State.*

and the obscure—the remedial action that tells of itself vocally and consciously, and the remedial action that *tells* silently but most potently—be fairly and fully taken into the account. Let us fortify the rising character of the nation, not only on the conscious, but also on the unconscious side. In monitions and precepts, in maxims of mouth, pen, and example, let us abound; but let us also not fail to set up those remedial institutions and laws, which constantly act as trees grow, whether we watch and observe them, or whether we sleep.

‘Some,’ says Mr. Sergeant Chambers, ‘would contend for the omnipotence of authoritative enactment to accomplish a social revolution, and would seek to effect it by the employment of such machinery exclusively. Others are for relying entirely on moral means of improvement and voluntary agencies, holding that Acts of Parliament are quite inefficient in relation to such matters. Experience, I think, teaches us the wisdom of employing both classes of agency; and invites us to invoke, on the side of social improvement, both the influence of opinion and the force of law, the freedom and energy of personal and spontaneous effort, and the authority of well-considered legal provisions.’*

ART. IV.—*Proceedings of the Social Science Congress held at Dublin. 1861.—Art. Abstract of Paper on ‘The Etiology of Drunkenness and its Relations to the State.’* By Doctor F. R. Lees.

NO topic of inquiry which happens to be opposed to the prejudices, the customs, the propensities, and the interests of classes, or of men in general, can at first be discussed in a philosophical spirit. The conclusions to which we are invited may demand a patriotic abnegation of interest or of appetite, or an illustration of Christian self-denial and obligation, exceedingly costly or unpleasant. Classes of ‘respectable persons’ in England who were once engaged in the slave trade, like Christian moralists, legislators, and preachers in the Southern American States now, were never very willing to enter upon an impartial consideration of the institution of slavery. On the contrary, history, ethnology, and Scripture have been all perverted in its defence. So, in regard to the subject of ‘Drinking,’ we could hardly expect the London or Burton brewers, however philanthropical and patriotic their professions, or a Chancellor of the Exchequer, however distinguished his moral character, to accept without demur the demonstration of the temperance societies. There would naturally rise up between the premisses and the conclusions put before them, the potent question from the one, ‘What

* ‘The Social Condition of the People, as Affecting, and as Affected by the Law.’ By Thomas Chambers, Common Sergeant of London. ‘Transactions of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science,’ 1859.

will

will become of my trade?' from the other, 'What will become of the revenue?' We deceive ourselves, however, if we suppose that such influences are peculiar to certain positions; the general love of liquor, as a 'means of enjoyment,' and the varied associations of pleasure and hospitality interwoven with the use of strong drinks, have presented obstacles quite as powerful to the due consideration of the question before us. It had been shown by abundant statistics gathered from the experience of temperance benefit clubs and life-assurance societies at home, compared with the best offices and clubs admitting moderate drinkers; from the returns of the army of the German Confederation as from our own Indian army; from experience in the United States, in the Crimea, in tropical regions, and even within the arctic circle, that the relative sickness and mortality of the three classes of abstainers, of careful drinkers, and of free drinkers, were as 1, 2, and 4. In vain, however, was this practical demonstration urged upon the 'educated classes;' they, like Mr. Gladstone, fell back upon the prescriptive authority of medical men, who told them that strong drinks were both nourishing and stimulating food. When the great names of Liebig, Lehmann, and Moleschott were quoted against this dogma—all distinctly repudiating the notion that alcohol could take any part in the composition of the human body—all admitting that it was a substance having a peculiar morbid action upon the nervous system and brain,—the faculty and the press fell back upon the unproved supposition that alcohol, if not plastic nutriment, was at least fuel to the body, which it warmed by becoming oxydized in the blood. Our translators, in the famous passage in Psalm lxxix. 21, 'They gave me also *poison* for my meat,' have used 'poison' and 'food' as opposites; but in England the paradox was exhibited by some writers, of combining in their definition of diet the most incompatible notions, and actually ranking 'alcohol, tobacco, and opium' together, under the category of 'medicinal or auxiliary food'! In consequence of the experiments of the French professors (Lallemand and Perrin) published in October 1860, who demonstrate that alcohol behaves in nearly all respects like chloroform in the body, and that it is eliminated from the system, unchanged, so long as thirty-two hours after being taken in a moderate dose; and of the scarcely less celebrated experiments of Dr. Edward Smith, read before the Social Science Congress at Glasgow, the claim of alcohol as food is now pretty well abandoned amongst the intelligent members of the medical profession. Even Dr. T. K. Chambers, in a late number of the 'Medico-Chirurgical Review,' has relinquished his old appellation of 'extra diet' applied to this drug. 'The evidence, so far as it has yet gone,' says he, 'shows the action of alcohol upon life to be consistent and uniform in all its

its phases, and to be always exhibited as an arrest of vitality.' After a controversy of twenty years, this, the latest conclusion of physiological science, seems a very fair starting-point for an unprejudiced investigation into the true causes and efficient remedies of our national drunkenness.

The reason of the failure of so many and such varied attempts to eradicate, or even materially abate, this vice is, of course, the want of adaptedness to the real causation of the evil. The *fons malorum* has been designated as the will of man, instead of as the physical properties of the drink. Morally, socially, and legislatively, the world has gone upon the principle of preventing the harvest while sowing the seed. Not only has the true physical cause of the vice been ignored, and numerous false causes set up, the delusion has gone so far as to assume, practically, that the positive effect (drunkenness) was owing to a mere negation—the absence of this, that, or the other condition! Now, we may affirm, that no domestic, social, or individual conditions can be imagined (save one) which history and observation do not amply prove to have existed in conjunction with the prevalence of intemperance, both in ancient and modern times. The solution of this problem is to be found neither in race, nor climate, nor religion, nor political liberty, nor schools, nor barbarism, nor civilization. The African savage and the Red Indian, equally with the refined Greek and the dreamy Hindoo, have in turn been addicted to this vice; and yet, in the present day, there are in African forests, as in the prairies of America, whole tribes of men who practise abstinence. The Shemitic and Japhetic races, in common with the children of Ham—Celt and Saxon, Scandinavian and Sclavonian, Tartar and Turk, have all in turn illustrated the truth that 'wine is a mocker, and strong drink is raging.' Wherever seductive alcohol has been consumed, under whatever name it has been known, from whatever product it has been manufactured: whether drunk by the Norwegian amidst his mists and mountains, or by the Tatar in his vast steppes, or by the Persian in his pavilion, or by the Red Indian in his interminable prairies, or by the tropical negro in his sylvan home, it has engendered the same tyrannous lust, and the same social disasters. The people may live in a mild climate, like the paradise of Persia, or sunny Greece, or beautiful Palestine, or spicy Araby, and yet be grossly intemperate, as Greeks, and Jews, and Persians, and Arabians once were. They may be ignorant or cultured, civilized or savage, Chaldean or Copt, Scandinavian or Greek, Persian, Finn, Lap, or Negro, and yet be intemperate. They may dwell in cold countries like the Swedes, or in warm ones like the Cyprians, and yet be intemperate. They may be educated and Christianized like the Protestant agriculturists in Scotland, and the citizens of
Edinburgh

Edinburgh and Glasgow ; or neglected in their minds, their persons, employments, and houses, like the Catholic peasantry of Munster, and yet be intemperate, though not so intemperate as the better cared for, but more tempted inhabitants of Ulster. They may have high wages like British artisans, and reside, like the Angermannlanders, in neat houses of their own, and yet be intemperate. They may be well cared for as serfs, like the Russian peasantry, or free like the Rhenish, or have national education like the democratic Americans, and yet be intemperate. They may have free trade or license, cheap drink or dear, and yet be intemperate. They may be African pagans, or Jewish monotheists, or Armenian, American, or European Christians, and yet be intemperate. They may have austere sabbaths like the Scotch, or merry ones, like the Irish, or recreations, parks, or amusements, like the Stockholmers, the Ganters, and the Parisians, and yet be intemperate. They may drink unadulterated drinks like the men of Scripture who so greatly 'transgressed by reason of wine,' both priest and prophet, princes and people ; or cider, like the peasantry of Somerset and Wilts ; or lager beer, like the German craftsman ; or ale, porter, and ardent spirits, like the people of England, and yet be intemperate. These, or some of these conditions, may modify or intensify the evil ; may tend to check or to promote it, may aggravate the intemperance, or conserve the sobriety, which exists (and ought, therefore, never to be overlooked) ; but the true actual cause or cure they certainly are not. It may be well also to remember that the history of such men as Addison, Johnson, Hartley Coleridge, Pitt, Porson, and Talfourd, show that the vice of drinking does not originate in the absence of high moral qualities, but from the presence of a material agent, and the operation of a physical law, tending imperiously to a given result. The only proximate universal cause of drunkenness is the use of intoxicating drinks, which, as pathological or morbid agents, produce their necessary effects. The law of their operation may be thus stated : 'The habitual use tends to generate an appetite for their increased use, in time and measure.' The celebrated Scottish philosopher, Dr. Thomas Reid, has well expressed the peculiarities of this case. 'Besides the appetites which Nature hath given us for useful and necessary purposes, we may create appetites which Nature never gave. The frequent use of things which stimulate the nervous system, produces a languor when their effect is gone off, and a desire to repeat them. By this means a desire of a certain object is created, accompanied by an uneasy sensation. Both are removed for a time by the object desired ; but they return after a certain interval. Such are the appetites which some men acquire for the use of tobacco, for opiates,

opiates, and for intoxicating drinks.* Mr. G. H. Lewes has stated the law of alcoholic action in even a stronger form: 'Moderation oils the hinges of the gate leading to excess. Nobody doubts the danger. Terrible is the power of this tricky spirit.'† Now, it follows from this principle, that the general causes of drunkenness must be those which originate the general use of which drunkenness is the incidence; and these discovered, the adequate remedy will at once appear.

The first cause of drinking is the belief in the excellence of strong drinks—the opinion that they are good, and will bring good. It is the business of the educator in general—the first duty of the temperance teachers in particular—to disabuse the public mind of this prejudice, by the diffusion of sound knowledge upon the subject; a mission which, it must be acknowledged, they have attempted to fulfil with a courage, zeal, and perseverance almost beyond precedent.

But man is not merely moved by conviction and opinion; on the contrary, he often acts in opposition to the clearest reason, and to his own confession of what is prudent and right. Social impulses govern him, above all. He is an imitative animal, and imitation hardens into habit. Moreover, if a man, for reputation's sake, will face the cannon's mouth, he will, for the same reason, do things that run counter to his own abstract opinion. Our love of praise, and dislike of blame, far more than conscience, make cowards of us all. While men confess that drinking is 'a custom more honoured in the breach than the observance,' they yet practically sanction it; nay, even personal abstainers will sometimes load their tables with 'choice wines.' This is the great private temptation to drinking, which, as acquiring its power from an unconscious social confederacy, can be best combated by the conspiracy of intelligence and independence, as exhibited in a new associated example. Against the tyranny of convention the greatest thinkers, from Bacon to Mill, have urgently protested, as 'a standing hindrance to human improvement.' Lord Bacon has said that 'there is no trusting to the force of nature, nor to the bravery of words, except it be corroborate by custom. Custom, copulate and collegiate, is far greater. The great multiplication of virtues upon human nature resteth upon societies well ordained.' This, we think, is an ample vindication of the philosophy of temperance organizations, whereby a new fashion has gathered up and directed the force of 'opinion' to the weakening of the old and evil customs, and the liberation of many from the thralldom of conventional usage.

* 'On the Active Powers. Of Appetites.' 1788.

† 'Westminster Review,' July, 1855.

The freedom of the individual has by this means been so extensively and practically asserted, that in all ranks of life the abstainer is now not only tolerated but respected.

At the point where the special function of the temperance reformer ends, the work of the citizen begins. False notions and fashionable customs cause men to drink; and drinking, as we have seen, creates a love of the liquor and its associations, whence flows that perpetual stream of drunkenness which every good man must deplore. Ignorance and usage having done their worst, and originated the national craving for drink, matters are aggravated by empirical legislation. Above four hundred and fifty Acts of Parliament, in less than so many years, are passed, with a view to limit the outflow by feeding the fountain—to stop the result by licensing the cause!—to lessen the appetite by increasing the facilities for its gratification! John Bull, originally drunk upon unhopt beer and French wines, at last took the Dutch fever, and suffered severely from holland and gin. Under a system of free license our countrymen could be drunk for a penny, and dead drunk for twopence. It was at this juncture that an Archbishop of Canterbury declared the whole system to be ‘founded upon the indulgence of debauchery, the encouragement of crime, and the destruction of the human race.’ Higher duties and licenses checked the *gin-fluenza*, and encouragement was given to malting, brewing, and beer. With a view to counteract the great evil, a lesser one was fostered and extended. In sixty years the consequence was seen in the enormous increase of beer-drinking first, and gin-drinking second. The national appetite ‘enlarged its desire like the grave, and could not be satisfied.’ (Hab. ii. 5.) Eighty thousand public-houses, selling beer, wine, and spirits throughout the country, were declared by Parliament and the Commissioners of Police to be the great sources of pauperism, profligacy, and crime. Government, by way of remedy, tardily passed the Beer Bill, which simply added, under relaxed oversight, forty thousand poor men’s public-houses to the temptations which so frightfully abounded before. The mistake was speedily discovered, but has not yet been rectified; and so corrupting has been the effect on the public mind, that this fallacious remedy now looms so large and black on the eyes of magistrates and statesmen, that they cannot even see the great and original evil for which it was to have been the cure! It has however, wisely regarded, done its work of teaching. It has evinced the folly of supposing that multiplying the temptations to the use of the weaker intoxicant will do anything but generate, in still wider classes, the appetite for the stronger; and it has, by anticipation, taught us the delusion of resting the slightest hope upon this most extraordinary expedient for diminishing drunkenness, revived in

the shape of thirty thousand prospective wine-houses additional to the beer and spirit shops already extant. Physiology unites with all history and statistics in demonstrating this truth—that the extension of facilities for getting drink, where it is at all consumed, is equivalent to the extension of drunkenness and crime. Cheap drink creates drunkenness equally with the multiplication of temptations—in fact, *is* a temptation. The criminal tables for Ireland show, that under the operation of higher duties on spirits, there has been a steady, and latterly a rapid, decrease in crime. In 1851 no less than 118 persons were committed for murder; in 1860, only 37. Had there been no whisky shops there would not probably have been seven such cases.

It may be stated in this connection, that the amount of crime committed in beer-shops is not more than one-fourth that perpetrated in the old public-houses; we can, therefore, neither see the justice nor the policy of invidiously selecting merely one branch of the traffic for extinction. Since the difference is only one of degree in demerit, why specially reprobate that which is the youngest and the least source of public evil? We apprehend that the logical issue of this question is ‘Free trade or no trade?’ If the results of the traffic in inebriating liquor are beneficial, then the freer the trade the greater the blessing. But, the publicans themselves being witness, the extent of this business does not measure the prosperity, but the pauperism, the lunacy, the disease, and the crime of any district. A flourishing public-house is synchronous with a well-tenanted poorhouse, a busy hospital, a full asylum, and a crowded gaol. As Lord Brougham has so well said: ‘Trade is honest, it is innocent, it is useful, it is humanizing, and it is universally beneficial; whereas the slave traffic was in every respect the reverse.’ But is the drink traffic less so? Is it not, as facts testify, an organized, cruel, and seductive system of ruin and temptation? Is it not the friend of every evil, the foe of all that is ‘honest, lovely, and of good report’? Let the people themselves judge in this matter. Wherever the canvass has been made, in town or country, amongst those numerous classes most ensnared by the traffic, it has been found that their voice is as twenty to one for its suppression. Could such a vote be obtained for closing any other business?—save, perhaps, the pawn-shop, which is an offshoot of the traffic. Good and great men, like Bishop Berkeley and the renowned John Wesley, have long condemned the trade in drink upon moral grounds. The latter, in his famous sermon, ‘On the Use of Money,’ has the following sound argument: ‘Neither may we gain by hurting our neighbour in his body. Therefore, we may not sell anything which tends to impair health. Such is eminently all that liquid fire, commonly called drams, or spirituous liquors. It is true, these

these may have a place in medicine; they may be of use in some bodily disorders. Therefore, such as prepare and sell them only for this end, may keep their conscience clear. But who are they? Who prepare them only for this end? Then excuse these; but all who sell them in the common way, to any that will buy, are **POISONERS GENERAL.**' (Vol. ii. p. 121.)

It was with pleasure we read that Mr. Gladstone 'regards with the greatest dissatisfaction' the receipt of 866,000*l.* from imported corn; for indeed, as he observed, 'Every pound received from corn over and above the regular duty upon that amount of grain which is necessary to supply the average wants of the country, tells a melancholy tale in the first instance of the deficient yield of our own soil; and, in the second place, it tells of 2*l.* or 3*l.* withdrawn or withheld from the revenue in the shape of a narrowed consumption of the comforts and luxuries of the people.' It may not be amiss to remind the present Chancellor, as Mr. O'Connell did a former one, that when in Ireland the revenue from spirits sank nearly half a million, the total revenue, instead of a deficit, exhibited an increase of more than 90,000*l.* It cannot be fitting that the State should license an immoral, dehumanizing trade like this, and become, in effect, the agent and distributor of that which interferes with its own function as protector, as well as with the civilization of the age. To license the facilities for crime and the excitors of it, is to become accessory to crime itself. The State reposes upon the knowledge and self-control of its subjects; and to open houses for the sale of that 'brain poison' whose special function is to provoke misrule, to destroy self-government, and to becloud the intelligence, is a kind of social suicide. To do this on the plea of revenue, is to kill the goose which lays the golden eggs—to shorten the lives and diminish the number of the subjects who pay taxes—and at the same time to increase immensely the burdens, the difficulties, and the dangers which render taxes needful or justifiable. Moreover, the license system is an anomaly in legislation. It is based on no principle, and is vindicated by no success. From first to last it is a history of patchwork and of failure. 'The present law,' says Sir James Kay Shuttleworth, as foreman of the Liverpool Grand Jury, in their presentment to the judge, August, 1859, 'neither effectually promotes wholesome restraint, nor is it consistent with an unfettered trade.' Publicans and the public alike detest it; it is sustained by no public opinion or intelligence; and is held together only by the profits of some influential brewers in Parliament, and by a blind prejudice in the house.

The maleficent relations of the liquor traffic to the great interests of the State no one is rash enough to deny. Whether viewed in the light of morals, or of political economy, or of social

order, this matter demands serious attention and prompt settlement. In the words of the grand jury from whom we have already cited, 'no graver question of domestic legislation awaits the action of the Executive Government.'

To enumerate only a few of the evils of the drink traffic—

In destroying many millions of quarters of grain, it enhances the market price of food.

In forcing us to seek abroad a supply of breadstuffs, necessitated by the destruction of grain at home, it occasions the exportation of gold and the needless loss of labour and value in the transit.

It absorbs, in destructive consumption, above twenty millions of the wages of the labourer, as well as induces much loss of time, and thus diminishes the floating capital and the wage-fund of the country.

In doing this directly, it creates seven-tenths of our pauperism, two-thirds of our lunacy, one-half of our disease and premature death, and in total cost and consequences entails a yearly loss of not less than 120,000,000 of pounds sterling upon the inhabitants of the United Kingdom.

If we are agreed, then, as to the magnitude of the evil of intemperance, as to its connection (to the extent of at least three-fourths of the whole) with the traffic, and as to the principle on which we may proceed to deal with it, the last question relates to the method of action. An influential writer, Mr. Isaac Taylor, says :—

'Drunkenness is first to be thought of as a grievous violation of public order; it is the immediate, and the most frequent source of crimes of violence; it is the cause of the domestic miseries, and of the diseases, and of the destitution which afflict, and which so heavily press upon certain classes of the community, and which throw a fiscal burden upon all. On these grounds, therefore, the community, the public mind, the public force, needs be restrained by no scruples in dealing, vigorously, and as best it may, with a vice by which so many of the guiltless are injured.*'

But the community must act, either directly by its voice, in districts, or representatively, by the law of Parliament, operating nationally. Both modes of action have their advantages and disadvantages, and the choice will partly depend upon the nature of the subject, and partly upon the character of the people. In regard to the liquor traffic, we prefer on all accounts the plan which would leave the decision of this question (as at present is done imperfectly) with the district. The only alteration proposed is in the extent of the constituency. Instead of a few magistrates being permitted to decide whether this or that house should be licensed in any neighbourhood, we would have the absolute power of veto extended to the neighbours themselves, who must best know whether any such business is required amongst them for

* * *Ultimate Civilization*, p. 338.

their convenience, and, knowing, will decide, free from interest, association, error, and prejudice. Such a power, the exercise of which is to be dependent upon a vote of a majority of not less than two-thirds, cannot possibly be exercised prematurely, and must necessarily be the sequel to a long course of discussion, registering the self-denial, the virtue, and the intelligence of the community. Imperial laws on this subject might be premature at the present time, and give rise to neglect, evasion, and other evils, in many districts; but the principle that allowed the introduction of prohibition into districts, would certainly grow until the whole country became unanimous. Since it would not anywhere precede public opinion, it would quietly and naturally extend, until an imperial law would simply index the census of facts.

This plan has another decided advantage: it will not postpone the proper fruits of a ripened intelligence existing in one district, to the distant day when the passiveness, interest, or ignorance of a great part of the nation collectively shall be overcome. It will enable the social reformer to reap as he goes on, thus cherishing his own faith in progress, and stimulating other districts to action in the same direction as his own. For example, there are 104 parishes in Scotland now, containing a population of 80,117, without a liquor license of any kind: would it not be a palpable evil to inflict such a thing upon them by an Imperial enactment? If so, it must be equally wrong to prevent parishes getting rid of these curses, when they desire it, on the ground that some other parish is not yet ready. That such a power is felt to be necessary and just, has been very recently made evident by a complete canvass of the town of Plymouth, from whence proceeded a petition to Parliament, asking for the power to deal with the traffic, signed by above eleven thousand persons. Written returns from the adult inhabitants were obtained, in reply to the question, 'Are you for the Permissive Bill to prohibit the liquor traffic,' to the following purport:—

For the Bill	17,136
Against it	840

In April last, thirty thousand of the citizens of Glasgow petitioned Parliament for the introduction of the permissive veto into the clauses of the Scottish Public House Act.

Mr. J. S. Mill has said 'that the only purpose for which power can be rightfully exercised over any member of a civilized community, against his will, is to prevent harm to others.' In a permissive measure for dealing with the traffic, in which each member of the community is allowed to express his own will, the people of this country have discovered the surest guarantee of good government, and the most effectual plan for preventing social injury.

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The words of Mr. Justice Crampton, on retiring from the judicial bench in Ireland, may be here appropriately cited :—

‘ Modern legislation has introduced a system of law which is of a most valuable kind, I mean, the system of permissive enactment. This kind of statute at once encourages self-government, and respects the principle of personal liberty. I hail this principle as a valuable one, and I would apply it to a measure not yet before Parliament, though for some time before the public. A Permissive Bill, it has been termed, and one which, I hope, may become part of the law of the land.’

To conclude this rapid summary of facts and principles. The LIQUOR TRAFFIC stands before the country as a huge criminal, condemned by almost universal consent. It needs but men bold enough to become its assailants in Parliament—to seize and portray it as it is—flushed with crime, living upon the lifeblood of innocence, clothed in the garments of murder, blatant with blasphemy, and reeking with pollution—to expose it as, fifty years ago, Wilberforce and Brougham exposed the horrors of the slave trade—and the chartered criminal will be adjudged before the nation. That the legislators remit it for execution to the people, is the people’s prayer: to their ‘tender mercies’ it may be justly and safely consigned.

ART. V.—1. *Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Arrangements in the Inns of Court, &c.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament, 1855.

2. Dugdale’s *Origines Judiciales*.

3. *Parliamentary Debates*; Session, 1862.

4. *A Bill to regulate the Government of the Inns of Court* introduced into the House of Commons by Sir George Bowyer.

5. *Address of Lord Brougham to the Social Science Association*, delivered in Exeter Hall, June 5th, 1862. „

A POPULAR and successful advocate enjoys a reputation hardly less extended than a popular statesman. The interest exhibited by the British people in the proceedings of their courts of law is universal and unceasing. Every newspaper finds it necessary to devote a considerable space to accurate, and in many cases exhaustive, reports of daily trials and judicial investigations, and those portions of the inconvenient and ill-ventilated buildings we dignify by the name of courts, which are dedicated to the curious public, are always filled with a numerous and critical auditory. Even at Westminster Hall, where the judges sitting *in banco* are occupied exclusively with the discussion and decision of dry points of law, the back benches are filled with spectators and listeners, who are evidently drawn thither by no other motive than curiosity. The barrister receives his share of public attention as part of the costly and imposing machinery

machinery of justice, and any one whose practice carries him out of the general ranks, is as well known, by name at least, as any public man can be.

Recent events have, however, drawn more than ordinary attention to the position of an English barrister. While the public were almost anticipating the promotion of one eminent counsel, and his career was pointed at as an example of the impossibility of a minister's resistance of the advancement of a popular favourite, everybody was startled by the announcement that a great bubble had burst; a metropolitan borough had lost its representative; a recordership was vacant; and a familiar voice was no longer to be heard at Westminster or Guildhall. After an interval, during which rumours gathered force and consistency, it became evident that some strong measures must be adopted, or the English bar would be in danger of losing its character as a profession of honourable gentlemen, and at last the public were informed that Mr. Edwin James, Q.C. had been dishonoured, and had departed to repair his shattered fortunes in the United States. At the same time another gentleman who had obtained rank in his profession, and who held a seat in the House of Commons, was subjected to reproof and animadversion by the Benchers of the Inn to which he belongs, and appealed to the public, through the press, against the constitution as well as the decision of the tribunal which had judged him. With the personal questions involved in these circumstances we have nothing in this place to do: we have certainly read, with mingled amazement and admiration at its effrontery and plausibility, the address of Mr. James when called on to sustain his admission to the New York bar by the Law Society of that city; and we hear with interest that a lady of independent means took the opportunity afforded by his misfortunes to assure him, 'for the first time, that her heart had long been his;' we acknowledge the force of some of the observations made by Mr. Digby Seymour, on the course pursued by the Benchers of the Middle Temple towards himself; but we abstain from any expression of opinion as to the propriety or impropriety of the individual conduct of either. The character and position of the English bar is a matter of the highest public importance, and we propose, for the information of our readers, to examine briefly the regulations and authority which are intended to secure that character and position.

The bar of England (we do not write of that of Scotland or of Ireland, simply because our acquaintance with them is not equally accurate) may be said to constitute a private society. Enjoying, as its members do, the great privileges of exclusive audience in our superior courts of law, and of free audience in all, they form a mysterious brotherhood, with the terms of admission

to

to which the public generally are little acquainted, still less are those outside the profession familiar with the rules, which, maintained among themselves, govern and control the professional conduct and practice of barristers. A sort of general notion exists, that on the payment of certain fees, and consumption of a certain number of dinners, any one may become entitled to the style and privilege of barrister-at-law, without any security being taken for his legal or general qualification. Until 1854, there was some foundation for this notion, and the only guarantees which the litigant had, that the counsel retained in his cause would be competent, was found in the rule which forbade the barrister to receive his instructions except through the intervention of an attorney;—himself competent to judge of the qualifications of the counsel he might select. And in the main this was sufficient; the *title* of barrister might be obtained, but no *practice* followed unless upon evidence of competency afforded to those skilled for themselves in the knowledge and practice of the law. But this is far from being the state of the case now.

The four Inns of Court, of which more presently, possess the exclusive right of calling students of law to the degree of barrister. Acting in friendly conjunction, they framed regulations in 1854, the object of which was to secure that every student so called should have at least some acquaintance with the fundamental principles of his profession.

A young man desirous of becoming a barrister, must, under these regulations, apply to be admitted a member of one of the Inns of Court for the purpose of keeping terms. Having procured the introduction of some member of the profession, he may enter his name, paying about 40*l.* in fees, and depositing also 100*l.*, which sum, if he die or withdraw before his call to the bar, will be repaid without interest, and, if called, will more than pay the fees of his admission. Should he be a member of the universities of Oxford, Cambridge, Dublin, or London, he is excused from the deposit of the sum, and a shorter period in each term is required of him for attendance. Ordinarily each student must keep twelve terms, term being the legal name for the periods, four in each year, fixed and determined, during which the judges of the superior courts of common law sit together in Westminster Hall, for solemn discussion and decision of points of law in their respective courts. The 'keeping terms' consists in dining for at least six days (in the case of university students three days) in each term, in the Hall of the Inn; the object of such regulation obviously being to bring the student into intercourse with others following the same pursuit, and to afford evidence of his presence where opportunity, at least, is afforded of acquiring knowledge. During three years thus compulsorily devoted to studentship
strict

strict prohibition is enforced of any practice in any branch of law, and the member of the Inn is supposed to be engaged in no other pursuit. At the termination of the twelve terms, the student may be called to the bar by the benchers of his Inn, provided he either pass an examination by the council of legal education, or produce certificates that for one year at least of his studentship he has been in constant attendance on the lectures of two of the readers appointed by that council. The examinations, which are both *vivâ voce* and by written papers, extend over three days, and comprise Constitutional History, Equity, The Law of Real Property, Common Law, and Civil or Roman Law. Three examinations are held in the year, at each of which studentships of 50*l.* per annum, tenable for three years, are appropriated to the most successful students, and honours are gained by the three students next in point of acquirement, which entitle them to claim from the benchers of their Inn a remission of two terms from the period of their studentship. There is a growing inclination on the part of the various Inns to make this examination compulsory on all students, and it would doubtless be advantageous; but under the existing system it must be evident that the instances in which absolute incompetence can succeed in thrusting itself into the profession of the bar are extremely rare.

Of the Inns of Court, and of the powers and privileges which they exercise, the history is somewhat obscure. The localization of the law students which enabled its professors to bring the study of jurisprudence to the importance it assumed under Edward I., was no doubt due to the fixing of the Court of Common Pleas permanently at Westminster. The purchase of houses midway between London and Westminster was obviously convenient, enabling the students to procure provisions from the former, and to gain ready access to the latter for the purpose of study and practice. In the time of Fortescue there appear to have been as now four Inns of Court, Lincoln's Inn, Inner and Middle Temples, and Gray's Inn, and ten Inns of Chancery. The latter have long ceased to be of any other importance than as localities in which convenient chambers may be found, but the names of eight of them are still commonly known. Two—Furnival's Inn and Thavies' Inn—are connected with Lincoln's Inn; four—Clifford's Inn, Clement's Inn, New Inn, and Lyon's Inn, are attached to the Temple; and two—Staples Inn and Bernard's Inn—form part of Gray's Inn. Of the four Inns of Court themselves the significance has long been lost; residence being the exception; but the admission of the student as a member of the Inn is still called admission to the House.

Lincoln's Inn was formerly the mansion of William de Haverhill, treasurer of Henry III., from whom it passed to the Bishops of Chichester. From them the students of law who had previously

viously occupied the house of Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, in Holborn, rented it, bringing with them the name of their old residence. The property of the society of Lincoln's Inn, which is now very considerable, appears to have been acquired by purchase of various members, and, unlike the case of the Temple, to have carried with its acquisition no trust for educational or other purposes. It was probably a quiet and retired spot when selected, well suited for study and contemplation; the principal difficulty with the students being the temptation presented to hunt rabbits in the garden of the Inn, necessitating, in the reign of Henry VII. and Henry VIII., enactments to restrain them in that diversion.

The records of the Temple were plundered and destroyed by Wat Tyler's mob; but the property seems to have been held by the society under the Earl of Lancaster, the Knights Hospitallers of St. John, and the crown successively, at a small rent of 10*l.* from 1315 (temp. Ed. II.) to the reign of James I.

Originally founded, as to its main portion, by the Knights Templars, in 1185, the new Temple was, after the dissolution of that order, granted to the Knights of St. John, by Edward III., and by them demised to 'certain professors of the common law that came from Thavies' Inn, in Holburne.' By the time of Henry VIII. we find the Temple divided into the two societies of the Inner and Middle Temples, and then holding their property from the crown. From James I. the societies accepted a charter, granting the property of the Inn, which, reciting that 'the Inns of the Inner and Middle Temples being, two out of those four colleges, the most famous of all Europe,' continues—'which said Inns, Messuages, &c., for ourselves, our heirs, and successors, we strictly command, shall serve for the entertainment and education of the students and professors of the laws aforesaid residing in the same Inns for ever.' From the acceptance of this charter, the benchers of the two societies consider an educational trust arises, which certainly there has never been any inclination to escape. In 1673 the rights of the crown were purchased by the societies.

Gray's Inn takes its name from Lord Gray de Wilton. According to Dugdale, the house was originally purchased from the Gray family by the prior and convent of Shene in Surrey, and until their dissolution demised by them to the students in law; afterwards by the crown. Although by no means so wealthy, this Inn stands in the same position as Lincoln's Inn as regards the acquisition of its property, its earliest muniments affording no trace of any grant or trust.

The course of training pursued in the Inns appears to have been eminently qualified to direct and develop the learning of the students. In addition to the careful study insisted upon in private, readings and mootings were publicly held in the halls of the societies,

societies, at which questions of importance, propounded and discussed, were solemnly decided by the superiors. In later times some of these readings were published, and afford some of our most valuable disquisitions on certain branches of the law. Such were Callis' Reading on the Statute of Sewers, and Lord Bacon's on the Statute of Uses.

The income and expenditure of the Inns of Court are, of course, considerable. In the Report, the title of which will be found at the head of the present article, full details may be seen of the finances of each society.

The following account may be taken as a sufficiently accurate average of the annual income of the four great Inns. It is for 1854. Probably, to be quite accurate, the income of the Middle Temple should be larger by about 1250*l.*, that being the average surplus expended on the maintenance of the Temple Church and the Library.

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE OF THE FOUR INNS OF COURT in the Year 1854.

Derived from	Inner Temple.	Middle Temple.	Lincoln's Inn.	Gray's Inn.
	£.	£.	£.	£.
Rents	15,227	5,628	9,942	3,635
Dividends	1,644
Sundries	44	20	1,652
Members' Payments	5,941	2,874	8,279	3,055
	21,168	10,190	18,241	8,342
Expenditure	15,945	10,190	14,345	8,717

We have no accounts before us of later date: these will serve, however, to show the extent of the various societies. Before that time, Lincoln's Inn had expended 40,000*l.* in the erection of a hall and library, and, besides, maintained gratuitously the Courts or Chancery. Since that date the Middle Temple has expended very large sums in the repairs of property, and in the erection of the new library recently opened by the Prince of Wales.

According to the Report before mentioned, the number of students admitted in the years 1849 to 1853 inclusive was as follows:—

Years.	Inner Temple.	Middle Temple.	Lincoln's Inn.	Gray's Inn.
1849	82	59	72	18
1850	91	54	79	15
1851	82	43	82	23
1852	59	39	74	23
1853	59	32	75	12

No later statistics than these have been published. We may, however, say, that for 1861 the number of students admitted in the various Inns would probably maintain about the proportion indicated in the above list.

The growth of the power which is now exercised exclusively by the benchers of the Inns of Court, of calling students to the bar, has been gradual. Originally, the members of the societies were divided into three classes—the benchers or superiors of the house; the utter barristers, or those called to take part in the mootings we have alluded to; and inner barristers or students. Even the degree of utter barrister, however, conferred no authority to plead in court; but the advocates who appear to have been called to that position by the crown itself were always selected from that class. Serjeants (*servientes ad legem*) appear for some time to have been the only advocates. The word apprentices, which occasionally is found in the old Reports, was doubtless, as Dugdale suggests, synonymous with serjeant. In Plowden's Reports, vol. i., p. 213, the great case of the Duchy of Lancaster is stated to have been argued by Carrol, apprentice, and Plowden, apprentice, although certainly before this date (4 Eliz.) both had been made serjeants. The serjeant was created by writ from the crown, much as is the practice at the present day.

But by the latter end of Elizabeth's reign outer barristers appear to have been admitted to plead; for Stowe expressly speaks of them 'as enabled to be common counsellors, and to practise the law both in their chambers and at the barres;' but for a considerable period, the terms on which this was permitted were prescribed by the Privy Council. An Order of Council dated in Easter term, 1574, and bearing the signatures of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper, and other lords, directs that no student shall be called to the utter bar but by the ordinary council of the house in their general ordinary councils in term time, nor unless he has performed certain mootings; and it further declares that none are to be admitted to plead in Westminster, or to sign pleadings, unless a reader, bencher, or utter barrister of five years' standing, while none may plead before justices of assize unless they have been admitted at Westminster or allowed by justices of assize. This order, however, appears to have been the last interference of the Council.

During the reigns of James I. and Charles I. the judges and the benchers conjointly made orders which regulated calls to the bar; but since the Commonwealth the power has been tacitly relinquished to the benchers alone. It is still contended that they exercise this function as delegated to them by the judges; and hence the judges, who are called visitors of the Inns of Court, may be appealed to if a call to the bar be unjustly refused. If our
view

view of the earlier history of the bar be accurate, however, the judges themselves exercise only a delegated authority from the crown; and the council is as much a part of the machinery by which the crown administers that justice of which it is the fountain as the superior officers of the court. This is a dignified view of his profession which every barrister will do well to remember.

For some considerable period after the power of calling to the bar was exercised by the benchers alone, indeed, until 1672, the qualifications required in candidates were very various at the different Inns of Court; but from that date an endeavour has been made to preserve something like uniformity. In Coke's time the admission was much more strictly limited than in modern practice. A rule, dated 1 Jac. I., and signed by Coke, Bacon, and other illustrious names, provides that none shall be allowed to enter as students at the Inns of Court but such as are gentlemen by descent; and, although such a rule has long been obsolete, yet so late as 1829 the Inner Temple adopted a regulation subjecting all candidates for admission to the house to an examination as to their proficiency in classical attainments and the general subjects of a liberal education. The present course of proceeding we have already described.

It is, of course, of the utmost importance that a profession of so much responsibility, and which, at the same time, subjects its members to circumstances of so much and so varied temptation, should be composed of gentlemen of the highest honour and integrity; and it has not been without reason that small points of etiquette have, by traditional usage, become incorporated into a sort of professional code.

It is sometimes contended by the public that these restrictions and points of etiquette are foolish, and even injurious to the interests of the client. But this opinion is not held by those best acquainted with the profession; and now and again instances of startling significance occur showing the value of the strictest maintenance of rule. It is, for example, an understood practice that no counsel should receive instructions except through the intervention of an attorney: thus guarding against the danger which would arise to the counsel, as well as to the client, were the duty of the advocate to be regarded as any other than that of dealing, to the best of his ability, with the facts as laid before him, and before the court, entirely irrespective of any personal interest or conviction. A profession of *ex-parte* advocacy would be impossible, were the advocate to allow himself to form personal relations with his clients, or were he to be held responsible, in any way, for the accuracy of the evidence with which he has to deal. The only exception to this rule is in the case of a prisoner upon his trial, to whom is accorded the privilege of handing instructions for his defence from

from the dock to any counsel he may select, and who practises in the court. But those who are acquainted with the course of business in our criminal courts know well that, while of great value to a prisoner, nothing tends more to lower the character and dignity of the bar than this practice of dock-briefs, wherever it is allowed to escape from the strictest supervision. The ordinary rule itself appears to entail some hardship on a poor man, since it compels him, if he desire to secure the services of counsel, to incur the additional expense of employing an attorney. It may also be said that no serious mischiefs have arisen from the practice of attorney advocates in the county courts; but their practice is so occasional as to afford no precedent for those whose sole business is that of advocacy. Who, however, that has read the Reports, can doubt that the grievous scandals disclosed in the recent trial of *Kennedy v. Broun* and wife, at Stafford, arose from the disregard of a man of the highest genius—a scholar, a poet—of this wholesome rule of his profession? Had there been interposed an attorney between Mr. Kennedy and his client, Mrs. Swinfen, the great ability of the counsel would have met with its adequate reward, and a great professional disgrace would have been avoided.

We do not propose to discuss any of these points of etiquette. We desire only to point out that the public generally can be but indifferent judges of their importance and value to the profession; and it is to the public interest that an observance of them should be enforced by some authority, as well as securities taken for the honourable and high moral conduct of each member. It is the maintenance of these conjoint conditions we refer to under the title of the Discipline of the Bar.

That discipline is maintained primarily by the authority of the benchers of the Inns of Court, who, as we have seen, possessing the power to call to the bar, can, by disbarring any of the members of their society, unmake as they have made. The direct authority of the judges, irrespective of their implied control over the decisions of the benchers, as visitors, to which we have already referred, is confined to the conduct of counsel in court. Of course every judge is empowered to maintain order and to conduct the business of his own court, but he is bound to respect the rights and privileges of the bar.

But the great majority of barristers, of those at least practising in the common law courts, are subject to another authority—voluntary, but still of great influence. The barrister who selects as the field for his professional efforts a circuit—and those who do not are very few—becomes at the same time a member of the mess of the circuit. The members of the mess, upon the most democratic principles constitute a court, with elective officers, the authority of which over its own members, upon points both of etiquette

etiquette and of character, is absolute. Excepting so far as age and standing give influence, each member of the mess is of equal power, and the decisions of the court are the decisions of at least a numerical majority of its members. It needs hardly be said that the only means of enforcing its decrees possessed by such a court lies in a power of expulsion; but such is the force of association that the instances are rare in which those decrees are not implicitly respected, and an expulsion is a course seldom rendered necessary. Few instances have occurred in which professional success has been possible apart from complete association with the other members of the profession; but so long as the benchers do not proceed to disbar, no counsel can be excluded from a circuit, but only from the mess of the circuit—he may still enter as a free-lance into the professional arena; only men of transcendent ability, however, can overcome the damaging effect of coolness and alienation from their fellows. Such is, indeed, the position of one of the gentlemen whose name has been already mentioned in the course of this article. Whether rightly or wrongly, it is not our present purpose to inquire, but Mr. Seymour, subjected to the censure of the bench of his Inn, though not disbarred, has been excluded from the mess of his circuit, and we much doubt whether the exclusion is not felt as severely as would have been the actual disbarment.

We are certainly not of those who believe that the discipline of the bar should be relaxed; we would rather see its strictness increased. It may not be a very pleasant reflection for its members, but the fact is undeniable, that the bar has lost much of its high and honourable prestige, and we are unable to resist the conviction that this loss has not been altogether undeserved. The number of men who enter the profession, without hope or even intention of practice, but who look solely to place and patronage, has rapidly increased, and we are strongly of opinion that, so far from the creation of subordinate legal appointments being of advantage to the bar as a profession, it has been directly the reverse. A flood of place-hunters, comparatively ignorant of law, and careless of practice, has, through the channels of political influence, overwhelmed the claims of the hardworking and struggling men of merit; and although it would be both foolish and unjust to say that among these may not be found men of honour and morality, it would, on the other hand, be vain to expect from such a class any high appreciation of the true dignity and duty of the bar, or any veneration for its traditional usages.

But we are not surprised, when we reflect on the great interest the public has in such a matter, that a demand should be made for some change in the mode of administering the discipline. The benchers, with whom rest the decisions involving the professional existence of a barrister, are a secret and self-elected tribunal.

In practice, none but silk gowns are now made benchers; and the mode of election appears to be, that upon receipt of his patent a member of the Inn forwards it to the existing benchers, is then balloted for by them, and if elected becomes thereupon himself a bencher, with all the powers and privileges of that position. No popular or general form of election by the members of his Inn elevates him to a share in their government. The tribunal may consist of political or professional rivals of the accused, who has no right of challenge or nomination; it is irregular in its sittings, and sometimes even irregular as to the parties composing the court of inquiry, so that those who have heard the commencement of a long investigation may leave its decision to others present only at its conclusion. These irregularities drew from Lord Brougham recently a remonstrance, and have originated the suggested bill and returns moved in Parliament by Sir George Bowyer and Mr. Crawford; and it is a knowledge of these which has given to the appeals of the gentlemen whose names are now connected with the discussion a certain amount of public sympathy and credence.

It appears to us that the discipline of the bar, to be effective, must always be of that character called by Lord Mansfield 'domestic.' Dealing with questions of etiquette, and with the members of a voluntary society, the strict and solemn rules of judicial proceeding cannot be always observed. But graver questions than those of etiquette not unfrequently come to be considered, and it is of the utmost importance that the decisions of such should not be open to cavil.

♂ Undoubtedly the benchers of every Inn are men of such high character and integrity that they possess the confidence of the members of their own profession, and we are not aware of any wide-spread dissatisfaction on the part of the bar with the existing state of things; but this is accepted rather as a sort of 'domestic' arrangement, in the actual working of which little difficulty is found, rather than as the result of any consideration of possible mischief arising from circumstances very rarely occurring.

With some of the proposals which have from various sources been thrown out we are disposed very much to agree. We conceive that considerable advantage might be derived from improving upon the experience of the last few years, in the united action of the various Inns upon legal education through a conjoint council. The fittest persons to administer the discipline of a profession must undoubtedly be those whom a long and successful career has made acquainted with the practice and usages of that profession, and who, by promotion to the foremost ranks, have obtained an interest in the maintenance of its honour and reputation. Although self-elected, therefore, we can see no other persons so fit as the benchers

benchers to deal with such questions. But a conjoint committee or council of the four Inns would be a better tribunal than the benchers of a single society. As to publicity of proceeding, there are many cases in which it would be unjust to the accused, and probably injurious to discipline; but there are others where much public scandal already exists, and where ill-defined and uncertain rumours are much more detrimental than the most open and complete information could be. It would, perhaps, be well to give the accused the option of a public hearing, and at the same time a limited right of challenge for cause of any of his judges, so as to avoid the possibility of a condemned culprit pleading that his condemnation had been obtained through the personal enmity of any of those judges. The managers of the inquiry should in no case be judges in that inquiry. Thus the course of proceeding might be, that upon complaint of malpractice or misconduct against a member of any Inn laid before the benchers of his own society, the question might be remitted for decision to a committee of eight benchers, two from each Inn, whose sittings should be uniform and regular, the names of the committee being given beforehand to the accused, in order that, if he exercise his right of challenge, substitutionary names might be found. Two benchers from his own Inn might be appointed managers, whose duty it would be to explain the nature of the charge and evidence; and every security should be taken for the speedy prosecution of the inquiry.

No doubt, so solemn and cumbrous a procedure would be available only in grave cases, and it might be only as a necessary preliminary to the exercise of the ultimate power of the benchers of any Inn to inflict the penalty of disbarment.

We throw out these suggestions with some diffidence, and simply as contributions to the general consideration of this subject. We, in common with the rest of the public, desire to see, if possible, such an authority maintained for the government of the bar as shall at once secure the honour, integrity, and reputation of that great profession, and the confidence of those whose interests are confided to its care.

ART. VI.—THE EARLY WRECKED.

TEARS, bitter tears dropped upon the dainty, perfumed sheet of note paper over which Lady Alston's graceful head was bowed. Pale beams of wintry sunshine peered through the heavy blue window-curtains, and gleamed coldly on the richly-carpeted floor of her pretty boudoir. She cared not for sunshine just then; a storm of grief was raging in her bosom; her soul was sick with

apprehension of coming sorrow. She was oblivious of all external things, as, with an air of weariness, she sat resting one elbow on her writing-desk, while her jewelled hand was held across her weeping eyes. The minutes passed by, and she resumed her writing, slowly tracing a few sentences, then gazing abstractedly at the fire-flames leaping in the polished grate.

A low, playfully-prolonged knock was heard upon the room door. Lady Alston hastily dried her eyes, and called 'Come in.' A young man entered and saluted her with an affectionate kiss. A glance at the two satisfied you as to their relationship to each other. They had similar full, dark eyes, similar wavy chestnut hair, similar beautifully-curved, refined mouths, though that of the young gentleman was almost concealed by the moustache he wore.

'Herbert, you are unwell this morning?' said the lady, looking anxiously up into his face. His countenance was of a pale, sallow hue; his eyes were slightly bloodshot.

'I think not, ma,' he said, carelessly; 'I've had very little rest the past few nights; shall I take a wink on that enviable little lounge?' Without waiting her reply he threw himself full length upon it, and lay watching her as she turned again to her letter.

'To whom are you writing, ma, dear?' asked Herbert in a sleepy tone of unconcern, as his mother folded the note and placed it in an envelope.

'To Aunt Wylie,' she replied. 'In a letter that I received from her this morning she half expressed a wish that you would visit her.'

'I, mamma?'

'Yes; and now I have told her about the state of your health I expect she will send you a pressing invitation by return.'

'Which I should decline to accept,' said Herbert, promptly.

'Why so, Herbert?'

'How can you ask that question, ma? A parsonage-house, and then, of all other times, the dead of winter. Whew! It makes one's blood run cold to think of it.'

'You cannot call this the dead of winter,' said Lady Alston; 'it is beautiful spring weather, and is getting better every day. Then Herbert, dear, consider that you would be, at least for a time, out of the way of temptation. Winters is in town again, is he not?'

Herbert answered in the affirmative.

'I thought so. I saw you at three o'clock this morning, as Sir Richard Alston's son should never be seen, Herbert. For his sake, for your own sake, dear, I entreat you——'

'Now don't preach, mamma, if you please. Let a poor fellow have

have half an hour's quiet for once in his life.' He turned impatiently and closed his eyes for a nap.

Her time for preaching to, or teaching Herbert Alston was past for ever. In previous years she might have done it, and doubtless with the happiest results; but she had ignored her responsibility, neglected her duty, and now her time of remorse and suffering was come. Lady Alston was a thorough woman of the world. Her days and years were frittered away in frivolous amusements, light reading, studying the latest fashions, and so forth. Her thirst for excitement was insatiable. On the shrine of pleasure she unhesitatingly sacrificed her own true happiness, domestic comforts, and the best interests of her only and fondly-loved child. It cannot be denied that she loved him, though in her own peculiar way. She was proud of him; she was happy in his presence, restless and dissatisfied in his absence; when he suffered she suffered too. Yet, as becometh good mothers, she had never manifested genuine love for him. In his childhood she never folded his soft white hands in prayer, nor told him of One who loved little children.

Herbert's powers, both natural and acquired, were very great. His education being completed, he retired from the 'halls of learning' laden with honours. Lady Alston's pride and admiration of him knew no bounds. Contrary, however, to her fond expectations, he did not return home to be a pleasure and a solace to her in her weary hours (and worldly Lady Alston had many of them), nor to cheer her by his manly and affectionate companionship. She could not reap what she had never sown.

Society opened its arms to receive the accomplished, handsome, and wealthy young gentleman, and gave him at all times a welcome that had the semblance of genuine heartiness; and Herbert was gratified. He had crowds of so-called friends and admirers, and, alas! could count his 'fast' acquaintances by scores. The influence of the latter upon him was soon apparent. Health began to give way and, in an agony of alarm Lady Alston prevailed on him to take advice. Travelling was suggested; and after considerable demurring, Herbert consented to leave for a time the scenes of folly and dissipation to which he had become so fatally attached; and to make one of a party of tourists who were at that time about visiting the chief continental cities, and other places of interest.

He returned decidedly benefited by his two years' absence. For awhile, Lady Alston's hopes of his complete reformation were high, but anon were sunk again in gloom. At first he skimmed reservedly around the outer circle of the vortex of London questionable society; but ere long he was found pursuing

his former follies with greater zest than ever, and was being gradually, surely borne down to ruin and death.

There was one whom Herbert, in his more thoughtful moments, was pleased to style his 'evil genius.' His name was Winters. Herbert first met with him at the clubs. Had he paused for reflection he might well have trembled at discovering what a great influence for evil this man had, and still, exercised upon him. Herbert was in reality the dupe and victim of Winters, though the poor fellow knew it not. Lady Alston, in her clear-sightedness, perceived it, although she had seen but very little of Winters. She was not slow in discovering what sort of a man he was—outwardly almost irresistibly fascinating, both in person and manners; inwardly a knave; a prowling, destructive wolf in attractive garb. Lady Alston hated him; and on his account her soul trembled for her son's safety.

It was strange and inexplicable with what blind infatuation Herbert followed, and allowed himself to be led by, Winters. It was a cause of wonder even to himself sometimes; yet he never sought by word or deed to break off the acquaintance.

When overwhelmed with unavailing regret and sorrow concerning her son, Lady Alston would write to her husband's sister—a clergyman's wife living in Gloucestershire—to tell her her hopes and fears. Mrs. Wylie ever proved a faithful counsellor and a devoted friend to her oft-distressed relatives. While enjoying so great an amount of domestic happiness herself, her heart was always ready to sympathize with those who lacked her joys. She was Sir Richard's only sister, and had married, though not with her brother's full sanction, a truly good minister, whose lot was cast in a village of considerable size in the county before mentioned. Sir Richard had anticipated for his beautiful and accomplished sister a more brilliant alliance; and Lady Alston, then a newly-married young lady, expressed her unaffected surprise that 'Agnes Alston should throw herself away on a country clergyman, and bury herself alive in an unknown village, when she might have been an ornament to the best circles of society.' Agnes Alston thought differently, and acted according to the dictates of affection and conscience.

A day or two succeeding the one on which we saw Lady Alston writing to Mrs. Wylie, an answer arrived; also a note for Herbert, begging him to visit Rookby. His aunt said: 'Though it is not the season in which the country looks temptingly inviting, yet, if you will come, dear Herbert, I promise you that you shall not have to complain of dulness. Mind, I can take no denial! Hurry away from physicians, and London smoke, and din, immediately on receipt of this, and come and breathe freely in this charming locality for a few weeks.'

Lady

Lady Alston watched him as he read the epistle. 'Well, Herbert?' she said interrogatively, as he replaced it in its envelope.

'Aunt very coolly says that she will take no denial,' he replied.

'I am glad to hear it,' said his mother.

'What's that?' said Sir Richard, looking up from his morning paper.

'Aunt Wylie wishes Herbert to visit Rookby for a time. I feel persuaded it would prove beneficial to him.'

'Of course, of course,' said Sir Richard, briskly. 'Go by all means, Herbert. This exhilarating weather would brace you up finely.'

'There's no one there,' said Herbert, with a suppressed yawn. 'Even Walter is at school, I suppose.'

'Mr. Barton, or "the Squire," as he is called there, is an excellent neighbour; you would find him a congenial companion,' said Lady Alston. 'Then there is Amy, could you desire a more admirable cicerone?'

'I can't do it,' said Herbert, after a meditative silence. 'What with their everlasting dolorous psalm-singing and prosy sermonizing, they would ding-dong me out of one world into another, in no time.'

Sir Richard smiled as he rose to stand with his back to the fire. 'You are slightly out of your reckoning there, Herbert,' he said. 'When I was about to visit Rookby for the first time, I had similar notions and prejudices, but I confess I was most agreeably surprised to find I had made a wrong estimate of the character of Agnes and her husband; and the foolish notions I had conceived about their mode of living were dispelled before I had been with them a day. I suppose I may say with truth that there are not happier or more cheerful people in England than the Wylies; their home is a perfect little Paradise.'

After considerable persuasion, Herbert consented to leave town. 'Just for a week,' he said, adding, 'I feel so wretchedly low or I would not consent to it. Mind, mamma, if Winters, or any of them make inquiries for me, I am in Paris. I shall keep them in the dark about this.'

Without hesitation his mother promised to circulate the falsehood. It was a bright morning on which Herbert stood with railway wrappers on his arm, to bid Lady Alston farewell. 'I think you may expect me back this evening, mamma,' he said, with a gloomy smile. 'I fear I shall not have nerve enough to immure myself in Wylie's monastic-like house.'

'Nay,' she returned with a light laugh, 'I will give you at least three months.'

With

With a significant whistle, Herbert slowly descended the staircase. In less than an hour he was whirling along the Great Western line to Gloucestershire. He had no travelling companion but a brandy-flask, which he made frequent use of; consequently, by the time he reached the terminus his spirits were exuberant, and his flask empty.

A drive of five or six miles was then before him, which he had to accomplish in not the most comfortable of conveyances. However, he forgot all inconveniences as the carriage moved slowly on through scenes of quiet beauty. His artist eye dwelt with intense pleasure on many a picturesque spot in passing on—charming bits of landscape which would not have attracted the notice of the casual observer. How grateful was the soothing silence of the country after the noise and bustle of the great city! Nought broke the stillness but the ringing notes of the busy birds, or the voice of some young urchin in the distance who was guarding a newly-sown wheat field from the depredations of a bevy of sooty crows. The words chanted in the most stentorian of voices, were wafted on the soft wind to Herbert's listening ear:—

‘ If ye don’t hear these clappers,
I’ll knock ye down back’ards,
Ahoy! ye birds!’

The ‘ahoy!’ being a prolonged quaver of some two minutes’ duration. Then came *such* a flourish of the wooden clappers. The crows, far from being intimidated by the awful threat, which they seemed to know was difficult of execution, strutted about the field in the part farthest from that where the rustic vocalist was perched on a stile, and when he descended in a fit of desperation, and gave chase, they slowly and solemnly wheeled above his head, and saucily ‘caw-cawed’ at the vindictive expression of his flushed and upturned face. On, on, rolled the carriage. At long intervals pretty white villas peeped through the tinted trees. Then came an orchard or two, and wavy meadows where sheep and cows were grazing. Over all was the radiant blue sky, flecked here and there with tiny white clouds. Herbert’s soul was filled with the exquisite loveliness of that early spring day.

Now he sighted the low square tower of the village church, and the wood rising beyond. After passing a solitary inn he found himself entering the village. The houses were mostly whitewashed, and evidenced scrupulous cleanliness. The strips of garden before them were bright and cheerful with common spring flowers. It is well for the poor cottager to have flowers around his dwelling. Flowers speak to all in most beautiful and unmistakeable language:

‘ Teaching

‘Teaching us, by the most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.
And with childlike, credulous affection,
We behold their tender buds expand;
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land.’

Warm was the welcome which Herbert met at the Grange. Mrs. Wylie perceived at once what was the cause of Herbert’s declining health, and her heart longed to influence him for good. Her delicate kindness of manner was not lost upon him. He was one who could fully appreciate the smallest act of love.

That day at dinner Mr. Wylie deemed it necessary to make an apology for the absence of intoxicants from his table. After remarking that he had seen such a fearful amount of misery directly and indirectly resulting from the social drinking customs of our day, he said: ‘I am of opinion that one of the worst things I could do to an enemy, would be to force upon him intoxicating drink, and so expose him to most cruel and insidious temptation. How then can I, as a reasonable and responsible being; perpetrate such an enormity on my dearest friends? Herbert, excuse me, but I cannot, dare not, offer you anything intoxicating at my table.’

He was almost startled by the quiet, yet thrilling tone of earnestness in which Herbert uttered the words, ‘Thank you, uncle.’

Had he known how many times the young fellow before him had resolved to shake off the fatal, clinging habit of intemperance, and as many times been overcome; how, in harrowing moments of reflection, he had wept, yes, even shed tears, as he thought of his powerlessness to combat with the fearful enemy, drink; had he been aware of the ardent desires to amend and live nobly which sometimes burned in Herbert’s bosom, he would no longer have wondered why the words were so thankfully spoken.

But as if the arch enemy of mankind were fearful of losing his prey, plausible temptations presented themselves to Herbert. He felt a depression consequent upon his indulgence in the morning; the travelling, too, had wearied him in his weak state. ‘Would not a glass of wine do him good?’ he asked himself; but how was he to get it? he thought of an expedient.

After dinner his cousin Amy said, ‘Is it too late for a walk do you think, mamma?’

‘Yes, dear; besides Herbert is tired. I advise rest this evening, so that you may take a long ramble to-morrow.’ For the next hour she entertained Herbert admirably. But for that craving within him he would have been perfectly comfortable.

As the evening shades deepened, Herbert grew restless. He rose from his seat and looked out on the quiet lawn, and up to the stars, which began to gleam forth one by one.

'I think I'll just take a stroll and a cigar,' he said, suddenly turning round; and he left the room for his hat.

In about an hour he returned. He was marvellously chatty, and was loud in his praises of the beauty of the evening, and of the surrounding neighbourhood. Mrs. Wylie suspected nothing. She attributed his flow of spirits to the charming walk he had taken, and felt pleased in believing that the air of Rookby would prove beneficial to his health.

The days passed most pleasantly by. Even Herbert, fastidious and pleasure-seeking as he was considered to be, confessed himself satisfied with his novel position.

Amy, a young lady of fifteen, Mrs. Wylie's only daughter, was to Herbert a most intelligent and cheerful companion. Many were the delightful rambles which they and Frank, a little fellow of eight years, took together. Herbert did not feel the want of the companionship of Walter Wylie, a youth two years Amy's senior, who was pursuing his studies at Cheltenham College. Squire Barton was indefatigable in his endeavours to promote the happiness and pleasure of Mr. Wylie's visitor. His stables were placed at Herbert's disposal; and the beautiful lake on his estate afforded boating exercise.

Herbert had a sort of gloomy fear as to how the first Sabbath would pass off. He anticipated abundance of 'dolorous psalm-singing,' catechizing and so forth. The sun had just risen over the purple hills, and the night-shadows were huddled together for flight in the dusky west, when his slumbers were disturbed by little Frank's childish voice singing cheerfully the hymn beginning with—

'Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise.'

Herbert turned on his pillow that he might better hear the sweet strain. 'Not dolorous at any rate,' was his mental comment, as he rose to dress.

After breakfast Amy said, 'The morning is so lovely, Herbert; shall we go out at once, and take a walk before church-time?'

'By all means,' returned he, and in ten minutes they were on their way.

'Is it not beautifully quiet here?' said Amy with gentle enthusiasm. 'I think the country looks more charming on Sunday than on any other day of the week. You are so deeply impressed with the fact that it is a day of rest. And on such a morning as this do you not seem to realize the truthfulness and beauty of Grahaime's poem on the Sabbath morning?'

'I forget it, Amy. Can you repeat it?'

Amy began—

'How still the morning of the hallowed day.'

Herbert listened attentively throughout. 'It is a fine piece,' he

he remarked ; ' but I suppose there are not many villages that can answer to that description of reverential quiet and peacefulness ? '

' I can remember the time when this one could not,' replied Amy. ' A few years ago our village green on Sabbath evenings was the scene of riotous mirth. You would almost have supposed that fairs were held there every Sunday. Papa grieved dreadfully about it, and strove unremittingly to bring about a better state of things. Our Scripture-reader used to go amongst the people endeavouring to persuade them to attend church ; papa visited them at their houses ; many promised him to amend and come to church, but as certain as the following Sabbath came, the majority of those who promised were found intoxicated, and incapable of listening to reason.'

' But how were they all supplied with the wherewithal ? ' said Herbert smiling. ' I see no establishment for indulgence.'

' Neither will you see any unseemly disturbances about here to-day,' returned Amy. ' A gratifying change has been effected. I will tell you how it was done. The squire was almost as grieved about the villagers as dear papa, for he is a warmhearted, though comparatively unknown, philanthropist. So one day he came to our house to consult with papa about making greater efforts to remedy matters. It was suggested that the squire should close all the public-houses on his estate. It was done, and with happier results than they expected. Our village speedily became a model of order and sobriety. The gratitude of many, especially of the women, to Mr. Barton for removing temptation from their midst, was something touching to witness. There were several, however, who rated finely about it ; but eventually they saw that he had their best interests at heart in depriving them of facilities for obtaining that which was ruining their bodies and souls. There are but a few, if any, in this place now who would not willingly lay down their lives for their benefactor.'

' Yes,' said Herbert, musingly, ' that was a good work ; but if I mistake not, Amy, I saw a public-house at some distance down the village.'

' Standing just at the road side—the Full Moon you mean ? We do not consider it *in* the village. The squire has no control over that : it does not belong to him. He regrets that it does not ; for some of our young fellows find their way to it in evenings, to the sorrow of their parents. For his part, I am convinced he would let every house on his estate stand empty for five years rather than allow one of them to be tenanted by a publican.'

' Quite right, too,' said Herbert warmly, his better judgment, not his propensity, prompting him so to speak.

The softly-sounding, silvery bells now began to chime for service. Amy turned in the direction of the church.

' We

'We are yet too early,' she said; 'let us walk round the church-yard.' They did so, lingering a while

'To muse and ponder
On a half-effaced inscription,
Written with little skill of song-craft,
Homely phrases, but each letter
Full of hope and yet of heart-break,
Full of all the tender pathos
Of the Here and the Hereafter.'

Passing by mouldering stones beneath which the dead had slept for two or three hundred years, Amy led the way to two little mounds over which pure white snowdrops were wreathed among the fresh, green, springing grass.

'Whose are these?' asked Herbert, as he noticed the peculiar expression of her face.

'Two little sisters,' she replied, and pointed to the stone on which the dearly-loved names were engraved. 'It is almost a pleasure to think of *them*,' said Amy quietly. 'It is positive pain to me to look at that grave yonder.'

"Why so?"

'A widow sorrows without hope for the one who lies there,' returned Amy. 'Mr. Lewis was as honest and hard-working a man as any in Rookby, yet he came to a sad and untimely end.'

'Tell me about him, Amy.'

'He was called to the neighbouring town on business one day. It was just before the squire prohibited the public-house keeping. Some of the worst men in the village, a publican or two among the number, hated poor Lewis for his sober and domestic habits. So as he was returning home they met him, and by stratagem succeeded in getting him to a public-house, where they made him fearfully intoxicated, and left him. His wife came to our house at midnight in a most excited state to tell papa her fears. Two or three kindhearted men went out in search of him, and in the early morning they found him lying under a hedge about five miles from his home, quite dead. A lighted pipe which he had put into his pocket had burnt through his clothes and a part of his poor body. It was awful.'

An indignant flush rose to the speaker's forehead as she continued: 'His murderers escaped unpunished. If they had poisoned him with arsenic or anything of that sort they would have been dragged to justice; but as it was *only* intoxicating drink, they were allowed to go free.'

'Such injustice!' muttered Herbert. And he added, after a pause, 'I know such murderers at the present moment—men who call themselves gentlemen, who seem to live *only* to drag others down to death.' Herbert sighed.

'You

‘You must see a great deal of evil in London caused through drink,’ said Amy.

‘A great deal. I could count up a score or two of young fellows, well known to me, who are wasting talents and splendid fortunes, besides ruining health and character by their intemperance. I never thought seriously about it till now: really it seems frightful to contemplate.’

‘It does indeed,’ said Amy earnestly. ‘I wish something could be done to save them.’

By the changing chimes they were reminded that it was time to enter the church; and they forthwith turned to the porch, over which were the rudely-traced words, nearly obliterated by time:—

‘This is none other but y^e house of God,
And this is y^e gate of heaven.’

Herbert had not been inside of a church for many a long day till then. The prayer and praise did not prove so irksome to him as he had anticipated; the sermon was decidedly not ‘prosy.’ Mr. Wylie’s style of preaching was so purely natural and free from all affectation; his words so simple and well chosen as to be intelligible to the most illiterate of his hearers, as well as pleasing to the most educated and refined; his theme that which proves universally attractive when faithfully presented—‘Jesus Christ, and him crucified.’ It seemed to be the preacher’s determination to know nothing among them save that, and verily it was enough. The drooping and sad went down to their homes cheered and comforted; the weak ones strengthened; the repentant hopeful; the erring thoughtful.

That Sabbath evening, when alone in his chamber, Herbert sat and wrote to his mother. His heart guided his hand to say, ‘I am charmed with the Wylies. I had no idea that it was possible to live so near heaven as they do; yet there is no “cant” about them. They live as human beings should live—earnestly, and in a very atmosphere of love. They never seem restless or dissatisfied about anything; their minds are emphatically at rest. Such rest I have never known, and fear I never shall know. I can only wonder at and admire them. Perhaps your prediction of a three months’ sojourn here may prove true; I shall see. I feel an improvement in health from the change of air and scene. This is a charming spot.’

Four weeks glided peacefully by. Soft, balmy days of sunshine, and cold days when rain dripped monotonously down the window-panes, alternated.

One fine morning bluff Squire Barton unceremoniously presented himself at the Grange.

‘Horses will be round here immediately,’ he cried gaily.
‘Come,

'Come, Amy, prepare! Mr. Alston do me the honour' (and the farmer-looking gentleman bowed stiffly); 'we have not had such a day for riding since your arrival,' he continued: 'you shall have an opportunity of judging of the excellence of the surrounding country. I suppose it is useless to request your company, sir?' (turning to Mr. Wylie), 'and you, Mrs. Wylie?'

'I think I will never trust one of your horses again,' said she, smiling.

'Ah, I see you have not forgotten last summer's exciting adventure. Certainly Diamond was intractable, but he is no longer in my possession. The steed for Miss Amy this morning is as quiet as a lamb. If you would venture to mount him, Amy would gladly take her favourite pony, I am sure.'

'Yes, indeed, mamma,' said Amy, quickly. 'Do come.'

'You must excuse me this morning,' answered Mrs. Wylie. 'Frank is not at liberty to leave home; he is just now studying a difficult subject. By remaining, I may be of service to him, besides receiving the benefit of his studies.'

'Well, well,' said the squire, 'Miss Amy, Mr. Alston, and I must do the best we can together. Do not expect us home till late. We shall take an early dinner and rest our horses at Wain's farm.'

In a few minutes the horses arrived. The trio mounted, and cantered off for a day of healthful exercise and pleasure. The sun had long set, and the moon and stars were shining brilliantly when they returned.

Herbert did not go out again for a stroll, as he had done every evening since his arrival at Rookby. Consequently that was the first whole day he had passed without partaking of intoxicating drink.

Nearly a week passed by and Herbert had not tasted of the forbidden draught. How thankful and how free he felt. Instead of making excuses to get out alone after sundown, he asked Mr. and Mrs. Wylie to take a twilight stroll with him; or, when weather was unfavourable, he cheerfully looked over Amy's portfolio, and put finishing touches to her drawings; and helped her through difficult passages of music.

One morning, after he had been at the Grange about two months, he entered Mrs. Wylie's sitting-room, saying, 'I have been all over the house and garden, and cannot find my guide. We made arrangements for a drive this morning.'

'She is gone up to the schools with a message for the master,' replied Mrs. Wylie. 'I fear she will not be back till noon.'

'Then I will go for a ramble alone. Should I lose myself and return no more, do not be alarmed,' said Herbert, laughingly.

'There

'There is no fear of that,' returned Mrs. Wylie.

The luncheon hour came and he had not returned. The afternoon wore away. It was half an hour behind the time at which Herbert knew they dined. Mrs. Wylie grew uneasy. It was getting dusk. She stood at the window which opened on to the lawn, looking out, when she perceived Herbert coming towards it. But *how* was he coming? For a moment she seemed paralyzed with sorrow and astonishment; but recovering her presence of mind she turned quickly to Amy and said in a decided voice, 'Run upstairs to your room, Amy darling, and remain there till I come to you. I will not be long.'

Amy, always accustomed to 'unanswering obedience,' rose and left the room. Mr. Wylie looked up from his book for an explanation of the strange and sudden command.

'Here is Herbert,' began Mrs. Wylie, nervously; and at that moment he stepped through the open window. *He was intoxicated.* Mr. Wylie rose; his face flushed with surprise—not with anger. Herbert steadied himself by the back of a chair, and returned the good minister's fixed gaze. 'Well, old fellow,' he said at length.

Mrs. Wylie laid her hand on his arm. 'Herbert,' she said, kindly, 'where have you been, dear? What have you been doing?'

'I've been over to town,' he answered in a thick voice. 'Met purely by accident, a college chum that I've not seen since I was at Oxford. We had a world to talk about, so I dined with him at an hotel. He drove me more than half way back, or I shouldn't have been here till—till morning. It's a deuce of a distance.' Mrs. Wylie looked inexpressibly grieved.

'Herbert,' she said, 'shall I show you to your room? We can talk over this to-morrow.'

He regarded her with an air of offended dignity for several seconds, and then with a shout of haughtiness replied, 'As you please, Mrs. Wylie.' With unsteady steps he followed her out of the room, and upstairs. When she had closed his chamber door upon him, she called Amy and took her down stairs. She kept her daughter in ignorance of the unhappy circumstance.

The next morning, when Mrs. Wylie found herself alone with Herbert, she broached, in a most motherly and delicate manner, the sad subject of his exposure of the previous evening.

'Does Amy know of it?' was his first question.

'She does not.'

Herbert looked gratified. 'I shall leave you this week, aunt,' he said.

'No, do not, Herbert. I cannot bear the thought of your going again into the temptations of London society. That is, not unless

unless I were satisfied that you would ask God to keep you safely. I pray for you, Herbert, but that is not sufficient; you must pray for yourself. It is a personal matter.'

'I have fallen in the estimation of Mr. Wylie and yourself,' said Herbert, sadly. 'In such circumstances it is impossible for me to be happy in your presence. I must leave at once.'

'Herbert,' said his aunt, after a silence of a minute or two, 'why should you be so proud as to refuse to pray to God?' (She reverted to a communication he had once made to her that he never prayed.) She resumed: 'God sees that you are weak and helpless in yourself. He can read your heart. Why do you stand out against Him? You are dependent on Him for every breath you draw. He has appointed prayer as a means of gaining every blessing. Submit to Him, dear; love Him as a child should love its father. He will grant you a disposition to do so. Ask, and it shall be given you.'

'Don't talk so, aunt,' said Herbert, impatiently, 'it worries me.'

She sat close beside him and took one of his hands, while she spoke words of love, and sympathy, and earnest warning. Herbert was deeply moved, and Mrs. Wylie fondly hoped better things of him.

After dinner, in the evening of his last day at Rookby, he said to Amy, 'Get your hat, Amy, and let us go out. This is the last walk we shall have together.'

Alas! how prophetic were his words!

'I hope not,' returned Amy; 'have you not promised to visit us in the autumn?'

'Don't forget that promise, Herbert,' said Mrs. Wylie. 'Towards September we shall fully expect you. Rookby looks beautiful in autumn.'

'I will certainly come,' said Herbert, in an absent tone. And he followed Amy through the open window.

Very chary of conversation he seemed, as they walked on through a field or two, and over a little bridge, to a lane leading past the churchyard. Amy tried to talk cheerfully, but with little success, and Herbert's remarks were few and cursory.

Though Amy was ignorant of the reason why he had so suddenly announced his intention of leaving them, she felt convinced that something was amiss; that he had something on his mind.

The sun slowly sunk from sight, and a star or two appeared trembling in the incarnadined west. Overhead they were gleaming out by hundreds. The noisy cawing of the rooks, and the musical twittering of smaller birds had ceased. The far-off range of hills looked purple and dim in the evening light. The spirit

spirit of repose breathed all around. Every twig of the sleeping trees was clearly defined against the tinted sky.

‘What a lovely evening it is!’ remarked Herbert after a long silence. ‘I feel quite sorry to leave this place, Amy. When I first thought of visiting you I did not dream for a moment that I should ever experience an emotion of regret in bidding you farewell. I had a perfect horror of coming, I assure you.’

‘Why so?’ asked Amy, looking up in surprise.

‘I feared you were such gloomy, ascetic people—excuse me,’ replied Herbert. ‘But such is not the case; you all seem very happy here. I shall be inclined to think, despite what Pollok has said, that true happiness *has* localities.’

‘You will think wrongly then,’ said Amy. “Where duty goes she goes.” I have frequently thought how happy persons might be in London. There are so many opportunities there of doing good. What do you do, Herbert?’

‘Nothing,’ replied Herbert, somewhat gloomily. ‘The fact is, I never have done any good, and I am at a loss how to begin.’

‘You have made a beginning,’ said Amy. ‘Do you not remember how kindly you spoke to widow Lewis the other day, and gave her enough to buy her eldest son a pair of boots? She will think of you with gratitude for months to come. Don’t you think it is doing a great deal to make a widow’s heart sing for joy?’

‘Perhaps so,’ replied Herbert. ‘But that kind of work would not do for me. If I did anything it must be something greater than that. I must be at the top of the tree.’

The following morning Squire Barton’s travelling-carriage was sent round to the Grange to convey Herbert to the railway station of the market town. With assumed cheerfulness the latter bade farewell to his affectionate relatives, who remained standing in the pillared doorway long after the carriage started on its way. As a turn in the road was about to hide them from his sight Herbert waved a last farewell. Many of the villagers, to whom he had unconsciously endeared himself by generous deeds of kindness, looked out of their doors, with something like regret, as the carriage swept past.

Herbert sat looking out on scenes with which he had become familiar. He had a sad presentiment that he was beholding them for the last time. To one of his peculiar temperament such a time and such a position could not but prove singularly painful.

In an hour Rookby, with its wealth of flowers and beauty, and bird-music, was left behind for ever.

If, on his journey, Herbert had been indulging in good reflections, and making new resolves, they were put to flight immediately on his arrival at Paddington Station; for as he stepped on to the platform

platform he perceived Winters at some little distance, engaged in conversation with an elderly man. Herbert turned his back that way, and hoped that he would be able to escape unnoticed to his carriage; but in a few seconds he found that he was recognized. Winters' low peculiar whistle sounded just behind him, and Herbert, muttering something very unlike a blessing, turned to confront his 'evil genius.'

'Alston, my dear fellow, to what kind power shall I render thanks for restoring you to London and me?'

'Steam, I suppose,' replied Herbert.

'I assure you I've been disconsolate in your absence. I say,' he continued, in a confidential tone, as he linked his arm within Herbert's, 'what is the centre of attraction in Paris? It is quite unpardonable of you to run off without note of warning, and stay in a place for two or three months at a stretch. I can tell you an explanation is necessary.'

'Pooh!' said Herbert, disengaging his arm. 'Here, I must see what those incorrigible porters are doing with my luggage.'

'Send it off, Alston,' said Winters; 'and don't be in a hurry to go yourself. I've five thousand things to say to you.'

He kept close to Herbert, and, as the portmanteaus were wheeled away, took his arm again, and commenced with great volubility to tell what had been doing in the circle in which Herbert had been so much talked of lately. Herbert only half-listened to him; he was impatient to get away. At last, when Winters ceased for a moment, Herbert said he must be gone—his mother would be expecting him.

'You are looking remarkably well, Alston, though slightly exhausted,' said Winters. 'A little refreshment is absolutely indispensable—come;' and he turned towards the refreshment room.

'Nay,' said Herbert. 'I need nothing, thank you. Besides, I have been flourishing under cold-water treatment for the last few weeks, and intend to do so still, as it agrees so admirably with me.'

'Paris and cold water!' ejaculated Winters, raising his eyebrows. 'You are paradoxical, Alston. Come, no parleying; I cannot let you make a fool of yourself. The utterance of another syllable in this strain I shall attribute to aberration of intellect; however, at present, you do *not* look as though you had taken a trip to the moon.'

For a moment Herbert feebly resisted the temptation, but eventually yielded.

Herbert Alston at Rookby in the morning, and Herbert Alston in London in the evening were two very different persons.

It would be a painful task to follow Herbert throughout the long summer. He was seen but very little by his now truly anxious parents. After attending the Epsom races, he spent a week with Sir Richard and Lady Alston at their country seat. The lady was startled by the appearance which he presented—so haggard, and almost old-looking. At all times a nervous, excitable woman, Lady Alston now grew more so; and, though she had merited the character which she bore for amiability, her temper was fast growing sharp and irritable.

In the latter end of August, Herbert wrote to his mother, from one of the Channel Islands, saying that he was out yachting with Winters, and expected it would be good for his health.

Later, he wrote from Cheltenham a few straggling sentences, which Lady Alston found a difficulty in deciphering. From them she learned that Winters had hurriedly wound up his affairs and departed for Australia, so that Herbert was enjoying rest from his 'persecutions,' and endeavouring to recruit his health by quiet and comparative seclusion.

One day, as Herbert was languidly taking a little exercise in the promenade, he was suddenly accosted by Mr. Wylie, who was visiting Cheltenham on business.

'Herbert,' said the gentleman, in a thrilling tone of sympathy, as he fixed his full grey eyes on the flushed and wasted face of the young fellow before him, 'Herbert, I am glad to see you. But you are ill, very ill; I scarcely recognize you as being the same as left us a few months ago looking so well and bright. Return with me to-morrow,' he continued, pressing his hand; 'the air of Rookby will, doubtless, restore you.'

Herbert shook his head.

'How long do you remain here?' asked Mr. Wylie.

'Perhaps a week, perhaps a month—I don't know. I am full of uncertainty.'

'Where are you staying?'

'At the Queen's.'

'I will see you presently,' said Mr. Wylie, kindly. 'My time just now is limited. Farewell for the present.'

'Will you see me?' said Herbert, ironically, to himself; and he retraced his steps to his hotel.

'Morris,' said he to his valet, 'make ready: I leave this place in an hour.'

Morris, who had grown accustomed to such fits and starts, made immediate preparations for leaving. Before Mr. Wylie made inquiries for Herbert, the latter had taken his departure on the Midland line.

Arrived at an insignificant little town, where he was wholly unknown, Herbert engaged private apartments. 'Now, Morris,'

he said decisively, 'I will see no one. No matter who inquires for me, I'm never at home—*mind*.'

Herbert traced a few lines to his mother to tell her of his whereabouts, the last time he ever wrote a word. In reply, Lady Alston wrote from Scarborough. She said—

'I can see by your handwriting that you are ill, Herbert. I entreat you, come to Scarborough for a week or two, while I am here; there is so much to amuse and delight you; the season is not nearly over. If you knew, dearest, how I long for a sight of your dear face, which I have not seen for so many, many weeks, you would not deny me this simple request.'

Herbert groaned as he laid the letter aside; and as Morris entered the room he bade him go to the nearest hotel for a bottle of brandy. Morris looked surprised. He had been sent once before that morning on a similar errand. 'I shall not send you again,' said Herbert, in a tired voice, as he noticed the man's hesitating manner; so Morris reluctantly left the room to do his bidding, and, after a while, returned with the poisonous liquor.

Before noon Herbert had disposed of the whole of it.

'Order my dinner at three, instead of five,' said Herbert. This was that he might earlier indulge in the wine that succeeded the meal. Indeed, he had not eaten enough, for some days past, to keep a bird alive.

It was a golden afternoon. The sun threw his rich yellow beams into the apartment where Herbert was reclining on a couch. He lay there, with his large sunken eyes fixed on the wall-paper, for a time; then, making a great effort, he rose and touched the bell to summon Morris.

'Morris,' he said, as he stood leaning his elbow on the mantelpiece, and his head on his hand; 'I feel downright ill. I think I'll go to bed now.'

Morris held the door open for his young master to pass out to his chamber, where he assisted him to undress.

'Morris,' he said, after lying passively in bed some time; 'that brandy that you fetched to day was very good. I must have some more; I may want it in the night.'

A shade of pain crossed the face of his worthy servant, as he replied, 'Please don't, sir; I'm afraid it's doing you harm. Excuse me, sir, but I earnestly beg of you not to send me for any more.'

'Don't trouble, my good fellow,' said Herbert; 'I'm all right.' Then seeing that the man still hesitated, he continued in a tone which he meant to be authoritative. 'You must do as I bid you, and remember your place, Morris. You are my servant. However, I shall not send you again after this time.'

In a few minutes the man brought the wretched purchase to Herbert's bedside.

'Pour

'Pour some out in that tumbler,' said Herbert.

The man did so, and turned to get water to mix with it.

'No, no!' cried Herbert; 'I'll have no water. I'll have it just as it is. Put it full; and place it on the table here where I can reach it when I want it. So. Now leave me.'

The man proceeded to his own little room, and sat down to write a letter to Jane Hartley, Lady Alston's maid, to whom he was engaged to be married. He wrote thus:

'DEAR JANE,—I snatch a few moments to write you how ill Mr. Alston is. I'm quite afraid he will die. I cannot tell you how dreadfully he has been drinking lately, both at Cheltenham and this place. Now he is not able to go out, and I am obliged to fetch brandy for him I don't know how many times a day. It breaks my heart to see him killing himself with the filthy poison. I am determined I will not get any more for him; I don't care what comes of it, but I will refuse flatly next time he asks me. I think you had better tell Lady Alston, as carefully as you can, that he is so ill. Perhaps she might write again, or even come to him, which would very likely restrain him. Excuse haste.

'Yours, very affectionately,

'JOHN MORRIS.'

Having sent the letter off, Morris returned to Herbert's bedroom. The glass which he left on the table was quite empty. With a sigh the man turned to draw the window-blind, as the warm, red rays of the setting sun were falling across Herbert's face. The room seemed close, and Morris opened the window to allow the fragrant evening air to sweep in. A barrel-organ was playing somewhere, and the notes sounded strangely soft and sweet coming from a distance. Herbert opened his eyes as he caught the changed tune. It was that simple melody—dear to every English heart—'Home, sweet home.'

Morris's boots creaked as he crossed the apartment. 'Hush!' said Herbert, in a whisper, 'tis Amy singing.' And he raised his head a little to listen.

When the strain had died away, he still lay looking up at the bed-hangings. His eyes, large and sunken as they were, glowed like coals of fire.

The sun went down, and twilight wrapped the earth in her grey mantle. Herbert's room was quite dark. Morris proceeded to adjust and light the night-lamp.

'Morris,' said Herbert, in a mysterious manner, after a long silence; 'do you know this house is haunted?'

Morris's face flushed a little as he replied, 'No, sir, I don't think it is.'

'I know it is, and I'll get out of it to-morrow. I was out of bed all last night, keeping them off. My shoulder is in a pretty state with knocking about, and my hand won't be well for a week.' He held his hand out towards Morris. There was a bruise on the back of it, and the knuckles were slightly grazed and swollen.

‘I tell you what it is,’ he continued, in the same hissing whisper, ‘I’ll not be left alone to-night. It wants somebody as strong as Hercules to combat with them, and I’m regularly done up. You’ll stay here with me to-night, Morris.’

‘Very well, sir,’ said Morris, feeling a little alarmed. ‘Won’t you try to get to sleep now a bit?’

Herbert did not reply. Morris took a seat in an easy chair which he had brought in for the purpose of getting as much rest as possible through the night. He got a book, and tried to read, but the time passed very wearily. The clock of a neighbouring church struck, at what seemed to him terribly long intervals, the evening hours.

It was drawing towards midnight. Herbert had fallen asleep, and was breathing very heavily. Morris’s eyes grew stiff, and in spite of his efforts to keep awake, he gradually sank to sleep too.

What had transpired in that room during his two hours’ slumber mortal tongue may never tell.

One day had died, and a new one had been born. Ere he went, the dying day held his dusky finger to one and another of earth’s children, and they followed him silently, unresistingly into eternity. He gathered up one young and blighted life, and bore it away in his sable embrace. Many, many more such he might have taken, but we know he took that one.

Morris rose and yawned as he woke from his sleep. The room seemed miserably dim and cold, and the man shivered. He looked towards his young master, but the face was turned away. Morris felt thankful that he still slept. He crept quietly from the apartment to get a warmer coat from his own room. Wrapping himself in it, he returned to Herbert’s bedside, and resumed his seat and his book.

Such awful silence reigned that he could distinctly hear the ticking of Herbert’s watch, which hung at the bed-head. Not until many minutes had elapsed, did it strike him as being strange that he could not hear the sleeper’s breathing. A strange thrill of fear passed through him, and kept him to his seat, as a thought flashed across his mind.

‘Nonsense!’ he muttered, after a minute or two, and rising, he leaned over Herbert. The eyes were wide open—fixed on the wall with an unnatural, unearthly stare. The two white hands were clenched together; they were stiff and cold.

Morris’s face blanched. He felt like one in a nightmare. His limbs seemed bound and powerless. With difficulty he got out of the room, and the next minute he was at the door of the chamber occupied by the mistress of the house. She was startled from her slumbers by a man’s agonizing cry: ‘For the love of heaven come here, ma’am! my master’s dead!’

The

The following morning Morris's letter reached Jane Hartley. It cast a gloom over her naturally cheerful spirit, for she feared to tell Lady Alston of the serious state of her beloved son's health.

The lady sat at her dressing-table, looking out over the esplanade, and away at the quiet sea, whose tiny waves were sparkling in the morning sun. Jane had just finished arranging her heavy braids of hair under a jaunty little white lace cap. As the lady glanced for the hundredth time at the mirror before her, she noticed the sad expression of her maid's face.

'Hartley, you look unwell this morning,' said she, in a kindly manner, which she always manifested to the young girl.

'I am quite well, thank you, my lady,' she replied, with some hesitation; 'but I've received a letter from Morris, and he says——'

'Ah, I see,' said Lady Alston, with a smile, 'you want to be running away from me.'

'No, not that, my lady. He speaks of Mr. Alston.'

'Well?' demanded the lady in an anxious tone. And she fixed her eyes searchingly on the girl's face.

'He is very ill, my lady, and Morris thought perhaps your ladyship might like to write, or even——'

'Enough,' was the reply; 'he is ill, and I will be with him. Get me a travelling dress. I start by the next train. You need not accompany me, but directly Sir Richard arrives in Scarborough, you follow me. He expects to be here by noon to day.' These few sentences were uttered in a hurried, nervous manner, while the lady was throwing on her dress.

'Leave me, and make inquiries about the departure of the train,' she continued. 'You can start this afternoon. Bring with you such things as you think I may require. I shall take nothing.'

In the afternoon of that day, Morris was dismayed to see a cab drive up to the door of the house, where Herbert had been staying for some days past, and to see Lady Alston step from it in a trembling state of excitement. She might have known the whole truth ere then had Morris addressed the telegram to Scarborough; but, knowing that Sir Richard was detained in London, he sent the awful message to him instead. He expected the bereaved father's arrival every moment. Morris met the lady on the stairs. 'How is Mr. Alston?' was the anxious question with which she greeted him.

As she did not wait for a reply, but continued ascending, Morris made no answer. 'Show me his room,' she said, as reaching the landing. As the man did not at once comply, she reiterated, sharply, 'Show me his room!' adding, enough to make any one ill—so gloomy and shrouded

‘Your ladyship must please not to insist on seeing Mr. Alston just now,’ began Morris.

‘This moment!’ said the lady, stamping her foot; and she passed quickly by Morris, and entered the chamber of death.

With her gloved hand she drew aside the bed-curtains, expecting to meet the glance of her son, but there was only the ghastly white gleaming of a sheet which concealed from her view the best-loved object on earth. She tore away the covering, and beheld for the last time the beautiful features, now stone-like, rigid in death.

With eyes almost starting from their sockets, she turned and clutched Morris’s arm, at the same time screaming in his ear some unintelligible words. The next minute she was forcibly removed from the room—a maniac!

A month subsequently, Mr. and Mrs. Wylie were entertaining in their peaceful home the grief-stricken brother of the latter. His twofold sudden trial had broken his spirit, and literally bowed him: he walked with a stooping gait. It seemed as if the weight of many years had fallen upon him in that one short month.

One evening he said to his sister, ‘I shall at once resign my seat in the House, Augusta.’

‘Do you not think, dear brother, that you might, by remaining as long as possible, materially aid in agitating for the legislative suppression of——’

‘Ah! that cursed traffic, you mean. For *his* sake I should like to do so, Augusta, but I cannot: I am not equal to any such work now. I am broken down. I must leave it to those who are stronger in mind and body, and better able to wage honest war against such an evil. I will pray for their success: I can do no more.’

After more conversation, he said, ‘When your Walter comes home for the holidays in winter, I would like him to visit that—that grave with me. I have something to say to him.’

Accordingly one cold December day, Walter Wylie found himself with Sir Richard Alston in the little town where Herbert died. The youth gave his arm to the old gentleman as they descended from the cab outside the bleak churchyard. A thin covering of snow was spread over the stunted grass of the several mounds, and the cold wind mournfully swayed the dusky cypresses. The two walked slowly past the silent graves until they reached one over which a willow drooped; its long branches trailing on the grass with every gust of wind. It was a sad and lonely spot. No unseen angel hovered near to whisper to the weeping mourners the joy-inspiring words: ‘He is not here, but is risen.’ No motherly hand had helped to clear away the weeds, and strew the
last

last resting-place of the beloved one with flowers. The white stone looked grim and ghastly, on which was graven the few simple words—

‘ In Memoriam
HERBERT RICHARD ALSTON,
Born May 18th, 183—,
Died Sept. 30th, 185—.’

And a moment’s reckoning told you that the sleeper beneath went down to a dishonoured grave at the early age of twenty-six.

‘ Frank,’ began the old gentleman, in trembling tones; ‘ you knew him?’

‘ Yes, sir,’ replied the young man.

‘ You know how he went down to death,—what it was that made me childless and lonely?’

‘ I do,’ said Frank, closing his lips tightly the moment he had uttered the words.

‘ I want you to promise me here, as in the sight of the Great God, that you will devote youth, health, talents, everything you possess, to the one work of blasting that which blasts hearts, and lives, and homes unceasingly.’

‘ The words were slowly and solemnly uttered, and the old man’s bosom heaved with a choking sob as he ceased.

As slowly and solemnly the words fell from the lips of the youth: ‘ God is my witness,—I will!’

Without trusting himself to say more, Walter gently drew the old gentleman’s arm within his own, and led him away from the grave.

The grass now waves above the last resting-place of Sir Richard Alston, whose gray hairs were prematurely brought down in sorrow to the tomb.

His wife is the inmate of a private asylum. Her weary days are spent in recounting again and again some thrilling, disconnected tale of imaginary sorrow; or in making passionate appeals to her keeper concerning the fate of a beloved son.

Mrs. Wylie—now a widow—and Amy have to rejoice in the success which attends Walter, in his noble endeavours to fulfil the promise so solemnly made over the grave of the Early Wrecked. We require no prophetic power to enable us to say that before this year is done hundreds will go down to death as Herbert Alston went. Week by week graves are filling with just such poor, yet beautiful wrecks of humanity. Who will lend a helping hand to save them? Men and women, with warm, loving hearts throbbing in your bosoms, the appeal is to you!

ART. VII.—RECORD OF SOCIAL POLITICS.

THE prevailing topic of newspaper writers and public speakers, during the past three months, has been the distress in the cotton districts of Lancashire. Parliament has discussed the question—its causes, and the prospects of its continuance: meetings have been held in London, Manchester, and other places; resolutions of commiseration have been adopted, and relief funds subscribed; the Poor Law Board has been appealed to, and much public sympathy expressed. But as yet no adequate measures of relief have been put into operation. The extent of the calamity is so frightful that the public mind seems to be appalled, and to shrink from any attempt to cope with it on any scale calculated to meet the exigencies of the case. The problem is full of difficulty, and surrounded with elements of uncertainty. One feature, however, has been recognized by all, and it is the only light in the melancholy picture. The poor distressed operatives, who have been cut off from their usual industrial means of livelihood, have borne the burden and pang of poverty and deprivation with a patience and fortitude of the most exemplary character. No riot or tumult, no breaking of machinery, burning of property, or robbing of provision-shops, has anywhere been heard of; but on every hand a calm, quiet, patient, and even hopeful spirit has been exemplified. Drunkenness, and, as a consequence, crime and vice of all kinds have actually diminished during the prevailing distress. May we not hope that from this great trial the masses of our manufacturing population may learn a great and wholesome lesson of self-restraint and self-respect; so that when trade again expands its prosperous wings, bringing employment and food for all, they may be wiser in the future than in the past, and may husband their surplus earnings instead of squandering them at the beer-shop and gin-shop? Well, also, might our rulers now learn a noble lesson, and cease to multiply the snares and seductions of the licensed drinking-houses of the land.

Passing from the Lancashire cotton districts, we cannot but fix our eye upon the frightful struggle now going on amongst our kindred and friends on the

American continent. Whilst we write, the telegraphic wires are bringing us a succession of intimations of the most interesting character. A million of men are now in arms, face to face, all burning with belligerent passions, and each party appealing to the god of battle for succour and success. We do not, in 'Meliora,' enter into this great question in any partisan spirit, but as lovers of mankind—the poor, down-trodden, manacled millions included—we cannot but deeply sympathize with the Federal government, and pray that its arms may be victorious over the mad and wicked rebellion waged in the interests of slavery. No right-minded Englishman could possibly wish success to the South in its atrocious designs against the deepest instincts and dearest rights of humanity. Already the action of Congress has made vast inroads upon the foul 'domestic institution,' and the doom of the accursed system has been pronounced. On the President's recommendation, Congress has passed an Act, by an overwhelming vote, that the Government will co-operate with any State, in which slavery exists, in the work of emancipation, to the extent of making compensation for losses accruing from such emancipation. Congress has abolished slavery in the district of Columbia, offering to pay 300 dols. (60¢) to the proprietors for each of their slaves that is worth that sum, and providing 100,000 dols. (or 20,000¢) to enable such of these emancipated people to emigrate to Liberia or Hayti as may be disposed to go. The Act has come into operation. Generally speaking, the slaves instantly stopped working for their former masters, and sought lodging and work of their own elsewhere; so that free blacks, of whom there are several thousands in the district, had to be found to fill their places. In most cases that was not difficult to do.

Congress has also voted to open diplomatic relations with the American colony or republic of Liberia, as well as with Hayti. This is an acknowledgment of the independence of both.

And last of all, but not the least in importance, Mr. Seward, Foreign Secretary, and Lord Lyons, British Ambassador, have made a treaty, which the Senate of the United States promptly ratified,

ratified, which will effectually put down the infamous African slave trade. By this treaty English and American cruisers have the right to search suspected vessels bearing the American or English flag, along a certain extent of the African coast, and within thirty leagues of the island of Cuba. The treaty provides for the establishment of mixed courts, composed of an equal number of Englishmen and Americans, on the coast of Africa, and in or near Cuba, that shall in all cases adjudicate upon arrested vessels.

Not one of the four great measures just enumerated could have been passed if it had not been for this war, which has broken effectually and, we trust, for ever, the spell of Southern influence by which the country has been held for eighty years.

We look forward with earnest hope for the time when the baptism of blood shall be at an end, when the demon of civil war shall have been exorcised, and the angels of peace, brotherhood, and goodwill once more visit to bless and unite our American brethren.

The sixth annual congress of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science has just finished its sittings in London. Its world-renowned President, Lord Brougham, again presided and delivered the inaugural address. We need scarcely remark that his lordship, selecting many important topics, thoughtfully and eloquently discoursed upon them, in an address equally worthy of the occasion and of the noble and gifted speaker. As usual, his lordship gave pointed and most cordial recognition of the object and labours of the United Kingdom Alliance, of which association he has evinced his cordial and thorough approval by accepting the office of one of its Vice-presidents, and presiding over one of its meetings in Dublin, on the occasion of the Social Science Congress last year. At the recent meeting in London, Lord Brougham, when dilating upon the distress of the manufacturing districts, arising from the cutting off of the cotton supplies, said: 'It is most gratifying to find, in addition to all that has been said touching the excellent conduct of the working classes, that the distress of the times (*the male suada fumes*, has been attended with no increase in the number of crimes. On the contrary, there has been a marked diminution in the num-

ber of commitments. The charge of Mr. Armstrong, Recorder of Manchester, and the accounts from Blackburn and other places, testify to this fact. Our revered friend, Mr. Clay, late chaplain of Preston gaol, used to account for this, when it happened in former times of distress, by the enforced temperance which it occasioned—a doctrine much disputed by others, and which will have full examination at this Congress, as it is to be devoutly hoped will have all measures and plans connected with that great subject, and tending to root out intemperance, the mother of distress and nurse of crime, with which our excellent and useful sister, the Grand Alliance, wages unceasing and successful war.'

The members of the Social Science Association and their friends held a magnificent gathering in Westminster Palace, courteously granted by the Lord Chamberlain, who handsomely went beyond the terms of the request, and added the House of Lords and the Presence Chamber, to the other grand suite of apartments, including the Octagon Hall, St. Stephen's Hall, and the lobbies of both Houses of Parliament, the whole of which were placed at the disposal of the Social Science Congress.

It is estimated that some five thousand guests were in attendance, who were received on their arrival by the Earl of Shaftesbury, Lord Brougham, Mr. Kinnaird, M.P., and the Members of the Council, with Mr. G. W. Hastings, the Hon. Secretary. 'The visitors,' (says the 'Times' reporter) 'branched off, right and left, either into the House of Commons, or across the centre lobby towards the House of Lords. Having quitted the precincts of the House, and passed through the avenue of illustrious statesmen in St. Stephen's Hall, St. Stephen's porch was reached. Far down as the eye could reach it rested on a dense mass of flags, figures, flowers, and gay colours, the whole thrown into brilliant relief by pillars supporting crowns of flame. Overhead the lines in the noble roof stood out so clearly that the ribs appeared to cross each other like latticework. Never before, perhaps, were the proportions of the magnificent building seen to such advantage. The assembly was not unworthy of the site on which it was called together. The members of the Association and the distinguished visitors who responded in each number

to the invitations issued by the Council, little knew what difficulties attended the preliminary arrangements, or how nearly, at the last moment, the scheme was all but defeated. It is due to the First Commissioner of Works to say that, having once been satisfied of the propriety and feasibility of the plan, he did all in his power to insure its success, as did likewise the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, within whose special custody the hall was supposed to lie. The public have, perhaps, some shadow of a claim to the Octagon Hall, St. Stephen's Hall, and the lobbies of the Houses of Parliament. On this point no difficulty was raised. But a great advance was evidently made when a promise was obtained that the House of Commons itself should be thrown open to visitors. From this point everything would have gone on swimmingly, but for the sudden discovery that something like a breach of privilege had been committed. Nobody had consulted the Lord Chamberlain! And as everybody knows, or ought to know, that for 800 years the Lord Chamberlain for the time being has exercised arbitrary control over each and all of the royal palaces; as the pile of building at Westminster is the "Palace of Parliament," and as even the authority of the Sergeant-at-Arms, practically all-powerful within the House of Commons, is but an emanation from the superior dignity of the Lord High Chamberlain, it follows that a constitutional question was raised, requiring no little share of kindly feeling on all sides to surmount. The event, however, justified once more the ancient adage that "there is a silver lining to every cloud," for the Lord Chamberlain not only listened to reason and refrained from creating the general disappointment which must have followed an absolute inhibition at the eleventh hour, but positively added the House of Lords and the Prince's Chamber to the grand suite of apartments at the disposal of the Social Science Congress.

The sittings of the Congress were held at the Guildhall and at Burlington House, the latter being specially devoted to the Congrès International de Bienfaisance, this year held in connection with the Social Science Congress. A special correspondent of 'The Alliance News,' says: 'The great soirée in Westminster Hall has

had no equal in the history of the association. The newspaper estimates of the attendance vary from three to nine thousand. Perhaps the difference may be divided, and a more exact figure be obtained. The attendance in every respect was noble, both as to character and number, and this may be described as the greatest soirée ever held on temperance principles. Not a drop of alcohol was to be found on the premises. There were fruit essences, but no intoxicants. The supply was equally innocuous at the Hanover Square Rooms last night, where another brilliant assembly gathered to witness the products of the industry of the reformatories of the country. It was a bazaar as well as an exhibition, and scores of young outcasts reclaimed were proudly illustrating their various employments to the visitors.'

One whole day, in one of the departments (Punishment and Reformation) was devoted to the discussion of the Liquor Traffic, the License System, and the Permissive Bill of the United Kingdom Alliance.

Papers were read by the Rev. Dawson Burns, of the London Alliance Auxiliary, Thomas Beggs, Esq., of the United Kingdom Alliance, Rev. G. W. McCree, Hon. Sec., Band of Hope Union, Mrs. Bayley, Notting Hill, Mr. Pankhurst, of the Manchester Athæneum, and Mr. Rathbone, of the Liverpool Social Science Committee. A long discussion was evoked, and Mr. Pope, the Hon. Secretary of the Alliance, made an able and impressive speech in support of the Permissive Bill, before a full section. He was ably supported by Mr. John Noble, jun., Mr. J. H. Raper, Rev. Mr. McCullum, and others. Mr. John Taylor, of the National Temperance League, and one or two others, spoke in opposition. We must, however, refer our readers to 'The Alliance News,' of the 14th, 21st, and 28th ult. for more ample details of the proceedings in connection with the Social Science Congress. On the evening of the same day whereon the Permissive Bill was discussed in the Social Science Congress, a large public meeting was held in Exeter Hall, presided over by Wilfred Lawson, Esq. M.P. for Carlisle, and addressed by the Chairman, also by Acton S. Ayrton, Esq., M.P. for the Tower Hamlets; Rev. Dr. Burns, Paddington; Professor Lee, M.D., of New York, United States, America;

America; Samuel Pope, Esq., Barrister at Law, Hon. Sec., United Kingdom Alliance; Washington Wilks, Esq., London; Harper Twelvetees, Esq., Bromley-by-Bow, and other gentlemen. The following letter was read from Lord Brougham, who was unable to be present and take part:—

*'4, Grafton Street, Monday,
June 2, 1862.'*

'MY DEAR MR. POPE,

'I have to say that my attendance at the meeting is quite impossible; but my continued adhesion to the great cause of the Grand Alliance cannot be doubted. I so expressed myself last week in the House of Lords when I presented a number of petitions on the subject, and I shall most distinctly, though concisely, state it in my opening address at the Social Science Congress.

'Believe me most truly yours,

'H. BROUGHAM.

'P.S. I have just received Mr. Barker's letter, with the statement of numbers, for which pray thank him in my name, as I have not time to write.'

The proceedings were characterized by earnestness on the part of the speakers, and a wholesome enthusiasm on the part of the audience. Several suitable resolutions, and a petition to Parliament in favour of a Permissive Prohibitory Law, were unanimously adopted by the meeting.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, true to his official and financial instincts, has again made an inroad upon the present license system, giving greater facility for the sale of spirits, wine, and beer at fairs, races, and other social gatherings of the people. Through the vigilance and energy of the Alliance, amendments were carried, modifying the propositions of Mr. Gladstone very considerably, so that the occasional three days' license cannot be issued until two justices of the district have given their consents in writing, and no sales must be made under the licence before or after sunset.

The Scottish Public House Amendment Act has been passed, with increased powers to put down shebeen-houses, but not without some relaxation in the clauses regulating the licensed houses. An effort was made by Scottish temperance reformers, led on by the Scottish Permissive Bill Association, to obtain a veto power for two-thirds of the ratepayers, to prevent the issue of

licenses within their respective districts. Petitions bearing upwards of 45,000 signatures, including a number from public meetings and bodies, were presented in favour of the veto clause. The Scottish Temperance League supported the measure, and presented petitions in favour of a permissive veto clause to give the immediate ratepaying residents power to prevent the issue of additional licences. We regret that their effort was not successful, Mr. Finlay's motion being defeated in Committee by a vote of 37 to 19.

A 'Sale of Spirits Bill' has been carried through the House of Commons, repealing one of the clauses of the old 'Tippling Act,' so called. By this alteration the publican will now be able to recover debts contracted for spirits sold retail for non-consumption on the premises. Mr. Forster, M.P. for Bradford, made an effort to extend the provisions of the amended Act to wine, beer, cider, and perry sold on credit for consumption on the premises. The forms of the House did not admit of the extension clause in the advanced stage of the Bill, and Mr. Forster was therefore encouraged by influential supporters to bring in a new Bill to the effect of his proposed amendment: we sincerely trust it will be carried.

We hail with pleasure the formation of a 'Working Man's Social Institutes Union,' for the social, mental, and moral improvement of the industrial classes. The Right Honourable Lord Brougham is at its head; Mr. M. D. Hill, Q.C., Recorder of Birmingham, Mr. Sergeant Manning, Rev. Canon Robinson, and Rev. Canon Jenkins are amongst its vice-presidents. The scheme is a large one. 'The truth is,' say the promoters, 'that education, temperance, and recreation must go hand in hand, if we would have real improvement and permanent reform.' The union proposes to stimulate and assist local efforts, by means of a fund to be expended in public meetings, lectures, tracts, visitations, grants of books, apparatus, teachers, and lecturers, and in other ways. Ultimately, it is hoped, an Industrial College may be founded to which promising young men might be sent for two or three years for systematic education. We shall notice this effort more at length hereafter; at present its operations are in the provisional stage.

ART.

ART. VIII.—REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

1. *The Great Barrier*. By Thomas Hughes.
Adaptation; or, Mutual Fitness between the Order of Things and Man. By Thomas Hughes.
 London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.
 2. *The Quiver*. Designed for the Defence and Promotion of Biblical Truth, and the Advancement of Religion in the Homes of the People. Vol. I. London: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, La Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate Hill.
 3. *Moral Wastes, and How to Reclaim Them*. By the Rev. J. H. Wilson. Second Edition.
The Wanderings of a Bible. By Clara Lucas Balfour.
Passages in the History of a Shilling. By Mrs. C. L. Balfour.
A Mother's Lessons on the Lord's Prayer. By Mrs. Clara Lucas Balfour.
The Gardener's Daughter; or, Mind whom you Marry. By the Rev. C. G. Rowe.
Never Give Up: a Christmas Story for Working Men and their Wives. By Nelsie Brook.
The late Prince Consort: Reminiscences of his Life and Character. By the Rev. J. H. Wilson.
 London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.
 4. *A Treatise on Peace with God: Designed principally for the Use of Inquirers*. By the Rev. F. Ferguson, M.A., Glasgow. Fourth Edition. Glasgow: Christian News Office Trongate. Manchester: W. Bremner and Co.
 London: Job Caudwell, 335, Strand.
1. 'THE names of things,' says the author of 'The Great Barrier,' 'are their exterior drapery, presented to the external senses, which should be a correct symbol and index of their internal character and relations. But frequently the names of things, like those of human creatures, are inapt and fanciful, given from simple or accidental circumstances, and never intended to convey the nature, condition, relation, and comprehension of things.' Accordingly, 'The Great Barrier' proves to be, not Alps, or Andes, not the sea, or the Great Sahara, but, in fact, Prejudice. that 'dull, stupid barrier against all light and reason:' and in the treatise before us. Mr. Hughes lays an elaborate information against Prejudice; and brings up all the grievances and old scores with which that culprit stands undeniably chargeable. That the mind is influenced by external things, is elaborately set forth in the first chapter. The characteristic features and tendency of Prejudice are discoursed of in the second. Prejudice is defined to be 'prejudgment—the formation of the judgment, opinion, or decision, without the examination of all evidences, on all sides, and from all sources.' 'Prejudice is narrow where it should be catholic, bigoted where it should be liberal, mean where it should be generous, stupid where it should be willing, and blind where light is most needed and valued.' This narrow, bigoted, mean, stupid, and blind principle 'pervades' (we are told for our comfort), 'more or less, all times and all grades in society, the child and the sage, the *elite* and the vulgar, the profound and the artificial, the statesman and the shepherd, the *litterati* and the *illiterati*, the pagan and the Christian, the religious and the irreligious—are all liable to the influence of prejudice; and, without a doubt, are all more or less governed by its power.' 'There is nothing that vegetates in human nature so soon, and nothing so hard to be destroyed.' The author, therefore, writing down prejudice, has before him a task indeed.
- The features of prejudice being thus represented as in every way repulsive, and the tendency invariably and universally bad, (the author distinctly affirms that prejudice 'is beautiful nowhere, it is needful nowhere, it is good to nobody,') the insidious and latent influence of prejudice becomes the topic of the next chapter: the conclusion here is that 'prejudice not unfrequently exists where it is not seen, governs where it is denounced, leads where it is not acknowledged, and impresses its character where it is not read by its subjects, nor even thought of by spectators.' 'Its deep and secret place of operation is the inward life. Its actions are gradual, insidious, and invisible.'

invisible.' That it is 'incompatible with the need, the truth, and the relations of things' is the charge alleged in Chapter IV.; in considering which, however, we find ourselves tempted to insert queries at every point. This is, indeed, the most *questionable* chapter in the volume. In Chapter V., we are invited to inspect the 'diversified forms' of 'The Great Barrier'; 'The natural and necessary results of different temperaments in disposition, various modes of training, diversified influences, different degrees in mental power and education, and the many kinds of interests which sway men.' In this chapter we find eight sections; the first deals with the general tendency of things to diversification; the second, with religious prejudice; the third, with family prejudice; the fourth, with national and political prejudice; the fifth, with prejudice of rank; the sixth, with philosophical prejudice; the seventh, with the prejudice of art; with literary prejudice the eighth and last. In the sixth chapter, the different causes of the 'Great Barrier' are nominated. Of most of these 'causes' of prejudice, however, it would be quite as correct to say that they are its effects. Thus 'the cultivation of partial and one-sided sympathy is a productive root of prejudice;' but if we ask, *Why* is partial and one-sided sympathy cultivated? the answer may as well be, 'because of prejudice,' as any other; and so the root may be turned upside down, and will then figure as the flower. Having pursued prejudice thus far, the author still devotes a seventh chapter to an exposition of its evil results; in the course of which, by the way, he with his own hand effects the capsizing above indicated, for he declares that prejudice 'makes the mind one-sided in its emotions and judgments;' this one-sidedness being now assigned as the result of prejudice, of which before it was adduced as a cause. Hereby is indicated a defect in the power of analysis brought to bear; a defect, we must add, which makes itself felt not alone in this chapter. In the eighth chapter we find sundry additional illustrations of the power of prejudice; followed, in the ninth, by certain remedial suggestions. A true estimate of self is recommended: 'The first questions should be, What are my powers? What is my knowledge

What is the end of my life? What are my advantages? What is my true condition? How do I stand in relation to others?' Moreover, 'It is advantageous to have extensive knowledge of men and things; one's own view and opinion should be doubted and tested. The habit of independent thinking must be cultivated; nothing must be taken for granted. The mind must break through names, and external habiliments and circumstances. The mind must constantly watch and check all partiality and predilection. Before it is possible to rise above the baleful influence of pre-judice, we must aim at being governed by high and truthful motives. Christianity destroys it at the root, by correcting the judgment, curing the heart, and elevating and governing the motives.' On the whole, the author belabours poor prejudice so severely, that we are almost tempted to take sides with a party so very much abused. The author's unwillingness to allow any use or beauty in prejudice, certainly gives ground for his impeachment of one-sidedness. After all, prejudice is a great barrier against evil innovations, as well as against the good. And what is to be done in the education of youth? At least until matured, the mind cannot possibly examine 'all evidence on all sides and from all sources.' It must take its principles on trust from its real instructors, be they preceptors, or exemplars, or both. Should the young mind be allowed to lie fallow until adult, as 'Citizen Coleridge,' in his raw, pantisocratic days ventured to recommend? It cannot be; the mind will produce; and if not carefully tilled and dressed as a garden, will cover itself with foul and hateful weeds. Happy therefore, say we, is the young mind that is well fortified against base allurements by stout prejudices in favour of all things good and true. We could desire nothing better for every one of our own children, if we had a hundred of them, than that they should be thus walled about provisionally with wholesome 'prejudices' for whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report. To have completed his treatise, then, the author should have given us a chapter on the uses of prejudice; we might then bow to him as an impartial judge, and not view him as counsel for the prosecution only. The truth is, he is

prejudiced against prejudice; and so we get only the argument upon one side.

On the other hand, let it be said for the book that it produces a decided impression in the author's favour. His is an earnest, thoughtful, and truth-loving mind; proof of this is given in every chapter of his essay. His aim has indeed been, in his own words, 'to show prejudice in some of its leading features, and lead men to see the evil of it, and attack and destroy it in themselves.' Deeply affected on review of the manifold mischiefs wrought by prejudice, he has here entered his hearty and conscientious protest against it, and has lifted up a voice of warning which deserves, for the world's sake, to be widely heard.

Of Mr. Hughes's other work, 'Adaptation,' the theme is that venerable one, the correlation of microcosm and macrocosm; the position taken being that

'Man is all symmetry,
Full of proportion one limb to another,
And to all the world beside;'

or, in Mr. Hughes's own words, 'the face of man and that of the universe answer each other in all points. The palace is consummately furnished with all elements and agents, to meet the greatest and the minutest wants of its noble occupier. Though it has been in daily operation for these thousands of years, there is as much fitness as there was the first day of occupation,—and that in spite of the neglect and rebellion of man. So exact a correspondence in the two sides to each other shows, as clear as moral evidence can prove, that the same Architect formed the two, and that He is infallible in wisdom, and illimitable and unchangeable in benevolence.' This theme the author pursues in detail; through the sensational organs, and the intellectual and the emotional natures, in work and action, in need and provision, in social tendency, in diversity of powers, in the law of progress, and in Christian provision. The same good qualities indicated in his 'Great Barrier' are additionally testified to in his 'Adaptation,' which is a thoughtful and thought-stimulating essay. There is, however, in his argument a little difficulty that requires clearing up. We will put it in this shape: If it is not to be doubted that 'the face of man and that of the universe answer each other in

all points;' and that 'there is as much fitness as there was the first day of occupation, and that in spite of the neglect and rebellion of man,' how comes it that, nevertheless, 'the testimony of nature in all her revelations and utterances is true;' and that 'all her productions, laws, and sympathies are true and pure?' On the one hand, if man is fallen, and nature still answers at all points to man as much as at first, then nature is fallen too; and so we can account for the fact that 'red in beak, and claw with ravin,' she 'shrieks against' truths which we may yet believe. If scarred, blackened, defaced, the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain with fallen man, we can understand how it is that she should be found still as minutely and accurately responsive to man's own state as when first created; but if to-day 'all her revelations and utterances' are indeed 'true,' and 'all her productions, laws, and sympathies true and pure,' then Mr. Hughes would seem to fix himself in the dilemma either of affirming that man is unfallen, or of recalling his verdict that nature and man answer each other at all points.

2. Of their library of publications, the one by which Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin desire to be represented in our review this quarter is 'The Quiver,' now advanced beyond the close of its first volume. 'The Quiver' being its name, we must, of course, report it to be replete with arrows; and we can add that most of these appear to be sufficiently fledged with literary ability to secure a reasonably prolonged flight, and tipped with the true steel. 'The Quiver' is designed for the defence and promotion of Biblical truth, and the advancement of religion in the homes of the people. Wherever received in such homes, it can scarcely fail to prove influential for good. As we turn over the pages of this very cheap weekly magazine, such titles meet the eye as 'The Half-Hour Bible-Class,' 'Weekly Calendar of Remarkable Events associated with the Christian Church,' 'The Origin of Languages and of Man,' 'Youth's Department,' 'Italy of the Future,' 'Sunday Talks with the Little Ones,' 'The History of our English Bible,' and 'Readings in Butler's Analogy, by the Rt. Hon. F. Napier.' Reappearing in each number, portions of one long tale, 'The Channings,' by the

the authoress of 'Danesbury House,' are given from week to week; and on the report of one whom we trust, who, unlike us, has read the tale, we feel warranted in recommending it as, for the most part, well conceived and always well told, while a truly Christian spirit pervades it. We know not to whose true heart 'The Quiver' is indebted for the following verses; but they are worth quoting, and should be welcome to all the readers of 'Meliora':—

LIFE AND DEATH.

For ever the sun is pouring his gold
On a hundred worlds that beg and borrow;
His warmth he squanders on summits cold,
His wealth on the homes of want and sorrow.
To withhold his largess of precious light
Is to bury himself in eternal night:—

To give
Is to live.

The flower shines not for itself at all;
Its joy is the joy it freely diffuses;
Of beauty and balm it is prodigal,
And it lives in the life it sweetly loses.
No choice for the rose but glory or doom,—
To exhale or smother, to wither or bloom:
To deny
Is to die.

The sea lends silvery rain to the land,
The land its sapphire streams to the ocean;
The heart sends blood to the brain of command,
The brain to the heart its lightning motion;
And ever and ever we yield our breath
Till the mirror is dry, and images death.
To live
Is to give.

He is dead whose hand is not opened wide
To help the need of a human brother;
He doubles the life of his life-long ride
Who gives his fortunate place to another;
And a thousand million lives are his
Who carries the world in his sympathies.
To deny
Is to die.

'Throw gold to the far-dispersing wave,
And your ships sail home with tons of treasure;
Care not for comfort, all hardships brave,
And evening and age shall sup with pleasure;
Fling health to the sunshine, wind, and rain,
And roses shall come to the cheek again.
To give
Is to live.

'What is our life? Is it wealth or strength?
If we, for the Master's sake, will lose it,
We shall find it a hundredfold at length,
While they shall for ever lose who refuse it.
To men who seek for welfare and peace
In forsaking the right we shall increase.
They save
'A grave.'

3. The publications of Mr. S. W. Partridge have a well-known idiosyncrasy. They are, as a rule, very well printed, on good paper, with clean and clear type, each page in a neat border, each volume charmingly illustrated with cuts, and attractively bound. As far as we have observed, their moral

tone is unexceptionable; and they almost invariably give a gentle and winning presentment of 'evangelical' religion. So numerous as they are, and so widely distributed, their influence must be of a very salutary character upon the young, to whom for the most part they are addressed.

'Our Moral Wastes,' by the Rev. J. H. Wilson, is fragrant all through of that now well-known school of religious philanthropy to which Miss Marsh, Mrs. Bayley, Mrs. Wightman, and other 'honourable women,' happily become now 'not a few,' pertain; and we are glad to see that it is in its second edition, and that there is, as the preface remarks, 'a daily-increasing demand for the work.' The moral waste treated of in this little volume is one that lately existed, and still to a great extent exists, at Aberdeen. The waste is described, the first efforts towards its reclamation are reported, and the great questions 'how to begin,' and 'how to go on,' are practically answered. The third chapter bears as its title, 'The Temperance Reformation,' as we are glad to see. A deeply-interesting summary of the results of ten years' work in reclaiming the waste is supplied. Motives and stimulants to enterprise of the like kind, so sorely and so widely needed, are abundantly adduced.

'The Wanderings of a Bible' is the title of one of the many pleasing tales which have run from the pen of Mrs. Balfour. The history is really not of a Bible, but of certain persons into whose hands a copy of the Scriptures fell. How the said persons were affected as to their lot in life by drink and other deteriorating causes; what trials they went through; what aids to elevation they laid hold of, and how all eventuated,—these things are told with Mrs. Balfour's usual skill. Another of her little tales, 'My Mother's Bible,' forms part of the same volume. The illustrations are admirable.

'Passages in the History of a Shilling,' another little work of Mrs. Balfour's, conveys, like the last, but in the guise of fable, an excellent lesson in temperance.

'The Mother's Lessons on the Lord's Prayer' have been seized upon directly on arrival by a certain mother of our acquaintance, and her little ones; and have been much commended by these able experts in family

family literature. The 'Lessons' are printed in large type, and on a very large page; indeed, the book is nearly a foot wide, and more than a foot long. The illustrations, by Knight, with which it abounds, cover the full page, and give the book a charmingly captivating power. Each petition in the Lord's Prayer is the theme of a chapter, and its meaning is expounded, not doctrinally, but by means of interesting anecdotes. The preparation of this book for the press, on the part of Mr. Partridge, must have involved considerable outlay. We can cordially recommend the volume to families.

From the study of the Rev. C. G. Rowe, we have 'The Gardener's Daughter,' a picture with strong lights and shades, illustrative of the dangers of the public-house, and the importance to young women of the previous careful and prayerful study of the character of the men they marry. The tale told is a melancholy one; but its moral is all the more impressive on that account.

'Never Give Up' is the title of a Christmas story for working men and their wives, from the pen of Nelsie Brook, with illustrations by John Gilbert. The story is of Johnny Lane, a boy who by means of a saved-up threepence adorns the home with mistletoe and holly; and of his mother, who enters into the plot with Johnny to surprise the father, on his return, with these festive appearances; and of the father, Robert Lane, who has been for twelve months a teetotaler, to the exceeding advantage of himself and family; and of the drinking companions, who broke down for Robert the barrier of his pledge, and sent home a drunken man to the be-Christmassed but dreadfully disappointed cottage; and of the happy recovery of the fallen one, through his wife's prayers and cares; and of the further happy recovery of the arch-tempter, Dick Slade, himself; and finally of the wisdom of 'never giving up.' A pleasing little story, with a capital moral, by an agreeable writer, and we beg that our readers will bear it in mind when next they shall be thinking of buying a Christmas story.

The Reminiscences of the Life and Character of the late Prince Consort are by one who had very favouring opportunities of garnering up facts and impressions connected with the late

deeply-lamented 'father of our kings to be;' and include several very pleasing anecdotes, affording new proof, if it were required, that in this great loss which we have suffered, not only an illustrious man, but a truly good man, has been taken away from the precincts of the throne of this country.

4. For the use, principally, of a class of persons technically called 'inquirers'—meaning, not querists in general, but only such as put a particular question for which a gaoler at one time on duty in Philippi has become famous—the Rev. Fergus Ferguson, M.A., has written a treatise on peace with God, of which we have here the *fourth* edition, subjected to 'subtractions and additions.' He opens by showing that, compared with the peace treated of, all other possessions sink into insignificance; and by various considerations, he urges how heavy must be the displeasure of God against sinners, and how important to be at peace with Him. In the progress of his treatise he shows certain alleged 'false methods by which sinners seek to obtain peace;' he exhibits what he takes to be 'the way revealed in the Scriptures whereby the sinner may obtain peace with God;' he considers 'several barriers which are found to stand between sinners and the immediate acceptance of peace in this Scriptural way;' lastly, he notices several characteristics of this peace when obtained. This is, in fact, a sort of sermon, drawn out like a telescope to pretty full length, in the hope that a great many people will look through it (as they appear already to have done), and see something for their advantage. The character of the author's mind is evidently intensely earnest; of its other features, one is displayed in his utter refusal to admit that 'the peace of God, which passeth all understanding,' may not be logically inclosed and thoroughly understood by every possessor. He does not seem to allow that there can be states of soul too deep and full to be translated into thought. All, however, that can be clearly thought may be efficiently expressed; but where—in which page of inspiration—from what teacher, prophet, or apostle—have we a clear definition and adequate description of the peace ineffable? Whilst treating of the enemies of this peace, the author does not omit to allude to the sin of drunkenness.

Meliora.

ART. I. *The History of British Journalism.* By Alexander Andrews. In 2 vols. London: Bentley.

SO much has been written lately respecting the progress of the Fourth Estate, that the magazine-reader cannot fail to be well acquainted with its history. Recently, moreover, two works have appeared which give abundant information upon this subject. Mr. Knight Hunt's well-known book had become out-dated so far as regards the present position of the newspaper press, when Mr. Alexander Andrews published his '*History of British Journalism*,' which while it corrects Mr. Hunt's frequent blunders,* itself falling into some curious mistakes, brings down the narrative very nearly to the present time. Mr. Erskine May's '*Constitutional History of England, from 1760 to 1860*,' which we have recently reviewed, contains also a most instructive chapter on the struggles the English journalist has undergone in establishing the newspaper upon its present broad and firm foundation. We know that the reporters' gallery is now as essential a part of the two Houses as the woolsack or the Speaker's chair. The M.P. can no longer hope to escape the vigilance of his constituents, nor betray the principles which he was elected to represent without his offence being known the day after it is committed. The increased accountability of the representative to his constituents, a good thing in itself, is to some extent counterbalanced by an evil of no slight magnitude. The publication of the debates has doubtless led to the increase of debating, and the decrease of legislation. The unready speaker would not inflict his stammering utterances upon some fifty wearied gentlemen if he did not know that they would be converted into smoothly-flowing paragraphs by

* Since this article was written the writer has been informed by a friend of the late Mr. Hunt that he was quite alive to the imperfections of his work, and was busily engaged in bringing out a new edition when he died. Three weeks before his death he told our informant that he had been working very hard at the revision of his book, and promised to send a copy of the new edition as soon as it was published. The next tidings our informant had of Mr. Hunt was, that he had departed this life, somewhat suddenly, and to the great regret of his many friends, especially of his colleagues of the '*Daily News*.'

'the gentlemen of the press.' Yawns not suppressed, drowsiness openly paraded, would effectually check the oratorical efforts of the most self-satisfied speaker, were it not for the thought of his wisdom being recorded in 500,000 broad sheets the next morning. Thus the hours that should be given to the discussion of new bills are spent in declamation, and each session witnesses the repetition of that cruel tragedy 'The Slaughter of the Innocents.' Nevertheless, even this mischief has some alleviation. The M.P. who wishes to speak is careful not to make a fool of himself. Preparation will not cause him to be a fluent speaker, but it will prevent him from absurd mistakes. The newspaper which hides all defects of oratory makes known all errors of fact through the length and the breadth of the country. Publication often encourages the member to speak when he would better be silent; but publication also compels him to be accurate when he speaks.

Other objections have been raised against the spread of journalism. It has been urged, perhaps with some degree of truth, that newspapers are usurping the place of solid literature, and that we are in danger of becoming superficial. However true this may be, it is certain that the newspaper creates more readers than it degenerates. More persons are enticed by it out of ignorance into the mastery of the alphabet than are beguiled out of solid into ephemeral reading. Moreover, it must be remembered that a great deal of what now appears in our newspapers would fifty years ago have been published in octavos, and would have graced the library shelves instead of being condemned to the dust-heap. The 'British Essayists' are considered the best models of classic English for the student. But the 'Tatler,' the 'Spectator,' the 'Idler,' the 'Rambler,' are not purer wells of English undefiled than may be found any week in the 'Times,' the 'Saturday Review,' the 'London Review,' the 'Spectator,' and the 'Examiner.' The 'Letters of Junius,' which are now in every library, appeared first in the columns of a newspaper, and there is no reason why we should not collect twenty volumes of equal merit with these 'Letters' from the leading articles in our daily and weekly papers. The debates also, over long and wordy though they often are, do yet afford examples of oratory quite worthy of comparison with the greatest efforts of our greatest orators. Time will not perhaps preserve so carefully the speeches of Gladstone, Derby, Bright, and Disraeli, as it has preserved the speeches of Pitt, Burke, Fox, and Sheridan; but the failure will be due to the fact that eloquence now is not the rare thing that it used to be in the days when the parliamentary reporter was an 'intelligent contraband.' We must not overlook another feature of the modern newspaper. The letters from 'Our own Correspondents,' though they are published in a newspaper which (if printed on straw-
paper)

paper) perishes in the using, are as much superior to the 'diaries of eminent persons' half a century ago, as the fast 'express' which runs from London to Exeter in four hours is to the old stage that took four days to do the journey. These letters are, indeed, history written concurrently with the events; narratives of campaigns written on the field; photographs, in fact, which if they do not take the place of the more finished painting to be completed hereafter, do very much assist the artist. Without going so far as to prefer with Mr. Cobden a file of the 'Times' to all the books of Thucydides, we may claim for the newspaper that it is very much more accurate than most of the classic histories. Nor can we see any reason why it should be thought a mark of superficialness to be as well acquainted with the history of our own time and country as with the history of Greece and Rome two thousand years ago. There is one more charge raised against the newspaper press by a few persons. The newspaper is said by such to be the organ of immorality and irreligion, and as such the objectors set their face against any further development of journalism. This charge, if it were ever true in times past, is, in the main, not true now. Forty years ago there was much ground for the accusation. The 'John Bull' and the 'Weekly Dispatch' of that time were a disgrace to the fourth estate; but as the power of the press increased, it seemed to take a higher view of its responsibilities, and in these days of penny newspapers a more strict regard than was ever before shown is now paid to good morals. In fact, the happy change that has been effected is due in great measure to the cheap press, which has shamed the high-priced journals into a more stringent supervision of objectionable reports and immoral advertisements. The unprejudiced newspaper reader during the last five years must admit that the old-established newspapers have frequently had a lesson taught them by their lower-priced, but higher-toned contemporaries. At the present time we fearlessly challenge comparison between the two classes. Whether it be the Tory 'Standard' or the Radical 'Star,' or any other of the penny dailies in London or in the provinces, few of them have any cause to shrink from the closest investigation. Nor had they before the repeal of the paper duty, and when their comparative unprofitableness to their proprietors offered a strong inducement to publish 'spicy' reports of the proceedings in that moral cloaca the Divorce Court, and to insert advertisements that were always well paid for.

The distribution of newspapers throughout the country does not at first sight seem to depend upon any rule. The writer has drawn up for his own use a table which shows the proportion of newspapers to the population, and which offers some curious statistics. Of course the actual number of distinct journals is

large counties than in the small. Yorkshire has 77, Lancashire has 75, and no other counties approach these figures; omitting, of course, Surrey and Middlesex, which, from the fact that they contain the Metropolis, must be treated separately. Kent stands next to Lancashire, but has only 39 papers. Somerset and Devon come next with 29 each. The counties lowest in the scale after Rutland, which has not a single paper, are Cambridge with four, and Huntingdon with two. But when we come to a comparative analysis, Lancashire and Yorkshire by no means stand high, having each but one paper to 26,300 inhabitants, while Bucks has one to 20,800, Devon one to 20,100, Wilts one to 20,000, Gloucester one to 19,400, Kent one to 18,800, Somerset one to 16,500, Derby one to 16,100, Cumberland one to 15,700. It seems remarkable that while Cumberland should have the largest number of papers in proportion to the inhabitants, the very similar county of Cornwall should have by very far the smallest, namely, one to 61,200 inhabitants, or only one-fourth the number of Cumberland. The two counties are not dissimilar in their physical features: Cumberland has its mountains, Cornwall its high granite tors; and the population in each county is to a great extent engaged in mining. Where there is any difference, it is in favour of Cornwall: the hills of this county are not so precipitous as those of Cumberland, consequently locomotion is not so difficult; in other words, the circulation of newspapers is more easy. Transit, moreover, is not hindered in Cornwall by the intervention of large expanses of water such as the Cumberland lakes; the climate of Cornwall is also milder, and the roads are rarely impeded by winter snows. But all these circumstances really tend the other way. Isolation involves the multiplication of distinct newspapers, though a diminished circulation for each. The hilly counties of Devon, Somerset, Gloucester, Derby, Westmoreland, and, as we have said, Cumberland, contain much above the average number of newspapers; while, on the other hand, the flat counties of Cambridge, Essex, and Norfolk contain only about half the number. Where towns are separated from each other by bad roads, or expanses of waste, each becomes a little capital to itself, and has its own organ, started by the one printer, who is a burning and shining light in the eyes of his fellow-townsmen, and who is content with the small profit that is derived from a very limited circulation. It is not easy to deduct any rule from the figures before us; for it must be remembered that the number of newspapers is a quite distinct matter from the number of newspaper readers. Ten papers, with an average circulation of 500, is probably a fair computation for most of the journals published in all the agricultural county towns of an average-sized county. On the other hand, in a large manufacturing town one paper alone will have a circulation of from
50,000

50,000 to 100,000. Moreover, it sometimes happens that a county may obtain its supply of news almost exclusively from a town not within the limits of that county, but on the borders of it. This is remarkably seen in the case of Cornwall. This county, which, as we have said, stands lowest in the list of newspapers published within the county, derives its news chiefly from the large and thriving town of Plymouth, which is separated from Cornwall only by a river. A large weekly paper of eight pages, the same size as the 'Times,' and published at Plymouth, has a circulation in Cornwall exceeding that of all the six Cornish papers united. Similarly the counties of Worcester and Oxford are supplied by the Birmingham papers, Cheshire by the Liverpool and Manchester papers.

The increase of newspapers during the last ten years, both in number and in circulation, is marvellous. Ten years ago the number of broad sheets published daily, probably did not exceed 50,000. The 'Times' alone now prints that number, the 'Daily Telegraph' more than half as many again, and the total number of daily sheets issued from the London and the provincial daily press is estimated at 500,000. The increase in the weekly and bi-weekly press is far greater. Every district in London now has its own 'organ' which gives more fully than the old-established London papers can afford to do, reports of local meetings, vestries, and police cases. Thus we have the 'Bayswater Chronicle,' 'Bethnal Green Times,' 'City Press,' 'Clerkenwell Journal,' 'Clerkenwell News,' 'East End News,' 'East London Observer,' 'Eastern Times,' 'Hackney Independent,' 'Holborn News,' 'Independence' (published at Chelsea), 'Islington Gazette,' 'Islington Times,' 'Lambeth Observer,' 'Marylebone Mercury,' 'Middlesex Chronicle' (circulating in Hounslow, Brentford, &c.), 'News of the Week' (a local journal for Bloomsbury), 'Paddington Times,' 'Shoreditch Advertiser,' 'Shoreditch Observer,' 'South London Chronicle,' 'South London Journal,' 'South London News,' 'St. Pancras News,' 'St. Pancras Reporter,' 'Tower Hamlets Express,' 'West London Observer,' 'West Middlesex Advertiser' which circulates in the populous neighbourhood of Hanover Square, &c. It will thus be seen that if London be, as it is asserted to be, not really a capital but a collection of towns, each of its townships has its own organ and often more than one.

The increase in the cheap provincial papers also is very large. Every little town of 1,500 to 3,000 inhabitants now has its own journal which, though professedly published in the place, is really three parts printed in London; the fourth page being set in type at the nominal office of publication, and being reserved for local news and advertisements. The supply of provincial newspapers has now become quite an extensive London business. The news

is set up in London every day, and arranged so that the latest intelligence may be supplied to the provincial 'proprietor' no matter what day his journal is published. He may have one, two, three, or even all four sides printed in London; but as a rule, only two or three sides are printed there, the remaining space being reserved for local news and the dozen or score of advertisements which the local tradesmen have been prevailed upon to give, not for the sake of getting additional customers, for they are too well known in their own towns to expect any help from the publicity which a local newspaper can afford, but for the sake of seeing their own names in very large print indeed, surmounted by a device which is not 'a thing of beauty.' These news sheets are supplied to the provincial publishers at a rate sufficiently low to permit them to sell their journals at a penny; but where the 'spirited proprietor' is so fortunate as to have no rival, he enjoys the advantage of the monopoly by putting on an extra halfpenny. As these news sheets are supplied to so many different publishers, it is necessary that they should contain nothing which should offend the political prejudices of any. They are therefore simply news sheets, and quite devoid of politics. If this latter article is wanted, it is supplied by the local publisher, who, not attempting to deal with questions of imperial interest, confines himself to vestry squabbles; or if the town be a parliamentary borough, to the fulsome eulogy of our 'honourable and honoured representative,' or to the unsparing abuse of 'our unscrupulous mis-representative,' accordingly as the publisher is a supporter or opponent of the M.P. who takes in the paper, but probably never opens it. For such papers as these the Volunteer movement has been a real windfall. There never was such an opportunity before for propitiating local celebrities, and flattering non-celebrities by the insertion of their names in 'our local news columns.' Very few of the inhabitants of a small town are proof against the seduction of seeing their names in print. Private Jones's friends were aware before the '— Gazette' told them, that he had made 7 points at the last shooting match; nevertheless, Private Jones likes his friends to be assured of the fact in black and white. Moreover, Jones has friends in Australia and British Columbia, and so he purchases a few extra copies, underscores a certain name, and increases the revenues of her Majesty by consigning the said copies to the Post Office. The fondness of small towns for seeing their small doings recorded in print is a remarkable instance of human vanity. Never is the 'Auburn Chronicle' looked forward to with so much avidity as when it records the sayings and doings of the inhabitants of 'sweet Auburn.' No matter that these sayings and doings are perfectly known to everybody, no matter that they have been talked over and repeated until nothing more can possibly

possibly remain to be said, still the printed and published record is read with all the interest of a romance. The death of General M'Clellan and of General Beauregard, in a pitched battle would not excite a tithe of the interest which is felt in reading the report of a Volunteer bazaar, or of a fancy ball. Woe to the unhappy reporter if he have omitted the name of a single gallant defender of the country, or of a single fair *danseuse*! He has not only made an enemy for life, but he is accused of all kinds of sinister motives.

If the proprietors of small provincial papers have not a large advertising business, they do not forget to advertise their journals. It is amusing to skim the pages of such a work as 'Mitchell's Newspaper Directory,' and see how these little publications describe themselves. We find one published in one of the dullest towns of Somersetshire announcing with a great flourish of trumpets that its circulation exceeds 1,000 a week, and that it is delivered to many dozens of opulent, professional, and trading inhabitants in the neighbouring towns. Another paper published in Cheshire lays claim to the merit of being the only stamped paper published in the district. One paper professes to be the only penny paper in the district; another declares itself the only twopenny paper. But perhaps the most singular claim to the support of the public is put forth by a paper published in a large Yorkshire town, which assigns as its chief merit that it is the only paper published only once a week in that town. But in spite of all their trivialities, and in spite of much puffing, and especially that most delusive form of it, the parading of the stamp returns, which are no index whatever of the respective circulation of newspapers, inasmuch as many never use stamps at all, there is no doubt that the spread of the provincial press has been productive of much good. The penny weekly paper, three parts published in London, is really a very well-managed epitome of the world's news. By means of it the farm labourer, the miner, and the fisherman are made acquainted with the events of their own time. They never saw the high-priced London papers, and remained in utter ignorance of all that was passing except in their own neighbourhood until the cheap press found its way into the market towns. It has now, to a great extent, superseded the objectionable publications which were circulated by the hawker to the great detriment of morals and religion. The penny paper is also a happy substitute for the pointless rambling stories, or for the indecent and blasphemous tales which the frequenters of village inns used to repeat to each other. The penny weekly paper has proved a valuable assistant to the clergyman and the schoolmaster, and is worth a dozen sermons against drunkenness and vice, and a dozen birch rods. On this point Mr. Alexander Andrews makes a pertinent remark. He says: 'The difference between twopenne
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and threepence is to the working man much greater than governments or mere club politicians can divine. He could read a newspaper through by spending twopence at a public-house; but now he can get it leisurely and quietly at home for the same money, which he could not do before because he grudged the extra penny.' This argument applies with tenfold force to the penny newspaper. So long as twopenny papers were the cheapest, the working man might still have preferred to read the paper at the public-house because he would have had his beer as well as his news for the money. But now he gets a paper of his own and saves a penny into the bargain. Strange it is that Mr. Andrews, after having made this just reflection, should have said on the very next page: 'In the provinces several new penny papers, some daily, sprang up on the repeal of the stamp duty, principally in the manufacturing towns; but only two or three of these, we believe, survive!' This remarkable misstatement is paralleled only by another error upon the very last page of his work, wherein the writer wishing God-speed to the British Press, looks forward to the time when the advertisement duty shall be repealed!

But to form an adequate idea of the progress of journalism we must study the history of the daily press, and especially of the cheap daily press. The high-priced papers for a long time affected to look down with contempt upon their cheap rivals, and the old-fashioned weekly papers even charged their daily competitors with stealing the news from themselves, a charge repeated by an eccentric M.P. in the House of Commons within the last year or two, although, as the daily papers were published in anticipation of the weekly, it was clear that the thefts must have been the other way. But such absurd abuse as this could have no effect upon the objects of it. The year 1855 saw the publication of the 'Daily Telegraph' in London, and of daily papers in Liverpool and Manchester, all sold for a penny. These were followed by other similar papers in the same places, and also in other towns, including Newcastle, Bristol, Birmingham, Sheffield, Plymouth, Nottingham, Leeds, Hull, and Sunderland. At the present time there are no less than 24 provincial daily papers published in England alone; there is 1 in Wales, there are 9 in Scotland, 16 in Ireland, and 2 in the Channel Islands—52 in all—which, with the 20 published in London, give a total of 72 daily papers. Thirty years ago there were but 18, or exactly one-fourth. This increase, however, does but very inadequately represent the progress of the press, inasmuch as the circulation of the daily newspapers has increased in a far greater proportion than the number of them. Until the end of 1857 the London penny dailies had consisted only of four pages. But at the beginning of 1858 the news-reading world was startled by the appearance of a double sheet published

lished at the same price. The 'Standard,' which, as the evening organ of conservatism, had fallen into a state of decay, was thus resuscitated to the no small disgust of the other London papers, but especially of the penny papers, which hitherto had really paid their way, but could not hope to do so in this enlarged form. Nevertheless they were obliged to follow suit, for the 'Standard' was cutting away the ground from under them. The 'Telegraph' first enlarged and then the 'Star;' and then ensued the reign of fragile paper, unreadable type, and ink that rendered it necessary for the reader to use soap and water as soon as he had conned the news of the day. For three years they continued, buoyed up by the hope of the repeal of the Paper Duty which seemed about to be realized in 1860, but was sorely disappointed by the unexpected and almost unprecedented conduct of the House of Lords in throwing out a money bill. It was at length realized on the first of October, 1861, a day long to be remembered for the removal of the last shackle from the press.

To conduct a cheap daily paper in London was simply a question of profit and loss. The 'Telegraph' had as great facilities for collecting news in the metropolis, for reporting the debates, and for obtaining commercial intelligence as the 'Times.' But with the provincial daily papers the case was far different. The value of these papers was in inverse ratio to their proximity to the capital; but their facilities for collecting metropolitan news were of course decreased by distance. Nevertheless, if the provincial journalist hoped to anticipate the London papers, he must contrive some method of obtaining tidings of events taking place perhaps three hundred miles away up to the hour of his going to press. To give the substance of the parliamentary debates and the divisions was a requisite for success. But those who conceived the bold idea of a daily paper out of London were not to be baffled by any difficulties. They were placed upon their mettle, moreover, by the proprietors of the old-fashioned high-priced weekly papers, who derided the new comers, prophesied failure, and afterwards, when success was certain, attempted to share it, and generally signally failed; for the public preferred to support the paper which had been the first to confer the advantage of an early and daily supply of news. The electric telegraph solved the difficulty. A summary of the debates from one to two columns long, brief notices of important events, quotations of the funds and leading stocks, abstracts of the leaders in the London papers, and the foreign and mail news from all parts of the world were transmitted by this agency; so that the readers in Dublin, Edinburgh, Manchester, Liverpool, Newcastle, and Plymouth were made acquainted with the latest news at the same time as the once exclusively favoured Londoner.

But

But the train is not altogether superseded by the telegraph. Where exclusive and speedy information is required, steam is often more serviceable than electricity; and by the agency of fast express trains important documents appear in papers published two hundred and fifty miles from London on the morning after they have been presented to Members of Parliament, and absolutely before they appear in the London papers. These competitions for early news, exciting enough to the competitors, though the readers know nothing of all the labour and cost that have been incurred, form a curious contrast to the difficulties of a provincial editor a hundred years ago. The chief trouble of the journalist of that day was to get news enough to fill his paper.

'In 1752,' says Mr. Andrews, 'the editor of the "Leicester Journal" was so embarrassed by want of matter, that he commenced reprinting the Bible *verbatim*, and got as far as the 10th chapter of Exodus before things temporal furnished him with sufficient matter to fill up his journal. Many of these papers were sent up to London to be printed, there being no press in the town which they represented, so that, considering the post took, for example, two days to travel from Leicester to London, and two days to return, and the printing must have occupied a day more, the news must have been nearly a week old when it came out.'

Now the country editor receives in his office telegrams from all parts of the world: he knows what is doing in Turin, Vienna, Paris the same day; he reads the first part of a parliamentary orator's speech before the orator has sat down; he prints his paper not only in his own town, but by his own machine, at the rate of two thousand to twenty thousand an hour. And whilst the provincial daily paper puts the reader, five hundred miles away from London, on an equality with the Londoner, as regards all important news, it does not neglect the news of its own district. The editor has a staff of correspondents who represent the different towns of the locality as much as the 'Times' continental correspondents represent the countries in which they are stationed. Every night he receives his parcels from up and down the various railways in the neighbourhood; and, unlike the editor of the 'Leicester Journal,' he suffers not from a dearth, but an overwhelming embarrassment of 'copy.' Often he has enough material before him to fill two papers. This formidable pile he has to reduce to such dimensions that a little of everything may be got in, and the inhabitants of some town or village spared the indignity of being altogether overlooked. Nor is it a matter of small importance, as it might seem, to keep on friendly terms with his *clientele*: the provincial daily paper is to its district what the 'Times' is to the Londoner. For instance, in a county town in Cornwall, which returns two members to Parliament, and has its assizes holden twice a year, only one copy of the leading London journal has been taken daily for years. This solitary copy continues to find its way there, and in addition up-wards

wards of a hundred copies of the daily Plymouth papers are sold by the news-agents of that town. The West of England, from the Land's End to Exeter, is perhaps an exceptional district, there being less traffic between that part of the country and London than there is between the metropolis and the midland, the eastern, or the northern districts.

It may be well supposed that, with such competition in all parts of England, the position of the London daily press has been much changed. In the first place, the authoritativeness which the old-established papers once possessed, and which made their utterances seem oracular to the reader, has been sorely shaken by the up-rising of the press in all parts of England. The 'Times,' though perhaps in London still, to a great extent, the 'autocrat of the breakfast table,' no longer possesses 'sovereign sway and mastery' in the provinces. Before the 'Times' has reached the north and the west of England, other oracles have spoken, often quite differently, and perhaps more truthfully, and occupy the public mind, and influence the public conduct. Few persons will deny that this is an advantageous change. Absolute monarchy is bad for the ruler and for the ruled: it begets a race of tyrants and a nation of slaves. Slavery to the press was fast becoming a very undesirable characteristic of the free English nation, when the multiplication of masters diminished the power of each, and yet gave greater liberty to the captive. When opinions utterly adverse are supported by an equal weight of authority, the necessary inference is that one must be wrong, and thus the belief in the infallibility of print is undermined. The loss of influence is probably far more the source of lamentation among the old journalists than the loss of circulation. In reality, the circulation of the 'Times,' at all events, has increased of late years, though not nearly to that extent in which it would have increased if London had still been the only fountain-head of daily news. Circulation is without profit to the proprietors when eighteen pages are sold for threepence by the news-vendor. The cheap daily papers are much in the same condition; and it is stated that one of the leading northern papers involves a loss of many pounds upon its circulation on that one day in each week whereon it appears as a double sheet. But circulation is a comparatively unimportant source of revenue. The present keen competition among journalists has led them to make large sacrifices, in order to obtain larger returns in the really profitable portion of the paper—the advertisements. The art or business of advertising is becoming more extended every year. Of late the 'Times,' in spite of two or three raisings of its tariff, has been so overwhelmed by the influx of advertisements, that it has been compelled to issue an extra two pages thrice a week. On these occasions this journal will, on an average, contain 2,200 advertisements, occupying 66 or 67
columns ■

columns $22\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, or about 41 yards length of advertisements in each paper, which, reckoning the circulation at 50,000 copies, would cover 1,110 miles of paper about $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches broad. The high price which the 'Times' demands for advertisements has been a good thing for the cheaper papers, which have a circulation as large or even larger. The 'Daily Telegraph,' for instance, now not unfrequently has four full pages of advertisements. But perhaps the most remarkable instances of the increase of this mode of making known the wants and the doings of the community are offered, in the first place, by those large advertising papers which contain actually no news, and which are given away by the proprietors. Every copy which they dispose of is so much out of their pocket; but as circulation brings advertisements, they do not scruple to give gratis a certain specified guaranteed number of copies; and they not only cover their loss, but make a large profit. The second instance is the cheap papers published in various districts of London, to which we have already referred. We have before us an average number of the 'Clerkenwell News,' which is a sheet of four pages much larger than four pages of the 'Times,' and which, instead of giving news, is nearly filled with advertisements to the number of about 1,300. Within the last few years a business that is not altogether new, that of the advertising agent, has been much developed. This agent is a broker between the advertiser and the newspapers. He has his clients who intrust him with their advertisements, and he sends these to whatever papers he may think desirable, deducting from the payment his own commission, which is usually 10 per cent. In this way nearly all the new speculations and companies are made known to the public, and through the same agency the proprietors of quack medicines puff their nostrums.

But, great as the increase in advertising has been of late years, there was one period which far exceeded the present. During the height of the railway mania the sums of money spent in this way were equalled only by those squandered on surveyors and engineers. All new railway schemes are required to be advertised three times during the month of November in the 'London Gazette;' and as the promoters are desirous of greater publicity than that official paper would give them, they usually select some two or three other London papers of large circulation for the insertion of their prospectuses. November, 1845, witnessed such a flood of schemes as we hope, for the prosperity of England, may never be seen again. Mr. Andrews has well described this wild time. He says—

'It was at first announced, that, in consequence of the pressure of advertisements, an extra "Gazette" would be published on Saturday, the 1st of November, but they might as well have put a beer barrel to catch the Falls of Niagara. The advertisements poured in; the "Gazette" was issued every day; yet the heaps went on accumulating;

accumulating; it was doubled in size, trebled, quadrupled, all was in vain: it had got by the 15th to nearly fifteen times its natural size, and yet there were bushels of advertisements awaiting insertion. The month wore on; projectors, on the verge of madness, demanded insertion; parliamentary agents offered fabulous amounts of money for a column or two of the quaint old paper now swollen to the dimensions of the "Post Office Directory." Saturday, the 29th, arrived at last. Oh! that the Government could be prevailed upon to put forth a "Gazette" on Sunday, for Monday would be the 1st of December, and—too late Monday came, and the "London Gazette," although it had to make room for a number of notices, and a quantity of matter put aside during the pressure, was 256 pages short of its Saturday number, 544 of what it had been once during that stormy month. No better sign of the times can be recorded than that marvellous epoch in the career of the "London Gazette." The largest "London Gazette" ever published appeared on the 15th November, 1845, when the number of pages it contained was 583. It was printed on 145 sheets, so that each copy required 145 separate stamps, costing, in that respect alone, 12s. 1d., instead of the odd penny only, but the price remained the same throughout (2s. 8d.), indeed, it could have been distributed in the street gratis at a handsome profit, for every morning the receipts for advertisements could be summed up by thousands of pounds. The receipts of the "Times" for advertisements during this period were enormous. For the week ending September 6th they amounted to 2,899l. 14s.; 15th, 3,783l. 12s.; 20th, 3,933l. 7s. 6d.; 27th, 4,692l. 7s.; October 4th, 6,318l. 14s.; 11th, 6,543l. 17s.; 18th, 6,687l. 4s.; 25th, 6,025l. 14s. 6d.; and with the week ending November 1st, they dropped to 3,230l. 3s. 6d. Meanwhile, the paper itself, with a spirit of independence soaring far above mere selfish or money-making considerations, was daily warning its readers against the schemes which it was obliged to give publicity to, and ultimately, no doubt, was a main instrument of putting down that spirit of gambling which was pouring into its coffers some three thousand pounds a week. It was a noble instance of the sacrifice of interest to duty, and should be borne in mind by men who are always ready to talk about the time-serving, mercenary, or venal character of the paper.

While the 'Times' is yearly improving its position as a profitable property, even though it is losing influence as a political oracle, the other high-priced London papers have undoubtedly suffered pecuniarily as well as influentially from the competition of the cheap press. The dear journals at first affected to look down with contempt upon their penny rivals. They certainly had not the right to do so on the score of antiquity. The cheap press preceded the dear press by two centuries. The name *gazette*, which is now assumed by the official two-and-eightpenny organ, is a word of very humble origin. The first newspaper appeared in Venice about the year 1536, for the purpose of enlightening the Venetians on the progress of the war with Turkey. It was in manuscript, written in a legible hand, read aloud at particular stations, and appeared once a month. In the Magliabecchi Library at Florence thirty volumes of this journal in M.S. are still preserved; and it was not until the close of the sixteenth century that the printing-press superseded the pen. The price of these papers, or the fee for reading them, was a Venetian coin called *gazetta*, and scarcely worth a farthing; so that the present penny paper is really a high-priced journal compared with the original sheets of news. The high-priced journals of the present day have no more right to despise their penny competitors on the score of literary merit than on that of underselling. The articles in the
provincial

provincial as well as the London penny papers are often equal, not seldom superior, to those in the old-established London dailies. Any one who compared the accounts of the great Volunteer Review in Hyde Park two years ago, must acknowledge that the report contained in the 'Manchester Guardian' was very much more graphic than that in the 'Times.' Similarly the narrative of the Queen's visit to Killarney, which appeared in the 'Star,' and the description of the opening of the International Exhibition last May, which appeared in the 'Daily Telegraph,' were immeasurably superior to those of all the other London papers. The strong point of the old journals is their foreign correspondence, and in this they generally take the lead. In two memorable instances the 'Times' has done good service by means of its foreign correspondence. Twenty-one years ago Mr. O'Reilly, the Paris correspondent of that journal, announced that a great forgery company had been established on the Continent, consisting of persons of the highest rank and repute, whose object was to plunder the continental banks by means of forged letters of credit purporting to have been issued by the London bankers Glyn and Co. They fixed the limit of their spoil at a million sterling, and agreed, when that amount should be reached, to dissolve the partnership, and retire under various disguises to America, India, and elsewhere. On a given day, the partners in this speculation were let loose all over the Continent, presented their letters of credit, and succeeded in bagging nearly 10,000*l*. All these facts were announced in the 'Times,' and the conspirators proclaimed by name. Trusting to the immense difficulty of obtaining proofs of their guilt, and hoping to continue their game a little longer, one of the conspirators, Bogle, an Englishman, who had set up a bank at Florence, brought an action against the 'Times' for libel, and did all he could to hasten the trial. The 'Times,' however, succeeded in having the proceedings delayed while evidence was being procured. This was done without regard to trouble or expense. The solicitor for the 'Times' visited nearly all the chief continental cities to collect the necessary information, and when the trial came on a verdict was virtually given for the defendants. This case excited the utmost interest throughout England, and public meetings were holden not in this country only, but also abroad, to raise a testimonial in acknowledgment of the services rendered by the 'Times' to the commercial world. A sum of more than 2,700*l*. was quickly raised and offered to the proprietors of the leading journal. They declined to receive it for themselves, and suggested that it should be devoted to some object of general good. Two scholarships were thereupon established, and called the 'Times Scholarships,' the one for Christ's Hospital at Oxford, the other for the City of London School at Cambridge.

Tablets

Tablets commemorating these circumstances were erected in these schools, in the 'Times' office, and on the Royal Exchange. The other case to which we have referred was the correspondence of Mr. Russell from the Crimea. There is no doubt that this gentleman's vivid descriptions of the miserable condition in which our troops were placed did more than anything else to effect a change in the management of our army, and in bringing it to its present effective condition.

We have dwelt at some length upon the progress that has been made by the press. That progress is shown to some extent by the following figures ;—to some extent only, because they do not represent the enormous increase in the circulation of those papers which were in existence at the earliest period mentioned.

In 1821 there were published in the United Kingdom	267 journals.
In 1831	295 "
In 1841	472 "
In 1851	563 "
In 1861	1,102 "
In 1862	1,165 "

So that during the last eleven years the increase in the number of newspapers is nearly four times that of the previous thirty years ; in other words, the yearly increase between 1851 and 1862 is about forty times as rapid as that between 1821 and 1851. This of course is out of all proportion to the increase of population, and its cause must be sought elsewhere. What, then, is the cause ?

It is fourfold. First and chief is the removal of legal restrictions and fiscal burdens : second, the improvement of machinery : third, the extension of the railway system : fourth, the extension of the electric telegraph. We have not space to narrate the details of the long struggle between the press and the powers that be. The desperate efforts made by both Houses of Parliament, and continued even to so late a period as 1849, to prevent the publication of the parliamentary debates, would alone make a longer story than could be told in one of our articles. It is painful in reading Mr. Andrews' work, which we have several times mentioned, to find how often the so-called friends of liberty have been opposed to the liberty of the press. The long disputes between O'Connell and the 'Times' exhibit that demagogue in a most unamiable light. Even Mr. Roebuck in 1841 threatened in the House of Commons to horsewhip Mr. Walter, the proprietor of the 'Times.' As a rule, indeed, the loudest professors of civil and religious liberty have shown most opposition to the increasing power of the fourth estate. The long struggle in behalf of the removal of the fiscal burdens by which the newspaper was hampered, though not extending over centuries, as the battle of the parliamentary reporters did, was yet very arduous. Within our own days we have seen one by one the 'taxes upon knowledge' repealed

repealed—the stamp duty, the advertisement duty, and only last year the paper duty. Quite recently, too, the law of libel has been altered, and made more in accordance with the law of common sense.

The improvement in machinery is at the same time a cause and a consequence of the development of the newspaper press. Had there not been the demand for more rapid machinery, the old hand-presses would have still been in use. But steam having been substituted, it has been possible to increase the demand by an increase in the supply attended by a reduction in the price. As usual, the workmen under the old system were as violently opposed to any change as the most conservative of landowners were to the repeal of the Corn Laws. In 1814 John Walter the second, who had for some years been at work with some ingenious mechanics upon a design for printing the ‘Times’ by steam, gave an opportunity to two Saxon printers to mature a scheme which they had in their heads.

‘The machinery was set up in secrecy and silence,’ says Mr. Andrews; ‘a whisper that something was going on had got among the printers, and they had not scrupled openly to declare that death to the inventor and destruction to his machine awaited any attempts to introduce mechanism into their trade. At last, all was ready for the experiment. The pressmen were ordered to await the arrival of the foreign news. About six o’clock in the morning, Walter entered the room and announced to them that the “Times” was already printed—by steam! He then firmly declared that if they attempted violence he had sufficient force at hand to repress it; but that if they behaved quietly, their wages should be continued to them until they got employment. The men wisely saw that resistance would only lead to their ruin, and gave in to the power of steam. On that morning, November 29, 1814, the readers of the “Times” were informed that the “journal of this day presents to the public the practical result of the greatest improvement connected with printing since the discovery of the art itself. The reader of this paragraph now holds in his hand one of the many thousand impressions of the ‘Times’ newspaper, which was taken off last night by a mechanical apparatus. A system of machinery almost organic has been devised and arranged, which, while it relieves the human frame of its most laborious efforts in printing, far exceeds all human powers in rapidity and despatch.”’

Since November 29, 1814, the changes that have been effected in the printing-press, especially during the last twenty years, are almost incredible. Previous to the introduction of the circular printing machines, about twelve years since, the greatest number of copies that could be printed in an hour was 5,000. The ‘Times’ was compelled to keep a double staff of compositors, and to set up all its type twice, so as to keep two machines in operation. From this costly arrangement they were delivered by the introduction of Applegath’s printing machine, which was exhibited at the great Exhibition of 1851. In this machine the type was attached to a large cylinder, and was brought into contact with the paper at eight or ten places as the cylinder made one revolution. The production of copies was thus increased to 12,000 an hour. But this machine was soon superseded by an American invention

invention known as the Hoe machine, which is similar in principle to that just described, but has the cylinder placed in a horizontal instead of a perpendicular position. With one of these machines from 15,000 to 20,000 copies an hour may be printed. But the power of the press has been still further developed, and has become practically unlimited by the improvements which have been effected in the art of stereotyping. It is now possible to make in a few minutes a metal fac-simile of the page of type, which can be used at the press as well as the type. These fac-similes might be increased to any extent; and if it were required, a hundred machines could be kept going at once, each turning out 20,000 copies an hour. In the 'Times' office two stereotype casts are used rather than the type, so that the wear and tear of the latter may be saved. These two casts are then taken to two Hoe machines, which will together turn out 30,000 to 40,000 copies an hour. Stereotyped news is now regularly supplied to those of the London daily papers whose proprietors have agreed that it is a needless expense to employ two sets of reporters and two sets of compositors upon the same news. A comparison between the parliamentary debates of the 'Morning Post' and the 'Daily News' will show that they are the same, for they are printed from stereotyped castings of the same type.

The extension of the railway system has proved greatly beneficial to the provincial daily press. There is many a town not large enough of itself to support a daily paper, which is, from its complete railway communication with the surrounding district, an admirable centre from which to diffuse the light of the press. As a rule, the railway companies make liberal terms with the newspaper proprietors; for they know that unless these are granted there is small chance of their receiving any income from this source. But the telegraph has done more even than the locomotive for provincial journalism. The provincial daily press may be said to owe its origin to the electric telegraph. A paper which gave only the news in its own district would have small chance of success against the London papers with their parliamentary debates, commercial news, and foreign correspondence. The telegraph has placed town and country upon a level. The German Jew, Reuter, has proved a thorough democrat, and has brought down the aristocrats of the metropolis to an equality with the parvenus of the provinces. The history of Julius Reuter is a remarkable instance of difficulties and discouragements overcome, which mark every period in the history of the press. In this case, however, the journalists were their own opponents. Mr. Reuter, for a long time, could not induce the London journals to accept his telegrams. They still trusted to the private telegrams of their special correspondents. The 'Times' still continued to incur the expense of a daily steamer

from Calais to convey the continental news. Reuter was not to be disheartened; he still sent his telegrams to the London papers, and found that they were at last frequently used. It was on the 9th February, 1859, that he made his great hit. 'On that day,' says a recent writer in 'Once a Week,' 'the Emperor made his famous speech, in which he threatened Austria through her ambassador. His ominous words were uttered at 1 P.M. in the Tuileries, and at 2 P.M. the speech was published in a third edition of the "Times," and had shaken the Stock Exchange to its foundation.' From that day Mr. Reuter's position was established. He became by degrees the purveyor of news to all the capitals of Europe. He now gets the American news telegraphed to the steamers as they touch the most eastern point of America, and from the steamers as they reach the most western point of Ireland. During that eventful time last Christmas, when we waited to know whether there was to be peace or war, he put on a special train from Queens-town to Dublin, a special steamer from Dublin to Holyhead, and another special train from Holyhead to London with the American papers; and 'Reuter's Express' was a recognized medium of news conveyed with greater speed than news ever was conveyed before. Reuter treats all the papers alike. He knows no difference between the fivepenny and penny papers; between London papers and country papers. He is as careful as he is impartial. He will not communicate his foreign news to commercial men for the purposes of stock-jobbing. He gives to the press the priority of all news; and, in order to keep his commercial business distinct from his news business, he has two separate offices in different parts of London. It may be thought that the London papers have suffered by this innovation. In *prestige* they have undoubtedly suffered. There is no longer an opportunity for the leading journals to vie with each other in the speed and earliness of their intelligence. But to compensate for this loss there has been a great pecuniary saving. The expenses which the 'Times' incurred in its endeavours to distance its rivals were enormous. When the overland route to India was opened, the 'Times,' with its usual energy, determined to have the first supply of news from our eastern empire. To resolve was to fulfil; and the 'Times' anticipated the government despatches by sending a courier to Marseilles, who brought the paper's own despatches from thence. The French government, jealous of this priority on the part of a private firm, threw obstacles in the way of this courier's passage through France, by raising questions as to the correctness of his passport and other means, till the government mail from India had passed on for London. What was to be done? Mr. Andrews tells, in his second volume, what was done. He says:

John

'John Walter determined to open a new route to India. The experiment was tried in October, 1845, the "Times" express was sent in the regular mail steamer which arrived at Suez on the 19th October. Here a man on a dromedary awaited it, and dashed across the desert with it, stopping nowhere till he reached Alexandria, where he appeared the very next day. Waghorn, Walter's coadjutor, himself was ready on board an Austrian steamer with the steam up and was off at eleven o'clock. His projected route lay through Trieste, but he landed at Divino, twelve miles nearer London; and hurried through Austria, Prussia, Baden, and Bavaria, with passports already prepared and viséd; reached Mannheim in eighty-four hours, took special steamer to Cologne, and special train, all prepared and waiting for him, to Ostend; was on board a fast special steamer and off for Dover in a few minutes, and, taking the train there, arrived in London at half-past four o'clock on the morning of the 31st, thus performing the distance from Suez to London in ten days and a few hours. Meanwhile, the regular mail, helped onward by all the resources of the two greatest nations of the world, who were alive to the rivalry and exerted their utmost efforts to defeat it, came toiling on, making its way painfully and laboriously for Marseilles. It did not reach Alexandria even—the end of its first stage, as it were—till half-past eight o'clock on the evening of the 21st, and did not leave till ten o'clock on the morning of the 22nd, or forty-seven hours after Waghorn—unencumbered by the machinery of government—had been off and away. And, before the mail had got to Paris on its way to London, the "Times" had made its appearance from London, with a full summary thus expressed, of the news which that mail was bringing, and which did not get to London till eleven o'clock on Sunday night. This put the French government on its mettle; and, placing fleet steamers and special trains at the service of the courier of the "Morning Herald," it enabled that journal to publish its news, expressed through Marseilles, forty-eight hours before the "Times" could give its express brought through Trieste. This was a sad blow to the "Times," after all the expense it had gone to, but there was nothing for it but to quote the news from the "Herald," and make a dash for the next or December mail. Another government was now looking on at the struggle with interest; Austria could not but see at once the great advantage to be derived by turning the stream of the traffic from the East through its territory, and accordingly gave its support to the "Times" scheme, and placed a special and powerful steamer at its service to express its despatches from Alexandria to Trieste. The result was favourable to the "Times" to a remarkable but accidental extent. Fearful storms swept the Mediterranean, and the mail steamer, exposed to their influence, could not make Marseilles, whilst the Austrian steamer, with the "Times" express went, snugly sheltered, up the Adriatic, and thus the "Times" was enabled to publish its news an entire fortnight before the mail arrived! But this did not settle the question of the relative merits of the two routes; and, after a fair trial and a sharp struggle, the Trieste line was found expensive and not at all times practicable, and was abandoned; but we never heard of the "Times" despatches being trifled with afterwards.'

Such is a specimen of the energy displayed by the journalists of the last generation. There is no longer room for, nor need of, such tremendous exertions and profuse outlay. The collection of news has now become a system, and, thanks to the electric telegraph, we may now have news from the east of India in eighteen days.

We had intended to say a few words about that most important staff connected with the newspaper press, the newsvendors. Our space is so limited that we must be very brief. The newsvendors, if they have not so high a position as newspaper proprietors, have often a more lucrative one. The ragged urchin who sells the penny daily papers in the London streets gets a profit of 30 per cent. upon every copy that he sells. The proprietor, before the repeal of the paper duty, lost by every copy. We have known, even in a town of some 120,000 inhabitants, a man, who but a few

months before was a pauper in the receipt of [parish] relief, earn seven shillings in some four or five hours by the sale of papers. Boys of ten years old will earn ninepence in the morning early enough to permit them to go to school afterwards. The establishment of the penny papers has been of immense advantage to those wild, untutored, uncared-for children who are called the Arabs of the streets. They have now an occupation which suits their wandering habits and their love of independence. They are their own masters; they can work when they please, take a holiday when they please. Their business requires no capital but two or three 'coppers;' they make no bad debts; their returns are immediate, and their profits large. The newsboys are not viewed with much favour by the old-established newsvendors who keep large shops, and have heavy accounts with all the London papers. But these have not unfrequently risen from the ranks. The head of one of the largest firms of news-agents in London, and which takes 30,000 copies of the 'Times' every morning, was himself, when a boy, in the same scale of society as the sharp-witted lads who salute the business men in the omnibus which takes them into the City. This firm, which supplies the Emperor Napoleon with his English papers, had the very humblest origin, and is now, we suppose, at the very highest summit attainable. Poor Herbert Ingram, who met with his death on one of the American lakes not long since, was once but a hardworking newsvendor, who would run five miles with a newspaper to oblige a customer. At his death he was proprietor of the 'Illustrated London News,' in itself a fortune, the owner of a large fortune besides, and a member of the British House of Commons. His career was one of the many changes wrought by the progress of British journalism.

ART. II.—MILTON ON TEMPERANCE.*

MILTON'S literary career may be divided into three periods. The first, ending with the year 1640, a time of blooming youth and early manhood, produced his minor poems; the second, 1640-1660, was spent in political strife, and gave birth to his great prose works; the concluding period, 1660-1674, a season of worldly disappointment and affliction, witnessed the production of his noblest compositions.

Æschylus says that Zeus has annexed learning to suffering; and history tells us that some of the greatest works have been achieved in the hours of deepest sorrow. This is certainly true in the case of Milton. At the Restoration, all his political aspira-

* Compare No. 11, October, 1860, and No. 15, October, 1861.

tions were crushed; his friends were proscribed; he himself took refuge in obscurity. He was oppressed by penury, afflicted by gout, and to these were added the severe trial of blindness.

Yet he could feed on thoughts which moved harmonious numbers; and though he wrote '*Paradise Lost*' at a time of life when images of beauty begin to fade, even from those minds in which they have not been effaced by disappointment, he adorned his poem with all that is most lovely in the physical and in the moral world.

He could not hope for a sympathizing public. The strictness of the Commonwealth was followed by the revelry of the Restoration. In order to escape the charge of Puritanism, men affected to be deep drinkers, loud swearers, and daring rakes. There was not only the practice, but the profession of profligacy; and the theatres, which had been closed by the Puritans, became the open flood-gates of licentiousness.

Well says Lord Macaulay, that venal and licentious writers with just sufficient talent to clothe the thoughts of a pander in the style of a bellman, were now the favourite writers of the sovereign and of the public. If ever despondency and asperity could be excused in any man, they might have been excused in Milton; but his strength of mind overcame every calamity.

By a discerning few, and by friends attached to the Puritan party, the work of Milton was greatly admired; but a generation had passed away before justice was done to his majestic genius. About forty years after his death Addison published in the '*Spectator*' (1711-12), a series of critical papers upon '*Paradise Lost*,' in which he attempted to prove that the work not only fulfilled all the conditions of an epic poem, according to the rules of Aristotle, but contained passages superior to the highest efforts of Homer and Virgil. Whatever moderns may think of Addison's criticism, it is quite certain that these papers in the '*Spectator*' introduced Milton to the literary world both at home and upon the Continent. In Germany especially, ardent sympathizers were found, and one of them, Klopstock, wrote an epic poem, '*The Messiah*,' in direct imitation of Milton.

The '*Paradise Lost*' will never, perhaps, be popular in the ordinary sense; certainly not among those who read poetry for the sake of mere amusement. As in many other valuable things, the wealth does not lie upon the surface; but those who would earn the reward must work for it. The reader must exert considerable powers of mind in order to keep pace with the poet; and there are few who are willing to incur the necessary trouble. But apart from those who take delight in works of the imagination, another class of readers might be expected to feel an interest in Milton's divine poem. All who sympathize with the moral and
social

social questions which affect the welfare of mankind must rejoice to find such questions handled by a poet who lived two hundred years before the establishment of our numerous associations, and who nevertheless anticipated the advanced principles which characterize the present age.

In considering Milton's great work, we should distinguish between the end or aim of the poem, and the illustration employed. The aim of '*Paradise Lost*' is to assert eternal Providence, and justify the ways of God to man. The subject is, the evil consequence of uncontrolled appetite. On this subject the poet dwells with a minuteness which has offended some of his critics; but if in any cases he has forgotten the outward forms of poetry, it is only because he was earnestly occupied with the main argument, which he distinctly propounds in the opening lines of his work—

'Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heavenly muse.'

To this subject he constantly adheres, and never loses an opportunity of illustrating it, either by allusion or by direct reference. We shall endeavour to prove this, from a consideration of the principal circumstances and events which are described in the poem.

I. *The state of innocence.*—In order to give us an idea of the happiness from which our first parents fell, it was necessary to bring before our eyes the place where they dwelt, and the circumstances by which they were surrounded. The picture is represented as it appeared to Satan, who, after leaving Hell-gate had worked his toilsome way through chaos and black night, until he arrived upon the outer side of the new world, created since his fall from heaven. He sees a gleam of dawning light, and turning his steps in that direction, looks down with wonder upon all the universe—the glorious constellations, and the innumerable stars, which nigh at hand seemed other worlds. He wends his way to earth, the residence of man, and to Eden, in the east of which Paradise itself is placed, adorned with blossoms and fruits of golden hue, cheered by the purest air, and fanned by gales which dispense perfumes and odours. As Addison remarks, Milton's exuberance of imagination has poured forth a redundancy of ornaments on this seat of happiness and innocence.

Satan further beheld all kinds of living creatures, new and strange, but two of far nobler shape, in whom the image of their Maker was expressed; 'the loveliest pair that ever since in love's embraces met;' and so enchanting was the sight, that the devil
turned

turned aside for envy. But in recounting their complete happiness, Milton does not forget to speak of their wholesome diet, (iv. 325-336):

' Under a tuft of shade that on a green
Stood whispering soft, by a fresh fountain side
They sat them down; and, after no more toil
Of their sweet gardening labour than sufficed
To recommend cool Zephyr, and made ease
More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite
More grateful, to their supper-fruits they fell,
Nectarine fruits which the compliant boughs
Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline
On the soft downy bank damasked with flowers:
The savoury pulp they chew, and in the rind,
Still as they thirsted, scoop the brimming stream.'

We are further informed (v. 1-8), that untroubled sleep resulted as a natural consequence:

' Now morn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime
Advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam waked, so custom'd: for his sleep
Was aery-light, from pure digestion bred,
And temperate vapours bland, which the only sound
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
Lightly dispersed, and the shrill matin song
Of birds on every bough.'

The subject is pursued at greater length on the occasion of Raphael's visit. The sociable angel, sent down to warn our first parents of their danger, and of the enemy who was plotting their destruction, is discerned by Adam who was sitting at the entrance of his cool bower:

' And Eve within, due at her hour prepared
For dinner savoury fruits, of taste to please
True appetite, and not disrelish thirst,
Of nectarous draughts between, from milky stream,
Berry or grape. — (v. 303-307.)

Adam requests Eve to bring forth abundant store fit to receive the heavenly stranger; and she, 'on hospitable thoughts intent,' chooses her best delicacies, not so as to confound the various tastes, but to combine them with kindest change. She takes fruits of all kinds, and heaps them on the board with unsparing hand:

' For drink the grape
She crushes, inoffensive must,* and meaths†
From many a berry, and from sweet kernels pressed,
She tempers dulcet creams.' — (v. 344-347.)

Adam meets the angel and invites him to partake with them, although he fears that the food may be unsavoury to spiritual natures. In reply, Raphael explains at some length (and rather tediously, as some critics surmise), that the purest spirits can take

* The Latin, *mustum*, 'new or unfermented wine.'

† *Meath*, 'a sweet drink;' compare our *mead*, German, *meth*, and Greek, *μέθυ*.
food;

food; that though in heaven the trees of life bear ambrosial fruitage, and the vines yield nectar, he will not be 'nice' to taste the bounty which God has provided. Accordingly he sits down and eats with the keen despatch of real hunger. When with meats and drinks they had sufficed, not burdened, nature, Adam questions the angel about the heavenly world; and Raphael gives his wonderful account of the battle among the angels, with the fall of the evil spirits. Adam is transported with reverent joy, and in thanking his instructor does not disdain to use a comparison borrowed from bodily appetite. He says (viii. 210-216):

'For while I sit with thee, I seem in heaven:
And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear,
Than fruits of palm-tree pleasantest to thirst,
And hunger both, from labour at the hour
Of sweet repast; they satiate and soon fill,
Though pleasant; but thy words, with grace divine
Imbued, bring to their sweetness no satiety.'

Of course, had Milton thought proper, he might have drawn a comparison from some other source of delight. According to some commentators, Milton remembered that Adam's sensations as yet were few; but perhaps also he sought illustrations which were in keeping with his argument.

Other critics have censured Milton for occupying so much of his poem with these details. Addison admits that the housewifery of Eve is set off with so many pleasing images, as to make it none of the least agreeable parts in this divine work; while the natural majesty of Adam, and at the same time his submissive behaviour to the superior being who had vouchsafed to be his guest, are circumstances which deserve to be admired. But since, he says, it often happens that phrases which are used in ordinary conversation become too familiar to the ear, and contract a kind of meanness by passing through the mouths of the vulgar, a poet should take particular care to guard himself against idiomatic ways of speaking. Among other instances, he quotes a phrase from the passage to which we have referred (v. 396):

'Awhile discourse they hold
No fear lest dinner cool.'

Although the expression may be deemed rather prosaic, yet Milton's intention was to contrast the simplicity of Paradise with the sumptuous apparatus of civilized life; and still more to show that godlike discourse is more captivating to higher natures than mere eating and drinking.

The remarks upon the question of the angel's eating have been censured as a digression; though Addison says there is such a beauty in this and other digressions that he could not wish them out of the poem. To some minds a discussion of this kind may appear tedious; but we think there is a purpose in it, and certainly the

the fault, if fault it be, is repeated more than once. Take, for example, Raphael's description of the angelic feast in heaven, with his reflection upon it (v. 630-641):

'Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn
Desirous; all in circles as they stood,
Tables are set, and on a sudden piled
With angels' food, and rubied nectar flows
In pearl, in diamond, and massy gold,
Fruit of delicious vines, the growth of Heaven.
On flowers reposed, and with fresh flowerets crowned,
They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet
Quaff immortality and joy, secure
Of surfeit, where full measure only bounds
Excess, before the all-bounteous King, who showered
With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy.'

In this representation we observe a richness of supply, accompanied with every variety that can charm a refined taste, or allure a delicate eye; yet care is taken to show that no surfeit reigns, while the utmost elegance prevails, and reason rules supreme over appetite. On certain theories of poetry, these digressions may be censured; but if we consider that Milton is building up his argument, we shall be disposed to justify, rather than to condemn them.

So again, when Adam recounts to Raphael the creation of Eve, and her first appearance,

'Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye;'

then, with a noble mixture of rapture and innocence, narrates the earthly bliss which he enjoyed, he confesses that he finds


'In all things else delight indeed, but such
As, used or not, works in the mind no change
Nor vehement desire: these delicacies,
I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits, and flowers,
Walks, and the melody of birds: but here
Far otherwise, transported I behold,
Transported touch; here passion first I felt,
Commotion strange!'—(viii. 524-531.)

On this occasion Raphael seems apprehensive of the evils which might result from excess of passion, and gives timely admonition, to love Him, whom to love is to obey, and keep his great command lest passion too much sway the judgment. The weal or woe of all mankind depends upon Adam, and all the blest will rejoice in his perseverance; the chief thing is to stand fast:

'To stand or fall
Free in thine own arbitrement it lies.'—(viii. 641.)

This was the tenor of Raphael's commission. Heaven's high King had commanded him to advise Adam of his happy state:

'Happiness in his power left free to will,
Left to his own free will, his will though free
Yet mutable; whence warn him to beware,
He swerve not, too secure.'—(v. 235-238.)



And so far did Adam learn the lesson, that afterwards when Eve wished to go forth alone, he urges similar arguments: that the danger lies within man himself, yet lies within his power, and against his will he can receive no harm:

'But God left free the will; for what obeys
Reason, is free; and reason he made right,
But bid her well beware,
Lest, by some fair-appearing good surprised,
She dictate false; and mis-inform the will
To do what God expressly hath forbid.'—(ix. 351-356.)

II. *The Temptation.*—The persons introduced into this poem always discover such sentiments as are in conformity with their respective characters; and as among the archangels we find marked distinctions,—the valour of Michael, the affability of Raphael,—so we may discriminate the temper of the evil spirits. Moloch, furious king, is described as delighting in bloodshed: immediately after the fall of the angels, he gives his 'sentence for open war,' and is ready to dare heaven anew. Mammon, even in the regions of bliss, was more charmed with the golden pavement than with any spiritual vision. But the demon of sensuality was Belial, the lowdest spirit that fell from heaven, and gross enough to love vice for its own sake: found in courts, and palaces, and in luxurious cities:

'And when night
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial flown with insolence and wine.'—(i. 500-502.)

In 'Paradise Regained' (ii. 150-152) he is mentioned as 'the dissolutest spirit that fell, the sensuallest, and, after Asmodaï, the fleshliest incubus;' and yet when he rises in the infernal council to reply to Moloch's war-speech, we find him adorned with remarkable grace ('Paradise Lost,' ii. 108-117):

'On the other side uprose
Belial, in act more graceful and humane:
A fairer person lost not heaven; he seemed
For dignity composed, and high exploit;
But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels: for his thoughts were low;
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful.'

He is filled with apprehensions of a second battle; he dreads annihilation, and though full of anguish, would still retain this intellectual being, these 'thoughts that wander through eternity;' hence he counsels ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth, not peace.

A strange mixture of sensual indulgence, external grace, logical acuteness, and inward baseness! Milton might have drawn the picture from life; no doubt from close observation of the sons, he was able to imagine the likeness of the father. The politicians of the

the time asserted that Charles II. sat for Belial, and the Duke of York, afterwards James II., for Moloch.

However, Belial was not the fiend destined to effect the fall of man. Great resolution was needed to explore the unknown way, amid a new creation; and even when the earth was found, deep subtlety was requisite to mould the temptation, and adapt means to ends. Satan alone undertook the enterprise, and determined that none should partake it with him; for proud of his 'imperial sovranity,' he could not refuse to accept as great a share of hazard as of honour.

The temptation was conducted with wonderful skill. Satan had assumed the form of different animals, and in this guise, closely observing our first parents, had overheard from their own lips that the fatal tree of knowledge was forbidden to their taste. On this foundation he tried to work their ruin, and first operated by the agency of a dream. When lying toad-like at Eve's ear, he essayed by devilish art to work upon her fancy; and his influence was so powerful, that in the morning Eve's discomposure and glowing cheek aroused the anxiety of her husband. She had dreamed that a voice allured her to walk out by moonlight amid the warbling of the nightingale, and that she had wandered alone to the forbidden tree. There one in heavenly form gazed with admiration, and wondered that none would taste the sweets, or seek for knowledge, fit to make gods of men. He boldly plucked and tasted; then flattering Eve, he offered part to her:

'The savoury smell
So quickened appetite that I, methought,
Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds
With him I flew, and underneath beheld
The earth outstretched immense, a prospect wide
And various; wondering at my flight and change
To this high exaltation: suddenly
My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down
And fell asleep; but O! how glad I waked
To find this but a dream.'—(v. 84-93.)

Adam instinctively felt the impropriety of dreams like these, and uttered grave moral cautions, arguing that fancy must be subject to reason. We may remark that this vision portrays the leading features in the actual temptation—ambition, flattery, and appetite.

The intervening time is spent in conversation between Raphael and Adam; the former narrates the battle of the angels, and the creation of the world; Adam, in return, states his own experiences and his first meeting with Eve. After repeated admonitions, the angelic visitor departs, and the hour of trial comes on. Satan, who had decided upon using the serpent as his agent, passed the night in searching for the animal. It sore grieved the former rival of the gods to unite himself with a beast, but revenge urged him forward; he entered in, and waited for the approach of morn.

When

When day dawned, Adam and Eve joined their vocal worship to the choir of creatures wanting voice, and made arrangements for the occupations of the day. Eve observing that the work grew upon them, proposed a division of labour and separate employments. Adam dissuaded her from going alone, and warned her of the common enemy; but Eve resented his doubts of her firmness, and the debate was prolonged for some time. At length Adam gives way, and bids her go in her native innocence: she, however, expects that so proud a foe will hardly seek the weaker of the two; for then, if he is repulsed, the more shameful will be his defeat.

The fiend, a mere serpent in appearance, was on the watch; he sought them both, but his great desire was to find Eve separate. Now, 'to his wish, beyond his hope, Eve separate he spies;' and after a while, with head crested aloft, with sparkling eyes, and burnished neck of verdant gold, he sidelong worked his way towards her; and having gained her attention, poured forth a strain of high-flown flattery.

Eve was surprised to find the serpent gifted with speech, and asked how this marvel came to pass. To whom the guileful tempter replied, that while, like other beasts, he grazed upon the trodden herb, his thoughts were as low as the food upon which he pastured. But one day he chanced to behold a goodly tree laden with fruit of ruddy and golden colour. As he drew near to gaze, a savoury odour grateful to appetite attracted his sense:

'To satisfy the sharp desire I had
Of tasting those fair apples, I resolved
Not to defer; hunger and thirst at once
Powerful persuaders, quickened at the scent
Of that alluring fruit, urged me so keen.'—(ix. 584-588.)

Accordingly, he wound himself about the trunk, climbed to the fruit, and spared not to eat his fill; for such pleasure at feed or fountain he had never enjoyed. He soon perceived a strange alteration in his powers; the gift of speech was added, and he turned his speculations to consider all things in heaven and earth.

Eve was yet more amazed, and wished to see for herself. The wily adder blithely led her forward to the prohibited tree, root of all our woe. She told him that they might have spared their coming, for the fruit of this tree must not be touched on pain of death. The serpent, assuming great show of zeal for man, expounded the virtues of the wisdom-giving plant. He advised her to disregard those rigid threats of death; he had tasted, and not only lived, but enjoyed more perfect life. What could be more laudable than to seek the knowledge of good and evil? Of good, how just? evil, if known, would be easier shunned:

'God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just;
Not just, not God.'—(ix. 700.)

But why had God forbidden them to eat? Why, but to keep them

them low and ignorant? For in the day they eat thereof, they would be as gods, knowing both good and evil. And the proportion was meet: for if a brute, by tasting, had become human, they should die, perhaps, by putting off humanity to put on gods, participating godlike food.

Thus flattery and ambitious suggestions won too easy entrance into the heart of Eve; the sting of appetite achieved the work:

‘Meanwhile the hour of noon drew on, and waked
An eager appetite, raised by the smell
So savoury of that fruit, which, with desire,
Inclinable now grown to touch or taste,
Solicited her longing eye.’—(ix. 739-743.)

For awhile she paused, reasoning with temptation; but at length she dashed onward:

‘Here grows the cure of all, this fruit divine,
Fair to the eye, inviting to the taste,
Of virtue to make wise: what hinders then
To reach, and feed at once both body and mind?’—(ix. 776-779.)

In an evil hour she plucked and ate: Earth felt the wound, and Nature gave signs of woe; but Eve, heightened as with wine, jocund and boon, engorged greedily without restraint, and ‘knew not eating death.’

With distemper flushing in her cheek she joined her husband, and blithely told her story. Adam was stricken with horror that she had so dared:

‘Had it been only coveting to eye
That sacred fruit, sacred to abstinence,
Much more to taste it, under ban to touch.’—(ix. 923-925.)

But, to spare the character of Adam, Milton represents his love for Eve as so great that he cannot bear to be severed from her: he fixes his lot with hers, though certain to undergo like doom. Hence we are told that he scrupled not to eat *against* his better knowledge; not deceived, but fondly overcome with female charm. At this Nature gave a second groan, muttering thunder, and weeping some sad drops at the completion of mortal sin. But the guilty pair were lost to all reflection:

‘Adam took no thought,
Eating his fill; nor Eve to iterate
Her former trespass feared, the more to sooth
Him with her loved society; that now,
As with new wine intoxicated both,
They swim in mirth, and fancy that they feel
Divinity within them breeding wings,
Wherewith to scorn the earth.’—(ix. 1004-1011.)

But instead of experiencing divine inspiration they were filled with concupiscence. And when at last sleep oppressed them it was no longer ‘aery-light of pure digestion bred,’ but a ‘grosser sleep, bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious dreams encumbered;’ so that they rose as from ‘unrest.’ If their eyes were opened ~~that~~

minds were darkened, their innocence was gone, and their native righteousness gave place to guilty shame. Mutual recrimination followed ; anger, mistrust, and discord disturbed their peace of mind.

' For Understanding ruled not, and the Will
Heard not her lore ; both in subjection now
To sensual appetite, who from beneath
Usurping over sovran reason, claimed
Superior sway.'— ix. 1127-1131.)

Thus they spent the fruitless hours, accusing one another, but neither self-condemning. In this first temptation we see a type of all. There is a mixture of vanity, false hope, and appetite ; and Milton has shown his knowledge of human nature in giving due proportion to these motives. He has dwelt minutely upon the appeal which certain temptations make to the senses—to sight, smell, and taste ; but he has not omitted those allurements which are addressed to the mind. Few men, except among the very basest, are the slaves of material gratifications apart from all illusion. Most people like to throw a halo of some kind around their pleasures, and are much obliged to any artist who will employ his gifts for that purpose. While, however, charms of this kind serve as a relish, the solid allurement lies in the gratification itself ; and to combine the two is the triumph of art. Satan knew this, and shaped his devices accordingly.

III. *The Consequences of the Fall.*—The sentence of condemnation followed the act of disobedience. Yet, though judgment was tempered with mercy, immediate changes affected not man alone, but the whole creation. Sin and Death, inseparable companions, issued from Hell-gate into Chaos, and with gigantic effort constructed a bridge from the mouth of Hell to the confines of the universe :

' Following the track
Of Satan to the self-same place where he
First lighted from his wing, and landed safe
From out of Chaos, to the outside bare
Of this round world.'— x. 314-318.)

Milton conceived the 'world' or universe as a hollow globe which had been marked out by the golden compasses, and which comprised the sun, the stars, and all created things. The outside of this globe was bounded by chaos, beyond which were the infernal regions. But now Sin and Death had erected a permanent 'causeway' to facilitate the transit of evil spirits to the world, at the same time furnishing a smooth and easy passage down to Hell. The two monsters, spreading their baneful influence, held their course among the constellations : 'the blasted stars looked wan.' Too soon these 'dogs of Hell' arrived in Paradise to waste and havoc the fair creation—one to infect, the other to destroy. Meanwhile, by divine command, changes of climate commenced on earth ; perpetual spring was not to be the law, but variations of hot

hot and cold, with storms and tempest. Discord, the daughter of Sin, stirred up war among the animals: they stood no longer in awe of man, but some, with countenance grim, glared on him as they passed.

The soul of Adam was distracted. Was this the end of the new glorious world? Well indeed if this were the end; but now all that he ate or drank or should beget was 'propagated curse;' and latest generations would detest their impure ancestor. And if he must return to dust, why not die at once? Yet the doubt pursued him lest he could not *all* die; that the Spirit might not perish with the corporeal clod, but linger in the grave or some dismal place, dying a living death:

Thus Adam to himself lamented loud
Through the still night; not now as ere man fell,
Wholesome, and cool, and mild, but with black air
Accompanied; with damps, and dreadful gloom;
Which to his evil conscience represented
All things with double terror; on the ground
Outstretched he lay, on the cold ground; and oft
Cursed his creation.—(x. 845-852.)

Eve attempted to console his grief, but was repulsed with 'Out of my sight, thou serpent!' and overwhelmed with denunciations of herself and her sex. But for her he had persisted happy: why did God, who had peopled Heaven with spirits masculine, create this fair defect on earth, destined to result in numberless disturbances through female snares? The supplication of Eve is deeply pathetic:

Forsake me not thus, Adam! witness heaven,
What love sincere, and reverence in my heart
I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
Unhappily deceived! Thy suppliant
I beg, and clasp thy knees: bereave me not
(Whereon I live!) thy gentle looks, thy aid,
Thy counsel, in this uttermost distress,
My only strength and stay; forlorn of thee
Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?
While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,
Between us two let there be peace.—(x. 914-924.)

Adam could not resist the appeal; and Eve in her despair proposed that they should resolve to live childless, or seek death by their own hands. Adam disapproved these rash counsels, and showed that the resolution of dying to end our miseries is not so magnanimous as a determination to bear them in submission to the decrees of Providence. They repaired to the very place where God had judged them, and fell prostrate, humbly confessing their faults and begging pardon, while they watered the ground with their tears in sign of unfeigned sorrow. Thus we see them, from the time of their first disobedience, passing through changing conditions of mind. After a short-lived triumph in their guilt they experienced remorse, shame, and despair, until contrition and prayer led them to true repentance.

Still the unholy might no longer dwell on hallowed ground. The archangel Michael received orders to take a chosen band of flaming cherubim, and to drive without remorse the sinful pair from the Paradise of God; but to hide all terror in executing the sentence, lest their contrite hearts should faint under extreme rigour. Soon after dawn of day the sun was eclipsed, and Adam observed other signs of troubled nature: an eagle was chasing two birds of gayest plumage, and a lion pursued a gentle pair of deer. Amid these gloomy portents a glorious apparition was displayed in the west, had not doubt and carnal fear dimmed Adam's eye. The princely hierarch left his powers to take possession of the garden, and advanced to tell Adam that, though his day of grace was prolonged, he must not dwell in Paradise, but go forth to till the ground whence he was taken, 'fitter soil.' The unexpected stroke seemed worse than death to Eve, who poured forth that plaintive lamentation, 'Must I thus leave thee, Paradise?' one of the most tender farewells that ever were uttered. She had thought that they might live in those happy abodes, content though fallen; but this final decree brought the punishment home. Adam, too, felt that he could have frequented the places where he had enjoyed the divine presence, and could have pointed them out to his sons, — this mount on which He appeared, that tree where He was seen, those pines under which His voice was heard. Michael reminded them both that God's omnipresence fills all things; that down in the valley or the plain he is as here; and he proceeded to fulfil the remainder of his commission by showing to Adam a vision of events which should occur among his sons until the time of the promised seed destined to bruise the serpent's head.

Adam followed his heavenly guide to the top of a high hill in Paradise, which commanded an extensive view both east and west. There the archangel caused to pass before his enlightened eye some of the effects resulting from the original crime. First he showed the cruel murder of an innocent man by his brother, both to come from Adam's loins; and when Adam shuddered at the sight of death, horrid to think and horrid to feel, Michael rejoined:

'Death thou hast seen
In his first shape on man; but many shapes
Of death, and many are the ways that lead
To his grim cave, all dismal.
Some, as thou sawest, by violent stroke shall die;
By fire, flood, famine, by intemperance more
In meats and drinks, which on the earth shall bring
Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew
Before thee shall appear; that thou mayest know
What misery the inabstinence of Eve
Shall bring on men. —(xi. 466-477.)

Immediately he opened up to his view a kind of lazaret-house, wherein were persons afflicted with various diseases, and racked with

with fearful tortures : others were crushed by the still more terrible disorders of the mind, melancholy or madness :

' Dire was the tossing, deep the groans : Despair
Tended the sick, busiest from couch to couch ;
And over them triumphant Death his dart
Shook, but delayed to strike, though oft invoked
With vows as their chief good, and final hope.'—(xi. 489-493.)

Adam was unmanned at the sight, and when he had recovered himself, asked whether it would not be better to end here unborn. Why should life be thus obtruded on us, when if we knew the nature of the gift we would either not receive it, or soon beg to lay it down ? Can the image of God be so debased ? If man retains his Maker's image, should he not be free from such deformities ?

' Their Maker's image (answered Michael) then
Forsook them, when themselves they vilified
To serve ungoverned appetite ; and took
His image whom they served, a brutish vice,
Inductive mainly to the sin of Eve.
Therefore so abject is their punishment,
Disfiguring not God's likeness, but their own ;
Or if his likeness by themselves defaced :
While they pervert pure Nature's healthful rules
To loathsome sickness ; worthily, since they
God's image did not reverence in themselves.'—(xi. 515-525.)

Here the bodily and mental diseases of men are directly referred to uncontrolled appetite, the sin of Eve. Throughout the whole poem, as we have tried to show, Milton keeps close to his argument, by illustration or allusion, by precept or example. He has, moreover, a strong sense of the dignity of man, as created in the image of his Maker ; hence he regarded the debasement of God's likeness by intemperance as a vile dishonour, justly meriting an abject punishment. The man who does not reverence God's image in himself is unfurnished with one of the surest safeguards against vice ; he may be ' no man's enemy but his own,' but that is his greatest condemnation ; he has never learnt to reverence himself.

Adam acknowledged the justice of the sentence, but inquired whether there was no other way besides these painful passages, of mingling with our native dust :

' There is (said Michael) if thou well observe
The rule of "not too much," by temperance taught,
In what thou eat'st and drink'st ; seeking from thence
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,
Till many years over thy head return :
So mayest thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop
Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease
Gathered, not harshly plucked.'—(xi. 530-537.)

The remainder of the eleventh book gives a vision of the antediluvian world, and the Deluge : in the twelfth, the archangel
Vol. 5.—No. 19. R narrates

narrates the leading events in the history of the Israelites, until the time of the promised Messiah, who shall bruise the head of Satan, defeat Sin and Death, and grant to his redeemed a death-like sleep, 'a gentle wafting to immortal life.' The poem concludes with a gorgeous description of the heavenly host occupying Paradise, while the angel urges on our lingering parents towards the eastern gate, and then leads them down the cliff to the plain below. As they look back, they see the eastern side of Paradise waved over by the flaming sword of God, and the gate thronged with fiery warriors :

'Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped them soon ;
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.'—(xii. 645-647.)

Addison thinks that 'the moral which reigns in Milton is the most universal and most useful that can be imagined : it is, in short, this—that obedience to the will of God makes men happy, and that disobedience makes them miserable. This is visibly the moral of the principal fable, which turns upon Adam and Eve, who continued in Paradise while they kept the command that was given them, and were driven out of it as soon as they had transgressed.'

No doubt this moral may be deduced from the poem : Milton begins by speaking of man's first disobedience, and frequently dwells upon the duty of strict compliance with the will of God, whom to love is to obey. But we have seen that he lays especial stress upon one particular form of disobedience—the sin of yielding to sensual appetite in defiance of divine prohibition. This idea he repeats in numerous ways ; to this he constantly recurs ; and in tracing the consequences of the fall, he shows that the very same weakness is the fruitful source of the greatest evils which afflict humanity. Consistently with this, in the 'Paradise Regained' he exhibits our Saviour triumphant in the very instances wherein our first parents fell. We shall attempt to prove this in considering,

IV. *The Triumph of the Second Adam.*—Dr. Johnson tells us that we are indebted for Milton's 'Paradise Regained' to a remark of Ellwood, a member of the Society of Friends, who, in addition to many other acts of kindness, took a house for Milton at Chalfont, Bucks, during the time of the plague in London (1665). There Ellwood first saw a complete copy of 'Paradise Lost ;' and having perused it, said to him, 'Thou hast said a great deal upon Paradise lost, what hast thou to say upon Paradise found?' Afterwards, when Milton showed 'Paradise Regained' to Ellwood, 'This,' said he, 'is owing to you ; for you put it in my head by the question you put to me at Chalfont, which otherwise I had not thought of.' This fact should not be omitted in forming a judgment on the work.

Not

Not only has great diversity of opinion existed with regard to the poem itself, but many severe remarks have been made on the supposed want of judgment displayed by Milton in estimating his own compositions. 'His last poetical offspring,' says Dr. Johnson, was his favourite; he could not, as Ellwood relates, endure to have "Paradise Lost" preferred to "Paradise Regained." 'In this brief passage,' rejoins Hayley ('Life of Milton'), 'there is more than one misrepresentation. It is not Ellwood, but Phillips, who speaks of Milton's esteem for his latter poem; and instead of saying that the author preferred it to his greater work, he merely intimates that Milton was offended with the general censure, which condemned the "Paradise Regained" as infinitely inferior to the other.'

There can be little doubt that the work labours under the disadvantage of being too long for an episode, and too short for an independent poem. Milton did not profess to write an epic on the Messiah; for in that case, it would have been necessary to describe the death, resurrection, and ascension of our Saviour. But he wrote a sequel to 'Paradise Lost;' and, as he confessed to Ellwood, the poem was an after-thought. What circumstance then, in the life of the Second Adam, would form the strongest contrast to the weakness of our first parents? They, placed in a garden of delight, surrounded by a 'wilderness of sweets,' could not resist one feeble temptation; they hankered after the fruit of a single tree. But Jesus, after his baptism, was led by the Spirit into a dreary desert; and while he suffered the pangs of extreme hunger, Satan tempted him with all the allurements of appetite, with all the glories of the world, with all the charms of literature and science. The contrast is perfect. The first Adam gave Satan an easy victory; the second, by humiliation and strong sufferance, overcame satanic strength, and learnt the rudiments of that warfare by which he was eventually to conquer Sin and Death, the two grand foes. Thus, the temptation in the wilderness forms the subject of 'Paradise Regained;' and special emphasis is laid upon the stings of appetite.

Satan having been foiled in his first assault, went to take counsel with his infernal peers, upon the best course to follow. 'Set woman in his eye,' said Belial, quoting the instance of Solomon's fall. But Satan argued that beauty stands in the admiration only of weak minds:

'Therefore with manlier objects we must try
His constancy; with such as have more show
Of worth, of honour, glory, and popular praise,
Rocks whereon greatest men have oftentimes wrecked:
Or that which only seems to satisfy
Lawful desires of nature, not beyond;

And now I know he hungers, where no food
Is to be found, in the wide wilderness :
The rest commit to me.'—(*Par. Reg.*, ii. 225-233.)

Meanwhile the Son of God, after long fasting, began to feel hunger ; when night came on he lay down under the hospitable covert of trees :

' There he slept
And dreamed, as appetite is wont to dream,
Of meats and drinks, Nature's refreshment sweet.'—(ii. 263-265.)

He thought that he saw the ravens bringing food to Elijah ; sometimes he seemed to partake with the prophet ; anon he shared the pulse with Daniel. But when the morn approached, he found it all a dream :

' Fasting he went to sleep, and fasting waked.'—(ii. 284.)

Towards noon the tempter visited him, and raised before his eyes a table richly spread, piled with meats of noblest sort, with fowl, and game, and choicest fish :

' Alas, how simple, to these cates compared,
Was that crude apple that diverted Eve !'—(ii. 348, 349.)

At a stately sideboard, where the wine diffused a fragrant smell, tall youths stood ready for service ; more in the distance, nymphs of Diana's train were prepared with fruits and flowers ; and all the air resounded with harmonious strains. ' What doubts the Son of God to eat ?' asked Satan. To whom Jesus temperately replied :

' Shall I receive by gift what of my own,
When and where likes me best, I can command ?
I can at will, doubt not, as soon as thou,
Command a table in this wilderness,
And call swift flights of angels ministrant
Arrayed in glory on my cup to attend :
Why should'st thou then obtrude this diligence,
In vain, where no acceptance it can find ?
And with my hunger what hast thou to do ?
Thy pompous delicacies I contemn,
And count thy specious gifts, no gifts, but guiles.'—(ii. 380-391.)

Satan dissembled his vexation, and confessed that his great antagonist was not to be moved by hunger :

' By hunger, that each other creature tames,
Thou art not to be harmed, therefore not moved ;
Thy temperance invincible besides
For no allurement yields to appetite.'—(ii. 406-409.)

But if the heart of Jesus were set on high designs, he should remember that *money* brings honour, conquest, realms. Gold raised Antipater the Edomite, and placed his son Herod on the throne of Judah. Therefore the first thing is to get riches, and to heap up treasure, without which virtue, valour, wisdom may sit in want.

Yet wealth without these three, said Jesus, is impotent to gain dominion or to keep it. The ancient empires of the earth fell to ruin,

ruin, with all their wealth; while poor men endued with these noble qualities have often attained to the highest deeds. Riches are the toil of fools, the wise man's cumbrance, if not his snare. The crown, golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns:

' Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules
Passions, desires, and fears, is more a king.'—(ii. 466, 467.)

This patient self-control shines throughout the trial. When Satan endeavoured to awaken a passion for glory and military conquest, our Saviour replied that the empty praise of the crowd was no true glory. It was an error to extol the great conquerors who fought battles or won cities by assault: those worthies did nothing else than rob, spoil, and slaughter, enslaving peaceable nations more deserving of freedom than their conquerors. If there were any good in glory, it might be obtained by far different means—without war or violence, but by deeds of peace, by wisdom, patience, temperance:

' They err, who count it glorious to subdue
By conquest far and wide, to overrun
Large countries, and in field great battles win,
Great cities by assault: What do these worthies,
But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave
Peaceable nations, neighbouring, or remote
Made captive, yet deserving freedom more
Than those their conquerors, who leave behind
Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove,
And all the flourishing works of peace destroy:
Then swell with pride, and must be titled gods,
Great benefactors of mankind, deliverers;
Worshipt with temple, priest, and sacrifice?
One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other;
'Till conqueror Death discover them scarce men,
Rolling in brutish vices, and deformed,
Violent or shameful death their due reward.
But if there be in glory aught of good,
It may by means far different be attained,
Without ambition, war, or violence;
By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
By patience, temperance.'—(iii. 71-92.)

It is very possible that in this passage Milton may have borrowed a hint from Friend Ellwood.

After this the tempter led him to the top of a high mountain, and showed the kingdoms of the world, with the Parthian power in the east, and imperial Rome in the west; arguing how easy it would be to expel the emperor and take his place. But it was necessary to aim at the highest, at no less than all the world; otherwise there could be no sitting on David's throne. To whom the Son of God replied:

' Nor doth this grandeur, and majestic show
Of luxury, though called magnificence,
More than of arms before allure mine eye,
Much less my mind; though thou should'st add to tell
'Their sumptuous gluttonies, and gorgeous feasts

On citron tables or Atlantic stone,
 Their wines of Setia, Cales, and Falerno,
 Chios and Crete, and how they quaff in gold,
 Crystal, and myrrhine cups, embossed with gems
 And studs of pearl; to me shouldst tell, who thirst
 And hunger still.—(iv. 110-121.)

The Messiah declared that he was not sent to free that people, once victorious, but now basely degenerate: once just, frugal, and temperate, but afterwards given over to ambition, cruelty, and luxury. What wise man would seek to free those who were by themselves enslaved?

‘Or could of inward slaves make outward free?’—(iv. 145.)

What a comment upon those words, ‘The kingdom of God is *within* you!’

The tempter then showed Athens, ‘the eye of Greece,’ with all the charms of her poets, philosophers, and orators. Our Saviour rejoined that even Socrates, the first and wisest of them all, professed

‘To know this only, that he nothing knew.’—(iv. 294.)

No true knowledge could be conveyed by those who were ignorant of themselves, much more of God. A man may weary himself in reading many books; but unless he bring to his reading an equal or superior judgment, he remains unsettled,

‘Deep versed in books, and shallow in himself.’—(iv. 327.)

Then as for poetry, where could nobler strains be found than in the songs of Zion, in which God is praised aright? Where are the rules of civil government more truly laid down than in the prophets, men divinely inspired?

‘In them is plainest taught, and easiest learnt,
 What makes a nation happy, and keeps it so.’—(iv. 361, 362.)

So, after many foils, the proud tempter fell, struck with dread and anguish; while a band of angels conveyed away the Son of God:

‘Then in a flowery valley, set him down
 On a green bank, and set before him spread
 A table of celestial food, divine
 Ambrosial fruits, fetched from the tree of life,
 And from the fount of life ambrosial drink
 That soon refreshed him wearied.
 And, as he fed, angelic quires
 Sung heavenly anthem of his victory
 Over temptation, and the tempter proud.’—(iv., 586-595.)

The victory was complete. The Second Adam triumphed over all that the world holds glorious—over money, fame, warlike and imperial power, literary and philosophic reputation. But during the whole time he was constantly triumphant over appetite. As in a grand chorus, amid the roll of the organ, the swelling of the instruments, and the sound of many voices, some fundamental melody is heard, which seems to be the key-note of the whole movement,

movement, so throughout this temptation, self-control shines forth, shedding a light over each effort in the struggle, and lending a radiance to each step in the victory. We are warranted in asserting that 'Paradise Lost' and 'Paradise Regained' constitute one great Temperance Poem.

In our own country Milton has always been a great favourite with poets of the didactic school, and his influence upon our literature may be traced through Young, Cowper, and Wordsworth. Still, among the public generally, he is more talked about than read. Many persons are acquainted with the glowing passages where he describes the delights of Adam and Eve in Paradise, but few have studied his great poem as a whole. To read poetry by snatches may be suitable in the case of songs or lyrical pieces, but an epic must be studied as an entire work. The reader cannot form an adequate judgment until he has so far mastered the poem that he can trace the end from the beginning. It is an old story that a mathematician, who was advised to peruse the 'Paradise Lost,' with a view of strengthening his imagination, sat down resolutely to the task, and when he had finished it, exclaimed, 'He proves nothing.' Certainly Milton proves nothing in a mathematical sense; but in a moral sense he proves much, as we have attempted to show.

ART. III.—BREAD AND THE BAKERS.

Report addressed to Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Home Department relative to the Grievances complained of by the Journeymen Bakers; with Appendix of Evidence. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty. 1862.

THE report recently prepared by Mr. Tremenheere, under a commission from the Home Secretary, fully justifies us in affirming that if bread be the staff of life, it is too frequently a crooked one. There is some foundation for the popular impression that wheaten flour and water, with yeast, are the constituents of bakers' bread, but it is certain that other elements must very often be adopted into the account. For example, Dr. Normandy, who was examined by the Committee of the House of Commons on the adulteration of food six years ago, found carbonate of magnesia, chalk, and clay, in flour prepared for the baker; and Mr. Mitchell, an analytical chemist, informed the same Committee that he had ascertained the bulk of certain flour to be augmented by sulphate of lime and chalk. These particular sophistications, however, are thought to be rare. But it is undeniable that a great quantity of bread is sold in London at a price which must involve a loss to the

maker if the flour were unadulterated. The process commences, perhaps, with the miller, who, on his own account, practises arts of admixture in the mill; and the bread of upright tradesmen is sometimes thus sophisticated without their privity or desire. But not unfrequently the bakers' demand for low-priced flour is made, full in face of the fact that a genuine article cannot be supplied at the money; and the guilt is thus shared between the grinder of the grist and the fabricator of the loaf. A third participator in the iniquity frequently appears in the chandler or small miscellaneous shopkeeper, who, according to Mr. W. Purvis, a baker, one of Mr. Tremenhoe's witnesses, frequently becomes an accessory, if not a principal, in dealing in adulterated bread. This arises thus: the chandler sells bread not so much on account of the direct profit on it, as because it attracts customers who buy other things. The bread is often sold thus at a loss, on the same principle as sugar is almost 'given away' by the grocers. As the chandler's object is to sell his bread at the lowest possible rate, the baker supplies him at the lowest possible cost, and, to do so, uses materials so mixed as to be cheaper than wheat, but made to look attractive by being 'doctored' with alum, and whitened by over-fermentation, which injures the nutritive qualities of the bread. There are many country millers who compound flour for sale at a reduced price, expressly for the supply of bread to these shops; and thus suffer the poor, who are the chief customers of the chandler. Rice is extensively used, and where this is the case, more alum is rendered necessary to bind the dough. Amongst the cheapening admixtures familiar to the unconscientious baker, we may further name the article called 'cones,' or coarsely ground Revet wheat, often in its turn deteriorated by rice, horse-bean meal, or other foreign material, and introduced into the bakery on the pretext of its sole use in dusting the boards and tins to prevent the dough from adhering. Having it on his premises, the baker 'of easy virtue' is tempted to mix it in increasing proportions with the more expensive flour; buying 'cones' at 15s. to 20s. per sack under the price of the best wheaten, he uses sometimes as much as one part of the pretended to three parts of the real. And many other things are used to add to the wheaten flour, as bean-meal, barley, rye, maize, and potato flour; the result being, in every case, a lowering of the nutrient quality, even where no baneful ingredient is found.

It is true, mixture, *per se*, may be looked on with indulgence where people cannot afford to buy pure wheaten bread, and must have an article at a low price; and there is even a law (3 Geo. IV. c. 106) which allows certain meals to be mixed with wheaten flour, provided that all bread so mingled bear upon it the letter M. But with this old regulation, in our days, no baker remembers
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to comply. Indeed, the prescribed hieroglyphic upon a loaf of bread, if noticed by the purchaser, would not be understood; would be passed over as a private mark, of no interest because of no significance to the consumer. One witness has suggested that this obsolete regulation might be usefully revived, if improved by the addition to the M. of the remaining letters of the word for which that initial stands. Recent legislation upon coffee and chicory has insisted on a still further degree of explicitness; but if the precedent were adopted in the bread trade, it might sometimes result in the alarming stamp upon the loaf, that 'This is sold as a mixture of wheaten flour, rice, barley, and alum!'

Alum, in particular, is an especial besetment of the baker. No more seductive article exists for the man of the oven who desires to drive a lucrative trade. For first, he buys flour too cheap, or, by compounding meals, makes it so; and then he is driven, by the inexorable logic of the devil, to chemical devices for the concealment of his fraud. Now nothing avails him so much as alum to make the worse appear the better article. Scarcely, therefore, has a baker taken one step in depravity, than by the help of alum he takes another. A second lie is always needed to hide the first; and alum, with fatal certainty, finds its way ere long through the baker's oven to his shop-shelf, and thence to the viscera of his customers. Now the virtue of alum,—the vicious virtue,—is chiefly that it increases the whiteness and firmness of the bread; but it further commends itself to the baker by facilitating the severance of loaf from loaf in the batch. Its chemical operation upon the gluten, which is the most nutritious portion of the flour, is to convert it into a tenacious, wash-leathery substance, dismaying to the stomach and a vexation to the gastric juice. Is flour so wretchedly inferior that it will not 'rise?' No matter; alum exists. And what is to prevent the baker from using it? What, indeed, but regard for the health of the public; a vague and un-affecting consideration, too apt, alas! to prove impotent where pecuniary gain opposes.

Now, if we guide ourselves by some of the witnesses examined by Mr. Tremenhoe, this use of alum, once very common, is at the present time rare, and becoming rarer. But unfortunately the preponderance of the evidence is quite the other way. The chairman of the London Operative Bakers' Association admits that alum was, undoubtedly, much used to whiten inferior flour prior to the passing of the recent Act causing scientific persons to be appointed public analysts for the detection of adulterations. This Act, he thinks, has done something to check the practice. But the utter inefficiency of the Act is affirmed by numerous testimony. For example, the 'Lancet' pronounces the Act to be inoperative. Dr. Ballard, M.D., medical officer of health for
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the parish of St. Mary, Islington, declares that the Act must be admitted to have failed in its object, throwing the initiative, as it does, on private individuals, who almost invariably shrink from exhibiting themselves as 'informers.' Dr. Hassall, M.D., analyst of the 'Lancet Sanitary Commission,' observes that on one occasion, of twenty-eight samples of bread tested for alum, every one proved guilty; and alum was found in every one of twenty-five other samples tested at a subsequent time. These samples were all culled in the poorer parts of the metropolis. On a recent examination, the results of which were published, with the names of the bakers, in the 'Lancet,' in February of the present year, of thirty-two samples of bread purchased partly from low, but partly from high-priced bakers, more than half proved to be guilty of alum. 'Mixing up myself as I do with the trade,' said a baker examined by Mr. Tremenheere, 'I know that some master bakers have had as much as a hundredweight of alum in their houses at a time. Adulteration with this and other things is particularly common in poor neighbourhoods.' Now if alum were the innoxious substance which many bakers fondly persuade themselves that it is, there would still be ample room to object to this use of it, seeing that it gives plausibility and vogue to unworthy flour, of which otherwise bread would not be made. The old Act of Parliament, called the Bread Act, forbids the adoption of alum in bread, and rightly so, if only on this ground. But it cannot be denied with justice that the public health suffers by this admixture. 'That the addition of a powerful substance like alum, and in the large quantities detected in the above analyses' (says the 'Lancet,' in remarking on the result of its investigations), 'is prejudicial to health, and is productive of dyspepsia and other derangements of the digestive organs, is well ascertained.'

Dr. Daughlish, M.D., remarks that doubtless respectable bakers who prepare their bread from good and sound flour abstain altogether from the use of alum. But not so with those who deal in bread made of weak or unsound or mixed flour. Alum 'cannot be said,' he adds, 'to be ever altogether harmless, and will be injurious in proportion to the quantity used. It has a prejudicial effect upon the mucous secretions, preventing the action of solvents in the process of digestion; also by its astringent qualities on the surface of the alimentary canal, materially deranging the process of absorption. The very purpose for which it is used by the baker is the prevention of those early stages of solution which spoil the colour and lightness of the bread while it is being prepared, and which it does most effectually; but it does more than this, for while it prevents solution at a time when it is not desirable, it also continues its effect when taken into the stomach, and the consequence is that a large portion of the gluten
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and other valuable constituents of the flour are never properly dissolved, but pass away without affording any nourishment whatever. Experiments of the action of alum upon gluten have fully established these conclusions.' And Dr. S. Gibbon, medical officer of health for the Holborn Board of Works, in a report to that Board, states that the well-known medicinal effect of alum is to confine the bowels; that small doses of alum repeated for a considerable time will produce at first costiveness, afterwards great irregularity of the bowels, that is to say, alternations of costiveness and looseness, and at length continued looseness with ulceration; that the quantity of alum he has generally met with in bread has been in the proportion of from half a drachm to one drachm in the 4lb. loaf, so that the unfortunate who consumes half a loaf a day, swallows, every twenty-four hours, from 15 to 30 grains of this sophisticating dry salt; which, however, is less active when in bread than when taken alone; that even twelve grains per diem, taken alone, will produce constipation in an adult; and that the effect on children must be greater than on adults, sooner producing diarrhoea and dysentery. To this impurity in the bread he has little hesitation in assigning as to their chief cause, the frequent constipation, headaches, liver derangements, and other disorders of those who are dependent for their bread on the bakers; and the fatal diarrhoea of infants under three years of age may also have arisen from or have been aggravated by this cause.

So much for the material of which bread may be made. A few words in addition will describe the usual process, as carried on in the metropolis. A mixture of yeast and mashed potatoes is prepared, and a little flour being added to it, is allowed to stand until fermented throughout. From eleven to two o'clock in the day is usually devoted to this preliminary. At five or six o'clock in the afternoon 'the ferment' is ready to be mixed with the remainder of the flour, which mixture is effected with the arms of the bakers, and in the course of it sufficient water is added to make what is called 'the sponge.' About fifteen minutes per sack is the time usually required for this operation, which is called 'putting in the sponge,' and is very severe labour. From the time of its completion till eleven or twelve at night, the sponge is working; and during the interval the workmen are supposed to be in bed, but as soon as the sponge is ready, they are required to be on the alert, ready to commence the kneading, or making of the dough. To this process, one man with a sack of five bushels of flour must devote about three quarters of an hour; but two men, in-nearly the same time, will turn three sacks into dough because they can work in furtherance of each other. After being thus made, the dough stands during a time varying from half an

hour to two hours; and meanwhile the journeymen take what they call their breakfast, and then they lie down in their clothes to snatch a little sleep. They do not go far for the bed. A sack or two is spread upon the boards used for weighing off the dough and moulding it into loaves, and upon this extemporized couch, with a bread-tin, bare, or folded in a sack to soften it, for a pillow, they lie, and close their eyes, and sleep if they can. The boards, it should be added, are scraped and brushed every time they are used, and in some establishments they are washed hebdomadally; but as the moisture has, in the opinion of some masters, a tendency to make bread sour, the washing in their bakeries is dispensed with.

About two o'clock in the morning, the men start up from the boards, remove the sacks, and upon the wood, which is none the cooler for their pressure in sleep, proceed to weigh off pieces of dough, to be presently moulded into loaves and thrust into the oven. This process may consume about two hours. At four o'clock the journeymen in London begin to prepare to make the fancy bread and rolls,—another hour's hard work; by the end whereof, the loaf bread is ready to come forth of the oven. When the foreman has effected this, the journeymen carry the hot loaves into the shop; unless, as happens in many places, the men are locked in, and cannot take the bread up to the shop until the master comes down in the morning and releases them. It sometimes occurs that the men will be detained thus for an hour and a half. Then, the oven being cleared, half an hour is spent in preparing it for the fancy bread and rolls, and in another half-hour these are baked, and will be in the shop by eight o'clock, and in some places still earlier. It might be fancied that the men would now be at liberty, their day's work done; but in fact, until four, five, or six p.m., they are usually still kept employed, either in carrying out to the houses of the customers, or in making more batches as public demand requires.

We shall return to the question of the hours of labour presently; meanwhile, with all due apologies for the ungratifying exposure, it is really necessary, in behalf of the public, to allude in some detail to certain disagreeable conditions under which bakers' bread is not unfrequently made. For the 'staff of life' is not only, as we have shown, sadly apt to be crooked and unsound; it is also prone to be a dirty staff, if Mr. Tremenhoe's witnesses say true. And before we commence the task of exhibiting the filth which has come up so profusely in the bucket let down by Mr. Tremenhoe into a well which professes to have only Truth at the bottom of it, let the plain confession be made that never, since this report yielded up its contents to our examination, have we, for our own part, been fully able to regard bakers' bread as

a substance really adapted to be eaten. After giving this friendly hint by way of caution to readers who may be so circumstanced as to be unable to dispense with the article, we proceed to complete an exposure which, in the interest of health and cleanliness, we feel it incumbent upon us to make.

‘The kneading,’ says one witness, ‘is done by hand in the troughs. The places of work being so hot, of course the men are always in a state of perspiration. As a rule, I think the journey-men bakers pay great attention to cleanliness, and being so constantly in great heat they are so much reduced, that they do not perspire as men would who were unaccustomed to the work.’ This means, at best, that the bread of the present is somewhat more free from perspiration, because of the greater defilement of the bread of the past. ‘Nevertheless,’ he continues, ‘it must be confessed that many men do perspire very much, and that, considering that their hands are covered with the dough in making it, they cannot wipe it from the face, and it must often get into the dough, especially in hot weather, but’ (kind modicum of consolation!) ‘not from the body, as men generally wear some shirt or other. It has been said that in some bakehouses men knead with their feet. This, I believe, is very rarely done, though I must confess that I have occasionally, in former times, unknown to my master, done it myself. If it is done, it is done in making fancy bread, the dough for which requires to be very stiff, and is consequently hard to work. The fancy bread includes cottage loaves, bricks, twists, &c. As far as I know the trade, I believe it to be a rare thing for the feet to be used even for this kind of bread, at least in London.’ ‘As to cleanliness,’ says the master of the Marylebone workhouse, ‘I need only say that, in hand-kneading, the men get into a violent perspiration, and if you watch them you will find that profuse perspiration continues to drop into the dough all the time the men are engaged in kneading it.’ The master baker in the Lambeth workhouse adds: ‘It is impossible to avoid a great deal of dirty impurity getting into the bread by the hand-kneading. No hand-kneading bread is ever made without a certain amount of perspiration getting into it, and sometimes, in hot weather, a great deal. The position in which the men are when at work, the heat, with the hard labour, speak for themselves as to that matter.’ On the other hand, one witness, Mr. Gilrush, master baker, says: ‘I have had twenty-eight years’ experience in all sorts of places of work, and I think that what the men say generally as to the perspiration falling into the dough is exaggerated. Where men are skilled and know their trade, and work to each other’s hands, they need not be more than thirty minutes making a batch of two sacks of flour; they can do this without being in a profuse perspiration. But there are hundreds

of men in the trade who know little or nothing about it, inferior hands, and if there is any truth in regard to the perspiration dropping into the dough, it must be in regard to these hands, men who make it labour to themselves.' But the master of the Shore-ditch Union workhouse says: 'I state confidently that I may say hundreds of times I have seen the perspiration dropping off men's foreheads into the dough, and their arms all covered with perspiration; the very cleanliest of them cannot help this, their exertion being so great and their movements so quick.' And the master baker of the Hackney Union declares: 'You cannot avoid the perspiration getting into the trough when you are hanging over it, kneading with your arms.' 'In hot weather there is a great quantity of perspiration dropping into every batch, especially in the small bakehouses.' Nay, a master baker of long standing, who now uses machinery in kneading, candidly confesses: 'Many a time I have taken a dislike to eat a batch of bread which I have seen made in my own bakehouse, and I have even got my wife to make me a loaf or two for my own eating; she has done it times upon times for me. Some men do not perspire at all; but in close places there is not one out of a hundred who will not have perspiration dropping from him in making dough.' Not to protract the case at this point, as we easily might, to much greater length, Mr. Tremeneheere himself shall be the last witness whom we will call into the box. He narrates that on the 16th of November, 1861, he visited a large, well-ventilated bakehouse in a court-yard, by invitation of the owner, to see a batch of dough made. The hour was eleven o'clock in the forenoon. The place contained two ovens, was lighted with large windows, and had ample provision for admitting air. The trough was described to him as being more favourable for the men to work in than is usual, being narrow and shallow, so that they could get nearer to their work. This, then, was quite a model bakehouse; for conditions so favourable as these exist only in a minority of the metropolitan establishments. The temperature of the bakehouse was lower than usual—about 70 degrees—as a sharp frost was in the air without. Mr. Tremeneheere saw two men, said to be very skilful, set to work to convert into dough somewhat less than three sacks of flour. This they accomplished in about twenty-five minutes, their usual time. 'At the end of fifteen minutes they were visibly heated, and I saw' (says the commissioner) 'perspiration dropping from the nose of the man who was doing his work within four feet of one of the doors, which stood open the whole time. He brushed the perspiration from his nose with his hand, and replunged his hand immediately into the dough. The work requires the exertion of a man's whole force, especially as the dough becomes stiff; and it is performed with great rapidity,

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one man working to the other. Neither, therefore, has the inclination to stop, even for a moment, as by so doing he would delay the other.'

After all this testimony in opposition, Mr. Gilrush must confess himself completely nonplussed; unless, indeed, he should proffer the stoical consideration fallen back upon by another witness, Mr. John C. Dwarber. 'Much is said,' observes this philosopher, 'about the perspiration falling into the trough while the men are making the dough. It cannot be denied that in the nature of things this must often be so; *but are there not things that are done in preparing other articles of food that it is as well not to inquire into?*'

No doubt, it might redound more to present comfort could we adopt Mr. Dwarber's strong-minded hint; but 'Meliora' always intends better things, and evil must be exposed to the light in order to a cure. It is not right that such things should be and the public not be made aware of them. Ignorance can never, in such a case, be really bliss, in spite of Gray's aphorism to the contrary; the ignoring way may be inviting, but leads to no amendment. Let us, therefore, complete at once and so rejoice in getting done with this very ungrateful exposure.

With regard to the men, then, one who has been a master baker for thirty years, says that their exhausting labour prevents many of them from being as careful as they ought to be of bodily cleanliness; and another testifies that he knows many journeymen whose arms are 'so full of humour' ['bakers' itch'] 'that they are ashamed to turn their sleeves up.' 'A great many journeymen,' says the master baker of the Lambeth workhouse, 'have skin diseases, for which they must use external applications.' And another old master baker says: 'Numbers of journeymen have diseases of various kinds, skin diseases, and many the itch, and their habits are often very dirty, and they must all come into contact with the dough.' There can be no mistake with regard to the thoroughness of the contact. One witness, who had been a master baker for six years, bears witness that after the dough is made it is usual for the men first to 'rub their arms out,' that is, to get off the dough as well as they can by rubbing and using dry flour to facilitate the removal of what adheres; finally, the rest is washed off the arms into a pail. 'If they are not looked after,' continues the witness, 'they will throw this away, but a careful master keeps it, and compels them to use it with the next batch with the rest of the water used in making the dough. As much as from two or three ounces to a pound of flour will thus be washed off, amounting to from 2*d.* to 3*d.* per man per batch.' 'If a baker does twenty batches per week, there will be forty washings with two men to each batch; this at 2*d.* to each washing, will come to

6*s.* 8*d.*

6s. 8d. per man per week, an important saving to the baker.' Corroborating this testimony, another witness, now a journeyman, but for two years a master baker, says: 'In all the *small* shops in which I have worked it is the universal custom for the man who stirs the sponge to wash his arms in a pail of water, and leave it standing until the next dough is made; it is then thrown in among the dough.' 'No careful master, in a small way, will allow this to be thrown away.' 'In the small undersellers' shops, where they make the batches fast one after the other, and the master is particular as to saving, there would be washings also after the dough was made; and if three men are employed, that would be twelve halfpence, or 6d. per day, besides the washings after the sponge; in all 8d. a day, or 4s. a week. There are plenty of small bakers who would think a saving of 4s. a week a matter of importance. When I was a master baker I would not allow any of this to be wasted.' It is the testimony of Mr. Hart, of the Lambeth workhouse, that the men are often so hard-worked that they have not energy left to keep themselves clean. He has known many to have lice about them, and in one case to such a disgusting extent that it was a marvel the victim could sleep at all. Nothing but the great fatigue of his labour enabled him to do so. 'I have read many statements,' says another witness, the master baker of the Surrey House of Correction, 'of the dirty and disgusting circumstances so often attending the making of bread in the ordinary way, and they are not in the least exaggerated. I have worked as a journeyman both in the country and in London, and I have witnessed things that take place in the making of bread that would disgust any one, and I am sure that people even at the west end of London little know what goes on in some places while their bread is being made.' 'I have often seen men with the itch working at the dough; and with the long hours they are so wearied that scores neglect to keep themselves clean in their persons, and the places they work and sleep in are so hot and close that they have no fair opportunity of doing so.'

So much for the men. Let us now survey some of the places wherein they work and sleep. These are large, lofty, scrupulously clean, and well ventilated in some instances; in others, they are in all these points just the reverse. Usually bread, in the metropolis, is made in those parts of the house which, if not thus used, would be called the coalhole and the front kitchen. Then in the back kitchen a small store of flour is deposited, with other things in daily use. The oven or ovens are commonly protruded in excavations under the street; but in many cases this arrangement is reversed, the ovens being behind, and the space under the street occupied as storehouse or place to work in. Given, then, the size of the house at large, and you have usually the character of the
bakehouse

bakehouse in particular. 'The smaller the house,' says Mr. Tremeneere, 'the less and more confined will be the little front kitchen, which has been converted into the place where the various processes of bread-making are gone through. In favourable instances the back yard has been excavated and made into a flour store, and the back kitchen added to the bakehouse. But this implies a larger business, and a greater command of capital, as well as the means and opportunity of effecting this enlargement, which are not always to be obtained, especially in the more crowded parts of the metropolis, where space is of so much value.'

It happens, thus, that much bread is made in places which it would be highly impolitic to lay open to the inspection of the consumer. The secretary of the London Operative Bakers' Association testifies that there are many bakehouses in London in a shockingly filthy state, owing to imperfect sewerage, bad ventilation, and neglect; that the bread must, during the process of fermentation, become impregnated with noxious gases; that many journey-men bakers sleep under the pavement in the bakehouses; that the sleeping places, especially in the east end of London, and some at the west end also, are of the worst description, frequently being in the basement and under the stairs; and that many of the bakeries have no beds except in the bakehouse itself. In another operative baker's experience, the places of work have almost always been arches under the ground, with no means of ventilation except through the doors: they are generally fearfully hot, and many of them are infested with vermin. There are, he adds, very few bakehouses that are not overrun with blackbeetles in great numbers, and it is almost impossible to keep these out of the bread. 'You could gather a quart pot full in ten minutes.' The bakehouses, too, are often so close to the drains that very bad smells pervade them. A third witness declares that in one bakehouse where he had to sleep there were no beds except the flour sacks; and the place of work was very dirty, close, and full of vermin. A master baker of much experience, says: 'I have known many bakehouses in a shocking state as places of work, and most injurious to the men; and so infested with rats, beetles, cockroaches, &c., and so full of noxious smells, that it must infect the bread. No doubt, many have been improved of late years, but a large number are still very bad.' 'I have worked in a great number of bakehouses in London,' says the master baker of the Hackney Union, 'and some very small, and always at night work. Small and large are many times very dirty. Some masters are very particular, and will have their places kept clean, but many others neglect it very much, and the places of work are very dirty.' 'The bottom of a bakehouse often gets clogged up with sweepings and all sorts of dirt, and some are not washed from year's end to

year's end, which must be very unhealthy for the men ; there is a smell arising which shows it must be.'

Now that this state of affairs is universal is not by any means to be supposed. One master baker, knowing eight or ten bakehouses in the west end, affirms that all are properly drained and ventilated and kept clean, and whitewashed once a year, and that there is no difficulty whatever in keeping down all vermin and dirt of every kind. Another remarks that his bakehouse is particularly clean and well ventilated ; that he sees no reason why all bakehouses should not be kept clean and free from vermin, and that he has no vermin of any kind, either blackbeetles, ants, or anything else in his ; although he has known many bakehouses which were exceedingly dirty. Again, Dr. C. J. B. Aldis, M.D., one of the medical officers of health for the parish of St. George, Hanover Square, visited fifty-three bakehouses in Belgravia, and reported them on the whole to be in a much better state than he had been led to suppose ; 'Many were perfectly clean and well ventilated, and in some instances the sleeping accommodation testified to great care for the comfort and welfare of the men.' But on the other hand, Mr. Costiff, a master baker, deposes that in the course of his experience in London as journeyman and as master, he has seen a good number of the bakehouses, and is sorry to say that a large proportion of them are in a very disgraceful state, both as places of work and as dormitories. 'In nearly all places, whether the bedroom is partitioned off from the bakehouse, or is over it, they are very ill ventilated and filthy, and many have no window or other communication with the external air.' 'I should say that fifteen out of twenty sleeping places are such as I have described ; the east end of London and the south are the worst, but there are many even in the west end which are very bad.' Lastly, Mr. Tremeneere, in his Report to the Home Secretary, whilst bearing witness to the fact that nearly all the bakehouses of the principal persons in the trade visited by himself, more particularly in the full-priced branch, were found to be perfectly clean, and that there was seldom to be seen any deficiency in the amount of the ventilation, although frequently the mode appeared to be improveable, is compelled to add that in about half the total number of bakehouses visited by him he found not only the ventilation very defective, but the state of dirt even beyond what he had been led to expect. In reference to ten places which he describes in detail, as fair types of their class, and representing 'to a greater or less degree probably one half of the total number of bakehouses in London,' he states that the principal fact, for which he certainly was not prepared, was their extreme dirt, and in many cases, the almost total covering of the entire space between the rafters with masses of cobwebs, weighed down with the flour-dust that had accumulated upon

upon them, and hanging in strips just above the head. A heavy tread or a blow upon the floor above brought down, he says, large fragments of them, as he witnessed on more than one occasion; and as the rafters immediately over the troughs in which the dough is made, were as thickly hung as any other part of the bakehouse, masses of those webs must be frequently falling into the dough. Other bakehouses of this description he found less thickly festooned with cobwebs, but these were in most cases numerous enough to afford a great probability of their being frequently incorporated with the dough. The rafters were usually so black with the sulphurous exhalations from the oven, that it needed not the admission of the proprietor that the bakehouse was very seldom whitewashed. What the commissioner vaguely terms 'animals,' in considerable numbers crawled in and out upon the troughs where the bread was made, and upon the adjoining walls. The dust had accumulated upon the broken and uneven floors. The smells from the drains, &c., were very offensive, the draft of the oven continually drawing the effluvia through the bakehouse. The ventilation was generally so injudiciously contrived as to produce a strong current of cold air upon the men while at work: as the men are always heated by their work, and very susceptible of cold, they rarely avail themselves of both the openings for the passage of air. The result is, he says, that the air of those bakehouses is generally overloaded with foul gases from the drains, from the ovens, and from the fermentation of the bread, as well as the emanations from the workmen's bodies. The air thus contaminated is necessarily incorporated with the dough in the process of kneading.

We have been thus remorseless in dwelling on the subject of bakehouse dirt, because it were a shame that the public should not be informed fully on the subject, now that modern invention has rendered the whole of this pollution perfectly unnecessary. Had no remedy been attainable, it might have been wise to have subsided into Mr. Dwarber's state of mind, remembering the 'peck of dirt' which the proverb says everybody has to eat, and concluding that 'it is as well not to inquire' too curiously into food manufacture in general, and bread-making in particular. But upon the evidence of a whole host of witnesses, and after personal examination of nearly every machine used in London for making dough, Mr. Tremenhoe builds the conclusion that every point is established in favour of the use of Mr. Stevens's bread-making machine in preference to hand kneading, and by testimony very various, perfectly independent, and entirely practical. Using these machines, the men expend, upon the whole, much less strength than in manual kneading; there is no possibility of any perspiration falling into the dough, or of any dust worth mentioning escaping, as the dough is made in a closed trough. Then the

men do their work at a great mechanical advantage, standing up and turning a handle, instead of at great mechanical disadvantage, bending down over a low trough with their hands and arms lower than their bodies, enveloped in a cloud of flour-dust, and taking that and a portion of carbonic-acid gas into their lungs. There is also a saving of time in the process; and more bread is produced from the same materials than by hand-kneading. The statements and calculations furnished to Mr. Tremenheere by many witnesses, master bakers, and masters of large public establishments where the machine is used, supported by extracts from the books, proved distinctly that the gain amounts to an average of about three 4 lb. loaves more per sack than are obtained by hand-labour. And this is not a mere increment by virtue of additional water absorbed without addition of real nutritive power. Part of it is accounted for by the saving of loss in the non-dispersion of the finest parts of the flour as floating dust about the bake-house, and the rest is attributable to the thorough mixing of the water and flour; for if the water is imperfectly brought into contact with the whole mass of the flour, some of the flour will be not saturated but only damped, and the resulting bulk of dough will be smaller because part of the flour has not had its fair distention by water. In fine, 'Nothing can be more complete or effectual than the mixing power of Mr. Stevens's machine.'

But another process, invented by Dr. Daughlish, seems to have still greater claims to universal adoption. By aërating instead of fermenting, Dr. Daughlish, in machinery of his own invention, produces bread into which no sort of defilement can be intruded in the process, because from first to last nothing comes in contact with the baker's hand. We have no space to detail the many advantages of this method, which receives the highest commendation from the commissioner.

There are about three thousand master bakers in the metropolis. Three-fourths of these are called 'undersellers,' through not obtaining for their bread so high a price as is realized by the remaining fourth. They are enabled to undersell by declining to give credit, by buying good flour in large quantities, by using cheaper yeast and inferior or adulterated flour, by extorting a greater amount of labour from their journeymen, or by selling bread deficient in weight. To such of these means as are illegitimate, they profess to be driven by the severe competition which prevails in their trade; and the competition is of this character, on account of the facilities for becoming masters which offer themselves to the journeymen. The supply of journeymen (about 14,000 in number) is excessive, because the trade is quickly learned, all the tools are furnished by the masters, and the earnings, not interruptible by changes in weather or great fluctuations
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of demand, are steady and uniform all the year round, and perhaps larger than could be obtained by a similar grade of men in other employments. Hence it is that, notwithstanding the hardships that must be undergone, a large class of young men are attracted to the trade. It is not only London that supplies these recruits; Scotland and Germany are constantly pouring in large numbers. Englishmen are in the majority, but Scotchmen abound, and Germans come next to these in point of numbers. These last have the reputation generally of being the steadiest men in the trade. Most of them save money; and by a system which they have of helping each other, soon become masters. They are driven hither by the conscription, or attracted by the success of their compatriots; and being (at the expense of the State) better educated than Englishmen of the same social rank, have more self-respect, and prove more reliable. The possibility of rising to the position of master baker is rendered easy by the interposition of the millers and flour-factors, exactly in the same way as entrance upon the public-house line of business is promoted by the larger brewers. These capitalists, owning retail establishments, put into them steady men of small means, to whom they lend stock and money, and whom they thus tie up to purchase only from themselves. And so the market is overstocked with bakers, and the result is an amount of competition which drives masters of defective conscientiousness to resort to the base arts of under-weighting and adulteration, and to the deplorable custom of grinding the noses of their workmen.

Of the extent to which this grinding is carried, ample evidence is given in Mr. Tremenhoe's report. The difference in the mode in which the full-priced and the underselling bakers conduct their business, causes great diversity with regard to the hours of work. The full-priced masters employ their men part of their time in serving their customers, to whom they are sent round delivering bread. The men thus obtain more fresh air, but the labour of transporting bread in large baskets or trucks for several hours of the day after a night's hard work is by no means light. During 'the London season' the operatives of the full-priced west end bakers generally begin work just as Paterfamilias in steady-going circles is inspecting the house-fastenings, seeing all safe before retiring to rest. From eleven o'clock at night, with one or two short, and sometimes very short, intervals of repose on the sacks and the trough-boards, the men are at their heavy and hot work until seven or eight o'clock the next morning; and still they are engaged for the rest of the day, as late as four, five, six, or even seven o'clock in the evening, in carrying out bread, or making fresh batches. Then between the cessation of their day's work and its recommencement, only five or six hours at the most, frequently not
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more than four or five hours, intervene. On Fridays the work always commences earlier, by an hour or so, and is continued perhaps up to eight o'clock on Saturday night, but more generally up to four or five. On Sundays the men are required to be in the bake-house for an hour or two, to make preparations for Monday's work, by putting in the ferment or the sponge. In some full-priced shops Sunday dinners are also baked for the thoughtless public, and this alone will occupy four or five hours. It is pleasing to learn that this Sunday baking trade is diminishing.

So far the full-priced trade. The men employed by the undersellers have not only to work more hours on the average, but their work is almost entirely confined to one place. The undersellers usually sell their bread over the counter; in the rare cases wherein they send it out, they for the most part employ other hands for that purpose. It is the most ordinary practice for the workmen of the underseller to begin work on Thursday night at ten o'clock, and continue labouring, with but slight intermissions, until late on Saturday evening. And Sunday, alas! brings no rest to these. Nearly all the undersellers bake on Sunday; and the men are in some cases kept at work, weighing flour for shop sale into small bags, besides preparing for the next day's bread.

Of the bad effects of this over-work, and of the unhealthy circumstances whereby the employment of the baker is too often environed, we have many glimpses in the Report before us. The journeyman has often no home except in his master's house, and his sleeping-place, especially in the east of London, and also too often in the west, is in the basement of the building and under the stairs. Many have no bed except in the bakehouse itself, and no bedding except sacks laid upon the trough-boards. Some who have bedding prefer to lie on the boards, as the bedding is bad, and the sleeping-place damp and cold. Married men are not readily brought to consent to sleep thus upon the premises; and most of the journeymen employed, therefore, are unmarried. 'Men are hundreds of times refused situations because they are married,' says one witness. Great immoralities naturally result from this circumstance. The effect of the trade upon the morals of the journeymen, compelled, as they too often are, to witness the frauds of their masters and to take part in them, and deprived, as they must be, of almost all opportunity of self-culture, cannot on the whole be otherwise than bad. Accordingly, one witness observes, that he has no doubt of the bad effect of night-work and long hours upon the morals of the young men in the trade. Another speaks of the frequency of cases of drinking and other vicious habits amongst the youths. Drinking, as we go through the evidence, we find frequently alluded to. 'The public-house, in London,' says Mr. John Bennett, 'is, in most cases, the baker's home.'

home. It is so for all the young men. When a young man comes to London he goes to one of the houses of call, which are always public-houses, for the purpose of getting employment. The owner of the public-house keeps a certain number of beds at the disposal of the journeymen bakers who frequent his house, enough to provide with beds the average number who are out of employ. They pay 2s. to 2s. 6d. per week. Also, as the places where many of the journeymen sleep, who are at work, are so bad that they cannot keep their clothes there, they keep their boxes at one of these public-houses; and therefore if he dresses there, he is expected to spend money. Then all the sick clubs hold their meetings at public-houses; they meet every Saturday night for the purposes of the club, or of amusement. They meet at about nine o'clock at night; they cannot usually get there before. This naturally leads to much drinking and dissipation.' The same witness alludes to the effect of the long hours of labour in leading to a desire for stimulants, and for exciting amusements often of a vicious kind. Mr. W. M'Cash, a master baker, affirms that when he was a journeyman he was many a time so exhausted by the long hours that he could not walk upstairs to bed, but was obliged to crawl on his hands and knees; and after only three hours in bed he had been obliged to get up again. He considers that he owes the preservation of his health to temperate habits and a strong constitution. Unfortunately (he adds), many of the men betake themselves to stimulants; by which, of course, we are to understand alcoholic drinks. Mr. Thomas W. Claridge, another master baker, speaks of the usual Saturday night bed at the public-house; and he remarks, that the condition of the baker is bad in every particular; that he has none of the comforts which lighten the toils of the commonest of labourers; that he cannot look forward with any hope of a good night's rest, or a meal properly prepared after his labour; that if he has an hour to spare in which to seek a little change from the bakehouse, he has no place but the public-house to repair to; that 'in fact, his condition is so bad that he loses all self-respect, all hope, and feels that he has but little to live for.' Mr. Heiser, a master baker, declares that 'the long hours and the night-work drive them to drink and to all sorts of immoralities.' But he remarks that of the Germans very few are addicted to drinking habits. On this point he is corroborated by Mr. Mackness, who in nine journeymen whom he employs, counts six Germans; and adds: 'The Germans are fast superseding the English workmen in the baking trade; the English workmen are so unsteady, and so given to drink.' 'Many in the trade,' says Mr. Joseph Ball, a foreman, 'ruin their health by a bad course of living and by drunkenness.' Amongst the obstacles to the adoption of a system of day labour, which has been tried in some places.

places, but was generally soon abandoned, Mrs. Bruce, of Albany Street, mentions that whereas the men, on the day plan, must come to work punctually at four o'clock in the morning, when she is asleep and not able to watch them, or they will run the risk of spoiling ten or fifteen pounds' worth of goods; 'it is not all men who can be depended on for sobriety.' 'When they come in at eleven to twelve, P.M. [on the night plan], I am up to see them in, and the house is safe; but I have had to refuse men admittance at that hour on seeing that they had been drinking.' And Mr. Hue, who tried the day plan, and found it so inconvenient that he gave it up, names, as one reason, that 'frequently one of the four men who should have come at four o'clock in the morning, did not come at all, and had to be sought for in a cab, he having probably been drinking, and overslept himself.' Here, as everywhere else, plans of amelioration are defeated, because the liquor traffic 'starts up and stops the way.'

It is true that, notwithstanding the serious disadvantages that attend on the lot of the baker, there are to be found in the trade, and not only amongst the masters, many intelligent and estimable people. 'In the course of the inquiry,'—we quote Mr. Tremeneere—'I have come into contact with a considerable number both of masters and men. I have the greatest pleasure in recording the impression they made upon me. I believe it would be difficult to find in any trade in the kingdom men of greater intelligence and uprightness of mind than the great majority of those with whom the various purposes and accidents of the inquiry brought me into communication.' This is one side of the case; and the Chairman of the City Master Bakers' Association in 1859, declares that the master bakers in London have every wish to promote the welfare of their journeymen in everything that is reasonable and practicable; and that there is the greatest desire among all the respectable masters in the trade to consult the comforts and interests of the men, to give them the best sleeping-places in their houses, to study the means of ventilating the places of work, to arrange the hours of work, and so forth. He adds: 'I do not see, myself, that the baking trade needs be an injurious one to a man's health or morals.' But on the other side, when we see how much adulteration is proved against many of the bakers, and what the state of their workplaces is, we must not allow our spectacles to be too strongly tinged with *couleur de rose*. The baking trade, truly, needs not be detrimental to health or morals, but over a large surface it unquestionably is. We could fill several pages with quotations from the evidence before us, corroborating the testimony of Mr. John Bennett, that in many instances he has known the health of youths employed in the trade materially affected by the long hours, and has seen many sink under it; of Mr. George Painter, that

that journeymen bakers are even more liable to affections of the lungs than millers; of Mr. G. Knight, that many lads have their health ruined by nightwork, by the 'sulphur' from the furnace, and the 'spirit' from the bread; ('It has injured me, I know,' says Mr. K.; 'I am suffering from it now;') of Mr. W. Purvis, that carrying out the bread to the chandlers' shops is a frequent cause of bad health, the hot bakehouse being suddenly exchanged for the cold open air, and causing a chill which often brings on rheumatism or inflammation of the lungs; and of Dr. W. A. Guy, physician to King's College Hospital, who says that the heat in which the men work, by exhausting them, renders them liable to inflammatory affections, colds, and rheumatism; that the flour dust and the gusts from the oven, consisting of carbonic acid, alcohol, and sulphurous acid gas, irritate their lungs, and predispose to consumption; that the severe exertion leads to palpitation, disease of the heart, ruptures of blood-vessels, and apoplectic seizures; that the expectation of life among the journeymen bakers is lower than that of most other trades; that no class of men, excepting perhaps the grinders of Sheffield, are so liable to severe and fatal diseases of the chest; that they are four times as liable to those diseases as the compositors, who are not a long-lived race by any means; and that their average age at death presents the low figure of forty-two years. Then, with regard to morals, we need only allude to the deplorable educational effect of the frauds of which they are too often compelled to be not only witnesses but agents. Mr. W. Purvis says that an immense number of the working classes who buy their bread at the chandlers' shops, are cheated both in the weight and in the quality of the bread; that many bakers, knowing that they can get off adulterated bread and bread under-weight at these shops without fear of detection, manufacture with that view, and 'the consequence is that a vast system of fraud is carried on against the working classes through the instrumentality of these shops.' And Dr. Daughlish bears witness that the dishonesty most prevalent in the bakers' trade consists in supplying bread deficient both in quality and weight; and that the amount of fraud upon the public on the purchase of bread deficient in weight is 'very considerable.' Even where bread of full weight is supplied, this is often effected by under-baking. What but a bad moral result can the knowledge of such practices on the part of the baker exert upon the men? They, in their turn, learning the lesson too well, sometimes repay the master for his noxious schooling in his own base kind of coin. 'Unfortunately,' says Mr. W. Spiking, 'there is, I believe, too much truth in what has often been imputed to them, that in many cases they make more by the delivery of bread than the masters are aware of, or than they would like to confess.' The nefarious method used consists in entering in their books more bread —

bread to customers than they have delivered ; and it is stated that 'of the heads of the smallest families not one in ten escapes paying for a half-quartern loaf per week above his household consumption, and that with regard to the heads of large families that amount is very greatly exceeded. Men whose wages are 18s. a week make their places 'worth' 30s. by this mode of dishonesty, which is a great source of anxiety and annoyance to the master, because bills are frequently returned for alteration, and customers lost in consequence of the detection or suspicion of these impositions. Then the prevalence of Sunday baking tends to sink the poor baker lower and lower in moral rank, depriving him of opportunities of improving his mind and cultivating his spiritual nature. 'I don't know a journeyman baker, nor have I, during all my experience, who ever goes to a place of worship,' is the testimony of Mr. Heiser. It is true, another witness, Mr. Dwarber, knows a great many journeymen who go to church, but he appears to be unusually favoured in this respect. One of the journeymen, Henry Webb, says : 'As a class, I believe that the journeymen bakers are the most ignorant of any class of labouring men ; it cannot be otherwise as long as they work as they do at present ; on Saturday night they are like wild animals let loose, and on Sunday they lie about, mostly without cleaning themselves, and very seldom enter a place of worship. In point of morality there can be no doubt that they are very low indeed. Many of them have to go on with Sunday bakings as well, and I can say that they are so tired, that they have no heart to improve themselves in any way.'

In suggesting legislative remedies for the grievances of the journeymen bakers, Mr. Tremenheere names the following as the only propositions which he is prepared to recommend for the consideration of the legislature :—

1. That no youth under eighteen years of age should be allowed to be employed in a bakehouse later than the hour of nine P.M., or earlier than five A.M.—This we consider to be an excellent suggestion.
2. That bakehouses should be placed under inspection, and subjected to certain regulations in regard to ventilation, cleanliness, &c.—This, too, would no doubt be useful.
3. 'That the provisions of the Act 'for preventing the adulteration of articles of food,' &c. (23 & 24 Vict. c. 84) should be made more effectual.—And to this recommendation, also, we add our endorsement.

Mr. Tremenheere further suggests the adoption of Stevens's Patent Dough-making Machine, or Dr. Daughlish's aerated bread machinery, as involving not only great prospective benefits to the journeymen, but certain economical and other advantages, of no small value to the community.

Lastly,

Lastly, although it would be impossible for Parliament to interfere with the night work and the long hours of day work of the adult labourers in the baking trade, he thinks it is to be hoped, and in this hope we devoutly share, that the renewed discussion of the subject may have some effect in leading to such mutual concessions of a simple nature between the men and their masters as may place those questions upon a footing satisfactory to both parties.

ART. IV.—WORKMEN'S HALLS *versus* PUBLIC-HOUSES.

[This interesting article, which, through the kindness of Mrs. Bayly, author of 'Ragged Homes and How to Mend Them,' we are enabled to place before our readers, was prepared by that lady and read at the late meeting of the Social Science Association in London.]

IF the number and influential character of any existing institutions be admitted as criteria of importance, then no apology can be necessary for bringing the subject of public-houses before an assembly, convened to discuss topics affecting the social interests of the community.

In London, Liverpool, and many other places, one house in every thirty-five is some kind of public-house; and when we consider that there are comparatively few persons in this country who do not either frequent these places themselves, or are in some way or other affected by those who do, it will not be deemed unreasonable that the attention of this intelligent audience should be requested to a subject which may truly be said to be of national importance.

For many years we have been walking up and down our streets, contemplating the existence of these establishments, and noting their influence upon those who keep them, and upon those who use them. Constituted and conducted as they usually are, they can only be regarded as the masterpiece of Satan's cruelty to the unhappy race for whose destruction he never seems weary of inventing and contriving. At the corners of most of our streets, in all our public thoroughfares, as well as back streets, these houses are to be seen, standing as snares and pitfalls, ready to entrap and ruin the bodies and souls of unwary men. But with all our detestation of these abominable places, we have not been able to shut our eyes to the fact, that as society is at present constituted, it is impossible for us to do without some kind of public-house life.

Besides the melancholy fact, with which we are all too well acquainted, that, owing to the general neglect in the education of girls, few of the wives of working men have the necessary qualifications

for making a home comfortable, there must always be a great number of men without homes at all, and of others following their work from place to place, only returning to their homes at long intervals. Those who know what is meant by 'lodgings for single men,' are well aware that it usually means a place where no man will spend more of his waking hours than he can help. The instinct which craves for companionship is stronger in the uneducated than the educated man. Five working men out of six will tell you that it is the company which first draws them to the public-house, and not the drink. Taking all these things into consideration, we are compelled to come to the conclusion, not that public-houses must be swept from the face of the earth, but that we must put good ones in the place of bad ones. Besides the common sense of such a plan, it is in unison with the Scripture injunction to 'Overcome evil with good.'*

In the neighbourhood of Notting Hill an attempt has been made to supply this want. On the 1st of April, 1861, a house was opened there called the Workmen's Hall. The money necessary for its construction and preparation was lent by Mr. Samuel Gurney, at 5 per cent. interest. On the basement floor are hot and cold baths at 2*d.* and 4*d.* each. On the ground floor is a coffee room, library, and bar, where tea and coffee, bread and butter, ginger beer, cake, &c., are always on sale. On the first floor are the lecture room and committee room, and on the second floor the Bible Mission room, and three bedrooms for the use of the governor of the house and his family. The total cost of this building (including 50*l.* for the lawyer's bill) was under 1,120*l.*

The founders of this Workmen's Hall were little encouraged in its erection. They were repeatedly assured that such was the low and degraded state of feeling among the working classes, that they would not care to frequent any place which did not administer to every animal indulgence. They were cautioned to be wary in the construction of the building, and not spoil it for a dwelling-house, as it would have to be re-converted to that purpose whenever the property was sold, as of course it would be before long. A twelvemonth's experience has, however, proved that all these cautions and precautions were needless. The men of this neighbourhood have shown, that when they have a chance offered them, they know how to choose the good and refuse the evil.

The whole amount of the expense of keeping up this institution for one year has been 183*l.* 1*s.* 5*d.* The sources of income are—

* The proposal to 'sweep public-houses from the face of the earth' has never been made by any organization. The United Kingdom Alliance proposes to improve them by freeing them from connection with that liquor-traffic which chiefly makes them dangerous. Laws that contribute to the overthrow of evil are good.—[*Ers. Meliora.*]

the payment of 2*d.* per week by each member resorting to the hall; the profit arising from the sale of tea, coffee, and other refreshments; rent of bath rooms on basement 20*l.* per annum; Bible Missionary room at the top of the house, 10*l.* per annum; and an occasional letting of the lecture room.

The establishment was opened for business on the 1st of April, and up to Christmas the expenditure exceeded the receipts. Since that time there has been a large accession to the number of members, which has, of course, increased the custom at the bar, and the average receipts of the quarter ending the 25th of March show that the institution is now self-supporting.

The object of landlords of public-houses is generally to get as much as possible out of their customers. Knowing the truth of the proverb, that 'a fool and his money are soon parted,' it is of course to their interest to study how to turn men into fools as expeditiously as possible. By the aid of the brewer and the distiller, coupled with contrivances we need not stay to mention, the process is by no means a difficult one. Custom, companionship, and appetite, being all on the side of the landlord, it is no wonder he succeeds in muddling the brains of his unfortunate customers to his heart's content.

The object of the founders of this hall is diametrically opposite to that of the publican. Instead of wishing to keep men ignorant and foolish, that so they may become an easy prey, they desire in every way to increase their self-respect, and make them as wise and self-reliant as possible.

With this end in view, various classes have been established. Ladies and gentlemen have left their homes evening after evening, and not in a patronizing spirit, but with the truest sympathy of heart, have sought to share their superior advantages of education with those who are less highly favoured.

There is nothing in the history of this institution to which we refer with so much pleasure as to the exertions of those members who have formed themselves into a District Visiting Society. To them we are very greatly indebted for much of our success. They have most unselfishly given up a large amount of time, and have worked with a unity of purpose and design, which would have done credit to men in any station of life. Their plan has been to divide the neighbourhood into districts, each one being in the hands of two or three committee-men. The secretary examines the pledge-book once every week, copies the names and addresses of all who have recently signed it, and sends the list to those visitors upon whose district the new members are resident. On the following Sunday the visitor calls, invites the new friend to join the Hall, to attend their meetings, and, if he should prove to be suited for some kind of work, he is soon brought more prominently

forward. These visitors are supplied with tracts, both temperance and religious, which are enclosed in Workmen's Hall Temperance Society covers ; on the outside of which are printed the terms and advantages of attendance at the Hall, the time of all meetings, &c. In this way these devoted men have literally gone out into the highways and hedges, and compelled men to come in who never would have been brought under our influence by any other method. How many erring brothers they have been the means of rescuing, how many wives and children have been restored through them to comfort and respectability, how many souls may have been rescued from death, and what multitudes of sins they may have prevented, will not be known until that great day when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed.

On the first Wednesday in the month the trustees meet, and take tea with the members of the committee, most of whom are district visitors. The evening is spent in conversation on different subjects relating to the affairs of the Institution. Although at the present day we witness more kindness and consideration from the rich towards the poor than has been recorded of any preceding age, yet many are still sceptical as to the possibility of establishing entirely *friendly relations* between the two classes. We have much pleasure in bearing our testimony to the fact, that nothing has ever occurred at these social gatherings which could have offended the most fastidious taste. Every idea may not certainly have been expressed in the purest English, and sometimes Lindley Murray's feelings might have been sorely tried, and we must, perhaps, plead guilty to having been somewhat original in our sayings and doings ; but beyond this we believe that those who are accustomed even to the politeness of the west-end drawing-room would have found little occasion for expressions of dissatisfaction. The vase of flowers has never been absent from the tea-table, though in every case provided and placed there by the hard hands of the sons of toil.

We do not reckon these amongst the facts of *small* importance in our history. The great social reform we are striving to bring about will only be accomplished, we believe, by this union of effort. If the working out of such institutions as this is left entirely in the hands of working men, the plans will be deficient in power, method, and stability, and for want of the conservative element will be ever in danger of falling to pieces. On the other hand, if educated and wealthy men alone are concerned in the direction, they will probably spend a vast amount of time, thought, and money, almost uselessly, for want of the right idea of practical application. Before quitting this subject we will just say, that the drinking habits of the working people generally are doing more than anything else to keep up the separation between the

two

two classes. We sit side by side at our tea-table with men who, in time past, have been expelled even from the public-house, and who, in fact, were at that time unfit associates for any class of society. It is only since the introduction of our Temperance Society that we have been able to establish those friendly relations with our poorer neighbours which we have long desired to do; and we bless God for an institution in our midst which has brought many to our side without compelling us to take a lower seat.

The question of interest which follows, is, what has been the effect of the presence of this institution upon the surrounding neighbourhood? We might fill many pages in describing its moral and religious results. We could tell of policemen who speak with wonder of the diminution of crime, and say, if things are to go on in this way, and public-houses are to be put down by workmen's halls, then they must be put down also, for there will be little left for them to do. We could tell of churches and chapels well attended, and of schoolrooms where the preacher previously on a Sunday evening seldom secured a congregation of more than 30, now crowded with nearly 300 persons: but the space allotted to us is so short, that we must be content for the present to confine our remarks principally to the effect this movement has had upon our trade and commerce.

Since the first formation of our Temperance Society in January, 1860, between 1,300 and 1,400 have signed the pledge. It is difficult, indeed impossible, to ascertain with any degree of correctness, how many have continued faithful to their pledge: but general observation alone will be sufficient to convince any one that we cannot have less than 800 or 900 staunch teetotallers amongst us. Many of the men now members of the Workmen's Hall have confessed to having for years been in the habit of spending from 1*l.* to 3*l.* per week in drink, some having even exceeded this. To spend only six or seven shillings a week in this luxury is spoken of as so moderate a thing, that such a one need hardly join the society at all. Taking the number of total abstainers as low as 600, and that the average saving effected by each amounts to ten shillings per week; this (without reckoning anything for time saved and property not destroyed) will show the actual money rescued from drink by this one society, in one year, to amount to 15,600*l.*

As very little, if any, of this large sum has been put aside in leathern bags, or secret drawers, it has of course been expended in some way or other. Instead of any general surmises or probable calculations, we think it will answer our present purpose better if we simply state what has come under our own observation. In conversation with a tailor some weeks ago, he said—

‘ Since the Workmen's Hall has been opened, I have made for the men there forty-
four

four pairs of trousers, besides two suits at four guineas, and three at 3*l.* 10*s.* Fifty-five of the men have expended with me during the past year 70*l.*, and for making heavy garments I have received 50*l.*; besides this I have made about twenty suits of clothes for the teetotal band. That Hall has been the making of me, and the cloth people now are very glad to have me for a customer, for when I take my work home to the men at the Hall on Saturday evening, I'm sure of my money, and I haven't to stand treat for any beer either, and so I can pay ready money for my cloth, which is good for me, and good for the people I buy it of, also.'

The governor of the Hall, who has the best of opportunities of making observations, says—

'I know that twenty of our men, whom I have just taken at random, have within the last three months spent 130*l.* upon articles of use and comfort for their homes. All this money formerly, as I know well, would have gone straight into three public-houses. No one scarcely is more than a few weeks amongst us without taking home something fresh with him of a Saturday night. The money that, for so many years, all went one way, now seems to go in fifty ways. Instead of being sunk in a well like—as it did when it went to the public-houses—it now goes circulating about and seems to come round to us all in turn. The shoemaker, instead of having all the money for a pair of boots he made for a carpenter, employed him to make his windows open at the top, for he said he couldn't stand breathing nasty air all day, since he had become a teetotaler. There are some of the men who come here who are now getting a good living, out of just the work they do for their comrades. I was thinking one day if all the districts in London during the past year, had wanted as much more than usual of leather, and cloth, and crockery, and calico, and furniture as we have wanted here, whether the manufacturers would have been able to have supplied it all.'

The City Missionary writes—

'I have been fourteen years upon this district. Many of the houses where I have never been used to see a decent article of furniture, have, since the commencement of our Temperance Society, been respectably and comfortably furnished; some have gone on even to articles of luxury, and the looking-glass, ornaments on the mantel-shelf, and the plant-stand in the window, may be seen, where, for many long years, no member of the family knew what it was to sleep upon a bed. The number of beds which have come amongst us, might, I think, be counted by hundreds, and this one article alone must have called for no small amount of labour. All this change has not come in any extraordinary manner—no rich man has died and left all his money to be distributed amongst our poor. Charity of any kind has had nothing to do with it. I have myself, in years gone by, lost many precious days in going about to beg for one and another, who appeared to be dying of destitution; now, such cases are rare amongst us, and I can quietly pursue my true missionary work. The men whose houses now present so changed an aspect have not worked harder than usual, indeed not so hard, neither have they earned higher wages; the only difference has been (and this has made *all* the difference) that the money has been expended at the counter, instead of at the bar.'

The doctor who attends many of our poor people says—

'I see a great change in the houses I visit connected with your temperance people. I find there both comfort and cleanliness; suitable food can be obtained for the patient, for the want of which all the efforts we can make, are often almost useless. *I can also get paid*, which is a thing of rare occurrence amongst the drunken poor. They often spend in drink the price of the bread for three children, and then carry the emaciated and shrivelled forms in their arms to our hospitals to ask for medicine. None know so well as those in my profession, how many drunkards' children die simply from want of food.'

There would be no difficulty in multiplying such evidence as the foregoing, did time permit. We will now select cases which have come under our own notice, showing that though we have money in abundance, circulating amongst us, for the supply of every
want,

want, we have not enough for the wants and for the public-house also.

A man whom we have known many years married a woman possessing property amounting to 350*l*. This money was all spent in five months from the day of his marriage. The man knew well how to earn money, and usually earned between 2*l*. and 3*l*. per week. They were, however, so desperately poor and distressed, that the children had to be left in the streets, while the mother also went out to earn money. 'There has scarcely been a charity amongst us for years past in which this family have not participated; but coal tickets, soup tickets, and an abundance of private charity have not prevented six out of nine children dying the common death of the drunkards'. We went in one morning and found the mother washing her child—for a basin she had substituted a jam-pot—for a towel, a dirty rag. Those who were acquainted with the daily habits of this family, told me that the jam-pot was alternately used as a washing-basin, a tea-cup, to fetch beer in, and to hold the baby's milk. We ourselves, in looking round, could not discern any other article of crockery excepting a few broken plates.

Many reports have reached our ears of late of the distress of the Staffordshire potteries. We hear they have large stocks in hand for which they have no demand, and people tell us that new markets require to be opened up;—truly they do;—but, believe us, we shall effect more good by opening up the home market than by the introduction of foreign customers. There are very few of our well-paid artisans whose homes would not be rendered much more comfortable by fresh supplies of cups and saucers, plates and mugs. They *want* them very much indeed, and have plenty of money to pay for them, but still the order is not sent. Hundreds of workmen must continue unemployed—the much-needed articles remain locked up in warehouses, and the jam-pot continue servant of all work, because the shillings, crowns, and pounds so plentifully earned must be spent at the nearest public-house.

The man to whose history we have just referred, has to our certain knowledge come into possession of, and earned enough money to have enabled him to purchase a freehold house, with garden attached—to furnish it with articles both for comfort and luxury—to feed, clothe, and educate all his nine children, and apprentice them to useful trades; as well as to put something by for old age. In doing this he would have become a good customer to most of the useful shops in the neighbourhood, and thus have materially assisted other steady men to get their living, and all this might have been done, if the man could have reached his home on the Saturday evening, without having to pass six or eight houses on his way, offering just the one temptation to him, which

from long habit, and perhaps, too,—unhappy man,—from hereditary tendency, he had no power to withstand.

We believe that there is nothing which would give such an impetus to trade, as abolishing, or even lessening the number of public-houses. We meet with few who wish to hoard money; the natural tendency is rather to lavish expenditure. The many millions earned by the working people of this country, will be spent somewhere, and upon something. The question is simply this: Shall Bethnal Green, Southwark, and St. Giles's be customers to Leeds and Manchester, or to Barclay and Perkins?

We speak what we know, when we say, that owing to the large proportion of the earnings of the poor, which are expended upon the brewer and distiller, few of their homes are supplied with the commonest necessities of life. A very moderate demand for the much-needed articles of domestic utility, would give such an impetus to trade, that, with our limited knowledge of the laws of demand and supply, we cannot imagine how it could be met.

When speaking upon this subject, people sometimes beg us to be just, and tell them what the brewers and distillers are to do with their property and their premises. Such reasoners speak as if the millions now expended upon this trade would suddenly become extinct. Instead of this, we believe that every pound of capital and every available workman would be required.

A mighty river, dammed back into some unnatural position, revenges itself by destructive overflows; but let proper channels be dug for it, and it will take its joyous course, irrigating the hitherto parched lands, and spreading freshness, fertility, and beauty on every side. So would it be with the mighty capital now employed upon the destructive trades to which we are alluding. Instead of a history written in blood, and groans, and tears—instead of keeping manufactories for an article, the use of which results in rags, vice, crime, disease, and insanity, let these men of capital, men of power—many of them, strange as it may seem, kind-hearted Christian men—let them use the gifts with which God has so abundantly endowed them, in promoting the *real* interests of their country and their countrymen. Then, instead of the curses and execrations wrung out of the intolerable anguish of the millions who are smitten down, even to death, through the influences of the drink manufactured for them, and to the use of which they are tempted in every conceivable way,—instead of this, the blessings of those ready to perish would come upon those, whose skill and capital should be directed to opening up wider fields for industry, and for the promotion of legitimate trade. Morality and religion, now languishing under the upas tree of intoxicating drinks, would revive; and 'Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree.'

ART.

ART. V.—THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

‘DO you call that a haunted house, Uncle?’
 ‘Certainly I do, and doesn’t it look like one?’

‘It seems lonely and neglected enough. It has been a fine old house, too, some day, with those huge chimneys and that gateway and garden. Draw up a moment, please! I want once more to look into that garden. Thank you! A very fine old place!’

We were bowling along, my uncle Caius and I, through one of the loveliest of the Staffordshire lanes; the silvery Dove, close upon our right, hidden by but one swelling meadow, with its shoreward row of alders, and willows, and birches; a slip of green and pleasant land, such as the Dove delights to curve and play in, and to draw its fresh ripples through in serpentine mazes. To our left, amongst elms and yews, a tall, melancholy-looking house stood, brick-built and mossy, but not decayed. I do not remember that there was one single sign of dilapidation in its broad front, one window unglazed, one stone displaced; yet a singular air of loneliness and gloom hung over it. It was deserted and neglected; not a chimney of the two huge stacks gave out a curl of smoke however small, not one window opened its mouth for fresh air. Inspiration and expiration both absent—what was it but a dead body?—and dead indeed to me it looked. The untended garden was a very paradise of weeds, where with richer soil than usually falls to their lot, they spread and roamed and fattened; choking and hiding what might remain of older and fairer growths, while over those broad strips of desert land, the gravel-paths, were creeping abundance of grasses and mosses, the first pioneers and colonists of the vegetable world. A few blossoms here and there peeped through, towards sunlight, with sickly, bewildered gaze; and in one corner a group of white lilies held aloft their flower-children above the heads of a crowd of weed-companions that seemed struggling to overtop them and bind them down. Not far from these, a straggling rose-bush displayed its crimson buds. These gleamy lilies so fair and clear-white in their forlorn beauty, these rich-tinted rose-buds, made redder by contrast with their pale, uncoloured, plebeian associates, brought to my mind tales I had recently been reading where ladies and knights of beauty and high degree and prowess, were confined in enchanted castles, and lived doleful years among unworthy and cruel foes; each year growing paler and thinner and less hopeful, but never ceasing to be, as they always had been, flowers of loveliness and mirrors of courtesy and truth, unmixed and unmixable with their base-born keepers. Why did that garden haunt me through the day? Why did those lilies and

roses, bending forward with gaze so mournful into the outer world and from the midst of their briery and rank-scented neighbours, follow me into the very centre of the quiet prosaic little town of B—— to which my uncle's gig conveyed us? I was supposed to be looking the while at a splendid silver-topped whip that white-haired burly shopman was displaying.

'This will do, I think, Gregory, eh?' was my uncle's observation, or rather question.

'Rather tall, uncle, is it not?'

'*Tall*? what's the boy thinking of?'

'*Long* I should say,' I answered in some confusion.

'Oh, none too long. No, I think not,' holding the whip doubtfully in a horizontal position. 'Eh?'

'Just as you like, uncle.'

'Now, who wants you to say just as you like? Haven't you an opinion of your own, eh?'

'Well, then, I think it a little too long.'

My uncle, however, had taken a fancy to the whip, and as I had expected beforehand, bought it, not without a grumble at my want of whip-wisdom. But my uncle Caius's grumblings were always good-natured, and mere outsiders, having no home in the warm heart beneath. *Home* indeed! I do not believe they had the smallest footing there, or had ever seen the interior of that roomy abode, which *I* had, more than once; so why should I care for such mere tip-of-the-fingers' acquaintance?

Our ride back on a calm July evening, with a growing moon before us, at first, in a pale cloudless heaven; and by-and-by with two moons in our horizon, one above and one below, in the gleaming shining river, emblems of the great above and below to which both they and we belonged, the one clear and calm 'mirror-bright and even,' the other dancing and inconstant, and never at rest, was most pleasant, and long I enjoyed the quiet and the thoughts it invoked. My contemplations were disturbed, however, in awhile, by the voice of my uncle apostrophizing the horse, and by his drawing in the reins, as the grey shied at some flitting shadow across the road, and threatened to turn his steady-going trot into a gallop.

'Now what *was* the beast frightened at, I wonder?' was my uncle's next speech, partly addressed to me, partly to himself.

The dark, clear-cut shadow of the old house we had passed in the morning was just before us. Its presence suggested to me a cause, so I ventured to say, 'Perhaps we caught sight of the ghost of the haunted house?'

'Ghost? no, not he! It isn't a ghost to be seen by a horse's eyes. But I see you remember what I said about the old house, though you needn't look at it so much. It isn't much of a place.
There's

There's not one person in a hundred would notice it. I remember it when it looked very different, long before you were born, my boy.'

'Was it haunted then?'

'Not as it is now.' Here my uncle sighed. 'A changing world! ah, a changing world! A very merry place it was once, but that is all over!—Ah, well;—and you want to know all about it, I dare say—and I've no objection to tell you. It *may* be useful. But what am I saying? Who ever *did* take warning? Forty years ago,—is it so much?—No, perhaps not; I will say five-and-thirty then,—I knew a young lady living at that place, her name was Dora Langley—one of the finest girls in the country. Now don't suppose I mean by that, that she'd rosy cheeks, and fine black or blue eyes, and long ringlets, and all the etceteras you young people string together, when you're talking or thinking of a fine woman. She'd none of those things, and wasn't what's called a beauty, anyway. I don't know whether her hair was brown or black, or whether her nose was Grecian or Roman. She was tall and well made, and had a cheerful face and a springing step when I first knew her; and there was something about her very different from the ordinary run of young ladies. She was mistress of the Grange. Father and mother had died not long before of fever, and she was left the eldest of three, with one brother and a much younger sister, and, save them, quite alone in the world. The Grange, with a fine estate close at hand, had belonged to the Langleys for generations. They had been a family much respected and looked up to, and had always visited with the first people in the neighbourhood. Dora was in mourning when I first saw her, the morning I rode past the place, standing close to the garden gate, with one hand on her young sister's shoulder, in a pleasant half-protecting, half-caressing fashion. There was something in the glance of her eyes that at once interested me, an expression of goodness I suppose I should call it now. A day or two afterwards I was called in to attend the sister for a sprained wrist, and Dora and I had a conversation together. Several times in the course of the year my services were needed at the Grange, for one reason or another, and every time I came away with a higher opinion of Dora Langley. Don't run away with the notion that I did any such foolish thing as what you call falling in love with her. I had already done that with another young lady; and what was strange enough, at least we thought it so then, with an old schoolfellow of Dora's. It was one great topic of interest with us, this of my attachment to Miss Spence; and many a time have Dora and I walked round that old garden, singing in concert the praises of our mutual friend. In awhile I became something more than a mere acquaintance to her,

and

and she told me her troubles and joys, hopes and fears; very much as she might have done to a sober elder brother. Perhaps this came about more naturally, since her own brother Jasper was still away. He was, however, to come home very soon; and Dora never wearied of repeating to me what a good, dear brother he was—how talented, how lively, and what a delight it would be to herself and Rosamond when he should come and live with them permanently at the Grange.

‘I was with them the night of his arrival, I forget by what accident, and witnessed such a kissing of the “dear girls,” such a fidgeting to and fro in all the rooms, looking at this or that alteration, such an unpacking of presents for them, and curiosities for himself, that he had brought with him from abroad; and at last, such a calming down in the old wainscoted parlour, with each sister’s hand on his knee, by the side of the fire, while gentle conversation flowed into the channels of the past, and recalled the pleasures and sorrows, endured and enjoyed, while yet their parents were with them to bless and protect, that I returned home to my solitary bachelor rooms in the village, with an inward grumble that fortune had not blessed me with sisters, and an idea that from henceforth no home was to be happier than that at the Grange—no hearts more content than those of the three young friends I had just left.

‘And it was so for a long while. There were soon merry doings at the young squire’s (all the Langleys had been called squires from very olden times), dances in the long drawing-room—the neighbouring gentlefolk and family friends to dinner and supper—and fishing and boating-parties on the river. I was not unfrequently invited to these merrymakings, and every time I saw Dora amongst all these people, young and old, strangers and friends, moving about calmly and gracefully, the attentive kindly hostess. Jasper was fond of society, and liked to have these people about him. I knew Dora preferred quiet and comparative seclusion; but no one ever saw her impatient or heard her sigh at the amount of visiting and visitors she had to endure. It was sufficient to her that Jasper liked it. In awhile, too, she had by her side one who helped her to do the honours of the house—for Rosamond was growing up, and every day becoming more beautiful and attractive. Much younger and fairer than her sister, she was one of the loveliest little maidens on this side of the country. Now I know you are wanting me to describe her fully, and set down as in an inventory every separate grace and charm and feature for your gratification, but I shall do no such foolish thing: I couldn’t if I would, and if I could I wouldn’t! There’s enough silly talk about lilies and roses, without your old uncle adding to it! Dora wasn’t a bit jealous when her sister became the centre of attraction

tion, and she didn't turn melancholy or look ill-tempered presently, when it was discovered that her sister had twenty beaux, and she not one. Truly, I took my own sex to task, when I saw how a few bits of pink and white, a round arm, and rather longer eyelashes, could captivate and attract, while nobility of soul and true unselfish heroism had but little notice, and not one follower. I was thirty or more, reckoned myself quite in middle life, and fully competent to judge; but it bewildered me then, and does now, how the wisest sex, as we plume ourselves on being, could be thus misled. But it was good to see how Rosamond looked up to, and clung to Dora, as to a second mother, and how Dora put round her young inexperienced sister, her protecting wings, like some guardian angel who thinks only of doing good, and blessing the loved one, content that she herself should be invisible and unknown.

'The young squire was much attached to both his sisters. One he loved and looked up to, relying on her judgment in every difficulty to advise him; the other, he had a brother's pride in seeing near him at his gay indoor parties, and in noticing the admiration her lovely face excited in all his acquaintance. She was fond of riding, and he bought her a beautiful pony that she might enjoy her favourite exercise; and frequently he rode out with her himself. Dora's pleasure was in music, so for her an organ was procured and placed in a room up stairs; thence called the "organ room." It was an octagonal room, its walls in panels, painted blue and white, with a domed ceiling, also painted pale blue; and a wide window with lozenge-shaped panes and broad cushioned window seat, looking out into a quiet old rose garden, with a fountain in the middle. Here frequently in the evenings, Jasper and his sisters would play and sing in concert—Jasper joining with his flute; and many happy hours have I also spent as a listener in that room. Sometimes, not often, I have taken my violin there, and have accompanied them as well as I was able. I was over the old place the other day, and went into that same organ room, and sighed as I saw its emptiness and desolation. The old oak floor is getting very worm-eaten; and the door of the only closet in the room cracked awfully when I turned the hinges in trying to look whether the stains of blood were yet there, that we used to look at and talk about, mysteriously, as left to speak dumbly of some secret crime or other committed by a former possessor of the place—perhaps a Langley, for aught we could tell; but the dust was too thickly laid for me to see; a great spider-web hung over the window instead of a curtain, perhaps to prevent my looking out, which it didn't, for I wanted to see whether the outer world was as changed as the inner. I was paid for my pains; nettles, docks, and dandelions grew over

graves of the roses; and as for the fountain, not a trace. But all this is not what I meant to have told you. Sacred music was Dora's especial delight; and when she gave us this we were all listeners, while from her organ rolled out solemnly airs from some grand mass of Mozart's or from Handel's immortal oratorios.

'And thus a year or two sped away. My practice gradually increased, and I had less and less time to spend with the Langleys. I heard of them, however, very frequently. The young squire was beginning to be known at the hunt, and kept a pack of hounds in awhile himself. This naturally made him spend less time at home with his sisters, and more with the red-faced hunting squires and gentlemen around him. The little music parties in the organ room became less frequent, and in their stead Jasper attended dinners and suppers at the "Seven Oaks" and "Blue Lion," the principal inns of the neighbouring town of D——. This was not a good change, and I was sorry to hear it, knowing how Dora would miss her brother's company; though I did not express my sorrow, for it was reckoned gentlemanly and right that a young fellow like Jasper, with plenty of money, should spend his evenings in gay society rather than be what was called moping at home; and I was foolish enough in those days to think that if it were an evil it was a necessary one—society required it, and so forth. He was a landlord, too, and had a great wish that all his tenants and working people should do well and be happy, and praise the young squire. So he had meetings at the "Chequers," the village public-house, when there were talkings on drainage and improved ways of cultivation, and the French invasion, then daily expected: and Jasper sometimes attended them himself, that he might converse familiarly with his people, and see how he could best help them. This was very good and beneficial, and made him highly popular, for such consideration for the poorer classes was not so common then as now. But what was not good was, that at these times he "stood treat," and ale was dealt round to each man to drink his landlord's health, and make himself merry. Jasper also drank, to show his good-will; and the country papers were loud in the praises of so "kind and generous a landlord," but failed to note how many of his "happy tenantry" went home tipsy, or with confirmed passion for liquor, and how he himself was gradually getting a love for exciting drinks, and leading others in the same dangerous path. Not that he ever took much at these meetings; he had the good sense to be aware that it was hardly the thing to get "elevated" in the company of his workpeople and tenants, though his acts soon seemed to prove that it was all right to do so among equals. The dinner parties at the Grange became more and more "gentlemen's" parties, where, uncontrolled
by

by the presence of ladies, wine was drunk to excess, and grey heads, belonging to what were considered highly respectable members of society, sometimes rolled in the dust under the table, along with those of younger inebriants, before the mad entertainment was concluded. All this was reckoned perfectly right in those days, when a "gentleman" would have been thought insane, or scarcely fit for society, if he refused to become merry in this foolish fashion. Such marvellous influence has custom upon us all, that Dora was not at first disquieted at these doings. She did not like them, certainly, and thought—if she thought at all,—It was an unaccountable delusion to call such wallowings *pleasure*, but it was perfectly "gentlemanly," proofs of a generous spirit (it is hard to say how!), and was, on the whole, a page in the life of all in Jasper's station and, at his age, necessary to be gone through. She saw so much of such doings around her, and hoped and expected, no doubt, as so many mothers and sisters have done, before her time and since, that with years would come sober wisdom. She loved and admired her brother too so much, that for a long while she could scarcely have seen any fault in him, or be brought to confess that he had one. She was to be undeceived! By-and-by, in the wainscoted parlour, in the mornings, might be seen that ominous trio, the three spirit decanters, with hot and cold water and glasses on the table, and Jasper with some friend or other busily engaged pouring out and pouring in that which would be so much better placed in the womb of the nearest burning mountain, or at the bottom of the sea; while a scent of tobacco would go through the house, penetrating even to Dora's blue-pannelled organ room, where she might be seated working or writing, for it was become her place of refuge and quiet; and to the kitchen, among the pies and preserves "cook" was manufacturing; and noisy laughter and coarse jokes would resound through the lower rooms. Not long afterwards Rosamond had a slight illness, and I attended her. I called one morning to see my patient, and found her in the octagonal room, comfortably reclining in an easy-chair by the fireside. Her sister was seated near, reading to her.

"I am glad to find you so much better," I said; "this is a pleasant change from the bed-room."

"Oh! yes," replied Dora, "we shall soon have her well, shan't we, doctor?"

"But Rosamond was not in a cheerful mood, and exclaimed, rather pettishly—

"I shall never be well while there's that horrid smell of spirits and smoke in the house. And I can hear that man's voice again. I do so hate him! Dora, take me back to my bed-room; I should be quieter there." And her eyes filled with tears as she spoke.

'Dora

‘Dora soothed her as well as she was able. “Do try and bear it, dear ; you are better here, indeed you are, if you would but try and think of something else.”

‘But Rosamond still looked dissatisfied and unhappy. I asked what “man” it was whose voice annoyed her.

“It is only Mr. Carter. He has been here rather often lately, and she’s tired of hearing the sound of his voice.”

“Does he come very often?” I asked again.

“He has been here every day, I think, this week. I wish he would not come so much ; but Jasper has taken quite a fancy to him.”

‘I was sorry to hear this, for I did not like the character of Carter. He was a lawyer who had managed to get hold of considerable property in the neighbourhood, and had the reputation of being selfish and unprincipled. His feats with the bottle were something marvellous, even at that day, for he could drink, as he boasted, any man down in the parish. Lynx-eyed, ready to seize any advantage, and a toper, he was indeed a bad companion for open, unsuspicious, excitement-loving Jasper. His harsh voice was heard at intervals from the room below. I asked Rosamond if she could bear a little music.

“If Dora would play very, very low.”

‘Dora went to the organ, and played a soothing air with the gentlest touch. Rosamond’s tears gradually dried up, and a half smile appeared upon her pale lips. Soon she fell asleep, like a weary child, and with subdued voices Dora and I conversed for some time beside her.

“I shall have to make a patient of you when your sister is well,” was my first remark ; “you are looking much too pale ; you must get out into the air as soon as possible.”

“Oh, no fear for me,” she replied, with a forced smile ; “I am not ill.”

“Anxious, then?”

“A little.”

“That is as bad, I might say, worse ; for I have no medicine for anxiety, so don’t encourage so bad a companion. You need not be anxious about your sister, she will soon be quite well.”

“I know it : but it is not Rosamond that makes me anxious.”

“Who then?—Jasper? Nothing wrong with him, I hope?”

‘She hesitated.

“Don’t be afraid to tell me. I think I know what you mean. I have heard.”

“About last night?”

“Yes. News soon flies over the village.” The news I had heard was, that Jasper, returning home in a state of intoxication from his friend Carter’s, had met and grossly insulted the vicar of

B—,

B——. I will not tell you the details; they were no doubt much exaggerated before they reached me, though bad enough in themselves.

‘Dora looked startled and grieved. “I had hoped it might have been kept quiet; and indeed it is the last thing my brother would have done in his sober senses.”

‘“I know it is. And all the village knows the same; so don’t make yourself needlessly unhappy. He will make an apology to the vicar, and it will all be right again.”

‘Dora sighed. “Mr. Carter is Jasper’s evil genius. He is not like the same since he has known him. I cannot think what possesses him to keep company with such a man.”

‘“How did he first get intimate with him?”

‘“At the hunt, I believe.”

‘“A cruel sport; only low, gross, or thoughtless people can pursue it. I place your brother amongst the last, Miss Langley, for he is neither low nor gross: he has many noble instincts; much that is very fine and good about him.”

‘“How I wish he would give up Mr. Carter!”

‘“If Jasper would give up the spirit-decanter, Mr. Carter couldn’t do him much harm.”

‘“Yes; that is just it, doctor; I know that. But he must take a *little*, you know. If only he would keep to that! Why can’t he drink moderately, as my father did? He could drink a quiet glass, and take no harm.”

‘“My dear young lady,” I might have said, “your father took more harm than you suppose with his quiet glass. He might have been alive now, but for it. At least, I have no doubt, from what I have heard, his life might have been spared in that fatal fever, had his blood previously been pure and calm as that of a water-drinker.” But I did not say so, simply because I did not know so much about the ill effects of intoxicating drinks as I know now. I saw the temptation and snare it was getting to the excitement-loving nature of Jasper, but still held it necessary that almost all persons should take a *little*. Wine and ale, and even spirits, were indispensable to some constitutions, to strengthen the system, and repel the first attacks of disease. I didn’t study the after effects in those days, or think of the imp that lay at the bottom of the bottle, ready to seize and devour his own peculiar prey. Because I had never been touched by him, and was always a temperate man, and never forgot that my profession required a cool head and steady hand, I too frequently shut my eyes to the ravages he was daily and hourly making around me. So far, indeed, was I lost in my blindness, that if any of my patients called me in, in the morning, after a night’s debauch, I invariably prescribed for them, *imprimis*, a hair of the dog that had bit them.

Then

Then in those days there was the awkward fact that you could scarcely be a member of civilized society without partaking. A constant toper was my abhorrence, however; and it was only because I feared this end for Jasper, who seemed to me much too good to make a drunkard of, that I spoke as energetically as I had just done about the abandonment of the spirit bottle. But as I said, the veil was then over my eyes, and therefore instead of setting Dora right, I foolishly replied—

“Why not, indeed? But there is no need to distress yourself. By-and-by your brother will see better, and no doubt will be as sober and regular as your father was.”

“I hope you are a true prophet, doctor. But don’t you think he is injuring his health? He is often complaining now, and when he first came home he was never ill.”

“I will question him, and see to that,” I replied; “but he will not seriously injure his constitution, I trust, though he does drink rather hard just now.”

“Yes. For the last week he has never been home till after midnight; and almost every night has been so tipsy that he could not find his way up-stairs without help.”

“Bad, certainly; and so I will tell him. What has made him drink so much more lately?”

“I do not know, except it is that Mr. Carter has tempted him more.”

“He is no good companion. But, Miss Dora, could not you devise some better amusement for him? You are clever; he thinks much of you; put your sisterly powers out, and get him into another track.”

“I wish I could! Oh! how I wish I could! But what can I do? I cannot amuse him with conversation, as I once could. He does not care so much for my society as he used to do;” a tear here took a very silent course down her cheek, as not intending to be noticed, but I saw it gleam in the fire-light a moment; “and music has very little attraction for him now. What can I do?”

‘I do not know what I replied or whether I replied at all, for we were interrupted by the sounds of noisy footsteps ascending the stairs, and Jasper entering the room in a boisterous way, waking Rosamond, who looked round startled, every nerve jarred by the uproar.

“How are you, Hopkins, my boy?—how are you? What are you doing in this close room? You and Dolly talking? Ah! I see. And Rosey?—Give us a kiss, my girl!”

‘He stooped over the back of Rosamond’s chair, and gave her a rough kiss. She looked ready to faint at the ill-scented salute, for he smelt strongly of spirits and tobacco; but she said nothing, looking only beseechingly towards her sister for protection.

‘Dora

‘Dora responded to the appeal, and put her hand on the arm of the easy-chair, saying to her brother, “Rosamond’s very tired this morning, Jasper ; don’t disturb her, please.”

“Tired, is she? She’s tired of sitting moping here, that’s all. I know what’ll set her to rights. I shall order out her pony, and she and I will have a scamper. I want some fresh air, and I’ll have some.” He went to the window, opened it, and shouted out, “Here, George! George! get the pony ready! Do you hear? And the old bay for me, George.”

‘I interfered now, and after some expostulation induced him to go down and give up all thought of a ride for his sister that day. He returned below to his friend Carter, who had had the good sense not to follow him up-stairs.

“You see,” said Dora, mournfully, when we had soothed Rosamond, who had burst into a passion of weeping at her brother’s departure, “you see how he too often is now. It is very seldom I can get a quiet, really rational word from him. When he’s sober, then he’s so low and melancholy that he will scarcely speak at all, and complains of headache and indigestion. I am quite sure, doctor, it is time you interfered, for his health’s sake. He’ll hear you. Do try and persuade him to take only one glass a day.”

“I will try. Good morning, ladies.”

‘My words were promising ; my performances I knew, even before I left the house, could be but trifling. How could I hope to arrest a drunkard in his career by the plea of health? A young man of strong passions and of rather imperious temper would not be likely to listen to the friendly advice of one he reckoned his inferior in station, and who was certainly too much of his own age to have the due amount of experience and authority for such a task. Nevertheless I tried. In a few days I had a good opportunity, for the young squire was taken seriously ill. He sent for me. At his bedside, when once more cool and calm, released from the effects of his evil demon, drink, I talked with him, perhaps as wisely as I knew, but on the whole inefficiently, for I did not intreat him to put away *entirely* all exciting drinks from his sight and taste.

“I know all you are going to say,” he interrupted me at length. “It is of no use, doctor. You should have told me this a year ago. I couldn’t live without it now.”

‘*I should have told him this a year ago!* Here was a stab. Was it I, then, that was to blame? Had I let my young friend, whom I valued for his own sake, but almost more for his sisters’, run on to ruin, while I stood by inert and careless? As I rode away from the Grange, his words sounded again and again in my ears, and smote my heart with their meaning. For a certain uneasy feeling I had within, deep-seated, told me that probably he

was not quite wrong in what he said, and that I had *not* done my duty by him. I was his senior; one whom he respected; who had advised him readily enough in less momentous matters, and yet who had neglected *this*. And now it was, perhaps, as he said, too late. I knew the death in store for him. I had seen it, witnessed its coming on many, too many times. Why did not I speak sooner?

‘Nevertheless—I must speak the truth—I put the uneasy feeling on one side in awhile, and even clothed myself with a little anger. “Was *I* to be answerable for *his* sin?”’

‘It was not long before it began to be whispered about in first one coterie and then another, that the young squire was making too free with the bottle. Some only laughed at the news; others said, “What a pity! so fine a young man! So like his father, who was the very model of a gentleman. And what a trouble it must be to Miss Dora!” And in awhile, as his excesses became more and more apparent to the world, some of the gentlemen who had been on such intimate terms with him, fathers of families and old gentlemen of standing and wealth withdrew from his acquaintance, or turned on him a cold glance when he accosted them. And yet these same elderly and respectable gentlemen had been among those who had first enticed him by their presence and example at the “Blue Lion,” the county election dinners, the “meet,” and elsewhere, to take wine and spirits, and had laughed at his first “green” attempts to vie with them in the quantity he could gracefully carry away. If I must tell you a secret, which, however, was none to their families, at this very time of their indignation with poor Jasper, they not unfrequently became boozy after dinner or in the evening by their own firesides, but always in a quiet, respectable fashion, you perceive. That was quite a different affair.

‘Jasper felt this much, though he would not own it. His companions became of a lower sort. Tired of home, and craving fresh excitement, he went frequently to London, became intimate with gamblers, introduced to them by his friend Carter, and spent his evenings in scenes and places I will not name.

‘Ah! my boy, when a man begins to take the bottle as a companion, he little thinks through what miry places it will lead him, to what hells conduct him! But why do I blame the bottle? It is a poor innocent thing, blown up by human breath from sand and alkali, and in itself can do no harm. It is that which it too often contains that does the mischief; or rather it is the constant feeding and exciting the lowest propensities and passions of our nature to undue preponderance and activity by drink that kills and ruins. Man has sought out many inventions—surely he has found out none so deadly as this of alcohol, such a feeder and inflamer of unholy lusts.

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‘It was not all down-hill, however. Now and then the young squire would take a good resolution, and, spite of what he told me, that it was too late, buoyed himself with the thought that he would begin a better life, and exist in nobler fashion. I was very hopeful at one time, and congratulated Dora on his improvement. “I have done at last, Mr. Hopkins, what I ought to have done, or tried to do, long ago. I have persuaded Jasper to let me put out of the house all wines and spirits. There is not a single bottle or cask that I know of in the cellar; my cupboards are free, and I will have none brought in. And he is so glad and so grateful to me, dear Jasper, that I take this precaution now it is done. He sees his error and danger now. As for myself I intend never to take another drop.”

“‘That is an absurd resolution of yours,” I answered. “It does not follow because it is bad for your brother, it is therefore bad for you. There is no shadow of a fear *you* will ever exceed. I know your constitution: you will hurt yourself if you entirely refrain.”

“‘Not another drop, doctor,” she said; “not if I suffer for it, and I do not think I shall. For Jasper’s sake I will do it, and for the sake of all those who are like him. It would be hard indeed to expect *him* to abstain, to whom it is so great a temptation, and to take it myself, to whom it is none, or very little.”

‘I could not say no to this. I could only admire her self-denial.

‘Unfortunately for the young squire, about this time he fell in love with a rich man’s daughter, a handsome, showy woman; but she and her father both thought money and lands the greatest of gifts; and when presently it was discovered by their acute man of business in London that Jasper had mortgaged his estate to pay gambling debts, they both turned on him the cold shoulder, and said “No.” He had been very steady while this fancy lasted, but when the “no” was pronounced, was completely upset, lost all self-command, and went back to his old enemy for “comfort,” this time in a desperate way, drinking early and late. No more hope for poor Dora now! Her salutary law about the non-admission of intoxicants was broken at once. And Jasper’s health gave way.’ Here my uncle sighed heavily. ‘It is an old, old tale, Gregory! How many times has the same kind of victim been drawn into the same fatal snare! Once get the taste and love for these things, and you are a fortunate man, indeed, if they do not drag you down to destruction, or send you halting and limping for the rest of your days. Why, my boy, in my practice, small as it has been compared to some of your town practitioners, I could this night number hundreds that I have seen thus ruined or lamed—some you’d never dream about!—and who carried it off for a long time with a pretty straight face. If drink is a devil, it’s the *steepest* devil.’

devil under the sun! Well, well, what was I saying? Why, here we are at home! Bless my life, I didn't think my tale would last so long.'

There was no opportunity that night for its continuance, but an evening or two after I ventured to remind my uncle that his tale was not yet finished.

It was after supper that I made the request. Candles were not yet brought in, for my uncle Caius liked to prolong the enjoyment of the twilight hours, and he liked to be pretty silent during them, too; for he said it was good for both soul and body to let the thoughts be hushed to calm by the gradual touch of coming night, by the coolness, and the quiet, and the solemnity of these darkening moments. That night, however, moonlight was regnant, and lying as in solid sheets of silver upon the lawn and gravel-paths, giving metallic glitter and sharpness to the tops of the yews and sycamores, and streaming in at the bay-window, and about my uncle's face and hair, till he looked quite another man. He was no longer Mr. Caius Hopkins, the rather fat and undignified-looking, retired surgeon of C——, but a white-faced, massive-browed, cavern-eyed stranger, a creature I had never seen before—half man, half moonshine. Behind him, among and beyond the folds of the old green curtain, lay a deep black shadow, in which might be standing—who knows how many more goblin-faced friends or spirits? I already saw a few limp mistinesses strangely resembling forms that might once have been living, and if silence had been preserved much longer (for, as usual, my uncle kept me waiting some minutes), I should, no doubt, have fancied audible sounds also from these goblin nothings, and seen them move 'their starved lips in the gloom.' It was a great relief when the old familiar grating voice put to flight my eerie fancies. I remembered I had a ghost tale before me, and drew myself up in a thrill of excitement to listen.

'It was just such a night as this,' the voice began. Instinctively I looked out into the moonlight on the yews and sycamores, glanced quickly over the black masses of hollyhocks and evening primroses, changed, like my uncle, into 'something sad and strange,' took in the whole effect of moonlight in the garden to give scenery to the mental picture I was about to behold, and listened again. 'It was just such a night as this, calm and moonlight and lovely, when I saw Miss Langley again. I had been in India two years. I had buried my bride. I was a sorrowful, crushed man, come back to English life, to a humbler position than I had at one time expected: glad to be back, or satisfied to be back, for gladness and I had parted company, and one of my first visits when I reached Staffordshire was to the Grange. It was evening when I arrived there, but that was no matter; Dora had been

been my wife's friend, was my friend, and I knew I should be welcome. I knocked at the door: she opened it herself, did not at first know me, but when she did, gave me her hand with much emotion. We both, I think, wept a little very silently, remembering the past. I saw she was in mourning as we crossed the hall, but did not ask her why, did not even think of a why. I suppose I expected to find all the world in mourning. I followed her into the silent parlour, in which the moon was just shining as it does now in this old room. "I have had no candles lit at present," she said, "for I like this light, and I have been sitting alone, thinking." She asked me after myself. I told her my own Indian experiences, my loss, my present grief. "And," I said at last, after a pause, in which I roused myself from my own selfish and hitherto absorbing sorrow, and began to take note, for the first time, how silent the house seemed, "how are you going on here at the Grange? Mr. Jasper is not married yet, I suppose?" "No," she answered, first in a strange rigid voice, and then in a hoarse whisper, "Haven't you heard, Mr. Hopkins?" "*Heard?* Good heaven! you don't mean anything bad? You don't mean to say he is ——?" I hesitated to speak the word, though I expected to hear the worst from the strange sadness of her manner.

"Yes," she said, faintly, "he is dead."

'It seemed as though her heart died in saying this. Mine sunk within me, though I was surprised when I came to think about it afterwards, that it could sink at all. I thought it had fathomed the bottom of all sorrow months before.

'I did not speak; and she in a few minutes went on in a trembling voice. "He died only two months ago. Oh, Mr. Hopkins, I *have* suffered!" then she burst into tears, putting her face between her hands.

'I let her cry. I knew it would do her good. In awhile she was still again. She raised her head, wiped her tears away, and told me how it had all happened. Is *happened* the right word? I think not. I will say then, how the murder had been done.'

My uncle cleared his throat of a pertinacious hoarseness that he had striven against for some time, but that only got worse as he proceeded.

"Poor Jasper was worse after you went away," she began. "I think you had had some influence over him, and helped to keep him a *little* in bounds. He was always rather afraid of you after the talk you had with him; you remember it, don't you? and strove to look all right in your presence; but I could see, nevertheless, that at every fresh irritation—and he had many just then—the brandy bottle was largely applied to. Mr. Carter had a mortgage on the estate. I don't know how he obtained it; but I was told, and I fear it is too true, that he'd been long wanting our

land; it joins his own on the Beesdale side; and that when he was in London with my brother, he persuaded him to gamble till he lost a great deal of money. Then he came forward, offering to lend him money as a friend, on the property, at next to no interest. Jasper was glad to take it, and never told me of the affair, till all at once Mr. Carter began to trouble him for the money back, against his promise, I suppose. One day I found it out—found out what had been troubling Jasper. He was not himself when he told me, and had not been so for some days before. The next day I had a long talk with him. I begged him to give up drink, and I destroyed all the drink I could find in the house, once more, as I was determined never to have it on the table, let who would call. He promised to amend, and really refrained for three months, or more. During that time he was very kind, just as he used to be; but often sorrowful about this time of night, when the evening was drawing in. Rosamond had been married to Mr. Poole, the curate, some time before; and it was seldom we had her merry smile to cheer him up. He missed her, I know; but I did what I could, and had lively company for him. Oh, Mr. Hopkins—I *thought* I did what I could, but I did not seek God's grace for him, as I ought;—*there* I was wrong: I see it now! With my own foolish weakness, that I called strength, I thought to help him, and of course it broke down, and was of no avail. He strove hard in those days to get the better of his inclination, went diligently into farming, and established meetings again for the tenants, but not at the public-house this time, he said *that* should never be again: and one night he made them all a speech about the evils of drinking, and said he wished them all to be strictly sober and follow the example he meant to set them in future. After that evening, my old hopes returned with double force. Now he certainly would never go back; but would for his word's sake that he had pledged to these poor fellows, if for nothing else, flee from all temptation. I looked forward to happy days, once more. We might be, nay, we were, poor; but what was that, compared to Jasper's happiness and welfare? About a month afterwards, as we were seated at breakfast, Mr. Carter was announced. I trembled when I heard the name, and Jasper turned at first red, then white. We both knew something unpleasant was at hand for us. Jasper went out to him. Soon I heard sounds of altercation, that became more and more loud and distinct. My brother was speaking in angry tones, and Mr. Carter replying in the cool, sarcastic way he had lately used, whenever he and Jasper met. Afraid for my brother, I made my way into the hall, where they now were, sent away the servant who was listening, and asked what was the matter? Jasper became quiet when he heard my voice, and only replied by taking my arm and
leading

leading me into the parlour, pointing to a seat there, and turning the key upon me. I heard the hall door shut with a loud bang, and then my brother returned to me. He seemed almost distracted; first asking my pardon for shutting me up, then wringing his hands exclaiming we were ruined, and no matter what became of us; then proposing to flee away immediately to America, anywhere, to be away from this "cursed" house, far away, for ever. And then he came to me with tears in his eyes, and asked if I thought there was room in the old grave for him, beside his father and mother. "I have ruined *you*, Dolly," he kept saying every now and then; "that's what grieves me most; for myself, no matter! I'm not worth a rush, but *you*! How could I? My dear girl, will you ever forgive me?" Then he would seize hold of my hand and cover it with kisses; and directly after raise his head, clench his fist, and vow vengeance on that rascal!

'For an hour or two he was in this way; never quiet a moment, never listening to my replies, or seeming to heed my tears. I feared he would go quite deranged. But after awhile he calmed down, and sinking on the sofa, became as stubbornly silent. With his head buried in his hands, he did not stir for a long, long time, only moaning occasionally.

'And so the weary day passed. Very early in the evening I persuaded him to have some refreshment and go to bed; and lest he should get up in the night, and do something desperate, I lay against his room door, upon the landing. The next morning he came down to breakfast, quite calm, almost too calm, I thought. His eyes were bloodshot, and he looked ten years older; but his manner was perfectly collected and quiet. He noticed that my Christmas roses were in bloom, and bade me shield my geraniums from the frost that was coming.

'After breakfast he placed his chair beside mine, and we began to talk. I told him if it were necessary or good for him to leave England, I would go with him; that together we would share what good or ill fortune there was for us; that I thought we might do well, and that therefore he need not be anxious or even sorry at what was coming; that we should find in fresh scenes and fresh employments a new and happier life. As he did not at first reply, I fetched a large book we had full of plates with American scenes, and opened it to show him what a land of beauty and promise it was; but he put the book gently on one side, saying, "Not now, dear! We need not come to that yet. In awhile, perhaps; it is not so bad as I thought." Then after a little pause: "I have resolved to go to London to day, and consult some clever lawyer there; I have lost faith in Cary (that was our old lawyer, you remember). There must be some plan to manage the affair." He

rose up and kissed me in a half-absent way. I looked up at him, with a wonder if his heart were really as calm and hopeful as he made it appear to me. But he gave no sign otherwise. He was very busy all the morning packing and arranging papers. When I asked to help him, he would not allow me. "Oh, no, he should soon have done." And in awhile he went away. He kissed me, bade me good-bye—said he should be back in a week, and—went out of my sight."

' Here Dora's voice, which had been tremulous throughout, with many little pauses and forced rests, broke down. She could control it no longer, but sat trembling and exhausted on her chair. I begged her not to proceed. I could not bear to give her the pain of the recital. But in a few minutes, with surprising self-command she raised herself up, saying, "I wish you to hear all from me. You may hear other and false accounts. It is best you should know the truth. Do not heed my weakness. He was to be away a week. I do not know how it was, but spite of all the possible impending trouble, of all the anguish I had just passed through and witnessed, after the first day of his absence, a strange quietness possessed me. You have perhaps noticed the clear, pale light there is at the horizon sometimes at sunset, presager of a morrow's wet, though so calm and transparently lovely. It was so with me. An unfearing, unreasoning quiet was with me. I was not joyous, but serene. I did not ask why it was I felt so well. I was content to feel, not to inquire. The days glided by. Rosamond was to pay me a visit on the very day in which Jasper's week of absence would expire. She knew at present nothing of our troubles, and I did not intend she should be enlightened. The day she came my quiet of mind gave way. I knew not why it should be so, but from the early morning a thousand apprehensions, fears, and difficulties rose up before me. I had had no letter from Jasper; and though it was not unusual for him to be silent for longer periods than now, when away, this little circumstance gave me many misgivings. When Rosamond arrived, we had much to talk of. I put on a tolerably cheerful smile for her benefit. I did not wish that *now* she should have a single cloud in her heaven—and I think I succeeded in making her happy. We sang, we played on the organ—the last time I ever touched it;—we talked of old times and pleasures, and of new times and new pleasures to come; and of one great one looked forward to with mingled joy and apprehension—especially. When her baby arrived, I was to go over and be with her as long as that 'tiresome old bachelor' would spare me. It was in this way she playfully talked of Jasper.

' For six days it had been a frost, as Jasper foretold; and part of the time the Dove had been frozen over. To-day there was a thaw; and the swollen river burst out of bondage, and flowed past our

our garden, wide and muddy. We went out after dinner to see it, wrapped up in cloaks and shawls, and walked some time by the willows near the river.

‘As we were watching the pieces of ice float down with the eddying ripples, Rosamond’s eye was attracted to a dark object near the opposite shore. She stooped forward to see it better, and while doing so, slipped with one foot down the soft, muddy bank; and might have fallen into the water had I not been there. She screamed,—I thought merely with terror at the thought of her narrow escape;—but never shall I forget the look of her face, as she lifted her eyes upon me. “What is the matter, dear? You are not much hurt, I hope?”

“Look there!” she gasped out, pointing to the object she had been gazing at. I looked—how was it I had not seen them before? There were two hands—a head—a face, with wild hair half over it; but I knew it! It was Jasper’s face! He seemed to be staring at me; he even seemed to move his hands, though it was but the motion of the water that I saw. I sprang forward to seize him, and drag him out. Rosamond held me back. “He is dead! Dora,—he is dead! don’t touch him!” She screamed, she grasped me tightly, and then went into violent hysterics. I called for help, and, thank God, help came! It was Mr. Poole, just arrived to fetch his wife home. Ah! that was a dreadful night—a dreadful night!” She paused, overcome by her feelings. When she recovered, she resumed her tale in a sorrowful, heartbroken tone, impossible to describe, equally impossible to forget. I hear it yet! “How he got in the river we could not tell; whether he fell in, or threw himself in, in a fit of desperation. Sometimes, I fear, that was the case. He was quite, quite dead. Had been dead for days. Only one thing seemed to give any light as to the cause of his death. In one hand he grasped a bottle—very tightly. It had had spirits in it. We buried him in the churchyard by the side of my father and mother; and, in a week, another beside him—two more, indeed, Rosamond and her baby—she never recovered the shock of that night.” * * *

“And you are left alone, Dora?” I ventured at last to ask.

“Alone? Yes,” she replied; “but I shall not be alone long. Mr. Carter has taken possession of the land. It is all his now; but I have begged him to let me stay here a week or two longer. It will not be long that I shall trouble him.”

‘And it was not. I saw her no more alive; but in about six weeks from that time we buried her beside her friends—the fourth victim in that house. People said she died of consumption. I knew better. It was grief that killed her.

‘And now I leave you to guess, Gregory, if that house is not a haunted one for me. Jasper, Dora, Rosamond,—ye all stand or

glide about its rooms, and hover near those old willows and smothered laurels! Ye all have one sorrowful cry—"Good Christians, beware of drink!"

'And, my boy,' my uncle continued, 'those ghosts have haunted me ever since the night after Dora's funeral. Not only when I go near the old house, but here—in this room—by that table.'

I looked fearfully towards the gloomy centre of the room, where stood the table, half expecting to see them light up its blackness with their pale shimmer.

'Whenever merry guests are here, friends or neighbours, young or old, and weak thoughts come about me of giving them what they suppose so necessary to all merriment—ere I can touch a glass or bottle to bring them forth from their hiding-places—those three glide in and stand before me,—large, life-like, sorrowful-eyed,—Jasper with his bottle in his hand in the midst; and I lay mine down and turn the key upon it resolutely. Whenever, oppressed by melancholy or weariness, I sit here alone and think—"A few drops of that bright liquid in yonder corner would make my blood flow cheerfully, my head full of pleasant fancies, my heart warm"—Dora has come, with the rest; and her patient eyes of love and meekness fixed on mine, have broken the snare, and never drop touches my lips. And I can wish no better thing for you, my boy Gregory, than that at such moments—for such you will have, if you live—you also may see and be appealed to by the ghosts of "the Haunted House."

ART. VI.—INTERNATIONAL TEMPERANCE AND PROHIBITION CONVENTION.

AN International Temperance Convention was held in London sixteen years ago; but the most distinguished and important gathering of Temperance reformers that has ever been convened, is one which has recently concluded its sittings. 'To suffer this notable year to pass,' says a writer upon this topic, 'without an attempt to bring into deliberative intercourse the friends of the Temperance movement throughout the world, was a conclusion which it was felt would be a reproach to the leaders of that movement, and a tacit confession of weakness and retrogression. It was also felt no less deeply that any such general convocation should be based on conditions and principles that would tend to represent most fully the material and moral progress of the Temperance cause, and give impulse to every

branch of usefulness and enterprise in connexion with it. To express and stimulate every species of healthy Temperance development—this, and nothing short of this, was seen to be the design of an International Convention in the year of grace 1862.' It was on the initiation, and at the urgent request of all the great Temperance organizations of the nation (two only excepted), that the United Kingdom Alliance undertook the task of conducting the preparations for this Convention; and it is the unanimous verdict of all who were present at the Convention that nothing could exceed the excellence of the tone of the proceedings throughout, and that the whole affair was of a character most gratifying and encouraging.

On Tuesday, the 2nd of September, the Convention was opened at Hanover Square

Square Rooms, London. At the preliminary breakfast, the number claiming seats proved to exceed expectation and preparation by at least a hundred per cent. Whereas three hundred cups had been set, six hundred were required. At the inaugural meeting afterwards, there was a very large attendance. Sir Walter C. Trevelyan, Bart., president of the United Kingdom Alliance, was made president of the Convention. A letter from Lord Brougham to Mr. Pope, explaining the cause of his lordship's absence, and expressing his hearty sympathy, was read. Lord Denman also sent a letter of similar purport. We cannot, in this brief record, describe minutely the character of the speeches, or the details of the proceedings. The Convention sat during three successive days. There were included amongst those present representatives of all but two of the great organizations, and amongst them, with few exceptions, were all the men who have in this country become known as leaders and active spirits in the conjoint causes of total abstinence and prohibition. And not these only. The British colonies and foreign parts contributed their quota to the result. Canada, Nova Scotia, Victoria, and the States of America were represented; and Holland, Sweden, and Germany sent distinguished men to indicate their sympathy with the movement. Amongst the representative men thus honouring the Convention with their presence, we will name only one—the Baron de Lynden, chamberlain to the King of Holland, who has for many years taken an earnest interest in all that concerns the Temperance movement, and who came over specially, with this Convention in view, to testify his continued regard for the cause.

Of the many interesting and valuable papers read at this memorable Convention, we, complying with the urgencies of space, can give no account here. Nor are we able to do more than barely refer to the public meeting held in Exeter Hall on the Wednesday evening. Such a meeting has very rarely been witnessed in the metropolis. When the large hall was tightly filled over all its standing room, the lower room in the same building was thrown open; and this having also been filled almost to suffocation, hundreds, and we are assured

by some witnesses, thousands of persons anxious to be present, were compelled to retire from about the doors, and go away disappointed, owing to the utter impossibility of obtaining entrance. A soirée, held on Thursday, in Hanover Square Rooms, was also very largely attended. The arrangement of the business of the Convention was thus:—First Day, (1) HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL (Joseph Thorp, Esq., president); (2) EDUCATIONAL AND RELIGIOUS (Hon. and Rev. Leland Noel, president); (3) BAND OF HOPE OPERATIONS (James Haughton, Esq., J.P., president). Second day, (1) SOCIAL AND SANITARY (Edw. Backhouse, Esq., president); (2) SCIENTIFIC AND MEDICAL (J. M. McCulloch, Esq., M.D., president); (3) ECONOMICAL AND STATISTICAL (Wm. Harvey, Esq., J.P., president). Third day, POLITICAL AND LEGISLATIVE (Wilford Lawson, Esq., M.P., president). We append copies of the resolutions passed by the Convention.

Moved by Wilfred Lawson, Esq., M.P., seconded by Robert Briscoe, Esq., J.P. :—

‘That the facts and testimonies of ancient and modern history, and all experience in every age and in every part of the world, teach the same great lessons:—That the habitual or frequent use of any kind of intoxicating drinks tends to produce habits of intemperance, and to foster vices, crimes, and disorder, subversive of social virtue, individual integrity, and national prosperity; and that Total Abstinence is, therefore, the only true and secure basis of a permanent Temperance Reformation.’

Moved by Dr. Russell T. Trall, of New York, seconded by the Rev. Canon Jenkins :—

‘That the drinking usages of society present the most formidable barrier to the progress of education, religion, and true civilization; and that it is, therefore, the imperative duty of the religious community, and especially of all teachers, moralists, and ministers, to lend their constant and utmost influence to aid the Temperance Reformer, by inculcating the practice of Total Abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, as the only safe and effective means of promoting national sobriety.’

Moved by E. Whitwell, Esq., seconded by the Rev. C. Garrett, of Preston :—

‘That it is the special and solemn duty

duty of parents, Sunday-school teachers, ministers, and all who have charge or oversight of the youth of the nation, to render their utmost aid in preserving them from the snares and contamination of the drinking system, by an early inculcation of Temperance principles and habits; and by fostering and extending Bands of Hope and other juvenile Temperance Societies, founded on Total Abstinence.'

Moved by Mr. J. H. Raper, Parliamentary agent of the Alliance, seconded by Mr. J. P. Derrington, of Birmingham :—

'That a respectful address be presented to the Sunday School Union, now sitting in London, calling their attention to the great obstacle which the drinking system presented to the accomplishment of their noble object, and urging the immense importance of Sunday-school teachers at once adopting the total abstinence principle.' [This address was duly presented, and favourably responded to by the Sunday School Convention, both by unanimous vote and by word through its president, S. Morley, Esq., of London.]

Moved by the Rev. Alexander Davidson, of Barrhead, seconded by Edw. Whitwell, Esq. :—

'That the frightful and abounding evils of the drinking system, including pauperism, vice, crime, disease, insanity, and premature death, demand that social and sanitary reformers take energetic steps for the promotion of the Total Abstinence movement, as affording the most efficient means of removing the principal cause of a vast proportion of that misery and disorder which they are seeking to remedy.'

Moved by Dr. Figg, of Bo'ness, seconded by Mr. Bennett :—

'That the recent experiments and discoveries of physiological science, confirming observation and experience in all climates, have clearly demonstrated that alcohol has no dietetic value, but that its use as a beverage, in any form or to any extent, is injurious both to the body and the mind of man.'

Moved by Dr. Norman Kerr, of Glasgow, seconded by Moses Franks, Esq., Heckington, M.R.C.S. :—

'That the progress of medical science and experiment has exploded many theories on which the prescription of alcohol has been heretofore based, and has demonstrated, not only its non-

dietetic character, but also its non-medicinal virtue, in a large range of disease; that the scientific, as distinguished from the empirical application of remedies, requires that their specific properties and reactions should be understood—conditions never yet fulfilled in regard to alcohol. This Convention therefore earnestly calls upon the members of the honourable profession of medicine, not only to respect their own reputation as a body, but to bear in mind their grave moral and social responsibilities, in prescribing so questionable, so dangerous, and so abused an article. The Convention would also press upon the friends of Temperance the duty of insisting that alcohol, whenever prescribed under the plea of a supposed, or the justification of a real necessity, should be dispensed, like other drugs, not by the publican, but by the apothecary.'

Moved by the Rev. Mr. McKenzie, of Douglas, Isle of Man, seconded by Mr. William Mart :—

'That the whole system of manufacture, sale, and use of intoxicating liquors involves a fearful perversion and waste of human food, absorbs and misdirects an incalculable amount of capital, industrial energy, and commercial enterprise, thereby limiting the national resources, and entailing grievous burdens of taxation upon the community; and that it is, therefore, the duty of the political economist and financial reformer to use their best exertions to abolish a system so disastrous to the nation.'

Moved by Robert Briscoe, Esq., J.P., seconded by the Rev. W. Caine, M.A. :—

'That it has been abundantly demonstrated before this Convention, that the manufacture and common sale of intoxicating beverages are the occasion of innumerable social, moral, and political evils of a most appalling character, subversive of public order and antagonistic to national progress; and that, therefore, the citizen, the magistrate, the legislator, and all who exercise authority or public influence in the State, should combine to put forth their most strenuous and persistent efforts to repress and abolish, either by permissive or other legislation, an inveterate agency of evil so great in magnitude, and productive of burdens and calamities so inevitable and intolerable.'

Moved by Joseph Thorp, Esq., seconded

seconded by the Hon. and Rev. Leland Noel :—

'That as a token of the sympathy of the friends of Temperance, now assembled in London, as an International Temperance and Prohibition Convention, with their fellow-men in Lancashire and Cheshire, at present suffering severe distress from the depression occasioned by the lamentable conflict in the United States, this Convention resolves to raise a contribution to be forwarded through Sir Walter Trevelyan on its behalf to the Central Committee of the Relief Fund in Manchester.' [A sum of upwards of 200l. was contributed to this end.]

Moved by Dr. J. M. McCulloch, seconded by Dr. F. R. Lees :—

'Considering the importance of the

report of the House of Commons of 1832, a reprint of it in a cheap form would be appreciated by the Temperance public and others, and would probably be extensively circulated.'

Thanks were voted to the President of the Convention, and to the Executive of the Alliance. It was also resolved :—

'That the Convention desires to record its sincere and solemn thankfulness to Almighty God for the cheering evidence of success which has attended its important deliberations and public assemblies, and does hereby give thanks unto God for that success.'

We will only add, in conclusion, that the proceedings of the Convention (including the papers read), will be very fully reported in a volume of 'Transactions,' now under preparation.

ART. VII.—REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

1. *The Christian Aspect of the Temperance Question.* By the Author of 'Ragged Homes, and How to Mend them.'

Our English Months. By S. W. Partridge, author of 'Upward and Onward,' 'Voices from the Garden,' 'An Idea of a Christian,' &c.

London : S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

2. *How to Win our Workers.* By Mrs. Hyde. Cambridge : Macmillan and Co.

3. *The Magdalen's Friend, and Female Home's Intelligencer.* A Monthly Magazine. London : Wertheim, Macintosh, and Hunt, Paternoster Row.

4. *The Junior Clerk : A Tale of City Life.* By Edwin Hodder, author of 'Memories of New Zealand Life.' With a Preface by W. Edwyn Shipton, Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association. London : Jackson, Walford, and Hodder, 13, St. Paul's Churchyard.

5. *The Young Men of 1862 ; their Prospects and Duties.* A Lecture. By M. John W. White.

The Dietetic Reformer, and Vegetarian Messenger. Quarterly No.

Medicinal Drinking. By the Rev. John Kirk, Edinburgh.

Band of Hope Melodies and Temperance Hymns. Fourth London Edition.

The New Temperance Harmonist, containing Temperance Melodies, original and select, adapted to Popular Airs. By George Blaby, Agent of the Band of Hope Union. Seventh Edition.

Bond of Brotherhood. Conducted by Elihu Burritt.

The Journal of Health. Devoted to the Popular Exposition of the Principles of Health, the Causes of Disease, &c.

Report of the Proceedings of the Hartwell Peace and Temperance Festival, August 14th and 15th, 1861.

Temperance : In Harmony with Nature, Science, and the Laws of Beauty. By Jabez Inwards, author of 'Food, Famine, Drink, and Death,' &c.

London : Job Caudwell, 335, Strand.

6. *Tracts for the Thoughtful :* on matters relating to the Religious Condition of the Age. No. V. God's Works and Ours.'

Jesus the Soul's Need. By C. A. Porter, author of 'A Prophecy of Grace.'

Progress ; or, the International Exhibition. By William Anderson.

London ; William Freeman, 102, Fleet Street.

7. *History*

7. *History of the Temperance Movement in Great Britain: from the Earliest Date to the Present Time: with Biographical Notices of Departed Temperance Worthies.* By Samuel Couling, author of 'The Traffic in Intoxicating Drinks; its Evils and its Remedy,' &c.
London: William Tweedie, 337, Strand, W.C.
 8. *A Lecture on the Social Unity of Humanity:* involving the question, Cannot Orthodoxy be elevated into Harmony with Moral Science? By Robert Brown.
London: W. H. Young, 193, Bishopsgate Street. Sunderland: W. H. Hills.
 9. *The Buonapartes contrasted with the Bourbons.* By the late Right Hon. Henry Grattan, M.P.; the late Right Hon. R. Brinsley Sheridan, M.P.; and others.
Old Jonathan: or, the District and Parish Helper. No. 75.
London: W. H. Collingridge, Aldersgate Street, E.C.
 10. *Statement of the Moslem Mission Society.* With a Short Account of the Remarkable Opening for its Operations among the Bedouin Tribes. Second edition.
Report of the Moslem Mission Society for the year of our Lord 1862. Second Edition.
London: Rivingtons, Waterloo Place.
 11. *The Baptist Magazine.* London: Powtress Brothers, 4, Ave Maria Lane.
 12. *Proceedings on the Installation of the Rev. Joshua Jones, M.A.* With an Address. Liverpool: Printed for the Liverpool Institute.
 13. *Proceedings at the Inauguration of the Art Exhibition* (Liverpool Institute); and *Thirty-seventh Annual Report of the Directors.* London: Longman, Green, and Co., 14, Ludgate Hill.
 14. *Lectures on the Common Truths of Political Economy.* Delivered at the Liverpool Institute. By J. T. Dunson, President. Liverpool: D. Marples, 50, Lord Street.
 15. *The Colony of New South Wales: its Agricultural, Pastoral, and Mining Capabilities.* Compiled by the Commissioners of the Colonial Government.
London: J. Haddon, 3, Bouverie Street.
 16. *An Account of the Colony of South Australia.* Prepared for distribution at the International Exhibition of 1862. By Frederick Sinnett. Together with a Catalogue of all the Products of South Australia exhibited in the South Australian Court.
London: Robert K. Burt, 90A, Holborn Hill, City.
1. IN 'The Christian Aspect of the Temperance Question,' the author of 'Ragged Homes, and How to Mend Them' writes, in form of a letter to a well-known philanthropist, 'something which may appear like lodging a complaint against Temperance Societies generally, both as to the way in which they are conducted, and the cause advocated.' 'The strength of the foe to be attacked has,' she thinks, 'been grievously underrated.' She examines the weapons which have been so often used—the signing of the pledge, the lectures upon profit and loss, the distribution of temperance tracts; and though she dares not condemn what God has often honoured, she feels that with these weapons *alone* we shall be no match for our deadly antagonist. She says: 'We trust we may not be misunderstood, and that it may not be supposed for a moment we are joining in the senseless cry of "putting Temperance in the place of the Gospel." Besides the patent fact that teetotalism is the putting away of something, and therefore can never take the place of anything, we have never in our experience found any Gospel in the drunkard to displace. If not as advice, but with all the authority of "a Teacher sent from on high," Jesus could pronounce of such unmistakably important and valuable things as hands, feet, and eyes, "if they offend thee," or, "as it might be rendered, "cause thee to sin," "cut them off and cast them from thee," what are we to infer would have been his verdict as to the course to be pursued towards the unnecessary (at least) and generally injurious use of intoxicating drinks? It is because we love the Gospel, and know that the deep fever of man's stricken nature will

will never be cured by anything else, that we love the cause which makes way for its entrance: in the words of a gifted writer, "Teetotalism is not the light of heaven, but it is often the unsealing of the eyes. It is not the Word of Life, but it has unstopped a thousand ears to hearken to it. It is not Christianity, nor even its associate, but it is often its forerunner." Like the illustrious herald of the Messiah, who confessed and denied not, but confessed, saying, "I am not the Christ," it is ready, in its proudest achievements, and amid its loftiest claims, to say from the lips of all its Christian disciples, "There cometh one after me mightier than I, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to stoop down and unloose."

'Our idea of Teetotalism is, that, standing alone, it much resembles what John the Baptist's mission would have been without the "One that cometh after me." Many seem to have been roused by his preaching to a sense of duty and a fear of the consequences of sin. Christ himself testifies "the publicans and harlots believed him," but even these powerful impressions might have died out with the preacher's voice, had no "bearer of iniquity" followed. The preaching of John the Baptist was God's chosen preparation for the Gospel of Christ; the first link of a chain which, the sinner following, led him, link by link, to the cross of Christ, where the burden, of which the eloquent voice of the preacher had made him conscious, fell off.

'We believe that never since those early days was there such a time as the present for a people prepared for the Lord. The voices of those who, standing upon our platforms, have been crying to this generation of drunkards to flee from the wrath to come, have done much to produce this long-desired result. The great thing now to be earnestly sought for is, that the ground thus reclaimed from the desolate waste, may, without delay, pass into the hands of the cultivator, and be sown thickly with the seeds of eternal life. May God, in His great mercy, arouse every Christian-hearted man and woman to see that they have now a work to do for the Master! If they will come forward armed with the sword of the Spirit, Intemperance will be vanquished—this stronghold of the god of this world will have to surrender; but if the cry is not

heard to "come to the help of the Lord against the mighty," the enemy we fear may return, and the last state may be worse than the first.'

Mrs. Bayly suggests, further, the establishment of an organ distinctly setting forth such principles, or at least the improvement of such as already exist. She objects to the name 'Teetotalism, and prefers 'Nephalism.' In an appendix an interesting account is given of some 'mended homes' at Notting Hill.

'Our English Months' are set forth in a long poem, in blank verse, by an author whose very reasonable opinion it is, that 'the book of nature is still to multitudes, both of our villagers and townsmen, one of far less suggestiveness and improvement than it might be, for want of more observant habits and discriminating intelligence; and who is 'convinced that our minds would be none the less happy for learning more to individualize trees, shrubs, and flowers; our natures none the less humanized for deeper acquaintance with the habits of the lower animals; and our hearts certainly none the less disposed to receive truth for a keener appreciation of the beautiful.' The work before us is delightfully adapted to promote the culture thus recommended. Each month of the year is presented with almost photographic fulness of detail in its botanical, ornithological, entomological, and poetical aspects. Of what the year accomplishes in its march—of its varied developments in garden and field, in house and village, and town—we have here a faithful chronicle in smooth and pleasant verse. The work displays throughout not only much power of patient observation and careful record, but (rarer gift still) considerable ability in inventing phrases, and real felicity in the application of epithet. The right word is generally in the right place; whether it be in describing the 'rampant hops,' the 'stately foxglove with spire of lessening bells,' the 'woolly leafage' of the red campion, the 'freckled purple' of the calceolaria, 'the gladiolus blossomed to the hill,' the milky way 'stippled with stars;' or,

'Thrice happy Sunday, zone of the loose week,
The sweet parenthesis in life's dull round,
The restful landing on life's weary stairs.'

The monthly calendar is enriched at frequent intervals with lyrics thoughtful and sweet; of which, to be brief, we quote the following sample:—

'Not

'NOT TO MYSELF ALONE.'

'Not to myself alone,'
 The little opening Flower, transported, cries;
 'Not to myself alone I bud and bloom;
 With fragrant breath the breezes I perfume,
 And gladden all things with my rainbow dyes:
 The bee comes sipping, every eventide,
 His dainty fill;
 The butterfly within my cup doth hide
 From threatening ill.'

'Not to myself alone,'
 The circling Star, with honest pride, doth boast;
 'Not to myself alone I rise and set;
 I write upon night's coronal of jet
 His power and skill who formed our myriad host;
 I gem the sky,
 That man might ne'er forget, in every fate,
 His home on high.'

'Not to myself alone,'
 The heavy-laden Bee doth murmuring hum;
 'Not to myself alone, from flower to flower,
 I rove the woods, the garden, and the bower,
 And to the hive at evening weary come:
 For man, for man the luscious food I pile
 With busy care,
 Content if this repay my ceaseless toil—
 A scanty share.'

'Not to myself alone,'
 The soaring Bird with lusty pinion stings;
 'Not to myself alone I raise my song:
 I cheer the drooping with my warbling
 tongue,
 And bear the mourner on my viewless wings;
 I bid the hymnless churl my anthem learn,
 And God adore;
 I call the worldling from his dross to turn,
 And sing and soar.'

'Not to myself alone,'
 The Streamlet whispers on its pebbly way;
 'Not to myself alone I sparkling glide;
 I scatter health and life on every side,
 And strew the fields with herb and flowret gay:
 I sing unto the common, bleak and bare,
 My gladsome tune;
 I sweeten and refresh the languid air
 In droughty June.'

'Not to myself alone—
 Oh Man, forget not thou, earth's honoured priest!
 Its tongue, its soul, its life, its pulse, its
 heart,
 In earth's great chorus to sustain thy part.
 Chiefest of guests at Love's ungrudging feast,
 Play not the niggard; spurn thy native clod,
 And self disown:
 Live to thy neighbour, live unto thy God,
 Not to thyself alone.'

2. Mrs. Hyde, of East Dereham, in the little book published by Macmillan and Co., tells us, as the result of much experience at Leeds, 'How to Win our Workers.' We have read this work with very much interest, and need not, we think, more favourably indicate its style and contents than by offering the following quotations, taken almost at random:—

'Our rules have now been tested during nine years, and as scarcely any alterations have been found desirable, I will here detail them for the guidance of others.

'The school assembles every Monday and Thursday evening, at seven o'clock, in a spacious room, well warmed in winter, brightly lighted with gas, and arranged with long tables and benches. When a girl applies for admission, her name, age, residence, and occupation, are registered, and she receives a card, with her name and a number written upon it, and to which a string is attached. She may now attend the school, and either bring work of her own, or order some article of useful clothing; this is cut out and prepared for her against the next night of meeting. To this work is attached a ticket with her name, the date of the order, and the price of the article, and when she takes it, the particulars are entered from this ticket in an alphabetical book, in which the scholar is from time to time credited with such payments as she makes. No order is executed till something has been paid in advance. When the article is fully paid for, the scholar is allowed to take it away, and she has a pass ticket to that effect given to her, which she delivers to the doorkeeper at the end of the evening. The unfinished work is collected into sacks, one for each table, each piece being tied up with the pupils' name-card outside, so that it may be readily found on the next school-night. Each table is presided over by one or more lady teachers, and supplied gratuitously with needles and thread. At a table in the centre of the room sits a gentleman, who takes the orders down in a book, delivers out the new goods, and generally superintends. In the anteroom all the unfinished work is laid out before school-time, under the charge of the doorkeeper; and a teacher sits there to receive payments, entering them with such accuracy that, if a single halfpenny has been paid in twelve months ago, it can readily be traced and claimed. If an article is left for six months, without any payment being made on account, it is returned to stock; but the girl who ordered it has credit for the instalments she has paid.

'At intervals during the evening the girls sing hymns and part-songs, which they do with much delight to themselves, and with much pleasure to the listeners; their voices being in general remarkably sweet, and their aptitude for part-singing very uncommon.

The

The superintendent occasionally reads aloud, or the teachers introduce, at their respective tables, some useful subject of conversation, or relate stories, for which the girls have a great relish. A little before nine o'clock, the work is collected; the girls seat themselves, facing the superintendent, and, after a minute's silence, he reads a chapter of the Bible. A short address is frequently given, either on a part of the chapter just read, or on some improving subject, suited to the comprehension of the scholars; this has usually been given by the gentleman who, in fact, originated the school, and to whom the ways and wants of the poor are well known. He possesses a rare power of addressing them in language which they can thoroughly understand; and of pointing out their failings in a manner which, while it is forcible and impressive, does not offend them. After a hymn and a short prayer, the school is dismissed.

'We often heard girls say they "wished every night were school-night;" and one (with an unhappy home, as, alas! so many have) said, with tears in her eyes, "The only bit of peace and comfort I ever get is in this school." This was a girl (and there are many such) whose feelings were too gentle for the hardships of her daily life, and whose home was probably made wretched by the drinking habits of father or brothers. In general they are content with their lot in life. Elizabeth C— once said to me, "If I could nobbut be sure of allus gettin' eight shillin' a week, I would not care to call t' Queen my cousin."

'One teacher writes: "To show that the girls do not praise the school for the sake of any advantage to be gained beyond kind sympathy, and as a proof of their independent, honest pride, I can say, as a fact, that during the seven years in which I have taught in the school not one girl ever begged of me, or even hinted at distress with a view of obtaining money. They will speak of their troubles at home for the sake of sympathy and advice, looking upon their teachers as friends; but this is very different from the begging spirit in which the agricultural poor are apt to relate their privations. In a general way, mill-girls shrink from talking of their poverty; indeed, I cannot remember an instance of their having spoken to me on this subject."

'After the school had been in operation long enough for personal acquaintance with the scholars to be formed, several of the teachers occasionally invited small parties of them to their houses. The ignorance which they manifested as to the social arrangements of gentlemen's families was very amusing. The number and uses of the rooms, furniture, beds, and especially the books, never ceased to excite their surprise—usually tersely expressed by "Eh, but ye have a deal of stuff!"—"stuff" being a most comprehensive word in the North. The relation between us and our servants puzzled them much. The discovery that pulling an ivory knob in the drawing-room would ring a distant bell, and cause a servant to appear, was as astonishing to them as Hadji Baba relates it to have been to the Persian princes when staying at Mivart's Hotel, and like him, we were obliged to check the too-frequent repetition of the experiment. A lady was showing them all over her very handsome house, and the large mirrors gave such pleasure that they could hardly be induced to leave them; some laughed, and covered their faces, and said "they wor shamed;" some stood grave and thoughtful, while others fairly danced with delight. The baths in the bedrooms, and still more the news that they were used daily, excited great wonder; and, after going all over the house in a bewilderment of admiration, the recognition of familiar objects in the kitchen seemed quite pleasant to them.

3. We are very much pleased with 'The Magdalen's Friend and Female Home's Intelligencer,' of which several monthly numbers are before us. The rescue of morally-degraded women is very earnestly pleaded and advanced throughout, and not only earnestly, but ably. The editor (we know not his name) wields the pen vigorously, and is aided by some excellent contributors. We cordially recommend 'The Magdalen's Friend.'

4. Mr. Hodder's tale of city life might prove a very useful book, if placed in the hands of youths in that critical period when they are first called upon to make their way in the world. It has the advantage of an excellent preface from the pen of Mr. Shipton. Oddly enough, what ought to have been the first chapter, as it is the commencement of the story, is placed after that which should have been the second.

narrative tells of a youth, piously trained, and for some time preserved from evil as the reward of that training, at length led terribly astray by bad company, and reduced to great extremity, but finally, to the reader's relief, rescued from the destruction which had almost made him its prey.

5. Mr. White's lecture to young men abounds with excellent advice, forcibly advanced, and well put together. Were we to begin to quote passages that we like, we should go on quoting until we had transferred nearly the whole lecture.

The little treatise on 'Medicinal Drinking,' by the Rev. John Kirk, is intended to dispel the popular delusion which, in practice, works so much mischief, by breaking down the barrier raised by temperance doctrine against the use of alcoholic beverages. A chapter of introduction is followed by another on 'The Medicinal Snare,' describing how, too often, temperance advocates become silenced, private representatives of the temperance movement lose their influence, spirit-vendors triumph, reformed drunkards relapse, and moderate drinkers become drunkards, in consequence of the thoughtless or wicked urgency of medical men in recommending intoxicating drinks. The titles of the subsequent chapters are—'A Preliminary Argument,' 'Alcohol and Digestion,' 'Evidence of the Breath,' 'Alcohol and Heat,' 'Recent Discoveries,' 'Is Alcohol Force?' and 'Delusive Feelings;' and when we quote these we indicate sufficiently the thoroughness wherewith Mr. Kirk works out his theme. This capital little book might very appropriately be called 'The Abstinence's Cheap Defence against the Doctor.'

'The Dietetic Reformer and Vegetarian Messenger' is the organ of the Vegetarian Society, of which W. Harvey, Esq., J.P., of Salford, is the president. One of the articles is by a recent convert, a schoolmaster, who, writing of the 'Dietetic Reformer,' says: 'The talent, the wit, the logic, and the impartiality which I found there, disposed me to look upon Vegetarianism with less prejudiced eyes.' Whatever may be the merits or shortcomings of vegetarian diet, it does not appear to be unfavourable to strength and tenacity of conviction amidst discouragements. No class of men seem better able to bear to be laughed at, and to stand erect and steadfast in however small a minority, than the eschewers

of flesh. Certainly, no one can say that heroism of this description is incompatible with Vegetarianism.

As is not unknown to some of our readers, every year there is held at Hartwell House, Buckinghamshire, the seat of Dr. Lee, a peace and temperance festival, to which old friends and good speakers from a distance, and all the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, are invited by the hospitable and philanthropic owner of the domain. A little volume on our table records the speeches and describes the festivities of the festival of last year. It is enriched with the portraits, engraved on wood, of John Noble, Esq., senior; Edmund Fry, Esq.; Rev. J. B. Walker of Ohio; and Rev. Thomas Pyne, Vicar of Hook.

6. The fifth in number of a series of 'Tracts for the Thoughtful' is the only one which we have had the opportunity of perusing. We have found it impossible to read it without having thereby a desire evoked to see the rest. The writer (we know not his name) appears to have lived chiefly amongst that class of professors of religion who 'say and do not,' or who are, at least, very imperfectly instructed touching their duty to their neighbour. In the fervour of his reaction against these he speaks words which might be supposed to depreciate another and very different class, whom it is, no doubt, easy, in the heat of one's indignation, to confound with them. But whilst Martha serves in her outwardly active way, quiet Mary must not be forbidden to sit at the Master's feet. Having entered this slight protest, we will only add that we should very much like to give some long quotations from this pamphlet, did space permit.

7. For an adequate history of the Temperance Movement in Great Britain we must still look to the future; but for much interesting information about that movement, industriously sought, and put together with the skill of a compiler, we can recommend Mr. Coulting's volume. The historian of the movement, when he comes, will acknowledge himself much indebted to Mr. Coulting for materials; but he will be able, as Mr. C. does not appear to be, to compress unimportant incidents into small compass, to bring out the cardinal points in due grandeur, and to handle all the facts with some degree of pictorial and dramatic power.

8. There is much that pleases us in Mr. Brown's lecture on the 'Social Unity of Humanity.' He teaches an old

old truth with new illustrations. That we are all members of one body; that when one member suffers all must suffer in some way, although not necessarily in the same way; that it is impossible to live to one's self alone; these are truths ancient as the world, and such Mr. Brown recognizes them to be. He so presents them, however, as to give them what most readers would perhaps feel to be a startling novelty. 'Mark,' he says, 'it is not of the physical unity of humanity that we are now to speak, but of its moral unity; not to prove that all men have descended from one human pair, but that, however descended, they are, as historically and now existent, and as they ever must be, socially, organically, one.' In other words, 'The principle upon which the present lecture is founded is this:—The human race, beginning with the first man and ending with his latest offspring, constitutes one organic whole, throughout which there beat the pulsations of one life, and throughout which there run currents of sympathy so strong and perfect that, as the prick of a pin at the top end of the finger vibrates through the human frame, whatever affects the most obscure individual of the race affects the whole.' The writer enlarges upon this theme in various directions; and thinks that, as one result of his inquiry, new and confirming light is thrown on the 'orthodox' doctrine of the Atonement. Without entering on this topic we will indulge our readers with a sample of his quality.

'There is scarcely a sin any man commits but that sin has been contributed to, more or less, by other minds besides his own. There is no solitude in sin. It spreads its meshes over society at large; and while we, in our ignorance, are crying out loudly against this man's immorality, that man's avarice, and the other man's fraud, we forget that these are but blossoms of the tree whereof we are ourselves component parts; and although, thank God! we may not ourselves be the poison-breathing blossoms, if we are but a portion of the bark or leaf or root of the tree, have we not contributed our quota to its malignant efflorescence?

'Nor does this view, by inculcating society, exculpate the individual. Rather, it gives to individual misconduct an additional turpitude, by placing each in a twofold relation of responsibility; one to God, and another to society, which, because our wrongful acts cannot

fail to injure it, has a right to demand from each of its members that they join in a struggle after a common redemption. Society, therefore, has just cause to complain against us if we sin, even though it be in secret. The usual mode of exhibiting the relative rights and duties between the individual and society is to give to society the right to control only overt acts. But, on the hypothesis now contended for, society is interested in every act of every individual, whether public or private. Every sin, we repeat, of every individual—ay, even every sin of the closet and of the heart—adds to humanity's aggregate wickedness, and thereby increases the general woe.

'That social sins are punished by social calamities, and that the scourge falls indiscriminately on the good and evil, as God's rain falls indiscriminately upon the just and unjust, is a statement not likely, we think, to be disputed; but if disputed, how easily is it proved! Take, for example, those visitations of cholera which we had in this country a few years ago. Is it not notorious that in many towns and localities the virulence of the disease was attributable to drunkenness and sensuality, and the debility and filth consequent thereon? But although vice might give existence and impetus to the plague, it did not assign bounds to its ravages. Once abroad, the pestilence fell upon the moral equally with the immoral, upon the thoughtful and frugal equally with the reckless spendthrift, upon the pious and benevolent equally with the profane.

'Again: do not the calamities of war originate in crime—in some act of injustice and wrong? and who suffer? Not always the most criminal, nor generally so: it is generally the innocent on whom vengeance falls most terribly. I mean the personally innocent; for, corporately, all may be said to be guilty. Do you ask where is the justice of such a procedure? We answer that, so far as the Divine order is concerned, there is, on the principle of national responsibility, no injustice to be complained of. The crime being national, the punishment is also national; the offence being corporate, the blow is also corporate: the hand steals, the back is smitten; there is unity in the culprit, and so long as the whip falls upon the unit, justice is indifferent as to the precise spot where it cuts most severely.

'But the inference we have deduced is not only supported by such social facts as we have adverted to, it is, as we have

previously said, confirmed and demonstrated by the scripture history of the Fall. Adam sinned, and "by one man's disobedience, the many were made sinners." This happened not by virtue of any *special* federal relation in which Adam stood to his race, but by virtue of the relation in which every man stands to it, as an integral part of an organic whole. The world as it came out of the hands of its Maker was spotless, and was then pronounced "good." But the moment there appeared in it the slightest speck of evil, the *world* was accursed—not Adam as an individual, but the world as a world—"judgment came upon all men to condemnation." The difficulty in the ordinary exposition of this doctrine, arises wholly from the error of regarding every man as *exclusively* responsible for his own actions; but without denying that *individual* responsibility is *one* law of the divine government, have we not abundantly shown that there is another law, not inconsistent therewith, but running with it like two parallel lines, equally high and authoritative, namely, the law of *corporate* responsibility, according to which God deals with the world as a world, with the planet as a planet, with the whole human race as an organised body, having unity in its dramatic life, and a disastrous or triumphant catastrophe accordingly as the contending elements of good and evil gain in it the mastery.'

9. The compiler of 'The Buonapartes contrasted with the Bourbons' has extracted a number of passages from an oration of Henry Grattan's vilifying the policy of the first French empire; and he has done this to cast discredit on the second. To these he has appended quotations, with the like object in view, from a speech of Sheridan's, from a sermon by Robert Hall, from the writings of Dr. Croly, and from sundry other sources.

'Old Jonathan' is pretty widely known as a monthly sheet of the 'British Workman' school; and is, no doubt, like that excellent publication, doing much good amongst the people.

10. 'Moslem Missions' would seem, at first sight, to be almost hopelessly uphill enterprises. There really seems, however, to be an excellent opportunity—a door set open for Christian teachers—amongst certain Belduin tribes, of whom the two tracts before us give interesting accounts. The Council in their Report say: 'In Europe and America seven societies are labour-

ing for the conversion of five millions of Jews. Not less than thirty-six missionary societies are occupied with some three hundred millions of heathen. The Moslems in Europe, Asia Minor, Egypt, Arabia, Palestine, Syria, and in almost every part of Africa and the East, amount at least to one hundred and eighty millions, and have recently been estimated at two hundred millions, and the infant "Moslem Mission Society" is the only institution, specially founded, to preach the gospel to these Mohammedan masses.'

11. Several numbers of the 'Baptist Magazine' have reached us. There is a trine of editors to this denominational organ; and the celebrated Mr. Spurgeon is one of the three.

12. The Rev. Joshua Jones, M.A., late Senior Mathematical and Johnson Mathematical Scholar of Oxford University, has recently been installed as head master of the Liverpool Institute. Than the one he delivered at his installation, we do not remember to have read any school address superior at once for high tone, sterling sense, and fitness for the occasion.

13. The Liverpool Institute, we may here explain, is a kind of university, of which seven high and other schools in Liverpool are the colleges. One of the educational sections of the Institute is a Government School of Art; and in connection therewith an exhibition of paintings and other works of the fine arts was held at the close of last year. The report before us is of the proceedings at a public meeting held in the theatre of the Liverpool Institute, to inaugurate the exhibition, and to present prizes to the students of the Institute, under the presidency of the mayor of the town. Amongst the addresses delivered was an excellent one to the students by Mr. J. T. Dawson.

14. Of the 'Lectures on the Common Truths of Political Economy,' by the same Mr. Dawson, the preliminary address is now before us. The lecturer has the gift of expounding clearly. He considers, whether the wish to be 'well-off' is a natural and proper one; and he decides that it is. He asks next, to what extent it admits to be gratified; and he answers the question. And, lastly, he endeavours to show under what conditions such gratification may be sought with the best prospect of success. We have not space to examine at any length the various propositions which Mr. Dawson advances.

Meliora.

ART. I. *On Obscure Diseases of the Brain, and Disorders of the Mind.* By Forbes Winslow, M.D., D.C.L., Oxon. &c. &c. Second Edition, revised. London: John W. Davies. 1861.

EVERY young science has to battle for its existence. Public opinion resists it, current systems of thought oppose it, and the entire history of humanity is sometimes unscrupulously perverted to prove, illogically enough, that, in the first place, the new comer is as old as the Pyramids; and that, in the second, it has no lawful business in the universe at all. But the new study will not be denied; and even those whose minds are always in that rigid condition commonly known as made-up, have to loosen their bands and yield themselves to the vigour and persistency of its revolutionizing force. It has been so with many sciences of comparatively modern growth, but with none, perhaps, more strikingly than with that which has essayed to unravel some of the puzzling complexities of the impaired or insane mind. As yet very little more than a century old, it has had its battles, campaigns, and victories; it has secured its own terms, compelled its own recognition, and circumscribed its own territory. But there is still plenty of hard work and guerilla skirmishing for it to do with specious friends, concealed foes, and prejudices in ambush. A new science is like a new man, and must be content to be in a minority at first, that opposition may develop its own resources, and that when the world becomes of its own way of thinking, it may be charitable and compassionate towards others as yet amidst the buffetings of such a stalwart minority as was formerly its own. Nevertheless, it is amusing to note the perturbations of the common mind. Was never truth so mis-seen, mis-conceived, and mis-judged, as is this young fresh maiden science. Everywhere we may meet with persons who seize upon the errors of an enthusiast in his profession, or wrench away curious details from their proper place and connection, to distort them for wit, antithesis, and controversy. A mad doctor and a mad dog will be placed in the same category, and to receive the theses of the one is often equivalent to having been bitten by the fangs of the other. Lecturers, essayists, and

novelists do their worst and their best to pervert, modify, or advocate what appears to them to be strange, erroneous, or beneficial, and arrive, *per saltum*, at physiological, philosophical, and theological conclusions, that perplex many, delude others, and astonish all. In short, the new science, having entered upon a popular stage of its existence, has to pay the penalty of its own progress by a literature of which it is difficult to decide whether the canonical or the apocryphal possesses the greater interest or secures the larger amount of readers.

But we are not in the least disconcerted by these tremors, deflections, and choreic revolutions. They may be abnormal enough in one sense, although in another they would only seem to be misdirections of a young and excessive vitality. Besides, we think the present position of cerebral and mental science, as far as a certain ambiguity is concerned, is susceptible of an explanation which is as full of warning as it is of encouragement. The labours of Gall and Spurzheim commenced this uncertainty, and their period is the real point of a departure from the beaten path made by this then scarcely adult science. Shall we, or shall we not accept phrenology as a whole, has been made the grand question by one-sided enthusiasts, rather than how far can we discover the correlation of the brain and mind, and where shall we affix the true boundary between the vehicle and the manifestation. Those who have followed the new school, madly and blindly, have been disposed to discard all knowledge of the mind, save what the dissecting-knife and cranoscope reveal, or what they imagine they reveal as to its source, as worse than useless, and the veriest infatuation. A second class who totally reject all the positions of the first, anatomical and physiological, complain of the division of what they affirm to be indivisible, the isolation of certain related functions and faculties, the assumed necessity of human actions, the narrowed distinction between humanity and animality; and hampered alike by the strength which wishes to preserve, and the weakness which cannot wait for results, are constrained to regard the entire movement as actuated by little short of overweening presumption and atheistic materialism. A third, who with considerable modification would accept a division of the functions of the brain into intellectual and affective, the one apportioned to the forehead, and the other to the hindhead, superadding a knowledge of the operations of the mind as derived from the study of metaphysics, are blamed by the first because they do not go far enough, and by the second because they go so far. And all three, in their turn, are anathematized by those who cannot understand or follow any scientific movement, interpret any new facts, or receive any new truths, but who are distracted by the very details which in the grasp of a more cultivated and comprehensive mind, are made to open new paths, contribute

contribute new features, indicate new laws, and throw backwards and forwards the steady gleams of a truer, nobler, and more catholic philosophy.

Although France, having started before us, may claim a right to be the leading authority on the question of cerebro-mental science, we have had many indications in our own country that a better movement has been inaugurated. Insanity and psychology have each both learned and liberal exponents, and a literature, which for a special and scientific kind, is fast becoming second to none in copiousness, ability, and accuracy. We shall not err, perhaps, in regarding Dr. Winslow's book, with others, as a *fluctus decumanus* in this healthier reaction. It is at once popular and scientific, in the very best senses of those very much misunderstood words; has been read with zest and care by men of all modes of thinking and grades of intelligence; and has quietly passed into a second edition, which we feel sure will not be its last. As a preliminary treatise, it whets our appetite for what is to follow; and although the other two works promised will necessarily be more exclusively scientific, the *avant courier* is a sufficient indication that both will be as remarkable for qualities, facts, and inductions, that will accomplish very much of what remains to be done in ridding a noble study and a philanthropic vocation of their various hindrances, perversions, and misconceptions. It is difficult, in the outset, to define Dr. Winslow's real position, as far as regards any one of the three classes we have just roughly and hurriedly described. Perhaps it is of no moment that we should make him belong to either, but simply regard him as an honest and a patient student of whatever comes before his attention, and conceive of his book as being a most careful and copious selection of some of the wonders and difficulties of the subjects of which it treats. But at the same time we ought not to conceal what there is no wish on his part to hide. Phrenology is neither countenanced nor discountenanced in any spirit of partisanship; but evidence, and that of plain and striking kind, is put forth to sustain almost every position the writer takes. He cannot afford to discard anything, whatever it may be and wherever it may be found, that will help him in the least to see matters in a true light. A careful anatomist, he does not with some decry the study of metaphysics, or disdain to use the formularies of the schools in so far as they render him assistance, but boldly proclaims 'that the advancement of mental science has of late years been greatly retarded by the prejudices which have prevailed in reference to all abstract metaphysical investigations.' A logician and a dealer with facts, he is not insensible to what is above the one and behind the other. A physician and a man of science, he confines himself within no narrow boundary-lines, but would use the book of the heart to interpret the tablet of the brain,

and place moral therapeutics collateral with medical and hygienic remedies. He confesses to every difficulty by which he is surrounded, admits every perplexity where to deny it would be cowardice, pass it over dishonest, explain it impossible, and carefully feels his way along the broadest tracks as well as the narrowest paths. With Vogel he tells us and proves it—and we have wanted it telling and proving, even so recently as in the debate on the new Lunacy Regulation Bill—that ‘great powers of reason are requisite to understand men destitute of reason.’ He has no pet definition, no pet theory, no universal panacea. A student and not a dabbler, a philosopher and not a dilettante, he has been almost everywhere to find his facts, quotes very extensively, although on the whole with great honesty, and has comprehended and co-ordinated a mass of irregular data and thought that might otherwise have long remained in a flocculent, unsystematized condition.

But it will be asked, how far the work before us throws definite light upon many obscure questions? How far does it show the mind’s dependence on the brain, and the brain’s dependence on the mind? Is insanity a mere structural disease of the brain, or only the local determination of complex eccentric influences? or is it both? Are there any analogies in ordinary health illustrative of the aberrations of insanity? Have the sane their insane moments as well as the insane their lucid intervals? Can a man be insane, and know it; and sane, and not know it? Is insanity an accidentally developed dynamic condition, or has it its period of incubation, its laws of growth, and certain definite repressible or irrepressible resolutions? Most of these questions have been answered in some form or degree by Dr. Winslow, and we now proceed to gather up a few of the more prominent points he has brought out, bearing immediately or mediately upon them.

St. Austin says he knew very well what time was until he was questioned about it, and then he knew nothing. It is very much the same in our day with the twofold question as to the nature and situation of the mind. Each side knows very well until it is cross-questioned by the other, when mutual ignorance is developed, and a result similar to that in the Protagoras of Plato is displayed—the one who in the beginning maintained that the brain is not the mind, maintaining that the mind is the brain, and the party who claimed the brain to be the mind now proving that the mind is not the brain. Each school has had its reaction, and both must wait for more scientific evidence. Meanwhile we cannot but notice that so distinguished an authority as Sir William Hamilton should assure us that ‘there is no good ground to suppose that the mind is situate solely in the brain or exclusively in any one part of the body;’ that ‘the Peripatetic aphorism, the soul is all in the whole and all in every part, is more philosophical, and, consequently, more probable;’

probable;’ and that it has not always been noticed ‘that we materialize the mind when we attribute to it the relations of matter.’* We confess that we cannot see the force of his reasoning. He tells, indeed, in a fragment of an early paper†, what is the difference between Kant’s doctrine of space and time and his own; but whether we hold, with Kant, that they are subjective conditions, or with him, that they are conditions of things as well, both are the necessary boundaries of the finite embodied mind; and whether we place the mind in the brain or the entire body, the conditions are not in the least altered, nor can one be said to materialize more than the other. It may be really present wherever we are conscious that it acts, and still hold, as it must, the relations of matter; and we may even hold the whimsical theory, illustrated by Prior in his ‘Alma,’ and strictly carry out the above by conceiving the mind to enter the feet, as most moved, in infancy, and to reach the head in maturity, without in the least destroying the two conditions of its existence and receptivity.

How far, then, the intimate relation of the brain and the mind, or their scientific oneness, is demonstrable, remains to be seen. We may regard the brain as an organ, an apparatus of organs, or the general determination, the *nexus* and *nisus* of the entire parts that compose the human organism, and the problem is precisely the same in either case. There are two aspects in which the subject may be viewed, and which will mutually assist us in arriving at the truest approximations. There is first the influence of the brain upon the body, and reflexly, the influence of the body on the brain, and there is the influence of the brain on the mind and the mind on the brain. One half of the first aspect falls into the region of physiology, and it is not to be expected that in a short paper like this we can do more than follow some of its known effects in disease. Inflammation of the brain is often preceded by a perversion of the olfactory nerves; and in other disorders there are curious pricking sensations, and formication of the extremities, gritty particles or velvety substances seem to be intruded between the fingers and whatever article is touched, the taste is impaired, and every special sense may be changed, exalted, or entirely lost. The axis of vision is disturbed, and persons cannot read in straight lines; the vision becomes double, luminous rays surround every visible object, occasional flashes of purest light are both seen and felt, and in some rare instances a form of hallucination is established called *deuteroscopia*, in which the person clearly sees a spectral image of himself. Dr. Wollaston relates that twice he was unable to see, for a short time, but on one side of the axis of vision, and consequently saw only half an object, so that when he

* ‘Lectures on Metaphysics,’ vol. ii., pp. 127, 128. Blackwood, 1859.

† Ibid., vol. i., p. 402.

attempted to read the name 'Johnson' over a door, he could only see 'son.' The gait is rendered awkward, shuffling, or plunging, from a want of co-ordination in the different sets of muscles, and various temporary seizures or complete paralytic attacks are observed to result from diseases or injuries to the brain, in some instances almost immediately, and in others only after the absence of months or years. Even insensibility in one of the fingers, Dr. Winslow tells us, may be the effect of incipient encephalic disorder. It must, however, be borne in mind that the bodily affection does not necessarily manifest itself on the same side as the cerebral mischief, but the greatest uncertainty exists in this respect. Cases are on record in which considerable difficulty is experienced in accounting for such phenomena. Andral relates that 'in two out of twelve cases of softening of the cerebellar lobes, blindness existed on the side of the body opposite the lesion.'

Diseased structures, febrile conditions, severe wounds, excessive muscular exercise, atmospheric influences, intemperance, vicious bodily habits, the presence of urica in the blood, and various other causes, have all an assigned specific action upon the brain. It is the registry of the bodily as well as the mental activities, and is in close correspondence with every part, organ, and outlet. Certain mental emotions manifest particular affinities for different parts of the body. Fear will affect the circulation, until, if prolonged, a diseased heart is the result. It will also cause diarrhœa, and when manifest in convulsive diseases had been known to check an approaching attack. Anger, too, is influenced by the liver, and produces a change in its secretion even where no disease is present. Shakespeare notices awkward physical results in rare idiosyncracies; as 'when the bag-pipe sings i' the nose.*' Dr. Winslow observes that he has known persons consider themselves eternally lost whilst 'under the mental depression caused by long-continued hepatic and gastric derangement.' So closely indeed does the brain follow every vital organic process, that the cerebrum and cerebellum are both observed to be affected by respiration, rising as we expire, and falling as we inspire; and as the heart affects the respiration, and the respiration the heart, and both the brain, the play and interplay of them all is the harmony which we call life. This action and reaction of the brain may be observed by placing the hands upon the fontanelles of a child while it is crying, as well as by any persons themselves when suffering from a severe headache. Ravina found that a quill might be easily introduced between the skull and the brain of a pointer during inspiration, and that a cylindrical glass tube

* 'Merchant of Venice,' Act III.

filled with water would empty itself during inspiration, and return discoloured with blood during expiration. A case is recorded of a female patient in one of the hospitals of Montpellier, whose brain was motionless during a dreamless sleep, but actually protruded out of a wound in the skull when she was agitated by dreams or engaged in lively conversation; and although it is instanced by Dr. Winalow to show that in vascular congestion on the service of the brain or an unusual rapidity of circulation in its vessels the psychical functions are exalted, it seems to us to be explicable only from both points of view. This influence of respiration on the brain was long ago suspected. It is one of the links in the correspondence of the soul and the body which Emmanuel Swedenborg has laid down in his 'Economy of the Animal Kingdom;' and when Mr. Wilkinson thinks it strange that this correspondence has not been admitted into science, he seems to be unaware that the German professor, G. H. Schubert, has beautifully endeavoured to elaborate the thought, and find in the heaving of plants from their crevices to the light, the soaring of the lark, the respiration of the lungs and the sympathy of the brain, the scientific evidence of the pulsations of an inner divine life.* Respiration, it is true, is almost suspended during severe attention or powerful thought, and consequent upon this our ideas may be observed to have their moment of relaxation, but popular physiology does not affirm any causative relation between the breathing and the thought. Asphyxial sensations, the result of cardiac disease, have frequently been known to give rise to the thought of moral restraint, or the idea of poisoning. Not only respiration, but other bodily functions act upon the brain to be reacted upon in their turn. Indigestion, defective innervation, heart disease, affections of the reproductive organs, obstructions in the liver and bowels, and even obesity, have marked effects upon its healthy condition; and when in certain chronic forms of insanity the patient becomes *embonpoint*, without a corresponding mental restoration, the prognosis is always regarded as being unfavourable.

In estimating the influence of the brain on the mind, it must not be overlooked that the cineritious and superficial parts of the brain are destitute of sensibility, and are therefore naturally supposed to possess higher functions than the sensorial ganglia, which are mere media of transmission and reception. The very seat of the intellectual functions may, therefore, be possibly disordered without any perceptible difference or even inconvenience. Changes may occur in the grey matter of the brain which escape both the anatomist and the microscopist, and can only be detected by the nicest and minutest chemical experiments which as yet we are

* See the passage in Menzel's 'German Literature,' vol. iii., p. 60. Oxford, 1840.
unable

unable to institute. Valentin found that birds might have considerable portions of the hemispheres of the brain removed in slices without manifesting any uneasiness, and the same will hold good of human beings without their feeling pain or suffering much mental loss. Dr. Winslow briefly notes the case of a soldier who lost a small portion of brain in being trepanned, and he says: 'It was afterwards discovered that he had forgotten the numbers five and seven, and was not able until some time to recollect them.' But when once the sensorial ganglia are touched or irritated in these operations, paroxysms of intense pain are instantaneously produced. The case of the Parisian beggar, who figures rather prominently in Hartley, may also be mentioned as showing that pressure upon the exterior of the brain was unproductive of actual suffering, and only resulted in sleep, which passed into apoplexy as the pressure increased.* Whilst, however, insanity may be manifest without any apparent disease or appreciable alteration in the structure and neurine of the brain, it is established beyond the possibility of doubt that in the majority of cases where post-mortem examinations have been made by experienced anatomists, there have been evidences of extensive lesions, abnormal growths, and important chemical alterations. Very slight changes in the circulation, nerve-force, assimilative function, or healthy balance of the brain, are sufficient to produce deviations from perfect health, which may escape the scrutiny of the patient, or even of his friends, when not wilfully concealed, but cannot elude that of the cautious and indefatigable medico-psychologist; and such changes, as yet hardly insanity, must always tend in that direction with more or less rapidity according to the age, temperament, occupation, and general habit, unless met by some kind of remedial agency. This is, indeed, the lesson of the whole book, as it is the very first sentence—'the occasion fleeting'—and one which it behoves every human being to learn wisely and well. Not that we all are mad, or shall become so, but that controllable causes in any one of us may commence the insidious process, and that it may reach a fixed condition before our suspicions be aroused. For when everything has been said on the contrary side, and every negative aspect of the brain question has received its due weight and consideration, the words of Dr. Winslow are pregnant with solemn and scientific meaning.

'The brain, being the material instrument of the intelligence, the physical medium through which the mind manifests its varied powers, it is in conformity with the rules of logic, and in obedience to the laws of inductive reasoning to infer, that no changes in its structure or investing membranes can take place, no alteration in the quality of the vital fluid, or anatomical character of the calibre of the numerous blood-vessels that circulate and ramify through its substance can exist, without, to some extent, interfering with, or modifying its psychical functions.' (P. 24.)

* For this special reference, see Hartley, Works, vol. i., p. 47. Edition, 1801.

Diseases of the brain have their special and general effects. Certain portions of the brain have had their special functions assigned them by phrenologists, and their divisions must stand or fall as science progresses in her discovery of facts. Even the primary ones, intellectual and affective, must meet the same fate in the same way. At present it would be presumptuous to say anything definite and sweeping in the matter, but we may remark that Sir William Hamilton has dealt with the facts and fictions relating to the frontal sinuses in a very able and philosophical manner;* and that as far as the work under consideration is concerned, the only cerebral localization attempted, and that rather hesitatingly, is that of speech, in which, if we mistake not, the phrenological doctrine is overturned. Speech and language are surely closely allied, and how one should be posited in the hind-head and the other beneath the eye, is rather singular. It does not seem to matter whether we maintain with numerous eminent authorities, Gall himself amongst the number, that the anterior lobes of the brain presided over the organs of speech, or with Van der Kolk, Pinel, and others, that there is an intimate connection between disease of the *corpora olivaria*, and various morbid phenomena of speech—the displacement of the organ of language appears inevitable; since, if the anterior lobes be diseased there may be no affection of that organ itself, and when that is diseased the anterior lobes may be in their normal condition, and either or both without any perceptible alteration in the expression or appropriateness of words. The expression of our thoughts seems rather due to the ‘relation between the centre of volition and that of intellectual action.’ ‘The latter centre,’ says Dr. Todd, ‘may have full power to frame the thoughts, but, unless it can prompt the will to a certain mode of sustained action, the organs of speech cannot be brought into play.’ The intellect may be clear and the patient still unable to speak accurately, words requiring a special emphasis or complex action of the various parts of the throat and mouth being invariably his stumbling-blocks, and cases are on record of persons in this condition who have been both able and unable to commit their thoughts to writing. Even in pretty good health, the handwriting is considerably modified by conditions of the nervous system, the result of temperament or its changes under settled habits, as is shown by Dr. Laycock, in the autographs of the late Sir John Forbes, Professor Blackie, Professor Frazer, and the late Mr. George Combe;† and some such knowledge one would think to be possessed by those excessively wise persons who will read a man’s character by his handwriting, only that the imputa-

* ‘Lectures on Metaphysics,’ vol. i., Appendix II.

† Clinical Lectures on the Physiognomical Diagnosis of Disease, ‘Medical Times and Gazette,’ Feb. 15 and 22, 1862.

tion lifts them much above the sphere of charlantry to be seriously entertained for a moment. Still further do we find the handwriting flighty, eccentric, indistinct, and the words misused, mis-spelt, and frequently altered and erased, in persons suffering from incipient general disorders of the brain. Epileptic persons have been known to sign only half their names, or merely their surnames, prior to an attack, of which the fact was to them a sure precursor. A case has also come under our own observation in which an athletic drayman when intoxicated invariably signs only half his name. In certain types of insanity in young women of special temperaments, letter-writing is a very difficult matter even when talking is very easy. A few sentences will be written well, and then the orthography becomes loose and puzzling, and in the endeavour to remedy it the whole subject will vanish from the mind. Occasionally certain letters are forgotten, or put one for the other, and only one word can be pronounced by a patient to express all his wants, or he is continually calling things by their wrong names while he is at the same time conscious of his blunders. A person who could say for a moment 'not quite right,' in answer to a question, abbreviated it into 'not right,' and finally into 'n'ight;' another was continually exclaiming 'heigh-ho!' when not engaged in conversation, and was unable to control the exclamation after even the shortest sentence; and a third, a German, after an attack of fever, always substituted *z* for *f*, and when he wanted coffee (Kaffee), he really asked for a cat (Kätze). Stammering and low spirits, according to a very ancient author,* invariably exist together, and that state of blankness in which the person makes an effort to speak, and his lips move something like their action in smoking a pipe, and thence called by French pathologists *Le malade fume la pipe*, is always symptomatic of a serious and fatal state of cerebral coma. The changes in the voice are very numerous, and range from the voice of Punch to that of a puny and insipid drawler with his many lisps and clips. In cases of early or advanced cerebral disease there is a curious phenomenon sometimes met with, called by Romberg the echo-sign, in which the patient repeats every word of the physician from 'good morning,' up to 'let me see the tongue.' But, perhaps, the two most singular cases are these. In the one a lady, after an attack of hemiplegia, always spoke in the infinitive mood, saying for 'I wish you good day, stop, my husband has come,' the singular sentence 'To wish good day, to stop, husband to come;' and in the other, a gentleman, subsequent to an attack of paralysis, invariably transposed his letters, articulating *tufle* for flute, *puc* for cup, and *gum* for mug.

* Avicenn., quoted in Riverius's 'Practice of Physick,' p. 149. London, 1678. Other

Other special effects are very numerous and must be summarily dealt with. Repugnance to certain places or persons, without any assignable cause, petty thefts, odd fancies, hallucinations, fits of stinginess and inordinate display, brutality, indecent behaviour, dirt and untidiness, boisterous uncontrollable mirth, and various other curious as well as common effects, are all prognostications of an amount of cerebral disorder which may or may not have attained the insane climacteric. Violent ebullitions of passion are also decidedly a morbid result and a kind of insaniola; and the late Dr. Marshall Hall has given the name of 'temper disease' to such cases amongst young women, where, with dyspepsia and hysteria, there is a morbid indulgence of temper and a jealous desire for sympathy and affection.

The general effects of brain-disorder comprise nearly all the different types of insanity in each of their different premonitory or advanced stages. The former, or premonitory, Dr. Winslow has divided into five sections—anomalous or masked affections of the mind, conscious disorder, exaltation, depression, and final impairment or loss of mind. But we must leave these unnoticed, although they are very interesting, and pass on to a consideration of the latter, as illustrated by a state of mind in ordinary persons in good physical and mental health. The analogy between dreaming and insanity has never before been insisted upon in such detail and with such demonstration as by Dr. Winslow, but still we do not think he is the first who has remarked it. Dr. Abercrombie has most distinctly affirmed the same position in the very second page of his remarks upon insanity. We transcribe the passage where it is enunciated—

'It appears, then, that there is a remarkable analogy between the mental phenomena in insanity and in dreaming; and that the leading peculiarities of both these conditions are referable to two heads: 1. The impressions which arise in the mind are believed to be real and present existences, and this belief is not corrected by comparing the conception with the actual state of things in the external world. 2. The chain of ideas or images which arise, follow one another according to certain associations, over which the individual has no control; he cannot, as in a healthy state, vary the series or stop it at his will.'*

Several illustrative cases are also given; and the whole position is one of such a decisive and deliberate kind that we are surprised Dr. Winslow should make no reference to it. In dreaming there is a certain consciousness without the activity of the regulative power of the mind, the volition is suspended, images are created by the most trifling bodily sensations, and there is more or less connection in the various thoughts as they arise, even though they are perpetually being crossed and interwoven by others in the most illusive manner. We are always certain ourselves that in our own case sleep is very near when an odd thought is darted

* 'Intellectual Powers,' p. 240. London, 1859.

across the mind, having no connection with what previously occupied it, or springs into existence without any apparent cause. In the dreamer, a moment may stretch into an hour, as, in the insane, years may seem but a single night. In the dream of Count Lavalette, cited by Dr. Winslow, the dreamer imagined he stood in the Rue St. Honoré in Paris, and for five hours saw troops of spectral cavalry march past him, with waggons full of the dead and wounded, and the whole dream only occupied a period of ten minutes, as he was able to discover on striking his repeater. For he had been aroused by the clock of the Palais de Justice striking twelve, and the opening of the gate to relieve the sentry, had fallen asleep with the dim suggestion in his mind, and was again awakened by the relief-party as they closed the gate after them. Various cases of brain-disorder are also on record, in which, immediately upon recovery, the persons have gone about doing the very things they had in hand when first taken ill; a lady going to her work-box to fetch the very piece of needlework she had been engaged with a twelvemonth previously to the breaking out of her complaint; and a British captain, after fifteen months' coma from an injury to the head, immediately after an operation which relieved him, arising from his bed to give the very order he was going to present when struck by a shot at the battle of the Nile. Bergmann observed a case in which a man, ninety years of age, was always under the impression that he was still only eighteen, at which period he became insane, and it is recorded of a clergyman, who was shot in the head when snipe-shooting two days before his arranged marriage, and sank into a state of inoffensive lunacy, that for fifty years, the whole remainder of his life, he was occupied with nothing but the details of his wedding and the hopes of his marriage life. Other cases are equally striking and equally common as both reliable fact and fascinating poetry.

The deceptive character of dreams also allies them to the waking thoughts of the insane. Their reality is seldom doubted; and as there are genuine and truthful elements mixed up with false ones, the incongruity is never manifest. Certain objects may be for a moment correctly seen, but immediately connect themselves with foreign thoughts. A lunatic, whose confessions after recovery are recorded in Chapter IV., tells us that she was in the garden, and saw a violent thunder-cloud spreading itself overhead. So far her sensorial impressions were correct, but a difference was immediately observed, which she was able to remember very accurately after her recovery.

'The clouds which rolled up from the horizon,' she says, 'appeared to me to be the billows of the deep, rising over the banks of the Schevelingen to the skies, fighting in the air together over my head; while a flotilla of the enemy, on the margin of the river, carried on a deadly combat against the inhabitants. The last hour had
struck

struck for the prosperity of Holland. I did not hear any thunder; I did not witness any lightning; but I perceived the explosion of a hundred blazes of fire, the cannonade, ceaseless, reverberated in my ears.'

From which we may infer, with all certainty, that the ear and the eye of the insane amplify and enlarge whatever is heard or seen. On another occasion the same patient saw tallow run down the candle, but immediately associated with it the idea of its coming through a hole in the wall behind in an enormous and furious torrent, intended to suffocate her, so that she screamed aloud; and ever after she suspected the presence of poison in all her viands. As in our dreams, we say to ourselves that it is only a dream, and the next moment go on believing it to be real, so the insane thinker has his lucid moments, when he is conscious of his disordered condition and the absurdity and falsity of his ideas; but too often they are only moments, and the dark night holds them bound again as before. And as in our dreams all our faculties are not torpid, and we can reason, at times, consecutively, talk coherently, and critically admire the most beautiful scenes, so in the bewildered mind there is sanity and insanity, a healthy wakeful condition and a morbid, perverted somnolency, although, in the words of our author, 'a part of the intellect cannot be affected without, to a certain extent, influencing and modifying the whole of the operations of thought.'

We are disposed, upon various grounds, to carry the analogy between sleep and insanity somewhat farther than Dr. Winslow has felt himself justified in doing, or than was possible with him in the sectional arrangement of his book, at the same time confessing our indebtedness for many facts collected by him, and occasionally for opinions based upon or radiating out of them. Perfect sleep should be the repose of all our bodily senses and powers, but it is very plain that they do not arrive at that condition simultaneously, if at all. There is, in fact, a curious and erratic succession observable in many persons in this respect, depending upon temperament and a variety of other fixed or casual causes. Persons ordinarily used to quiet towns cannot, at first, sleep well in London or Paris, and those whose rooms are generally very dark cannot procure refreshing sleep where any unusual light, as a fixed gas-light, or summer lightning, throws itself around them; but all are observed to overcome their difficulties by habit. Conversely, peculiar mental determinations, as an intention to rise at a given time or signal, or a solicitude in attending to the interests and movements of a sick person, have the power of keeping special senses in an almost sleepless state, and producing such an intimate connection of them with the mind as to render its judgment of sensations immediate and accurate. In somnambulism, talking in the sleep, and those various bodily movements suggested by our
dreams,

dreams, which the endeavour to execute frequently arouses, similar phenomena are observed. The case of the postman of Halle, who was invariably asleep in walking over a level part of his journey, but always awoke as, without any deflection in his course, he reached a narrow foot-bridge, where he had to ascend some broken steps, illustrates both points of view here assumed on the authority of M. Jouffroy;* and that of Oporinus, the professor, of Basle, who read aloud a manuscript to his friend Platerus, whose son tells the story, fell asleep over it, but still continued reading until questioned about the meaning of a word he had uttered, when it was found that he was asleep, had been so for a considerable time, and knew not what he had been reading—is equally curious and decisive.† A similar condition of the special senses is observed in cases of insanity, and in peculiar brain-disorders as yet scarcely arrived at that issue. The transmission of imperfect sensations, illusive judgments upon them, and an inability of the body to arouse the mind to an entire activity, or of the mind to arouse the body to normal, if not complete, sensation, are indeed very common characteristics. In many instances, whether as the result of a mental determination or a purely cerebral change, some of the senses are wonderfully exalted: the slightest possible noise, as the humming of flies, becomes intolerable; a strong light cannot be borne without intense pain; the touch is made so delicate, that a person was known to accurately distinguish by his fingers a number of botanical plants; the vision is exalted to a wonderful degree; the smell of certain drugs exerts a wonderful effect; and ‘it is,’ says Dr. Winslow, ‘literally true that a person may *die of a rose in aromatic pain*,’ since, amongst a tribe of North American Indians, prisoners are subject to the odours of certain plants until the most distressing symptoms, and even death, ensues. The contemplation of a single sensation, according to the late Mr. Braid, the hypnotologist, will at any moment cause the sensorium to abdicate the throne and procure sleep. All monotones have this effect, and the sleepiness induced by the uniform jolting of coaches and railway carriages is observable by any one. That the impairment of any one sense, its anæsthesia or hyperæsthesia, may be significant of brain-disorder has already been fully shown, and that one fixed and continuously impinged idea, when either true or false, will make a man a monomaniac, is also equally true and indisputable. It is frequently in their dreams that persons are first conscious of a morbid idea struggling for the mastery; and cases of acute disease have first manifested themselves in sleep under what would appear to have been little more than aggravated nightmare. A person who went to bed sane is reported to have cried out in his sleep as

* Quoted by Sir W. Hamilton, vol. i., Lecture XVII.

† Ibid.

if pursued, and in the morning was positively insane, his insanity being very like 'a continuation of the same character and train of perturbed thought that existed during his troubled sleep, when, according to his wife's account, he was evidently dreaming.' Dr. Pagan relates the account of a murder committed in sleep under somewhat similar circumstances. A phantom approached a sleeping man, as he thought, and, giving no reply to his questioning, the man seized a hatchet which was somehow near at hand, smote at the spectre, and murdered his wife, who was calmly sleeping by his side.

The more we think that the physiology and psychology of sleep are studied, the more its extravagant comparison, to a state of complete vital or mental passivity, will be discovered to be erroneous. By no means inclined to accept all the theories in that half-romantic and half-scientific book of Baron Von Reichenbach's, on magnetism and its cognate subjects, we nevertheless regard his observations upon sleep to be trustworthy, accurate, and almost self-evident. It is not necessary to believe in the odyllic force at all, or we may play with the term and transpose it as we please, but still the facts he has adduced remain and must have an explanation, even though the one he has attempted may be incorrect and fanciful. Sleeping and waking, he maintains from a physiological point of view, are not opposed to each other precisely like action and rest. There is no failure of the vital energies, no absolute cessation of them, but simply a scission and dislocation. 'In the same degree as vitality was active during the day in the forehead, it predominates during the night in the hindhead. Sleep, therefore, is an alternation in the functions and powers of our organs, but in no way the introduction to their inactivity.*' He supposes that the cerebellum governs the phenomena of sleep, and as it is also connected by some with the nutritive and reproductive functions—the latter aspect of which Dr. Winslow promises to analyze more extensively in his succeeding volume—the hypothesis may assist us in coming to a closer knowledge of the matter in hand. If dreaming, as a mode of sleep, be closely allied to the mental processes of insanity, ought we not to expect that there is an aspect in which sleep and insanity may have very striking physiological affinities? It is well known that the insane really sleep very little and yet do not waste much in body; and although it may be uncertain as to how far their aberration can be strictly confined to any one portion of the head more than to another, or without implicating the other, and so distracting the observer, it is very certain, as previously demonstrated, that the regulative or co-ordinating faculty is wanting when their intellectual activity and physical vitality are by no means suspended. This is precisely the physio-

* 'Researches on Magnetism,' &c., translated and edited by William Gregory, M.D., &c. Parts I. and II., p. 201. London, 1850.

logical condition of sleep, and has been noticed amongst the insane very often, semi-mental and semi-bodily torpor existing as cause and effect. There are also indications in the healthy man that nutritive and restorative processes are not absolutely negated by a real or spurious kind of intellectuality, which is precisely the fact that stands out so prominently in lunacy. We may call it mere vegetating, or not, as we please, but the fact remains, and is susceptible of explanation. How long a person can live without any sleep is a question hitherto unsatisfactorily answered, from the scantiness of details and the doubtfulness of authorities. Three months is the longest term of complete sleeplessness recorded by Dr. Winslow, and the patient not only walked long distances during the day, but was actively engaged in conversation during the night with imaginary or invisible persons; but the writer states that he personally attended a patient 'who rarely closed her eyes in sleep for ten consecutive minutes for nearly a year,' and 'no preparation or dose of opium, however strong, had any sedative effect upon her brain.' 'Complete sleep amongst the insane,' says Morel, 'is seldom observed, except in confirmed dementia and in the condition of melancholy with stupor;' and he adds: 'Incomplete sleep is the repose of one of these two orders of sense, and waking of the other; it refreshes much less, but it satisfies nature more than entire sleep, and I know many men who have no other. Now, when one says that the insane do not sleep, perhaps it is better to say that they are always dreaming, except in their lucid intervals.' Madness, then, is to the patient, mentally and physically, what prolonged sleep, if it were possible, would be to a man in health, but with this difference—that in the first the body and mind are both more or less active without either being completely or normally so; and in the second the mind is active and the body is not, as far as entire consciousness or motion are concerned, whilst the imperfect transmission of sensations and the vague judgments thereupon are the same in the second as the first. But are the animal and instinctive appetites, as contradistinguished from the moral and the intellectual faculties, in any way prominent in the first, so as to more closely correspond to the alternation of function observed by Reichenbach? It would seem that they are, the former being, in our author's words, 'as a general rule, in a state of activity, exaltation, and ascendancy in many types of deranged as well as originally defective and impaired mind.' Indeed there are frequently exhibited all the rude qualities that we only expect to find in savage man. Indecency, filthy habits, gross desires, immoral and blasphemous thoughts, and perverted expressions are common enough, and will casually break out where they are by no means the most marked symptoms. They are frequently most predominant in those persons whose previous habits

of life and thinking have been so diametrically opposed as to make them safe guides in determining the decisions of the mental pathologist. Children who have been most carefully educated at home, and scarcely ever removed from parental oversight, have been known, under the influence of brain-affections, to use language such as the most perverted courtesan would almost blush to speak; pious clergymen have sworn terribly; and the most innocent minds been terrified at the deep-seeming depravity of their own hearts. In one very remarkable case a clergyman, whenever he stood up in the pulpit to read the Bible, had an immoral and blasphemous book thrust before him, and was sorely tempted to read it aloud by an internal voice. Dumb-bell exercise was found to be the best remedy for what was probably at the commencement a physical disorder. These are sad facts, and are susceptible of both a theological and a psychical aspect. 'Madness,' as Coleridge wrote, 'is something more than bodily disease,' but then it is only something more as it affects what is behind, or working in the body, as its screen, or medium. It is 'the recession of the spirit,' during which 'the lower or bestial states of life rise up into action and prominence;' but this recession is twofold—first, from the absence of the regulative reason in the mind; and second, from the absence of the psychical or co-ordinating, or volitional force in the body.

The amount of acute intelligence manifested by the insane does not destroy the foregoing conclusion. Locke, it is well known, laughs at the idea of the mind as being what Plato styles that which is perpetually and self-moved, because in sleep it can only think upon the waking thoughts, if it think at all, and is, at any rate, only conscious of them; whereas, if it think independently without our being conscious of it, the whole thing is an absurdity. For, he argues, Socrates asleep cannot be the same person as Socrates awake, since the first has no knowledge of the second, and the second no knowledge of the first. If we could find that the mind could preserve or recall any of these 'pure native thoughts, and those ideas it had before it borrowed anything from the body,' he would not be so incredulous; but as it is, every drowsy nod shakes the doctrine.* This position is now fully proved untenable, Leibnitz, Wolf, Kant, and Hamilton taking the opposite view in a beautifully-increasing ratio. Locke's mistake is in confounding two states, consciousness and its recollection, or assuming that they are convertible. But what has been so ably dealt with by Sir William Hamilton† needs not be more than referred to here, our object being now merely to consider the mind as originating ideas in sleep, and that activity in its correspondence with the intellectuality of insane persons. Not only have persons foreseen

* 'Essay,' pp. 40, 42, and 43. First edit., 1690.

Vol. 5.—No. 20.

Y

† Vol. i., Lect. XVII.

events

events in their sleep, and had other ideas and visitations, which, when we have fairly considered them and allowed for them as supernatural results, still establish the subsidiary activity and receptivity of the mind ; but ideas have been originated, without any previous complete or incomplete mental process, which are inexplicable upon any other theory than that the mind is continually active even when the memory may not reveal to us its effects. Every student is occasionally surprised in his studies with an idea which he at first thinks he has gained in reading or previously cogitated, because of its familiarity ; but he may hunt through a library, as many have been known to do, analyze all his previous thinking on the same subject, endeavour to recollect in what state of mind he could have evolved it, or when he has turned his attention in the direction it specially implies, and do all without discovering any possible clue to a satisfactory solution of the matter. He may never have thought on the subject before in any way, and yet the thought comes to him, and he immediately recognizes it as familiar, as part of himself. If it was a pure spontaneity it could not have been so, and if the result of a mental process continued into sleep, or what is even more probable and seemingly a complete refutation of our notion, a vague condition of mind when thoroughly awake, he surely could have remembered the cause and occasion, if not the prior or associated portions. We might cite Plato and his theory of reminiscence, but that would give the subject a vagueness and a typical poetry which we can afford to omit even when we ardently admire. Philo-Judæus, too, and many other Platonians run mad, might bolster out our argument with fulness and fancies, and throw over it the glamour of great names, but we forbear to use their manifest aberrations, and even their partial truths, to aid in the victory of our own philosophizings. Let us take the opinions of a genuine thinker and a sturdy physiopsychologist. For the first we will select Friedrich Schlegel. In referring to the significance of images and feelings in dreams, he thinks they may be compared to the various obscure conceptions of a wakeful mind, but with this difference, that the first leave no traces behind them, whilst in the latter 'undeveloped beginnings of thought there often lie the germs of very definite ideas.* We do not see that he has in any way established this ; but as he continues the thought really overturns it, since he more closely compares the external life of sleeping and waking to the internal life of the 'abstracting and classifying reason and the inventive fancy.' If fancy invents awake, its power of control by the opposite faculty being lost in sleep, its essential virtue cannot possibly be destroyed, but must rather be in greater exaltation and activity ; and we have

* 'Philosophy of Life,' p. 24. Bohn.

only to add a greater or less degree of memory to make its two conditions identical upon this point. If there be no resemblance between the wakeful and the sleepful condition as far as fancy is concerned, why institute it? And if reason be inventive, it is surely very easy to make it so without any such comparison whatever. But let us hear Messieurs Leuret and Gratiolet, in an extract from their '*Anatomie Comparée du Système Nerveux, &c.*,' for which we are indebted to a note of Dr. Winslow's book, p. 589. 'If one, in fact, notices the extreme facility with which the ideas, free from the chain of exterior impressions, associate themselves during sleep, one can conceive how, in the midst of a thousand strange combinations, luminous perceptions sometimes arise.' These suggestions are very helpful, and open a wider field of vision than we can allow ourselves to occupy. Not only is the possibility very great that original ideas, but very faintly remembered, come to us in our sleep, but cases are common in which individuals have manifested to themselves in sleep abilities of which they were quite unconscious of, or even showed a complete absence of, when awake. It is true that such displays may have been illusive, and when they consisted of accurate reasonings were such as nothing but a sleepy condition could have suffered to be imposed, yet when the imagination and not the reason is the faculty produced, the same delusiveness is not so apparent. Many persons of a most prosaic turn of mind compose poetry in their sleep, even in such difficult metres as hexameters, with the beauty of which they are at the time deeply impressed, although unable to retain more than these two facts in their memories. But if we push our inquiries very closely upon them we shall always meet with this fact, that it was after severe and protracted mental exercise during the previous day that such a faculty was manifest in their sleep. These persons occasionally let fall ideas in conversation, the deep poetic significance of which strikes them as being strangely and yet incomprehensibly familiar, and they at once, and naturally enough, tell you that it is a quotation, but neither you nor they are able to identify it or trace it home to any one. A similar state was seen in Coleridge in both its direct and opposite aspect. He not only gave references to passages in certain authors which no one ever found there or anywhere else, but he frequently mistook for his own what was evidently the thought of another. It is true that it was attributable to some peculiar features of his mind and peculiar bodily habits, in which opium-eating, as inducing a delicious somatic repose, was a very prominent agent, but either way the fact remains in our favour.

Much of the uncertainty and vagueness of this spontaneous mode of thinking is the result of a careless and inaccurate self-examination on the part of those in whom it has been manifest.

The condition of mind is, perhaps, less doubted than the facts we have supposed to result from it. All metaphysicians are agreed as to a certain conscious and unconscious condition of mind. The first is the mode of existence as at present determined by internal and external consciousness, and the second is the registry of past modes of the same kind so intimately connected with the first as upon the slightest hint, physical or psychical, to open its treasury and mingle with the first. 'There is no pure activity, no pure passivity in creation. . . . There is no operation of the mind which is purely active; no affection which is purely passive.'* We can compare these two coexistent states to nothing better than a new moon, in which we observe a partial completeness on the one hand, and nothing but the round, thin line, as of personality, on the other, without the interior space being completely illuminated or filled up. It is often through this latent consciousness that many ideas present themselves when the memory is in a state of exaltation, or the mind generally excited; and as memory, with its correlate, fancy, mostly divide the whole empire of the brain between them during sleep, it is not unnatural to imagine, where facts may not prove it, or their reliability is doubted, that fancy may invent ideas which are not the result of a previous mental process, at the same time that memory is in vivid sympathetic correspondence, and is only afterwards unable to definitize the origin or the thought, because of the absence of associated internal and external impressions. The uncertainty we complain of vanishes the moment the two latter links can be easily supplied, as where the dream-thought is the continuation of a previous process, hindered by circumstances, or carried so far as it then appeared to be possible. In the case of Coleridge, and his poetical fragment, 'Kubla Khan,' composed during a sleep which had fallen upon him when reading the passage in Purchas's 'Pilgrimage,' we have a similar activity, with such an impression upon the memory as would have enabled him to reproduce the whole; 'The images,' says Carpenter, 'rising up before him as things with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions without any sensation or consciousness of effort.'† In sleep Sir Isaac Newton solved a difficult mathematical problem; Condorcet came to the triumphant conclusion of a calculation which had puzzled him in the daytime; and Condillac narrates, that when he was writing the 'Cours d'Etude,' a process of thought which he had broken off on retiring to rest was frequently continued and accurately finished during the night. We ourselves have often experienced somewhat similar

* Sir W. Hamilton, vol. i., p. 310.

† 'Physiology,' p. 643; also Coleridge's Poetical Works i. p. 266, where we learn that in copying out he was interrupted by a person on business, and when he returned the remainder had vanished from his memory.

manifestations,

manifestations, sometimes thinking for several moments consecutively upon some subject not previously cogitated during the day immediately sleep began to creep over us, and at others finding ourselves just as we passed from sleep to wakefulness continuing a train of thought that had either been in part cogitated the previous night, or was at least in some way accessory, either as a parallel line or a final consummation. Renewed cerebral vigour consequent upon sleep is sufficient to explain many of the latter class of phenomena, but will not by any means explain previous ones.

We have now to establish a more complete analogy between the mental acuteness of the insane and of the movements of the thoughts in sleep. Genius does not necessarily make any man insane, but insanity has often made the dullard a genius. M. Moreau has undoubtedly stretched a point too far when he affirms that 'the physiological history of idiots is, in a multitude of particulars, the same as that of the majority of men of genius, and *vice versa*,' and that 'the pre-eminence of the intellectual faculties has for its organic condition a special state of disease of the nervous centres.'* He has made the mistake, common enough in medicine and its cognate sciences, of putting the result for the cause, as when he finds that many great men have died of brain disease, he immediately takes those consequent states for the cause of the genius previously displayed, and this chiefly on the strength that some of them had hallucinations during life, and relatives who suffered from cerebral affections. Nevertheless the testimony of most medical psychologists is very decisive as to the fact from which he starts, that singular intellectuality has exhibited itself during insanity where its existence was not previously known or even so much as possible. There is scarcely any mental or mechanical gifts that have not been developed by cerebral disease. Music, poetry, painting, literature, mathematics, and carving of the most elegant description have all manifested themselves in persons who ordinarily were the very reverse, and would lapse into insanity upon any other but these special provinces, where only now and then a perverted or grotesque thought would obliquely make its way. Tasso and Lucretius wrote some of their famous poems during fits of mental aberration; several of the ablest articles in Aikin's 'Biography' were written by the inmate of a lunatic asylum, and Alexander Cruden compiled his notable 'Concordance' whilst insane, saying once, in answer to a friend, 'I am as mad now as I was formerly, and as mad then as I am now; that is to say, not mad at any time.' A young gentleman who when at school was incapable of getting through a simple sum in addition or multiplication, was found to have

* Vide 'Blackwood's Magazine,' Art. Great Wits, Mad Wits. September, 1860.

had developed in an attack of mania, as soon as the more acute symptoms had subsided, a most extraordinary arithmetical power, solving complex problems with wonderful facility; but no sooner was he restored to health than he became as stupid and ignorant as before. The wife of a clergyman never known to be poetically gifted, improvised verses with astonishing rapidity towards evening during paroxysms of maniacal excitement with which she was affected; and the verses, transcribed by her nurse, were certainly far above mediocrity, but her powers of composition were gradually lost as she approached recovery. Sallies of keenest wit, and bursts of impassioned eloquence are by no means uncommon in every assemblage of the insane. Preaching is a very commonly exercised talent, and very wonderful, original, and eloquent discourses are sometimes delivered by the insane. But there is generally an insane side of this mental ability—a gentleman who wrote an able and philosophic treatise on ‘Original Sin,’ drawing up a curious will and testament wherein he left all his money to strangers and bequeathed his family his curse, for having endeavoured to poison him; and many clever madmen ingeniously endeavouring, with Nathaniel Lee, to prove themselves sane and singularly gifted, and every one else mad and terribly jealous. That the insane reason justly on false premises, and idiots falsely upon sound ones, is an antithesis which is sadly too good to be universally true, and too much like a fragment of a kind of pocket-philosophy to be received as a sound induction from veritable facts. That the insane can reason is indubitable, and many a visitor to a lunatic asylum has been surprised at their logical and consecutive conversation when no allusions have chanced to turn them back upon the centre of their insane axis. We have the authority of Esquirol for stating even more than this, for he has established a distinct class of what he calls reasoning madmen. Much of their marvellous intellectual keenness is cunningly made to fold itself around the very *nodus* they wished to conceal; and it is only when such a perverted postulate is made the beginning or end of reasoning that either the madman or the idiot fulfils the conditions implied in the previously given antithesis, which has so long passed current for genuine and comprehensive philosophy. The ability they display in concealing their real state is very amazing. Dr. Winslow was called to see an ordinary labouring man in a court of justice, who had previously quite puzzled those before whom he was brought, and it was not until half an hour’s rigid examination that he unwittingly revealed his own insanity by confessing the fact, if we can so call it, of his relatives daily placing a poisoned pill for him in a certain spot, which he was always obliged to swallow. Lord Ellenborough related to the late Sir Henry Halford the case of an insane person, supposed to be recovered, who

who had sustained with him 'a lengthened conversation upon an important subject, with great good sense and sobriety,' but a few days after was detected in employing Latin to express his thoughts, that he might, if possible, elude the observation of his attendants. The administration of chloroform has often unmasked these obscure cases by inducing a state of mind and body more closely resembling healthy sleep. How is this subtlety to be explained? Simply by the same considerations which enable us to understand how thought may flow on freely in our sleep, when so many objects, associations, and suggestions are removed which ever tend to dissipate the attention of the wakeful mind. Pure thought, or reason, may be perfectly free from images, and images may be most common in sleep as fancy is a commoner faculty in men than that which can act independently of symbols; but as both have been found in the phenomena of sleep, we cannot see the force of an objection raised upon the ground that reasoning and sleeping are never coexistent states. The reasoning process may or may not be sound, and the conclusion arrived at may be illusive, but the partial activity of the 'pure reason' is self-evident, even when, from the absence of complete consciousness and the want of a true balance between passive and active forces which goes with it, it is only deceiving itself, and spinning out subtle fallacies and distinguishing the shadows of shades like a veritable Prodicus amongst words. Dugald Stewart's metaphysical exposition of these curious conditions of mind is deserving of consideration, and very manifestly favours our attempted corollary. There are three checks, he says,* which restrain a healthy man in his sober reasonings: first, a distrust, derived from experience, of the accuracy of his own phraseology, and a consequent involuntary liability to mistake; second, a suspicion he must always feel, that he is possibly not in possession of all the elements that may help him to solve the question; and third, an influence derived from morality and common sense, controlling his speculative conclusions upon matters directly connected with the practical business of life. These checks are moral equivalents to the intellectual faculty of reason, and when either are removed the results are pretty much the same. In insanity, as in sleep, we may have both these absent, or one consequent upon the other; and when the result aimed at is not so much a truth to be settled as a triumph to be gained, we are prepared to expect the results the philosopher has so well indicated, only, however, in proportion as the moral restraints may be absent without a corresponding deficiency in the reason, or conversely, does the subtlety of the insane take the false direction either would indicate, and whenever, as in many cases, both are partially.

* *Vide* Dr. Winalow, p. 249.

present, the detection of any unhealthy bias is rendered less likely as its appearance becomes less probable. 'The insane,' says Esquirol, 'group and arrange their ideas, carry on a reasonable conversation, defend their opinions with subtlety, and even with a rigid severity of logic, give very rational explanations, and justify their actions by highly plausible motives.' He says that they will use every possible means, from threats to tears, to effect an object, or accomplish a victory, and that their convictions are often stronger than their judgment. 'You are right,' said a lunatic to him one day, 'but you cannot convince ME that you are so.'

Whilst the brain has its action on the body, the body on the brain, and the brain on the mind, the mind itself, through its thoughts and the moral habitudes consequent upon or suggestive of them, has an influence which is really appreciable by the intelligent student, although the fulness of its extent can never be known until each man's life is analyzed and his work is tried by the omniscient Ruler of the universe. Various as are the sources of the injuries that the delicate vesicular neurine of the brain may receive, none are more appalling than those apparent unhealthy determinations which are traceable to the mental or moral conduct of an individual himself. Morbid contemplation and reverie, immoral imaginations, unresisted vacuity, and a lack of self-inspection and a due cultivation of the will, are all fatally operative in inducing such cerebral changes as make perpetual what was previously only casual, and give over the individual to the tyranny of conditions created by his own ideas, and ideas fixedly reproduced by this impaired condition. Such rigorous retribution ought to make even the most vicious tremble, and the fancies of a fiery hell created in ourselves by an anarchy, for which only we were responsible, seem so terrible and devastating, that we may say, with Coleridge, that 'no other hell could equal for a spiritual being' what would then be felt. Overstrained attention, overtaxed memory, disappointment in life or love, morbid views of religion, and a hundred other causes, contribute their quota of cerebral diseases. Hard work, loss of sleep, vanity, ambition, envy and passion, are terrible scourges of our human nature; and a Divine Being is often charged with directly producing what is the natural result of human neglect, sin, and blindness. Nay, so finely is the balance and the interpenetration of the moral, the intellectual, and the physical in our nature, that we are assured by a distinguished writer who has taken up the aspects of moral therapeutics, M. Reveillé-Parise (Winslow, p. 37), that 'whenever the equilibrium of our moral nature is long or very seriously disturbed, we may rest assured that our animal functions will suffer. Many a disease is the *contre-coup*, so to speak, of a strong moral emotion; the mischief may not

not be apparent at the time, but its germ will be nevertheless inevitably laid.' Any diseased action, in fact, must, if unchecked, end in diseased organization. If it be true that every faculty prolonged beyond an ordinary limit of variation passes into a pathological state, according to M. Broussais,* we can readily account for forms of disease which are as common as they are delicate to deal with, and as mysterious in their effects on the brain as they are often fatal to morality, peace, and even common propriety. Any fixed false idea, hallucination, or unhealthy habit of mind, is symptomatic of incipient or confirmed insanity, even when it may or may not be the exaltation of a sane condition beyond its normal limits, as is amply shown in the book before us. What Wieland did philosophically for several equivocal and enigmatical characters, guided by considerations peculiar to his province as a physician and a scholar, and such facts as we have just touched upon, Dr. Winslow has physiologically and psychologically attempted for Frederick William of Prussia, Judge Jeffreys, Damien, Caligula, Hume, and Rousseau. Medical science, he affirms, may do much for the explanation of the characters of regal and domestic tyrants where the data are sufficient; 'and it remains for the philosophic historian, capable of appreciating the effects of defective and arrested cerebral organization, the influence of physical and moral agents, and bodily disease upon the character and temperament, to account psychologically for the actions of men, the records of whose lives form the dark scenes of history, and present to the world a continuous career of morbid selfishness, crime, cupidity, caprice, tyranny, brutality, and vice.'

Grounded upon the obscurity of similar cases which are brought to judicial trial, are several pages of very pertinent remarks. When a gentleman is called upon in the capacity of a medico-legal witness to give important evidence in a court of justice, he surely merits the most respectful attention, and ought to be allowed to deviate from popular paths without the charge of moral dishonesty or flagrant turpitude, and to confront the tribunal of the judge without fear of being treated with scorn, contempt, or ignorant reproach. Dr. Winslow claims for his compeers and himself no special or extraordinary privileges, but merely pleads that as students in a special sphere they deserve the same courteousness and candour of treatment as is unanimously accorded to a Faraday, a Brande, a Graham, and a Taylor in their several vocations. In ordinary cases any man of common intelligence may be able to detect a madman; but as only the more extraordinary ones present any judicial puzzles, we ought not any more to think of calling up a non-professional man to give evidence, except as to

* Quoted in Comte's 'Positive Philosophy,' vol. i., p. 476.

facts merely, than we should expect a dancing-master to be called upon to give trustworthy testimony as to the soundness of a building. Probably as in France, Belgium, and the Channel Islands, we may presently have special medico-psychological advisers attached to our principal courts. Until then, and even then, the duties of an expert in madness are of too grave a character to be laughed at or decried, whether they make random and witty statements or not, and whatever may be the prevalent notions concerning the fresh fields of phenomena a more enlightened and vigorous research is so rapidly disclosing. 'To sketch the varying frontier, the nice and shadowy distinctions which separate lunacy from malignity, madness from brutality; to point out where folly merges into mental derangement, responsibility terminates, and irresponsibility commences; to distinguish between eccentricity and insanity, crime and alienation of mind, vice and mental derangement; between the delusions of the lunatic and the false conclusions, the illogical deductions, the unphilosophical reasoning of men of sound intellect and of rational understanding,' are portions of the duty of a medico-legal witness which are not only in their very nature irksome, but intricate, shifting, anomalous, and momentous.

Such are a few of the topics which are handled in this extremely interesting volume. There are many other facts and suggestions we should have liked to have gathered together and focalized. To many, indeed, the most interesting part of the book—that which treats of the morbid phenomena, acute disorders, chronic affections, and the perversion and exaltation of memory, closing with a profound and lucid estimate of the psychology and pathology of memory—must be left untouched, except as already partially referred to, from a natural fear on our own part that inadequate space would prevent our doing it justice. Our omissions, however, may do what every genuine notice of a genuinely good book should—send the reader where he may find what his tastes lead him to admire and his wishes prompt him to seek, and where he may revel, though not without some guide, in the fresh and dewy fields of what may be to him as yet another and a wider world. Fertile as it is in the charm of easy writing and curious fact, the book is still pregnant with many unusual and important lessons. To patient and friend, physician and theologian, lawyer and judge, scientist and metaphysician, it has everywhere its counsel and warning, teaching and correction, law and fact, analysis and synthesis. To literary men and students of every class it conveys the pleasing assurance that even the continued and laborious exercise of the intellect is compatible with health and longevity; and whilst the dangers of their vocation are neither dissipated nor concealed, it is plainly shown that a wise and loving
Creator

Creator has provided them with the means for the perfect balance of the bodily and the mental, the moral and the intellectual. In fine, it is an unconscious reiteration of the significance of the study of humanity in every possible aspect, without the base fear of encountering the spectres of our own creation, or being forced to admit the barriers to our perfect knowledge and the limits to our own faculties; it casts broad bands of light over the path of the philanthropist, and dissipates the darkness and ignorance that surround him; it throws no shadow of reproach on the labours of those who may possibly be mistaken, but whose errors are such as a catholic charity can forgive, and whose labours a scientific mind can neither honestly ignore nor proudly refuse to accept; it has truth and force for the weak and the strong, the wilful and the passive, the ascetic and voluptuary, the hard reader and the neglectful dullard, the stupid sot and the vapid enthusiast, the man of one idea, of many, or of none; and if it boldly smites at many crabbed notions and old follies, it patiently builds up the framework and carefully etches the details of fresh and reliable truths, and is everywhere penetrated by a discriminating and philosophical calmness, which is very salutary and reassuring when so many are hurried by passion into unseemly debate, and treat each conflicting school as though they knew them to be true but wished them to be false, and felt themselves wrong even when they most painfully pleaded for absolute infallible veracity.

ART. II.—1. *On Foundling Hospitals in Europe, and principally in France, from their origin to the present day.* By R. B. Remacle. Paris, 1838, with Official Documents.

2. *Récherches sur les Enfants trouvés, les Enfants naturels, et les Orphelins en France.* Par l'Abbé A. H. Gaillard. 1837.

3. *Historical Account of the Statistics and Moral Condition of Foundlings, with Tables.* By J. F. Terme and J. B. Monfalcon. Lyons. 1838.

4. *Account of the Abolition of Female Infanticide in Guzerat.* By J. Cormack, A.M.

5. *Infanticide.* By Burke Ryan, M.D. 1862.

6. *Illegitimacy in Scotland.* By W. J. Thompson, F.R.S.E. 1862.

PERHAPS the paragraph which the most inevitably meets the eye of the reader of our daily press is the one which records with dismaying regularity how, on a certain day, floating in a canal, exposed by a river side, smothered in a ditch, left under a hedge-row, packed up in a railway parcel, or stowed away in a servant's box, the dead body of a newly-born infant was discovered by a policeman, by some casual passer-by, a railway official, a fellow-servant,

fellow-servant, or not unfrequently by a dog. The medical man makes an examination, and pronounces either that it had been improperly and unskilfully delivered and had died in the birth, or that, being born alive, it had met with death by strangulation, by external injuries, by cold, exposure, starvation, or neglect. The coroner and jury return a verdict of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown; the little corpse is committed to the ground by the sexton in the nearest churchyard, and so the matter ends.

The coroner of one of our most densely-populated districts stated lately, that finding the body of a murdered infant was an event becoming so common, that people seemed to think little more of it than they would if, instead of a child, it had been the body of a kitten or a puppy; and the result of our researches has not been such as to place us in a position to contest the truth of the remark. How far the practice of child-murder is increasing among us, to what causes such increase is owing, and how it may best be checked, are questions for grave consideration at the present moment.

That infanticide has existed, and does still exist, as a custom among certain nations is a fact too well known to require evidence. The motives from which it arose appear to have been of four kinds, and to have operated sometimes singly and sometimes in a mixed form.

1st. *From supposed religious motives*.—By the heathen nations* whom the Jews dispossessed, as recorded in the Old Testament. By the Phœnicians, Carthaginians, Egyptians, Persians, Cyprians, Rhodians, Pelasgians, Ancient Mexicans, &c., and also by northern nations—the Scythians, Sarmatians, Scandinavians, Ancient Britons, &c.

2. *From utilitarian motives*.—As by the Greeks and Romans, when they exposed unhealthy or deformed children, or even children that were otherwise, if circumstances rendered the rearing of them inconvenient.

3. *From superstitious motives*.—As among the North-American Indians, who destroy all infants that lose their mothers before they are weaned, the idea being that no other woman can nurse them properly. In Greenland, if a mother dies, the father buries the child alive with her body. In Guiana, when twins are born, one of them is instantly destroyed, it being supposed that two children born at the same time cannot belong to the same father, and ‘rats and opossums, and such-like only, they say, should bring forth a great number at one time.’

4. *From mixed motives of pride and poverty*.—As among the

* Deut. xii. 31.

Hindoos and Chinese, more especially with reference to their female children. It was computed that of these more than 5,000 perished annually at one period among the Jahrejahs of Guzerat and in Kutch alone. And Dr. Cormack has taken much pains to explain clearly how the custom arose. Dr. Cormack also describes in glowing terms the great and most successful efforts which have been made to put down this crime in British India. General Walker in Guzerat and Kutch, Lord Canning in Oude, and Sir John Lawrence in Lahore, have, to their eternal credit, laboured unceasingly in the same direction, and with the same fortunate results, in the teeth of the jealous pride, the inveterate prejudices, the imperturbable apathy, the crafty evasions, and ready duplicity of the native chiefs—obstacles of no ordinary difficulty, as all who comprehend the Asiatic character will readily admit. The perseverance and energetic courage to which these gentlemen owed their ultimate triumph, afford an excellent example to our own philanthropists in dealing with the same subject in the phase in which it appears at home.

Our space will not permit us to give a summary of the laws which prevail in other European countries with respect to child-murder; it will be sufficient here to explain those which formerly existed among us, those which are at present in force, and the mode and the effect of the operation of them.

In the time of James I., when an illegitimate child was found dead, proof on the mother's part that such child was born dead was required on penalty of death. Naturally the too great severity of this statute defeated its own ends, and it was practically useless. In 1803 an alteration was made: a woman, charged with the murder of a bastard child, was to be tried by the same rules as those used in ordinary cases of murder; and a very important provision was introduced, namely, that when evidence of the murder was absent or defective, concealment of pregnancy alone was constituted an offence punishable by two years of imprisonment; and this, again, was further modified in the Act of George IV., by which it was provided that, whether the child died before or after birth, should not affect the question of guilt, provided only that the concealment of birth was duly proved.

That these laws, as at present administered, are inoperative to check in any great degree the practice of child-murder, or to prevent the alarming increase of infantile mortality amongst us, we are compelled to admit. And we think we see reasonable ground for supposing that infanticide is not only more common than is generally known, but that it is becoming daily of more frequent occurrence. But when we seek for accurate and well-digested evidence on which to ground the supposition, which is incontestably a general one among thoughtful men, we have been able to find
little

little beyond general assertion, isolated facts, and crude and imperfectly-considered proposals for remedies and preventives.

In 1857 Lord Raynham moved, in the House of Commons, for a return of the number of convictions for infanticide from 1852 to 1856, together with the sentence passed for each offence ; also, whether any recommendation to mercy had accompanied the verdict ; and, if so, for what cause. We believe that these returns are not yet printed, but they only record sixteen cases for murder, and but one capital punishment ; the criminal in this instance being a man who had murdered his two children, aged five and seven years respectively. It is obvious that returns of this meagre and incomprehensive kind are not of the slightest value in elucidating the subject. Returns, to be of use, should comprehend all the *trials* for child-murder, stating whether the accused were male or female, and whether they were parents of the infants murdered. We should like to know how many prosecutions fail ; how many women are tried for concealment of birth ; how many are convicted, and of these record should be made as to whether they had been previously tried and acquitted for the greater crime. Further, we would learn how many inquests throughout England are annually held on the bodies of infant children, and in how many cases verdicts of wilful murder, or died by neglect, cold, exposure, or starvation are returned. And these researches ought to extend over a period of at least ten years. And it should be ascertained, wherever it is practicable, whether the murdered children are legitimate or otherwise, and, if otherwise, whether the mother was in receipt of any regular payment from the father of the child.

It appears that the judges and the bar concur with the public generally in thinking that the practice of child-murder is increasing. Mr. Justice Coleridge remarked, at Worcester : ‘ We shall soon rival the Chinese in our callousness to infant life.’ Mr. Hill ‘ considers that the crime is spreading to a fearful extent, especially among the humbler classes of society.’ The ‘ Legal Examiner,’ says : ‘ The circuit calendars exhibit, as usual, a number of cases in which infants have met their deaths at the hands of their mothers.’ Dr. Granville* gives figures from the report of the Registrar-General, by which it is shown that, during the years 1847, 1848, 1849, there was a mortality of 267,086 children under one year in England and Wales alone, and he considers, with reason, that these figures give rise to very grave suspicions. With respect to metropolitan districts we have information less imperfect, but by no means full or satisfactory. That the number of infanticides there occurring annually is rather guessed at than known appears clear, since it has been variously estimated at from 300 to 1,100. It

* ‘ Sudden Death.’

ought to be understood that there is no registration of the birth of still-born children, or children which are stated to have been still-born; but Lord Shaftesbury declared at Liverpool, in 1858 (on what data we are not aware), that 60,000 still-born children are produced annually in this country. Mr. Wakley considered that many deaths of infants recorded as from suffocation, overlying, &c., are in reality cases of murder, and computed that 200 infanticides annually escape detection in London alone. In one week, out of six cases of death by suffocation, five were infants.* In another week the registrar reported ten children as having died from suffocation in bed, apparently by accident, and four were returned expressly as murdered. By returns moved for by Mr. Cox, of the inquests held during the year 1861 in the metropolitan districts on children under two years of age, we find there were 1,103. The 'Lancet' analyzed them thus:—Wilful murder, 66; manslaughter, 5; found dead, 141; suffocation (how caused no evidence), 131; suffocation accidental, 147; from neglect, want, cold, exposure, and natural disease, 614: total, 1,104. A large proportion (?) of these children are stated to have been illegitimate; it would be satisfactory to know what proportion. The deaths from natural disease should be classed separately from the others. There appears to be every reason for believing that the greater number by far of infantile deaths, either from violence, neglect, or natural disease, occur among illegitimate children; and of those among the lawfully-born, the parents are generally exceedingly poverty-stricken, *or the children have been entered in one or more burial clubs*. The inference afforded from the words we have italicized is a revolting one, but unhappily we cannot escape it.

* In 'Liverpool Sketches,' by Hugh Shimmin, recently published, it is stated that in Liverpool alone, inquests were held on eighty-one smothered children, during the year ending 30th June last. At an inquiry held in Limehouse recently, by Mr. Raffles Walthew, deputy coroner, respecting the death of Thos. Walker, an infant, six months old, the deputy coroner said that it was high time the public attention should be directed to the great mortality amongst infants arising from suffocation. He had recently held nine inquests in two days upon children who had thus lost their lives. The parents almost invariably attributed the death of their children under such circumstances to convulsions, lest a suspicion of infanticide should attach to them; but there was no doubt that the carelessness—or the over-fondness—of the parent was in fault. He did not agree with those who ascribed the suffocation of children to design, for he observed that but comparatively few cases occurred during summer, but that the numbers invariably rose during the winter, and that the fatality occurred principally on Sunday and Monday mornings. The causes appeared to be these: On the approach of cold weather, parents, in their anxiety to keep the children warm, wrapped them up in heavy bed-clothes, so as to deprive them of all access to pure air, and with delicate infants death as surely resulted as if they had been buried. Secondly, *on Saturdays parents of the lower order spent their time between marketing and the public-houses, and, returning home late and tired, over-laid, and so killed the children*. Sundays, amongst the same class, was devoted to heavy eating and drinking, and even more than on Saturday nights children were crushed and asphyxiated.—*Edw. Meliora.*

One clergyman expressed himself as often shocked by hearing women of the lowest class allude to children in these terms: 'That child will not live; it is in the burial club.' There is evidence* that one child in Manchester was entered in *nineteen* clubs. Of course the pecuniary profits on that child's death would have been simply enormous taken in comparison with the impoverished circumstances of the parents. Another child, which it was proved had died of starvation, had been entered in ten; and the same parents had six other children, who lived respectively from nine to eighteen months only. From the death of one of these children they had received 20*l.* from the different clubs, and doubtless expected to clear a like sum as these poor infants, predestined to death by their unnatural parents, perished one by one. In one case, where the verdict assigned as cause of death was 'want of nourishment,' the parents enforced payment of 34*l.* 3*s.* from ten burial clubs. In another instance a man was tried for the murder of his child, and acquitted, though arsenic was found in the stomach when the body was exhumed. Payment from the clubs was, as a matter of course, obtained. In another, where the father was actually found guilty, and transported for life, the money was still paid as usual. Much evidence of a similar nature is before us, but the above is sufficient to show the horrible condition of things. Liverpool, Manchester, Stockport, Ashton, &c., and most of our large towns afford melancholy illustrations of the truth of our statement.

This sort of murder is unquestionably, of all others, the most abhorrent. For the girl who destroys the evidence of her shame in the wild hope of preserving her reputation; for the despairing woman† who, having neither bread to feed herself nor hopes of procuring sustenance for her child, flings it into the nearest canal, there are indeed some considerations to be urged, not in justification, but in extenuation: but for the parents who deliberately destroy their unfortunate offspring for money all feelings of compassion vanish. Among all the reasons assigned as actuating the pagans, idolaters, and barbarians, either of antiquity or of modern times, in the practice of infanticide, there is not one so utterly vile and base as this.

We have to observe that it is mainly owing to disclosures like these, to the remarks made by judges, magistrates, and coroners, and to the greater frequency of corroborative testimony on the

* 'Supplement to Sanitary Inquiry Report. 1843.'

† At Reading a lamentable case occurred. Mary Newell was refused assistance of any kind, and was turned out of doors under circumstances of great brutality by the man who had seduced her. She went at midnight, and, having tied a bag of stones to the poor child's body, ended its life by throwing it into the river. She was condemned to penal servitude for life.

part of the press, that the belief becomes more widely spread among us that many murders upon infants are committed every year for which no one is punished, and many more of which no one knows except those who do the deed, for of evidence, properly speaking, we have little. Dr. Ryan offers only of the loosest and most unsatisfactory kind. It is not that the individuals whose names we have referred to have laboured otherwise than diligently and laboriously, but in their zeal there has been a want of co-operation and unity of purpose. Fragments of information taken by different people at different times and in different places, on different systems and by different modes of calculation, served up piecemeal and at great intervals, are well calculated indeed to awaken inquiry on the subject, but not more; and if they effect this end they will not have been in vain.

When we extend our investigations beyond the limits of our own island, and inquire how far nationality, locality, religion, and race affect the disposition to commit child-murder, we meet with the same vague and conflicting kind of information. Dr. Webster mentions that, when he recently visited Sweden, out of 1183 persons lately undergoing punishment in the prisons, 106 were convicted of infanticide, being nearly one-ninth of the whole number. That the Irish female is, even under the most disadvantageous circumstances, chaste beyond the women of many other nations more civilized, wealthier, and more highly educated, but of different race, is, we believe, an indisputable fact, to which the reports of the commissioners of lodging-houses, and the evidence of the police, the medical men, and the city missionary and Bible-reader alike bear testimony. Dr. Ryan says (p. 66) that, 'Whether as regards bastardy or infanticide, Ireland does not deserve to be pilloried with her sister kingdoms;' and the impression that child-murder is there so unfrequent as to be almost unknown is too general not to be based on truth. But when we come to analyze the evidence, so as to ascertain the reason of this superiority, we are again at a loss. We find the following figures given by Remacle (p. 226 in the translation):—

NUMBER OF INFANTICIDES TO THE POPULATION.

Countries possessing Foundling Hospitals with Tours, and without Tours.

With Tours.		Without Tours.	
	Inhabitants.		Inhabitants.
France	1 in 326,530	England	1 in 855,003
Belgium (Brabant) . . .	1 in 439,768	Belgium (Liege) . . .	1 in 546,648
Ireland	1 in 287,566	Duchy of Baden . . .	1 in 228,020
		Prussia	1 in 76,873

If these figures were to guide us we should be compelled to reverse all our previous opinions; but obviously these calculations are based on the convictions which occur, and not on the ascertained

tained number of infants which are actually murdered. In a discussion at Liverpool on the contents of a paper read by Mr. Acton on Illegitimacy, Lord John Russell gave as his opinion that the people of this country were not likely to look upon child-murder as they would on ordinary murder, and that he did not think the law ought to affix capital punishment to the murder of children under six months old. Strange and objectionable as this doctrine is, it undoubtedly so far prevails that it is almost impossible, in the present day, to get a jury to convict a mother of wilful murder in the case of a newly-born child. If in the metropolis only, during the year 1861, the verdicts brought in at inquests amounted to 66 for wilful murder, 'suffocation' (how caused no evidence) 131, and 'found dead' 141, it is quite clear that not 1 per cent. of the murderers are even brought to trial, and not one in ten of those tried are convicted of the major offence. We should like to know the number of deaths of infants under one year which have occurred in Great Britain and Ireland in each year from the census of 1851; the proportion which they bore to the population, male and female; the particular districts where the number exceeded the average, if possible the general circumstances, habits, and mode of life of that population.* We would further desire to have the causes of death properly distinguished, so that we might see how many were murdered; how many died by accident, or were *allowed* to die; how many were newly-born, or still-born, and the exact age of those who lived for any time;—of those who lived for more than one month, it would be desirable to state whether the child had been entered in one or more burial clubs; how many children were illegitimate, and in how many of such cases the father had contributed to the support of the child, and to what extent; and of children lawfully born the condition, whether of extreme poverty or otherwise, of the parents of those which had died within the twelvemonth. But of all this we know absolutely nothing comprehensive or definite, and the result is simply a mass of contradictions.

Out of this assemblage of opinions and suggestions, statements and figures, confused and defective as we are bound to confess they are, there are, however, two facts which loom forth with tolerable distinctness:—

1st. That child-murder is becoming more frequent, and convictions for it grow more rare.†

* French statisticians have found it possible to ascertain these particulars in their investigations on particular subjects, and with excellent effect.—M. Remacle, p. 167.

† The increasing frequency of child-murder is, no doubt, in part to be attributed to that unhappy change in female costume which of late years has rendered concealment of pregnancy so easy. Formerly, the unmarried woman was generally rendered unable to hide her shame long before the time of her delivery; and, her

2nd. That a very large proportion of the infants murdered, probably three-fourths of them, are the children of poverty or of shame.

And this brings us to a matter closely bearing on our subject—viz., illegitimacy, the extent to which it prevails in our own country as compared with those of others, and the means by which the evil may best be dealt with. On this point, though we have a supply of evidence much more copious and satisfactory, we find an extraordinary discrepancy between the statistics of private individuals and those of official authority. The report of our own Registrar-General runs as follows:—

Proportion of 100 children born.

Countries.	Legitimate.	Illegitimate.	Countries.	Legitimate.	Illegitimate.
Sardinia . . .	97·909	2·091	Prussia . . .	92·878	7·122
Venice . . .	97·5	2·5	Scotland . . .	90·649	9
Lombardy . . .	96·1	3·9	Denmark . . .	90·649	9·351
Sweden . . .	93·438	6·562	Hanover . . .	90·124	9·876
Norway . . .	93·322	6·678	Austria . . .	88·620	11·380
England . . .	93·279	6·721	Wurtemberg . . .	88·260	11·740
Belgium . . .	93·228	6·772	Saxony . . .	85·003	14·997
France . . .	92·885	7·114	Bavaria . . .	79·402	20·598

But Dr. Webster states that about one-third of the births in Stockholm are illegitimate, or upwards of 31 per cent.; that in Munich they are 50; in Vienna 50; in Madrid 20; and in Paris 25. It ought, however, to be borne in mind that in the four last-mentioned cities there are many foundling hospitals, so that many country women, who are unable or ashamed to support their children, repair thither with the express view of placing their offspring in the hospitals as soon as the birth takes place. Mr. Laing placed the illegitimate against the legitimate births as 1 to 2 $\frac{3}{10}$ in Stockholm, 1 to 5 in Paris, 1 to 7 in France, 1 to 38 in London, and 1 to 19 in England. This was in 1839. In our own country we find the proportion of children born out of wedlock is in London only 3 per cent., but in many of our large towns it is more than four times as large; thus, in Nottingham it is 12 per cent., Nantwich 13, and Wigan 18. It may excite surprise that the statistics of London in this respect are so favourable as to amount to 3 per cent. only; but Dr. Farr observes that ‘in large towns it is probable that the children born out of wedlock are not registered to the same extent as other children,’ and the Registrar-General likewise states that in London ‘many illegitimate children are either not registered, or are registered so as to be undistinguish-

state being known by those about her, she was not tempted to destroy her newly-born babe in order to save herself from exposure. As it is now, pregnancy may go on to completion unsuspected by observers; and the possibility afforded of escaping detection altogether, acts as a strong inducement to infanticide.—Eds. *Melton*.

able from children born in wedlock.' He adds that other disturbing causes interfere to prevent these figures being a just test of morality, among which is probably the fact that, with regard to the regular prostitutes who haunt the streets of our large cities, their mode of life precludes in general the possibility of their becoming mothers. A more just criterion would be to regard the average of counties rather than that of cities, and to compare the number of children born out of wedlock with the number of unmarried women of the ages 15-45. If to that we add an estimate of the number of the women in excess of the male population, we shall have data which will furnish means to form a more correct idea of the standard of morality existing in different places. In England the counties of Norfolk, Hereford, Salop, Nottingham, Cumberland, and Westmoreland enjoy an unfortunate pre-eminence, illegitimate births being from 9 to 11 per cent. Surrey, Middlesex, Huntingdon, Devon, Cornwall, Gloucester, and Warwick deserve favourable mention, the percentage there being from 5 to 6 only.

Scotland does not occupy the position which might have been expected, considering the religious and educational advantages possessed and apparently appreciated by her people. The average for the whole kingdom is 9 per cent. Of the counties, Shetland, Orkney, Sutherland, Ross, and Cromarty have 3 to 4 illegitimate births per cent. only; Banff, 16; Aberdeen and Wigtown, 15; Kinross, 14; Dumfries, Kirkcudbright, 13; Selkirk, Kincardine, and Elgin, 12. These figures are taken from the census of 1851. In that for 1861 there is no diminution, but rather an increase, even making an allowance for the additional population; and even in 1858 Kincardine had increased to 13, Kirkcudbright to 14, Dumfries to 15, Aberdeen to 16, Banff to 17, and Nairn to 17. Mr. Thompson, while lamenting this deplorable state of things, refers it to the large excess of female population as compared with the male. In England in 1861 there were 4·2 per cent. more females than males; but in Scotland there were 11·56: and this excess arises from two causes:—

1st. The emigration of a larger number of males than females.

2nd. The greater mortality of males from exposure, accidents, excesses, intemperance, overwork, &c.

Whether these reasons account entirely, in part, or at all, for the unfavourable returns is not quite clear to our minds. From Ireland the emigration is far greater, but the like results do not follow. In 1853 there embarked from the ports of the United Kingdom 192,609 Irish as against 22,605 Scotch. In 1855 there were 78,854 Irish against 14,037 Scotch. It is worthy of notice that not only the Irish, but the Highland Celt, appear in a very favourable light as regards chastity and regard to infant life.

In

In the northern and western counties of Scotland, where the Celtic race predominates, the illegitimate births are 5 per cent. only; in the southern and eastern, inhabited by Lowlanders, and where the people are more industrious and much more highly educated, the returns are 15 per cent. So far as figures afford proof, education does not affect morality as it should do. Education is excellent and widely diffused in Sweden and Scotland, and yet how lamentably deficient those countries appear in the other respect; and in the English counties Cumberland and Westmoreland stand high for education, and low with regard to morality; while in Huntingdonshire and Cornwall exactly the reverse is the case.*

In 1838 prizes were offered in France for the best essays on 'Infant Mortality, its Causes and Prevention;' and the utility and mode of operation of foundling charities were, as was to be expected, fully discussed, and much light thrown thereon. Foundling hospitals exist in all the Catholic countries in Europe, and in some of the Protestant, as, for instance, Holland.†

Tours, or turning cradles, established at the gates of these places, in which infants might be secretly deposited for reception, were a well-known and prominent, though by no means essential, feature of the system of foundling hospitals. All newly-born infants placed therein were considered and reckoned as being of illegitimate birth. These receptacles were an Italian invention of the time of Pope Sextus IV. For many years they were only used in the Hospice in Rome, and were not generally adopted in France until 1811.

M. de Lamartine calls them 'an ingenious invention of Christian charity, which has hands to receive, but neither eyes to see nor tongue to tell.' Those who advocate the expedient do it from sentimental considerations, or from religious and charitable motives; but the more practical and sagacious thinkers have ranged themselves almost unanimously on the other side. The Abbé Gaillard, for instance, warmly defends the *tours*; while MM. Remacle, Gerando, Terme, and Monfalcon show with great clearness the nature and extent of the evils to which they give rise. In the first place, a large number of the children deposited were born in wedlock, and of parents able, but unwilling, to support them; and in many cases the mother applied for, and actually received the appointment of hired nurse to the institution, either within its walls

* In Cornwall the Celtic race is largely represented.

† The Foundling Hospital in London is in no sense what its name would indicate; it is rather a place for the maintenance and education of a certain number of illegitimate children, whose mothers are perfectly well known, and whose position is carefully investigated by the governors, committee, &c. It is generally affirmed that it requires a good deal of interest, and many applications before a child can even obtain a presentation.

or in the country, and was thus paid for suckling her own child.* Children who had no right to the charity were inevitably received along with those who had. A large proportion of those in the Hospice at Lyons were sent thither from Valais, Fribourg, Geneva, and Savoy; and there were persons earning subsistence by the trade of carrying infants over the frontier, and depositing them in the French *tours*, for which they received from fifteen to twenty francs. Another evil is, that *tours* afford a temptation to unmarried women to conceal their pregnancy; and to conceal that is, as has been demonstrated, the first step towards child-murder. *Tours* have been partially suppressed in France; and, though not absolutely abolished, they are little used, and in their stead a system, which we will shortly describe, called *le bureau ouvert*, has been established, with excellent effects. The result at first of the suppression in France was said to be, that in three years there had been an increase of infanticide of from 83 to 117; but we think it probable that the increase of population and the greater vigilance of the police has not been taken into account in that calculation, since, in a table given by M. Remacle, it is plain that in a given time more infanticides occurred in proportion in those places which were provided with many *tours* than in those which were provided with few. In Belgium the suppression of *tours* was not followed by any difference one way or another. The system of *le bureau ouvert* is this: Many dépôts are established where foundlings will be received. To each dépôt is attached an open office, where, the name and address of the mother being given, the child will be at once received; but none are received unless this information is afforded. The strictest secrecy is observed as respects the name, and only the chief officer of the place is cognizant of it. This has worked extremely well; no difficulty was experienced in obtaining the names and addresses of the parties; and in Paris, though the *tour* is in some places open, the other mode is evidently preferred, since the number of children secretly deposited only averaged one a month. An entire stop was thus put to the practice of married people in fair circumstances sending their offspring to these charities; and likewise the plan has this merit, that it not only provides for the present existence of the illegitimate child, but, by placing the secret of the knowledge of its existence in the custody of an officer of the law, it does to a great extent guarantee that the infant shall not, in case of removal by the parent, be surreptitiously

* This was proved by the result of a trial of a system called the *déplacement*, which consisted in a periodical and frequent change of abode for the infants, so that women could no longer count on having the care of their own children, at least for any length of time. It operated so as suddenly and largely to decrease the number of foundlings, and was found to be so unpopular that it was abolished.

disposed.



disposed of or murdered. After careful examination, we cannot find anything to prove that foundling hospitals have any appreciable effect in diminishing the number of illegitimate births; but we think it highly probable they tend to prevent infanticide.

That the class of unfortunate infants deserted, exposed, and, in some instances, murdered by their parents, are in a large proportion the children of poverty, we have already stated; and M. Remacle has given us statistics corroborative of this fact. He has divided France into three zones—the suffering, the intermediate, and the prosperous. The following are the results:—

	Suffering District.	Intermediate.	Prosperous.
Proportion of indigent to the population .	1 to 15	1 to 23	1 to 37
Proportion of foundlings	1 to 345	1 to 488	1 to 601

There are those who think that a greater severity in the application of the laws to women who murder their children would be advisable, and that direct and positive evidence of murder should not be rigidly required in such cases. Against this it is to be urged, that juries will not convict for the major offence even now, when there is a moral certainty that the capital punishment would be commuted into penal servitude for life. Moreover, it is highly probable that if every woman who murdered her new-born child had been certain she would be hung for it, that knowledge would not have deterred in many instances. The fear of shame is, in nine women out of ten, greater than the fear of death;* and in the anguish of mind and body in which infanticide is usually committed, the certainty of being executed next week would probably be welcomed rather than dreaded. Another theorist proposes making the punishment for concealment of birth heavier; but we think that, though two years' imprisonment is very inadequate for a woman who has murdered her child, it is quite sufficient when she is innocent of all except concealing her pregnancy.

Mr. Thompson advocates a wholesale emigration of females as a means of restoring the natural equilibrium of the sexes in Scotland, which he believes would go far to check celibacy, and what he considers its inevitable result, illegitimacy. Against this there is nothing to be said, if it can be carried out. Any effect it had would be in the right direction; but the extent of that effect would not, we fear, be very important.

Dr. Ryan makes the operation of the new bastardy laws to be in a great measure the cause of the present state of things; but the result of our inquiries has not been to dispose us to agree with

* History records how, in ancient times, a suicidal mania became epidemic among the women of a certain district. No punishment checked it, until it was enacted that the bodies of suicides should be exposed naked after death, and then the epidemic ceased.

him. It will not be amiss here to explain the difference between the old and new statutes on this subject. Under the old bastardy law, any woman likely to become chargeable to the parish with a bastard child could affiliate it on what man she thought fit. The parish officers could call on the magistrates to commit such man to prison, unless he would give security to appear at the next quarterly sessions, and also to abide and perform such orders as should then be made. This law became frightfully abused. The *ipse dixit* of any abandoned woman was sufficient to fasten the paternity of her child on a man whom often she had never conversed with in her life; and large sums of hush-money were extorted from respectable parties by the threat of so doing. It was a matter of notoriety that the man on whom the bastardy order was made was seldom the real father of the child, but simply a person selected as being able to pay for the maintenance of it.

Amendments were then introduced, by which, in addition to the woman's oath of affiliation, some corroborative testimony was required; and the power of apprehension and committal was taken away, though the power still remained with the magistrates of calling on the alleged father to give security, if there was good reason to believe that he intended to abscond to avoid the consequences of the summons. This system, however, was so full of abuses, that it was swept away; and under the new law a change of much importance was introduced, by which the proceedings against the man are taken out of the hands of the parish officers, and placed in those of the woman, who can commence them or not at her option. The reason of this was, that through anxiety to save the pockets of the ratepayers, grievous injustice was often done to the individual: the power and influence of the parochial authorities over those under their rule are greater than the public suppose, and this was so strongly felt by the legislature, that they prohibited these officers interfering in the matter, under a penalty of forty shillings. Dr. Ryan thinks this unwise, and wishes that power to be reassumed. He states that, some time ago, 85 persons in the parish of St. Marylebone alone were receiving the parish pittance of one shilling per week, because they did not or could not recover from the fathers; and that in England, from 1845 to 1859 inclusive, 157,485 summonses in bastardy were issued. Of these, 124,218 were heard, 107,776 orders for maintenance were granted, 15,981 cases were dismissed, and 49,709 did not come on for hearing. Against this, however, we find that in England alone, in 1857, 5,816 men were taken into custody for disobeying bastardy orders granted in 1856; so that the power is exercised, though not perhaps so excessively as before. At present the proceedings are of the nature of a civil suit to recover compensation,

pensation, rather than of a penal character to punish a man for immorality.*

The woman is, in fact, the plaintiff in the case, and it is she, and she alone, who sets the law in motion to obtain redress and compensation. So soon as she can prove her case and obtain her order, she has the right to payment of a certain sum, usually amounting to about 4*l.*, made up of the necessary expenses of her confinement, fees to medical man, nurse, &c., cost of summons and witnesses, fees to magistrate's clerk, &c., and to 2*s.* 6*d.* per week from that time forth, for the support of her child. One calendar month from the time the order is made is given to the man for payment; and there is power of commitment to prison for non-payment, if the man has no goods on which to levy. Three months' imprisonment (or less, at the option of the magistrates) is the extent of the punishment; and if, after such punishment, the weekly payments are neglected, the man may be proceeded against from time to time, as default may occur, and punished as above. This would seem ample power to enforce and secure payment for the weekly maintenance of the child, but it is not so; and many orders become mere waste paper, and are so treated by the parties against whom they are made.

It is the opinion of an eminent lawyer of great practical experience, that this miscarriage of the law is because too long a time is given from the making of the order for the payment of the sum due under it; and he proposes an alteration at once just and simple, viz., that, instead of one month, twenty-four hours only should be allowed for payment, unless security can be given for the same. A month is ample time for even a married man with a house and family to sell his goods, and emigrate to America or the colonies, much more for a single man in lodgings; such a one has full leisure to secure work elsewhere; he simply assumes another name, and leaves the place, setting the law at defiance, and leaving mother and child to their fate. Now the object of the legislature is of course to protect the woman, without doing injustice to the man; and to compel a man to find security or go to prison for an act not yet proved against him, as under the old law, was manifestly unjust; but as soon as he is legally found to be the father of the child, and the order is made, there needs be no further consideration shown for him than there is for an ordinary debtor. The sum of money alluded to is paid in the first instance by the mother, who has clearly a right to have it refunded; and, as regards subsequent payment, the question is, whether the man or the public

* The 'Church and State Review,' for Oct. 1862, in an article on infanticide, contains a proposition that all men on whom affiliation orders are made, should stand in the felon's dock, and be inscribed on a register for the inspection of the police.

should pay for the consequences of his act and deed. For these reasons, the time granted should be as short as possible.* It might be a beneficial alteration to make the present fixed sum of 2s. 6d. per week stand as the minimum, but to permit the magistrate's discretion to let it range between that and 7s., according to the wealth and position of the father.

Prize essays in France have been the means of eliciting much valuable information, and certain measures based on the suggestions they contained have been followed by excellent results.

A *commission of inquiry*, similar to those appointed for the army, health of towns, &c. This should be of a very comprehensive nature. Returns should be procured extending over the last ten years, from all European countries, touching the rate of infantile mortality; the number of infanticides; the trials and convictions for the same; the proportion which they bore to the population, male and female; the race, religion, pursuits, education, and position as regards wealth and poverty of the inhabitants of the countries or districts where they exceeded or came short of the average, together with other particulars which would doubtless suggest themselves in the course of inquiry. Where child-murder is committed, we should like those cases to be distinguished where two persons are concerned in it; or, where males are implicated in the commission of the crime, since it would seem that that circumstance alone would indicate a great deterioration in morals. With respect to the returns for our own country, it would be well that those further distinctions as regards the causes of death and the attendant circumstances, enumerated by us in page 330, should be specified. If all this information could be procured and classified with system and accuracy, together with a relation of the remedies employed in other countries, and the comparative success of each, there would be sound data for future legislation on the subject. Without it, any efforts made will probably fail to touch the root of the matter, as being of necessity tentative, empirical, and of the nature of an experiment, rather than of a mature and well-digested scheme of amelioration.

Establishment of foundling and lying-in hospitals.—With regard to foundling hospitals, and what benefits may flow from them (we have detailed our reasons for believing they are less than it is usually supposed), we think that public opinion has in this country pronounced against them, and that the system is one to which the feelings, or, it may be, the prejudices, of the English people are repugnant. But, referring to lying-in hospitals, the case ought to

* Every solicitor who has had experience in such cases knows how frequently instances occur of men absconding to avoid payment, and even openly making preparation to leave the country within the month; neither is there any power under the present law to interfere with them.

be and is differently regarded. But of places of refuge for the unmarried female who, being pregnant, is also deserted and destitute, there are hardly any even in London, much less in other parts of the country, where charities are fewer, less wealthy, and where the recipients are individually known. The British Lying-in Hospital, Brownlow Road, and the City of London Lying-in Hospital receive married women only. The applicants have to be nominated by subscribers, and in the last-named institution an affidavit or a certificate of marriage is indispensable to reception. From the Middlesex Hospital attendance is afforded at their own homes to married women only. But the Queen's Lying-in Charity, Bayswater, receives both married and unmarried; and the Westminster Institution is open, we believe, to a limited number of the latter class of women.* Considering that we may safely estimate there are annually in London alone about 4,000 illegitimate births, male and female, it is obvious that these charities would be unable to assist even as small a number as five per cent. of these unmarried mothers.

To establish lying-in hospitals for the gratuitous reception of destitute unmarried women in London and our other large cities and towns, would, it is highly probable, tend more than any other single measure to prevent infanticide, provided that too great requirements were not exacted from those who sought admission, as to whether the previous goodness of their character was as great and as certain as their present misery and poverty. The fact of the applicant being on the eve of her delivery, together with a distinct understanding that she must conform to the rules of the institution, would be held as a claim for admission. It is argued that this would not be to offer an encouragement to immorality, but simply to extend that aid which humanity suggests to women in nature's greatest extremity.

In view of this argument, it must be borne in mind that, with regard to the class which furnish applicants for such charities, we have not in any case to deal with the common prostitute, and this for reasons before indicated. A certain number are unquestionably women of indifferent character, and of callous and reckless frame of mind; but with a large majority it is not so: and even admitting, for the sake of argument, the verdict of a class of men who, from their impatient, narrow-minded, and pragmatical habit.

* It is observable that in all institutions having for their object the benefit of unchaste women, the difficulties in the way of application and admission are such as greatly to diminish their usefulness. For the London Penitentiary, the petition must contain the name, address, and position of applicant. A note signed by the chairman, however, obtains entrance for any individual. In the Magdalen Hospital no recommendation is required; but the applicant undergoes an examination before a committee of men. Even as to the Lock Hospital, no person is admitted within its walls a second time. Vide 'Highmore on the London Public'.

of thought, are least capable of intelligently comprehending the subject, or of calmly discussing it, that, 'in most cases of seduction (so called) the guilt is pretty equally shared between the man and the woman,' the fact remains that the outward and visible punishment falls on the woman only. We believe we are right in stating that a very large proportion of cases of child-murder are those in which domestic servants are the criminals, and we all know the course which events take in these deplorable affairs. A girl is seduced either under promise of marriage or not, it does not matter which. When she finds there is a prospect of her becoming a mother, the fellow abandons her to her fate. She perhaps manages to elude suspicion; and, when the critical hour arrives, surmounting as best she may the physical suffering, fear of detection and sense of shame overcome all other considerations, and in the first agony of pain and disgrace she murders the child, and stows it away in a box or some other receptacle, where it is, of course, discovered, and the matter forms another paragraph for the newspapers. It may be that her situation is expected, and she is made to leave, or, again, she leaves lest it should be suspected. Not the direst distress would persuade her to seek admission into the union workhouse; the terror of exposure and of the anger of her relatives determine her not to return to her home; and so, with a few shillings in her pocket, she hides herself in obscure lodgings, where she broods over her situation night and day, until the fatal resolution is formed. And her first act after delivery is to go forth reckless and despairing, and either to leave the child wrapped up, dead or alive, on some doorstep, or to drown herself and her offspring in the nearest canal. From such misery and crime hospitals of the sort described would assuredly offer a refuge. And it is safe to assert that, from the moment of admission, the idea of infanticide would be practically annihilated. In the official report of M. Schaetzen to the Belgian Council of State, in 1834, he sums up the results to which his lengthened series of observations have led him, and gives great weight and importance to the fact that the crime of infanticide was rarely committed when the child had lived for a few days, and had received the natural sustenance from its mother.

He says: 'As soon as any woman experienced the pleasure of being a mother, she no longer thought of attempting the life of her child: this barbarous act was committed only during the first moments of a woman's embarrassment between shame and natural affection: and, lastly, the life of the child was safe whenever the mother was sure that the fact of her being delivered was known to a second or third party. Another consideration is this, it is absolutely necessary that a woman should pay for the expenses of her confinement; and these (including medical and legal fees) amount,

amount, as we have shown, to an immediate outlay of about 5*l.*, before she can place herself in a position to obtain a shilling from the father, and this prospect is of itself often one not only of embarrassment but of despair in a destitute woman. A lying-in hospital would afford her a standing-ground for the moment. Neither can it be disputed that at such periods of weakness and suffering the offices of religion are peculiarly acceptable, and might, if judiciously administered, in many instances lead to a better course of life. In a country where publicity is the very backbone of things, and the management of charities is almost always placed in the hands of a committee, it may be doubted whether it would be possible to preserve that secrecy regarding the name and position of the inmates which is *de rigueur* on the Continent.* We find, on inquiry, that in some of the Roman Catholic houses of refuge in England, established for this and other purposes, so long as there is room for another inmate, no woman who presents herself is turned away; and, though strict conformity to rules is exacted, no questions are asked, and entire secrecy is observed.

Greater caution and supervision as respects children alleged to be still-born, brought for interment in workhouses.—With reference to this it is only necessary to record that in 1859, from January to November, the bodies of 93 children alleged to be still-born, were brought for interment to one workhouse alone (Marylebone), in order to show that attention should be drawn to the subject.†

Legal surveillance over illegitimate children and their mothers.—However expedient this may seem, we do not see what machinery could be set in motion to effect it. Would the parochial, the medical, or the police officers have jurisdiction in the matter? and how could a woman be prevented, if inclined to remove herself beyond surveillance altogether?

Enactments having for their object the better regulation of the relation between domestic servants and their employers.—When a domestic servant is known or suspected to be pregnant, we fear that the first thought of the master and mistress is at any risk to get her out of their house, and the sooner the better. The dread of responsibility and the fear of scandal overcome any considerations of Christian charity. This is not the place to insert a homily on the duty of women towards each other; but it is possible that a little less severity of judgment, and the conscientious exercise of a strict and kindly watchfulness, would often prevent the occurrence

* In the Hospital of San Rocco, at Rome, and in the Maternité, in Paris, the strictest secrecy is preserved, and the names of the inmates, if known, are never divulged.

† Dr. Robinson, of Newcastle, many years ago published a pamphlet to show that many thousands of infants represented as still-born, came into the world alive.—*Eos. Meliora.*

of events above all others lamentable in their results. A regulation by which it should be made penal for a master or mistress to send away a woman known or suspected to be in that situation, without first either communicating with the parochial authorities, or ascertaining that her friends would receive and take care of her, would probably act beneficially.

With these remarks, which are necessarily suggestive rather than argumentative, we must conclude this article, in the hope that a subject so urgent and important will commend itself to the attention of the legislature.

ART. III.—*Observations on the Treatment of Convicts in Ireland.*

By four Visiting Justices of the West Riding Prison at Wakefield. London. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., Stationers' Hall Court, 1862.

WHEN, in 1846, the famine caused by the potato disease forced the Government of this country to adopt a free-trade policy, Mr. Cobden is said to have remarked that bad potatoes had done that which good arguments had failed in accomplishing. We hope that in the year 1863 we may be enabled to make a similar observation with regard to the state of our convict discipline, and to say that bad garottings are doing what good arguments have been unable to effect; for at last the people of this country seem thoroughly awakened to the enormous evils resulting from our absurd, we might almost say wicked practice of imprisoning our convicts without reforming them, and, when the discharge occurs, returning them to the scenes of their former degradation, and endeavouring by every possible means to lose sight of them as soon as they turn their backs on the prison walls.

Years of such a course of procedure have brought our homes and our lives to their present state of insecurity, so humiliating to the age, so disgraceful to our boasted civilization. Nor can we with truth plead ignorance in defence of this mismanagement. Warning voices have from time to time arisen prognosticating the present evils, and pointing out the means for their prevention. But these voices have remained unheeded; nay, worse, their owners have been derided, and, with a strange inconsistency, sometimes by being called maudlin philanthropists, at others ruthless destroyers of the liberty of the subject. At last, however, quickened by the terrible garottings and burglaries we are constantly hearing of, this state of indifference and apathy is passing away; and let us hope that with the opening year a new era in prison discipline may be at hand.

The little book named at the head of our article proves that
if

if the public be only willing to learn, teachers will not be found wanting. It is the work of four Visiting Justices of the West Riding Prison at Wakefield, which, the authors tell us, was in 1847

‘—greatly enlarged, the new portion being constructed on the same plan as the “model prison” at Pentonville, and the whole furnishing accommodation for 1374 prisoners. This accommodation being more than was required for the West Riding, 412 cells were, and are still, let to the Government for *convicts*, who pass there the first or probationary stage of their sentences, for the most part in separate confinement. These men being to a considerable extent placed under our official charge, we have been naturally led to take much interest in that department of penal discipline which is distinguished as the convict system—somewhat infelicitously; for it applies—not, as might be supposed, to all persons *convicted of crime*—but only to those who have been sentenced to penal servitude, or who were formerly sentenced to transportation.

‘The cessation, to a great extent, of the latter kind of punishment—transportation—has naturally deepened the interest in the subject, in our minds as well as in those of others, because it involves the necessary consequence, that the convicts, when discharged, must, for the most part, be our neighbours in this country, instead of being separated from us, as formerly, by wide oceans; and therefore their doings, when at large, affect us more nearly, and are brought more immediately under our own eyes.

‘To us officially a further interest, of a painful kind, has been added by their frequent return to prison, and their bad conduct even there.

‘The latter consequences are, no doubt, to a *certain extent* the necessary result of the former; but whether they be so to the extent which actually exists, is a matter for most serious consideration.

‘The exceedingly bad conduct of “old convicts”—that is, of persons who, having previously undergone the discipline of the convict prisons, have again been sentenced to it for fresh crime—has long been matter of painful interest to us, as showing that such discipline has, apparently, rather made them worse than better.

‘The increasing number of such cases is a still more alarming symptom, and, coupled with the other, cannot but suggest grave doubts as to whether there must not be some serious defect in a system—well-ordered as, in many respects, it certainly is—which produces such results.

‘On more minute inquiry we find that the proportion of “old convicts,” to the whole number of convicts received at Wakefield, has steadily increased, year by year, from 7 per cent. in 1854 to nearly 81 per cent. in 1861, when, of 514 received into the convict department of the prison, 158, or 30·7 per cent., were men who had previously passed through the convict prisons; and men of this class are in conduct incomparably the worst we have to deal with.’

Reflecting on the facts before them, these Yorkshire magistrates were led to make investigations for the purpose of ascertaining the proportion on the whole number of convicts discharged, who relapse into crime. The Directors of Convict Prisons in England have published a return, ‘showing that, of 9,130 men discharged on license between October 1853, and March 1861, 834, or 9 per cent. have had their licenses revoked, and 1,038, or 11·3 per cent., have been again sentenced to the convict prisons.* As licenses are only revoked upon reconviction, the general result is, briefly, that 20 per cent. of these men have been returned to the convict prisons for fresh crime. Knowing that the committals to the

* Memorandum, Report Convict Prisons, 1860, p. vii.

Wakefield Prison of relapsed convicts, both to the Government Department and to the West Riding side, were out of all proportion to this estimate, the Visiting Justices entered into a calculation based upon the numbers of relapsed convicts whom they could identify in their own prison and neighbourhood, and they have arrived at the conclusion that the estimate in the Directors' return is much too low, and that, instead of 20 per cent., 'in all probability at least half of the ticket-of-leave men have returned more or less into crime.'

The Visiting Justices

'—doubt not that the Return includes all the ticket-of-leave men who have come to the convict prisons, and have been *identified as such*. But it is clear that a large number must have come in without being identified. That a larger proportion of them has been identified at Wakefield may be owing partly to more pains being taken there to identify old offenders, and partly to the greater facilities for that purpose which are afforded by the combination of a convict prison with a local House of Correction.'

Since the passing of the Penal Servitude Act in 1853, nearly 11,000 men must have been discharged on ticket-of-leave. We may, therefore, relying on the careful calculation of the Yorkshire magistrates, conclude that at least 6,000 have relapsed into crime—a most humiliating result to contemplate, and the more painful

'—when we consider the number of offences which men like these (who have learnt caution, if nothing else, by punishment, and the tricks of their trade by association with other experienced practitioners) may commit before they are detected—estimated by competent judges at perhaps 20 each*—the amount of crime represented by these figures is frightful to contemplate, especially when we see into how short a period of time it is condensed.

'We have seen the fact ascertained at Wakefield, that of the convicts who have come there under fresh sentences, 53 per cent. returned within one year. The Directors' own return, when analyzed, shows a result quite as bad, if not worse. It shows, that of the 1872 returned ticket-of-leave men whom it includes, 1168, or 62 per cent., came back to convict prisons before the end of the year succeeding that in which they were discharged. When we remember that some time may elapse between apprehension and trial, and that several months frequently elapses between trial and removal to a convict prison from the local prisons, we shall see that, in most of these cases, the apprehension must have been within no long period from the discharge. The crime which led to the apprehension must have been committed within a still shorter period, generally while their original sentence was still hanging over the men, and under cover of "Her Majesty's royal license to be at large."

The authors proceed to review briefly the recent history of the convict system in this country :

'When, in 1836, the English Government became awakened to the frightful evils of the old convict *mis-management*, the separate system, which had been devised in America, was introduced, and authorized by the Act of 1839. The Pentonville Prison was built to carry out, in its utmost strictness, that system by which the prisoner was to be so completely isolated from his fellows, that if two occupants of adjoining cells met outside the prison, they should not know each other. Commissioners were appointed to watch the results of the experiment, and

* Evidence, Committee of House of Commons on Transportation, Q. and A. 2018. reported



reported that, "after five years of close attention and experience, they believed the moral result to be without parallel in the history of penal discipline." Nothing could be more satisfactory than the conduct of the men while in prison, utterly secluded from every possible temptation; but, unfortunately, nothing could be less satisfactory than their conduct when they got out; so that, notwithstanding the great demand for labour in Van Diemen's Land, the colonists there would not employ them.

'A second stage of more gradual preparation for comparative freedom in the colonies was evidently required, and the public works at Portland were established, where the prisoners work in association, but sleep in separate cells. Thus the convict had to pass through three stages: first, strictly separate confinement; secondly, association on public works; thirdly, probation-gangs in Van Diemen's Land. Then followed discharge in the colony on probation-pass, or ticket-of-leave, under police supervision. But in 1852 every colony, except the Government establishment of Western Australia, had refused to receive any more convicts, and it became necessary to discharge the greater part at home. Thus the *third* stage of this carefully-devised system was cut off.

'Considering the much greater difficulty which the discharged convict has in obtaining employment, and the much greater temptations to which he is exposed at home than in the colonies, it would seem that a still more carefully graduated system for his readmission to liberty is necessary in the former case than in the latter. In England, however, no such precaution was ever taken as to male convicts.' *

'Beyond the second stage of the Public Works Prisons, nothing has been done to prepare the public mind to receive the convict and employ him, or to train him to use liberty rightly. The Act of 1853 authorized shorter sentences of penal servitude in lieu of those of transportation, and also authorized the release of convicts at home, on tickets-of-leave, before the expiration of their sentences: 6,700 men were then under sentence of transportation, and these were from time to time discharged by ticket-of-leave, unprepared, upon a public, startled at finding itself obliged to consume its own criminality instead of discharging it on distant colonies. Many of the men thus discharged committed serious crimes. A panic arose. Ticket-of-leave man became a name of terror. It was applied indiscriminately to every discharged convict. Whether he were really a ticket-of-leave man, *i.e.*, whether or not any part of his sentence were yet unexpired, the public neither knew nor cared. The authorities and the license-holders alike concealed the fact as much as possible; and, practically, it made very little difference, the license being rarely, if ever, revoked unless upon reconviction; although in the "conditions" printed on every ticket-of-leave it is expressly stated that "to produce a forfeiture of the license it is by *no means necessary* that the holders should be convicted of a new offence;" although the same condition adds that "if he associates with notoriously bad characters, leads an idle and dissolute life, or has no visible

* For female convicts the Refuge at Fulham was most laudably devised to bridge over the chasm between strict confinement and liberty. It is, however, questionable whether the public will be found willing to receive into *domestic* service women from a purely government institution, which is, for that reason, regarded by them as a prison, even if it do not itself assume that character.

means of obtaining an honest livelihood, &c., it will be assumed that he is about to relapse into crime, and he will be at once apprehended and recommitted to prison under his original sentence,"—he knew, and still knows, this threat to be mere *brutum fulmen*, at which he can laugh with impunity. If so disposed, as soon as he has secured his gratuity, he burns his ticket-of-leave, *does* "associate with bad characters," *does* "lead a dissolute life," *does* live without work, under the eyes of the police, from whom the authorities studiously withhold all information about him; and who, if, as is often the case, they obtain it *alunde*, are instructed not to meddle with him, till they can detect him in actual crime. The license professes in the terms of the "conditions," to be a "privilege" which the holder "has obtained by his *good behaviour* under penal discipline," but it was, in fact, granted to men whose conduct in prison had been exceedingly bad. So far as we can ascertain, it is still, under the Act of 1857, only deferred for a few weeks, or at most a few months, beyond the minimum period assigned by the regulations for carrying out sentences under that Act in case of gross misconduct.*

* * 'A remarkable illustration of the mode in which the ticket-of-leave system has been administered in this country has lately come under our notice in the case of J. H., now a prisoner in the convict department at Wakefield. J. H., having been several times previously convicted, was sentenced to seven years' transportation on August 5, 1852. Being then only sixteen, he was sent to Parkhurst, where his behaviour was such that, on February 22, 1856, he was removed to the penal class at Pentonville for eight months on the ground of *three years' continual bad conduct*. His conduct in the cell at Pentonville, and, we may observe, generally when he was in separate confinement, was "good." From Pentonville he was sent to Portsmouth, and on September 4, 1857, he received the privilege "which, by his good behaviour under discipline, he had obtained," and was discharged on ticket-of-leave, having two years all but a month of his sentence unexpired. We understand that it was then the practice, before discharging a man on licence, to require him to name some person likely to employ him, and to ascertain the character and fitness of such person. J. H. was thus consigned to his own father, who had been described, in the form originally sent with J. H., as having been himself eight times in prison, and as being the father of "a family of passers of bad coin." If we are surprised at this, we are less surprised at what followed—viz., that, on October 16, 1857, J. H., having been at large for six weeks, was again committed for fresh crime; that, on October 21, 1857, he was convicted, and sentenced to four years' penal servitude; that, after ten months' "good conduct" in a cell, being sent to Portland—there for "idleness, insubordinate conduct, and trying to incite other prisoners to follow his example"—in fact, for being a ringleader in the mutiny (the alleged ground of which was non-remission of sentence, under the Act of 1853, though his was not of that kind)—he received twenty-four lashes, was reduced to third class, adjudged to forfeit past service as regards stages and all gratuity, and was again sent to the cell at Pentonville for five months; again forwarded to Portsmouth, and again, *mirabile dictu*, "obtained for his good behaviour under penal discipline" another ticket-of-leave on February 21, 1861! He had then eight months of his sentence unexpired, which is one month less than the maximum period which, by the regulations, may be remitted in case of "continued good conduct." This time the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society received J. H., but did not long retain their hopeful *protégé*. After again being at large for six weeks, he was committed on April 8, 1861, and, on August 7, was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude, under which he is now at Wakefield, the credentials

We

We stated a few pages back that the public have been repeatedly warned of what would be the result of our convict mismanagement. We could enumerate a long list of men, some of whom have set forth the theory of reformation, others who, as far as circumstances permitted, have reduced that theory into successful practice. Archbishop Whateley, Mr. Charles Pearson, Mr. Frederick Hill, and the Recorder of Birmingham are known in the first division, while the Reverend John Clay, Mr. Frederick Hill, Captain Maconochie, and Sir Walter Crofton are prominent in the second. The egregious folly of discharging prisoners without previously subjecting them to any test of reformation has been frequently placed before the public; and since the passing of the Penal Servitude Act the absurdity has been abundantly exposed, of solemnly warning every ticket-of-leave man on his discharge that 'if he associates with notoriously bad characters, leads an idle or dissolute life, or has no visible means of obtaining an honest livelihood, &c., it will be assumed that he is about to relapse into crime, and he will be at once apprehended, and recommitted to prison under his original sentence;'^{*} and then systematically falsifying it by never revoking a man's license until he has brought himself under the law by committing a new offence, when of course he would have been punished if convicted, whether he were a ticket-of-leave man or not. This worse than absurdity has been again and again set forth, but until now has remained almost unnoticed, certainly unheeded, by the public; while the authorities, secure in their belief of the efficacy of such a system as this, have neglected all warnings and refused to listen to the representations of the danger they were incurring, and of the mischief they were deliberately producing.

Our readers may remember that a most daring burglary was committed in February, 1857, at Ashover, about eight miles from Chesterfield, by a ticket-of-leave man, the circumstances of which are thus narrated in the 'Times' of February 23rd, 1857:—

'A BURGLAR SHOT BY A CLERGYMAN.—The most daring case of burglary which ever took place in Derbyshire occurred between one and two o'clock on Saturday morning last, at the residence of the Rev. J. Nodder, of Marsh

brought with him being "character bad, conduct in gaol very good." Should this system of convict management continue to maintain that "stability" which we are told it has acquired (Report of Directors for 1860, Memorandum, p. xxxvi), we cannot but feel an unusual degree of confidence in a calculation of the orbit which J. H. is still likely to describe, founded on the preceding data. We cannot but see "looming in the future" Her Majesty's clemency again invoked to reward, by a remission of two years and some months of sentence, another course of "good conduct" in separate confinements, and of "continual bad conduct" for years in association, with a few more mutinies on public works, and to enable J. H. to take another short walk abroad, in order to qualify himself (should nothing more serious occur) for a fourth progress through the deterrent discipline of the convict prisons.'

^{*} Condition No. 3 printed on the back of each ticket-of-leave.

Green, Ashover, about eight miles from Chesterfield. The house in which the reverend gentleman resides, stands by itself in a secluded place, about half a mile from the village. Mrs. Nodder slept in a room in front of the hall, and Mr. Nodder in an apartment at the back of the building adjoining the servants' bed-rooms. An infant about seven weeks old slept in a cot in Mrs. Nodder's room, but it awoke between one and two o'clock. While Mrs. Nodder was attending to it she heard a noise, which she first thought was occasioned by her husband stirring the fire in his room, and she took no further notice of it. In a minute afterwards she heard the noise again, and went to the window of her bed-room, and drew the blind a little on one side, when she saw the figure of a man outside the window, and close to the glass. She was in her night-dress, and immediately drew back, put on her slippers, lifted the baby out of the cot with one hand, and rushed out of the room, shutting the door after her, and holding it in her hand. While she was doing this, six of the lower panes of glass in the window, and the centre frame-work, were smashed, and two men entered the room through the window by means of a ladder, which they had procured from the stack-yard adjoining the house. Mrs. Nodder held the door until she was overpowered, when she rushed into a passage on the stairs, and locked the door, leaving the burglars fastened in the room. They were provided, however, with a "jemmy," or small crowbar, and with this instrument they broke the panels of the door, and unlocked it, and so got into the passage communicating with the bed-rooms. The first room they entered was that occupied by a lady named Miss Heeley, a niece of the reverend gentleman, who was so alarmed that she lifted up the lower sash of the window, and jumped into the yard, a height of fourteen feet, with nothing on her but a night-gown, and in this state ran for three quarters of a mile into the village to the rectory-house.

After escaping from her room, Mrs. Nodder went into that occupied by her husband, and called out, "Papa, here are thieves, and they'll murder us." She had locked the bedroom door after her, and Mr. Nodder jumped out of bed, and armed himself with a pair of large horse-pistols, which were loaded, on the top of a cupboard which contained the reverend gentleman's plate. The burglars outside called out, "Now lads, now lads, come on; they're here!" Mr. Nodder, who was in the room, called out, "If you enter here, I'll shoot you." The burglars took no heed, but prized the door open, and one of them entered the room with a black mask over his face, and a black gown on his body, which covered his clothes. He had a candle in his left hand, which he held down towards the lower part of his body. Mrs. Nodder, who was greatly alarmed, said to her husband, "Oh, my dear, give them what they want, or they'll murder us." Mr. Nodder stepped about three yards back, said to the man, "I'll give you what you want," and fired one of the pistols at the man, and the shot entered his abdomen. The burglars now made a precipitate retreat, and as the man ran the shot fell from his clothes. They fled into a bed-room, and jumped through a window, taking the glass and frame-work with them. They had to alight in the yard, which was about fourteen feet from the ground, and adjoining the window through which Miss Heeley had jumped. Mr. Nodder rang the alarm-bell immediately, which brought about a dozen persons to the place, and a search was immediately instituted for the wounded man, as it was believed that he was so crippled with the shot and the leap through the window that he could not escape from the neighbourhood. Information was also given to Mr. Holmes, superintendent constable of the district, and also to Mr. Radford, superintendent of the Chesterfield borough police, both of whom made a minute investigation of the premises. The burglar who had been shot left traces of blood in the direction in which he had run; and the marks of blood and pieces of flesh on the window through which they had leaped left no doubt that either one or both of them were severely cut. A large yard dog, which was turned loose at night, made no alarm, it having been drugged. Footmarks were traced from the hall across the flower-garden, and in the direction in which they had run, by Mr. Radford, Mr. Milnes, a county magistrate who resides near, and Mr. Nodder himself; and in a field about two hundred yards distant Mr. Radford found a mask and a dress which had been used as a disguise, and three others were found during the morning, clearly showing that at least four persons were engaged in the burglary. * * *

The police have obtained a clue to the burglars, which, we hope, will lead to their

their detection. A butcher who was travelling from Wirksworth to Chesterfield Market, overtook a man at Kelstedge, near Ashover, whose leg was bandaged up, and much swollen, and who lay by the roadside, just within a gate. The man, whose hands were cut, asked for a ride to Chesterfield, and he gave the driver one shilling to take him. He was assisted into the cart, and gave two different stories of how he had become lame. First he said he had been robbed; and secondly he said he had been engaged in a prize-fight for 50*l*. On their arrival at Chesterfield, the man was put down at the "White Horse," where he had his boots and clothes cleaned, and he was conveyed to the Chesterfield Station in an omnibus, and took a ticket for Derby.

The story is continued in the 'Birmingham Journal' of February 25th, and concluded in 'Aris's Gazette' for March 23rd, 1857.

'The suspicion that the wounded burglar had come to this town was strengthened by the discovery of part of a Birmingham newspaper in a plantation near the reverend gentleman's house; and on Monday morning Mr. Holmes, the Ashover superintendent of police, came to Birmingham to consult the police as to the steps necessary to be taken. Inspector Glossop at once determined to search the houses where dwelt the A 1 burglars. The most likely of these he thought was a house in Duddeston Row, kept by a Mrs. Haden, the wife of a notorious receiver of stolen property, whom the Recorder transported for life a few years back. Mr. Glossop knew that here, when "at home," lived a man known to the police and his associates by the name of "Shog," who some time back "left his country for his country's good" for fourteen years, but who found his country so inconsolable on account of his loss, that in 1855 he accepted a ticket-of-leave, and once more made Birmingham detectives happy by the knowledge that he was in their midst, carrying on his "little game" more successfully than ever. There being no doubt that, by associating with his old friends, "Shog" had made the recall of his ticket-of-leave possible, Mr. Glossop had communicated with the Recorder, and the Recorder had communicated with the Home Secretary, and the Home Secretary had communicated with somebody, or nobody, as the case may be; but "Shog" remained at large. In spite of the snubbing thus administered to the police, Mr. Glossop thought that he might as well inquire after the health of "Shog," or anybody else who might be Mrs. Haden's lodger that morning. Down to Duddeston Row he and Holmes went. No one was found, though evidence most satisfactory that all Mrs. Haden's beds had been occupied during the night, one of these probably by the owner of a fur cap, very wet, which Mr. Glossop put in his pocket, not oblivious of the fact that on the night of the robbery rain came down in torrents. He also noted the presence of a bottle of hartshorn and oil, a medicament useful in case of a sprain, whether caused by the leap from a clergyman's window or otherwise. The hospitals were then searched, and all the doctors and leech-women in the neighbourhood of Duddeston Row visited, but yet no trace of a gun-shot patient discovered. Towards dusk the officers again visited Mrs. Haden, and found her preparing for tea. Although only herself and son were in the house, Mr. Glossop observed that three cups were on the tray. The only explanation of this was, "I always do put three cups," and once more was she relieved of her prying visitors. Fresh inquiries were made in the neighbourhood, and at last, in Allison Street, Mr. Glossop found a woman who acknowledged that at ten o'clock that morning she had applied six leeches to the sprained ankle of a man at Mrs. Haden's. Back to Duddeston Row the officers went. The neighbours positively affirmed that no man had left Mrs. Haden's house during the day. But ultimately Mr. Glossop visited an adjoining back-yard, where lived a woman who occasionally did a bit of "charing" for Mrs. Haden. She denied that any one was in her house; she was indignant at the proposal to let a strange gentleman inspect her bed-room; so Mr. Glossop seized a candle, and proposed to do so without her company. He had his foot on the first step, when a voice from the room above, in a resigned though tremulous tone called out, "It's all right, Mr. Glossop; come up." "Oh, Shog," said the officer, recognizing the voice, "is that you?" "Yes; come up," was the reply made, as Mr. Glossop entered the room. There, in bed,

lay the "wanted ticket-of-leaver," a well-made, desperate-looking, thick-set fellow, with huge drops of perspiration trickling down his face—this distilling process being probably the result of the minute's confab. held with the lady of the house, as at "Shog's" side lay the woman's husband, who had doubtless rushed up stairs on hearing the approach of the officers, and whispered into his ear, "They're coming." "Shog" was carefully conveyed to Moor Street prison in a cab, as he was unable to walk. On Mr. Glossop hinting that he wished to see whether he was wounded, the captive burglar at once stripped, saying he might as well do it first as last; and then it became obvious that the police had at last got "the right man in the right place." Immediately under his stomach, extending over a considerable space, were shot-marks, inflammation, and lacerations. Mr. Solomon, surgeon, was at once sent for, in order that the shots might be extracted (both for "Shog's" own relief, and to be used in evidence against him), but it was discovered that none had been left in the wounds, all of which were no more than skin-deep. A by-standing detective having remarked that there could not have been much powder in the pistol, "Shog" said, very indignantly, "If you had had it in you, you'd have known whether there was much powder or not." He'd "as soon have been shot dead as taken," he said; "but, anyhow, he'd only be lagged for life, and he'd work as little as he did before." His name is Thomas Wotton. Both before and since his transportation he was known to the police as the leader of a most desperate gang of burglars, who make Birmingham their head-quarters. And yet such a scoundrel was granted a ticket-of-leave, and allowed to retain it, in spite of the representations of the Recorder and police. Wotton was brought before the magistrates yesterday, and an order made for his being taken to Derby.

He was a few days afterwards committed for trial. The most remarkable piece of evidence against him was that of the station-master of Saltley, who saw him and four other men start from his station for Derby the day before the burglary was committed, and knowing Wotton, *alias* 'Shog,' and two of the others to be men of bad character, remarked to the guard, '*There's surely something up in the north.*' And yet, as the Recorder of Birmingham says, notwithstanding all this knowledge, the 'hands of justice were paralyzed,' to prevent the outrage Wotton was about to commit.

The following continuation of the narrative is from '*Aris's Birmingham Gazette*,' March 23rd, 1857:

'At the Assizes at Derby, on Thursday, Thomas Wotton, *alias* "Shog," the Ashover burglar, was arraigned before Mr. Justice Wightman for breaking into the house of the Rev. J. Nodder, at Ashover, on the 20th February. The prisoner, to the surprise of most persons in court, pleaded "guilty." The learned Judge, after commenting with severity on the offence, and lamenting the mistaken leniency which had liberated such a criminal on a ticket-of-leave, sentenced the prisoner to be transported for twenty-five years.'

With regard to this Thomas Wotton, the Recorder of Birmingham says: 'Having myself requested the superintendent of police to watch for six weeks the conduct of all ticket-holders known to be in the town, and then report to me their course of life, I received, as regards Thomas Wotton, the following information* :—"Went to work at Nottingham. He states he came to Birmingham at the suggestion of the Nottingham police. He has

* '*Repression of Crime*,' p. 663. Parker and Son, West Strand.

always borne (since known to the Birmingham police) a bad character, and keeps company of thieves, and has again taken to thieving." The report from which I cite this passage is made upon the testimony of Inspector Glossop, Sub-Inspector Tandy, and Police-Sergeant Manton. I transmitted the document to the Home Secretary; but he informed me he was of opinion that it did not show "sufficient reason to revoke the licenses of any of these convicts."* Not sufficient reason to revoke the licenses after the words printed on each ticket-of-leave! Did not Thomas Wotton associate with thieves? Had he not borne a bad character since known to the Birmingham police? Had he not returned to the practice of thieving? What more could he do, except the very outrage he really did commit, to prove to Sir George Grey that he was not 'really worthy of her Majesty's clemency?'

We have thus traced the career of Thomas Wotton, completely exposing as it does the neglect of the authorities, this neglect being the direct cause of the Ashover burglary and the pain and fright inflicted on Mr. Nodder and his family. And though it is impossible to follow the career of many such men, we may reasonably conclude that this case is but a specimen of hundreds of others.

The foregoing events took place in 1857, now nearly six years ago; and when we reflect that the course of proceeding adopted towards the license-holders in Birmingham, in the refusal to enforce the solemn conditions printed on the ticket-of-leave, has been continued ever since, and that about 3,000 convicts are annually discharged, at least half of whom relapse into crime, we may infer that, bad as things were then, they are very much worse now, and are daily 'worsening.' The condition of insecurity to which our lives and property will be reduced, unless a change of measures takes place, and that right speedily, is too terrible to contemplate.

The Yorkshire magistrates remark that this indiscriminate discharge of convicts on license, whether they are reformed or not, does infinite injury to those—and there are many such—who desire to lead an honest life. They are naturally confounded by the public with the dishonest and evil-minded, and nobody will employ them. Our authors assert that

'The difficulty which discharged convicts have in obtaining employment arises, we firmly believe, far less from that kind of sentiment as to the "prison-brand," to which it is often attributed, than from a reasonable apprehension that they may prove troublesome or dangerous customers, founded on the knowledge that *some* are of that character; and that no means of distinguishing the worse from the better have been supplied by the English convict system. Where such means have been

* The Return sent to the Home Secretary contained the names of several other license-holders who were living in a similar manner.

supplied to a reasonable extent, the English public have shown themselves by no means unwilling to employ discharged prisoners, notwithstanding the *brand*.

Several proofs of this have occurred within our own direct observation. In the Industrial Home attached to the Wakefield Prison, temporary employment is offered by the Government to every man discharged who chooses to avail himself of it, till he can obtain more permanent employment. He is, of course, free to leave when he chooses; but while he remains he must work and submit to discipline. This test soon sifts out those who have no real desire for employment—a considerable proportion. Of those who have shown their earnestness by remaining—to the number of 240—none have failed to obtain other employment; and, what is remarkable, most of them have obtained work in the neighbourhood of the prison, where it must be perfectly well known that they had been prisoners.

Many years ago a Refuge was established at Wakefield, where females, selected from the prison, were received and trained. The plan has since been interfered with by the establishment of a Reformatory School for Girls, on the same premises; but, while it was continued under its original management, the demand for women from the Refuge, as domestic servants, was greater than could be supplied; and the same is now the case with respect to boys from the Reformatory Schools at Calder Farm, for the West, and at Castle Howard for the North and East Ridings of Yorkshire.

In all these cases the "prison-brand" has not prevented the public from giving employment when its confidence has been restored by a *sifting* process, separating the better from the worse, as well as a reformatory process, making the bad better.

Frequent reports having reached us from various sources as to the application, to convicts in Ireland, of a process of reformation and of sifting similar in principle—though modified as its subject-matter requires—to those which we had seen so far successful in this country, it was determined, at a meeting of the Visiting Justices at the Wakefield prison last autumn, that such members of our body as conveniently could, with the Governor, should visit Ireland, and endeavour to ascertain, by personal observation, the working of the convict system there, and how far it has been successful.

Full details of the system introduced by Sir Walter Crofton into Ireland have already appeared in these pages, and need not be repeated here. It will be sufficient to state that the convict is made thoroughly to understand on entering the prison that he must work himself out of gaol by his own good conduct. No fair outside, no hypocritical repentance will serve the Irish convict; he must by dint of hard labour and the slowly-acquired power of self-control, struggle upwards, through the different stages of discipline, its severity being gradually relaxed until he has fairly earned his discharge on ticket-of-leave; and he then retains his liberty so long only as he strictly fulfils the conditions of his license, the slightest infraction relegating him at once to prison. One condition appended to the Irish ticket-of-leave is that its holder must report himself once a month, to the Chief of Police of the district in which he resides, and that if he leaves the district for residence elsewhere, he must report such departure to the same officer.

In England this condition does not exist, and the English Board of Convict Directors assure us that it would destroy all chance of the license-holder obtaining work; he would be known to have been in prison; the 'brand' would be upon him and nobody would employ him. This is the first objection—best answered by the fact that years of experience of police supervision in Ireland have

have produced none of these evils—but that it has materially assisted in creating that sense of protection felt in Ireland against the depredations of license-holders, and, consequently, has rendered it very much more easy to procure employment for them there, than it is in this country.

Another objection is, that police supervision would be useless; and in support of this Sir Joshua Jebb made the following statement before the Social Science Congress last June. He said—

‘ That the chief commissioner of the metropolitan police recently laid before the Home Secretary a complaint that a large number of ticket-of-leave men were pursuing criminal courses in London. By direction of the Home Secretary, a return was sent in to him, which showed that of about three hundred known to the police in their several districts as ticket-of-leave men, about half were pursuing such courses; which agrees nearly with the conclusion we have drawn (Introduction, p. 19) from what we have seen at Wakefield, and in the West Riding, as to the proportion of these men who relapse into crime.

‘ Upon this, the Home Secretary directed that the ticket-of-leave men should be warned that if they continued to pursue criminal courses their licenses would be revoked, and that after a month another return should be sent in to him. At the end of the month *not a ticket-of-leave man was to be found.*’

Our authors naturally consider that this circumstance imperatively calls for police supervision, and very justly observe that—:

‘ As no explanation was given of this very remarkable result, we can but speculate as to how it came to pass.

‘ The only apparent explanation which suggests itself to us is, that, finding attention drawn to their criminal pursuits, those who were following them migrated elsewhere, to practise their vocation upon those who have not the present advantage of residing within the district of the metropolitan police;* and if detected and convicted, to swell the *unknown number* of reconvicted ticket-of-leave men, to which we have several times referred. If, as it would appear, the whole three hundred thus migrated, the inference seems to be that even those who were not supposed by the police to be dishonest, felt that their conduct would not bear investigation; and if the migration were thus general, it would seem to indicate a degree of organization and community of purpose which confirms the view we ventured to suggest, viz. that the treatment of convicts in masses tends to produce action in masses on their part, outside, as well as inside the prison.

‘ If it had been made a condition of their license that they should not change their residence without reporting such change to the police—as is the case in Ireland—and the police had been ordered to trace out and apprehend them for infringing such condition, we cannot doubt that they would have been able to do so in most of the cases, just as they follow any person charged with crime, who may have got out of the way; and extra-metropolitan districts would have been saved from invasion by a small army of men, practising crime under cover of Her Majesty’s Royal License.

‘ We cannot but observe, however, that under the present system in England, to require the police to make out returns of ticket-of-leave men, is to demand work where no material is given to work upon. The police may often believe a man to be a discharged convict, from various indications familiar to a practised eye. They may even know him to have been sentenced to transportation or penal servitude. But whether he be a ticket-of-leave man or not, they cannot tell, without knowing the precise date and length of sentence, and the precise mode in which he was discharged; e.g., whether by pardon or on license. This

* This was written last June. Since that time, from the frequent garrotte robberies within this district, we presume the three hundred ticket-of-leave men have returned to town for the London season from their tour in the provinces.

last information is withheld from them by those who possess it, as well as other particulars relating to the man; yet they cite the case just described to show the inefficiency of police supervision. Inefficient indeed it must be, while they do all they can to make it so. It is said that police supervision is a great question of State policy, touching the liberty of the subject. To us it seems, with all deference, to be simply a question

'1. Whether every convict, on his release with a ticket-of-leave, should be reported to the police of the town or district to which he is sent, as a select committee of the House of Commons deliberately recommended to be done.

'2. Whether the authorities shall make it a condition on which the license shall be given, that the holder should himself report his residence to the police—as it is admitted on all hands that they have a perfect right to do when they let him go at large before the expiration of his sentence—and as this case shows to be so needful for the security of society.'

The Yorkshire magistrates visited the Irish convict prisons, saw their inmates, examined their work, tested the reality of their earnings, called upon the employers of the ticket-of-leave men and women, and investigated their behaviour; in fact, they applied the most rigid tests in their power to the Irish system, and returned home so thoroughly convinced of its excellence that they forthwith determined to apply it, so far as was possible, in the West Riding local prison, which is under their direction.

The experiment was commenced in January, 1862, and its results hitherto are most satisfactory. This experiment of course has been tried under great difficulties, because the law does not empower the magistrates to grant tickets-of-leave to the county prisoners, consequently such prisoners are deprived of the chief motive power—the love of liberty—in working out their reformation. It is only to the convict that the remission of any portion of his sentence is legal. The ticket-of-leave belongs to convicts alone—to that class of criminals who derive a claim to this reward from the magnitude of their offences! The experiment, however, maimed and imperfect as it necessarily is, has been wonderfully successful, as shown by the great decrease of prison punishments and the increase of the prisoners' earnings, the former having steadily fallen (as Mr. Shepherd, the able governor, tells us in his Paper read in June last at the Social Science Congress in London), from 15 to 6 per cent. Does not this demonstrate that a common-sense, need we say a Christian, method of training those whose evil passions and thirst for self-indulgence have led them to injure their fellow-creatures, will, with regard to the great majority of criminals, bring them back to the paths of virtue?

Amongst the objections raised against the introduction of the Irish convict system, as it is called, into England, is this: We are told that that which suits the Celt will be inefficacious with the Saxon. The objectors must certainly forget that Christianity is adapted to all nations and all races, however widely their natures may differ. And it is agreed on all sides that the machinery, so to speak, of convict management, is the same in England as in Ireland. There

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is the division into classes—the prisoner gradually rising from the lower to the higher—and there is the ticket-of-leave. So far the machinery is the same. But the one is like a corn-mill in which the bran and the meal remain mixed together, while the other does its ‘dressing’ work so carefully that none but good flour can get through the machine.

The essential difference between the treatment of convicts in Ireland and in England is this: that in the former country they are dealt with *individually*, that is, each man’s peculiar mental and moral tendencies are ascertained, and his particular treatment is modified accordingly, while in the latter they are all treated (as Sir Joshua Jebb asserts is the best way) in ‘masses,’ and by ‘routine;’ as if each convict were an exact counterpart of every other. We may compare the English system to a hospital in which, no matter what is his disease, to every patient is administered precisely the same medicines and diet; or to the practice of an army surgeon who should after a battle amputate all his patients’ legs, though the majority of them might be wounded in other parts of the body. Should we expect many cures from such a course of medical or surgical treatment? And can we reasonably expect much reformation from a similar mode of proceeding with regard to moral disease? But does not the experiment, inaugurated by the Yorkshire justices and carried into effect under the able direction of Governor Shepherd, show that the system will be as successful with Saxons as with Celts, if we will only apply it in its integrity? And if we desire to place our lives and our property in safety, the sooner we take measures for a thorough reform of our convict discipline the better. Let us first comprehend the evil and then vigorously apply the remedy. And after all Sir Walter Crofton is an Englishman; and a system inaugurated by a Saxon and carried into successful practice among Irishmen cannot be said to be wholly Hibernian in its characteristics. We hope, therefore, that our Irish friends will not regret a partial change of name, and will gladly hail its adoption into this country as the *British* convict system.

In order to comprehend the difference between the English and Irish convict systems, and the results of both, our readers cannot study a clearer and at the same time a more succinct exposition than ‘*Observations on the Treatment of Convicts in Ireland.*’

ART. IV.—A PROTEST AGAINST CAPITAL PUNISHMENTS.

THE attention of the public has of late been led by a series of wretched events, more than, perhaps, ever at any former time, to the subject of capital punishments. What the effect has been of this on public opinion is as yet uncertain. Very probably the frequency of murders has made many converts to the one side of the question, and the frequency of executions to the other—both by an easily understood moral law tending to counteract and neutralize each other. But, in the mean time, we wish not so much to pursue any elaborate argument, or to suggest any original trains of thought, as to record a deliberate protest, along with a few reasons for it, against what is a frequent, a popular, but, in our judgment, a most unjust, cruel, inexpedient, useless, and pernicious practice.

That capital punishment is an old law or practice, there can be no question. Knowing the terrors and mysteries connected with death, and the extreme value attached to life, legislators, in every age and country, have included the punishment of death amongst legal penalties. Alike, Solon and Moses, Lycurgus and Confucius, have condemned not one, merely, but many crimes, to an extreme penalty, and thus have sought to guard human life and property by the strongest of sanctions. No doubt in this, experience proves that they have all more or less failed. But still we are ready to grant that at the time when their codes were constructed any other arrangement was almost impossible. Legislating for barbarous people, the very existence of society required the enactment of barbarous penalties. The great law of Christian love and the great principle of Christian brotherhood had not yet dawned upon the world. And since that law and that principle have been better understood,—*i. e.*, since the commencement of the present century, for then it is generally admitted that a great stride forward in civilization was taken—they have been gradually abolishing the punishment of death, till now it is only inflicted for the crime of murder. The laws of England, like those of Draco, had long been written in blood. When about the middle of the last century Sir William Blackstone wrote his Commentaries, he enumerated no less than one hundred and sixty crimes which were by the English law punishable by death. But now, greatly through the exertions of the benevolent Sir Samuel Romilly, seconded and enlarged after that statesman's death by the late lamented Sir Robert Peel, this number has been gradually, and amid much opposition, reduced. Although several crimes are still, we believe, exposed theoretically, under the Statute Book, to the extreme penalty of the law, that penalty is never extended in practice, as
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we said, but to murder. Now this fact is itself a very significant one. It proves that the spirit of the age is, on the whole, opposed to sanguinary and capital punishments; that it has been consciously or instinctively approaching their ultimate abolition by reducing the crimes of which they are the penalty to their minimum in number, besides in various ways having mitigated the horrors connected with the condition of those who must still suffer from their power. In the light of advancing progress, limb after limb of that old tree, the gallows, has been dropping away, till only its central trunk, as it were, remains, on which the murderer, and the murderer alone, can now be fastened; and there are symptoms which seem to indicate that it, too, shall speedily be overturned.

Let us, ere going farther, take the liberty of saying that, while in our following remarks we may speak warmly, we are far from being fanatics on the subject. We do not believe that the abolition of capital punishments is to annihilate all crime, and to introduce the Millennium forthwith. We do not fancy all that support them to be hangmen at heart, Calcrafts in disguise. We believe some of them are as benevolent and as liberal-minded as any on the other side. We do not seek, and we do not need, to prop up our cause by any appeal to popular passions, by seeking to excite popular clamour, to coerce juries, to blackguard judges, to distort facts, or to coin fictions. It is not on ephemeral effervescences of feeling, on dark and dubious murder mysteries, on party prejudices artfully employed, now to whitewash, and now to blacken, according to particular points of view, but on broad, general, and enduring principles that we would base our opposition to capital punishments.

There are four main lights in which we may regard these punishments:—First, as to their justice; secondly, as to their expediency; thirdly, as to the particular mode of death; and fourthly, as to what substitute could be found for them were they finally abolished.

And, first, as to their justice. It is conceded at once that individuals have a right to protect themselves from violence by taking the life of their assailants when it is absolutely necessary. If a person try to take our life we have a right to protect ourselves by all reasonable means; and if we cannot secure ourselves except by taking the life of the assassin, we have a perfect right to do so. And, it has been argued, it is the same with States. They, it is said, have a similar right to defend themselves from such of their citizens as have committed the crime of murder. But notice, in the first place, that even in the case of individuals the right of taking away life is severely limited. It is only in cases of absolute necessity that it ought to be used. If a man can prevent
assassination

assassination by mastering the hand of the murderer, he has no right to plunge the sword into his heart; if he did the latter when he could have done the former, he would become a reckless manslayer, if not a deliberate murderer. And it should be remembered, secondly, that ere the State can proceed to execute the murderer, it has already mastered his hands, and reduced him to powerlessness. So long as he is held in strict confinement he is perfectly harmless, and society has no more need to defend itself against him by any active measures than against his shadow. He is, to all intents and purposes, dead, although he has not died by the brutal process of the gallows. No doubt he may escape, but that must be the fault of the magistrate; and it is a supposition that does not affect the argument at all. It is quite as probable that the exercise of kind firmness and moral education for a lengthened period may exert a salutary influence upon his character, and change him from a murderer into a Christian man. That the magistrate has the power of the sword—the power in certain instances of life and death—we concede. But it is only self-defence that can justify the exercise of that power. He can legitimately use it to defend his country from foreign aggression or to suppress internal rebellion. But he cannot legitimately use it to attack other countries, or to oppress his own subjects. And neither, we think, can he lawfully use it for executing a man who has fallen into his hands and has become utterly helpless. What is thought of the general who, after the battle is over, gives no quarter to the fallen and the fugitives? And what should be thought of those legislators who, after the murderer is down and effectually prevented from future mischief, seem to slake a savage thirst in his blood and call that justice which is in reality revenge? But it may be said that life demands life and blood blood. Now in reference to this system, as we would call it, of moral, ‘kind,’ let us look to the following considerations:—1st, It never seems, even in the Jewish economy, to have been carried out to its full extent. It was said by them of old time, ‘An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth,’ but it does not seem to have been literally acted out. We never hear of a man who had driven a tooth out of his neighbour’s head having one of his own extracted in exchange, nor of the thief having his goods confiscated. But if life must be expiated in kind, why not property? 2ndly. This system has undoubtedly been repealed under the Christian dispensation. Christ’s words are, ‘Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil.’ And again he adds, ‘Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you.’ We may be told, indeed, of the sacredness of life, but property is sacred too; and yet it is now secured by penalties
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much less severe than that of death. Besides, if life be sacred in one instance, it must be so in all: if sacred in the murdered person, it must be sacred in the murderer. The murdered person, no doubt, was innocent, and the murderer is guilty. But is his guilt expiable by no punishment short of an imitation of his own act? And why should one death be followed by another? It may be said, indeed, that the murderer kills his victim unprepared, with all his sins broad-blown, whereas the magistrate does his best to fit the criminal for eternity. But what mockeries usually are the conversions of the condemned! They are rather stupefied by fear than changed by the power of Divine love, and actuated, rather, we doubt, by the remorse of hell than by that repentance of earth which needeth not to be repented of. This has been proved a hundred and a hundred times by the fact, that when a reprieve has arrived the wretch has gone back like a dog to his vomit, or a sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire. That the magistrate is responsible for the future fate of the criminal, we by no means maintain; but society is responsible for a law which tends to cast contempt upon the gravest truths and mysteries of our religion, which turns conversion and penitence into hollow delusions, and often sends persons into the future world with a lie, or a whole load of lies, in their right hand.

We hold, moreover, that it is unjust for man to execute man for murder, because he is no judge of the motives of others, and assumes, when he does so, a right which belongs to God alone;—because it is often extremely difficult to define what murder is, the law itself having done so very imperfectly, and society having a thousand opinions about it according to the ideas of a thousand persons;—because many crimes of this class may be traced to insanity, although it may not have reached its perceptible crisis of development; and because, whatever may be what is called the intrinsic demerit of murder, that, too, as well as the motives from which it springs, is not fully within the cognizance or computation of man, but is known to God only.

Well says the able writer referred to in the note: *—

‘Why men are not agreed as to what is crime, and what is not? This very crime of murder is the least defined of all. Some deify it; soldiers, for instance; others commit it without blame from men—these we call duellists; others practise it for hire under the protection of the law, and these we call executioners; others practise it by inches, slaveholders, hard taskmasters, cruel slanderers, and the like; others execrate it in the unit and crown it in the mass: there is nothing that is now called crime that has not, in some age of the world, been counted a virtue. There is not a virtue now lauded by mankind, that has not, amongst some people, been counted a crime. Our virtues are crimes to others, others’ virtues are crimes to us. Men have been burned for religious faith, glorified for

* See, on this and one or two other points, an excellent paper in the ‘*Eclectic Review*’ for April 1848.

slaying thousands of their fellow-beings, hanged for stealing a loaf to save them from utter starvation, shot for rising in defence of their law and liberties, strangled for robbing a man of five shillingworth of property, for breaking down the head of a fish-pond, for destroying a fruit-tree in an orchard, deified because they have amassed mammon, imprisoned and persecuted even unto the death because they have demonstrated the falsehood of astronomical systems, crowned with honour because they have been double-dyed traitors, destroyed because they have been too much in earnest to abjure their opinions. Nay, the innocent have often been killed by sheer mistake. While history remains, man can never contend that he can be infallible in punishing crime as crime. He has often assumed the sword of God and wielded it with foolish, blind, and savage ferocity.'

We shall be told of the Noetic sentence, 'Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.' But, in the first place, these words are about the obscurest words in the whole Bible. They have not only been translated in four different ways, but more than twenty different interpretations have been imposed upon them. One pronounces them a mere prophecy; another pronounces them a command; a third conceives that they give to any man the right of avenging blood; a fourth maintains that they confine the exercise of that right to God alone; a fifth asserts that they are intended to be the first assertion of the great doctrine of atonement by blood; another asserts that they should be read '*Whatsoever* sheddeth, &c.,' and refers them to deaths caused by brutes as well as men. And so on *ad infinitum*. Our notion is that even though we regard these words of Noah as containing a command, there were special reasons for its enactment then which do not apply now. Man was then young—in a new world—small in numbers, and his life required to be guarded with peculiar watchfulness, and by sanctions of extraordinary severity; the more, as violence and murder seem to have been the principal sins which brought a flood of waters on the world of the ungodly. And, taking the very strictest of the interpretations, it can be proved that its severity has been relaxed, even by Moses, long before the coming of Christ. He, we know, while condemning murder, built cities of refuge, to which the shedder of blood, who did so involuntarily, was permitted to flee; whereas, by Noah's law, according to the commonest and cruellest of the interpretations, who or whatever shed blood, whether by design or by accident, whether man or beast, must lose his life, and have his blood shed in exchange. And, once again, the Noetic dispensation has vanished away, and we now owe allegiance, not to Noah or Moses, but to Christ. One feels, at times, no little indignation at finding these 'beggarly elements' of ancient systems continually reproduced, and acting as baggage or *impedimenta*, arresting the march alike of human advancement and of Christian truth, and would cry out to those who would despotize over us from the broken urns of the past, in the language of the poet—

'Tyrants, in vain ye brave the wizard ring,
In vain ye check the course of mind's unwearied spring.'

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Under the Jewish economy, punishment by death was inflicted upon many crimes besides murder—such as adultery and sabbath-breaking; so that any argument founded upon it, if it proves anything, proves too much. And if men tell us that the severity of the law was divinely relaxed in reference to other crimes, but not in reference to murder, we ask in turn for the evidence, and may ask long ere it be furnished. On the other hand, the whole genius of Christianity is opposed to capital punishments. How Christ rebuked the idea of them when he took a penitent thief who was suffering, and suffering justly too, from the sentence of the law to glory along with Himself! How He struck at the root of the cross and of the gallows, and of offensive war besides, when He said, ‘They that take the sword shall perish with the sword;’ when He reproved the disciples who were for bringing down fire from heaven upon his enemies, by saying, ‘You know not what spirit ye are of;’ when He told them that they were to forgive their brother who trespassed against them, until seventy times seven; and when He died forgiving His own murderers. If ever men deserved to die by the laws of man and God, they were those who crucified the Lord of glory; and yet Christ, with his last breath, forgave them, freeing them thus from penalties in this life, as well as in that which is to come. How different from the spirit of the dying David, when he charged Solomon not to allow the hoary heads of Joab and of Shimei to go down to the grave without blood! In what light does the Gospel teach us to regard criminals? Not, as Carlyle would inhumanly teach us, as incorrigible ‘scoundrels,’ but as erring brethren, made of one blood, full of the same passions with ourselves; from whom, if we differ, it is not owing to any merit of ours; whom, perhaps, we, by our inconsistency, error, or neglect, have permitted to fall into error or crime, and whom we should seek by every possible means to reclaim to the paths of virtue, as members of society, instead of cutting them off without ceremony, as if they were mere ulcers or pieces of proud-flesh superinduced upon the body politic. The Gospel cries, ‘Owe no man anything, but to love one another;’ but Society, through the magistrate, says to the uneducated, brutalized criminal, ‘My dear brother, unfortunate friend, how I love thee now, although I must say I gave thee little proof of my love before—nay, was hardly aware of thy existence till lately; but how I love thee now! I have proved my love already by sending thee a chaplain, a Bible, and many tracts, but now, to complete the proof, and to put thee out of harm’s way, I’ll hang thee by the neck till thou art dead, and will say the while, with tears, “May the Lord have mercy on thy miserable soul!”’

We know that some will appeal, on behalf of the justice of capital punishments, to the stern desire for vengeance which the

sight or hearing of a murder—particularly such a thrice-horrible and brutal murder as that of Sandyford Place, Glasgow—arouses in every mind. But this feeling springs up in many minds with nearly as much power at the tidings of a rape, a seduction, or even a forgery of peculiar bulk and baseness. And yet none of these crimes are now touched by the law of capital punishments. And although this may be a natural, it is generally a distempered and exaggerated feeling, requiring to be cooled and corrected. Ay, and there is a word of Scripture, which seems expressly designed to correct and cool such extravagance of emotion. It is this: 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.' Lord Bacon calls revenge a wild justice; but, with his august leave, we must say there is less doubt of the wildness than of the justice of its deeds.

But now for the argument from expediency. Many who do not doubt the right of capital punishments, deny their expediency; and some, whose opinions as to their justice are only half-formed, support them as at least necessary evils. It must be admitted, first of all, that it is somewhat difficult to judge of the effects on society; whether favourable or the reverse, produced by, or by the absence of, capital punishments. We cannot tell, and therefore we cannot reason from, how many murders are crushed in the germ by the fear of death. And neither can we tell, and therefore cannot reason from, how much capital punishment may do in the reaction of defiance and disgust, to reproduce the crime it seeks to punish. Capital punishments, in themselves considered, do not seek the good of the offender. It is not of their essence, it is only by accidental connection, that any efforts should be made for the conversion of the criminal. This is, we imagine, an innovation produced not earlier, at least, than the establishment of Christianity. The genius of the scheme of capital punishments simply seeks to cut off the culprit, as an 'abominable branch,' from the tree of society, and to leave his soul to shift for itself. To him, therefore, punishment, strictly speaking, even professes to do no good, and does all the ill it can. On many other classes of the community, too, it produces positive evil instead of good. To obtain an uncertain good—the reduction of the number of criminals—it commits much certain mischief. It brands the innocent family of the victim with a degree of ignominy greater (such is the wretched state of the judgment and feeling of the popular mind) than the crime had stamped upon them. It creates, or at least fosters, entire classes of miscreants, from the hangman to the pickpocket and the prostitute, to form, so to speak, ghastly appendages to the gallows from age to age. It tends to brutify still more the brutal taste which demands and rejoices in public executions. It offends the feelings of a large portion of the community, and shakes the faith of others, and hurries away hundreds whose minds
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are rather stupefied than changed into the dubious twilight or frowning darkness of the unseen state. In other words, it is a reckless, cruel, revengeful, public and useless MURDER, both of the body and the soul; and, in spite of all the sophistry of some of its defenders, and the misled ability of others, shall soon be generally so regarded. We were struck, since writing the above, to find, from the life of Chalmers, that the great lawyer, Dr. Lushington, was in the habit of speaking in private of capital punishment as 'judicial murder.'

Yes, it is a *judicial*, but can hardly be called a *judicious*, murder: its cost far outgoes its profit. When would it be thought that, if such exhibitions were to do good, they would be most likely to effect it? Surely, while the exhibition was going on. Surely one would expect then to witness the deepest solemnity—a shadow of almost preternatural awe—a pervading sense of the evil of that sin, which is about to receive a portion of its reward—a feeling as if a rehearsal of the proceedings and punishments of the Great Day were about to take place. No such thing! Sometimes, indeed, intense sympathy with the sufferer, as in the case of poor Mary Timnay, does produce extraordinary excitement; but that excitement is rather a fierce protest against the proceeding than a proof of its moral power. More frequently there occur those disgusting scenes, described by Charles Dickens in his famous pamphlet, as witnessed by himself, of gross levity, coarse jesting, and wretched slang, characterizing the mob assembled on the occasion he portrays;—a mob composed chiefly of the very worst characters in London. We shall never forget the first execution and the last we ever saw. It was in Edinburgh, in 1831, and when we were a mere youth. We remember well rising rather early in a cold December morning, and walking, with a companion of our own standing, from Bristo Street up the steep West Bow to the High Street. As we went, crowds were pouring along, and boys were crying to each other, 'We'll need to haste, else we'll be owre late to see the hanging. It'll be famous fun.' Arrived within some twenty or thirty yards of the place of execution, we found a vast multitude of the most motley materials assembled. There were young students, like ourselves. There were people from a considerable distance in the country, who must have risen and travelled in the dark. There were a few decent citizens mixed with the very dregs and vomit of the closes and wynds of the High Street, including both sexes and all ages. Some were swearing at their neighbours for crushing them or trampling on their heels. Some of the females seemed to feel a slight tinge of sympathy—for females are generally compassionate; others were cracking jokes, and others complaining of the cold of the morning. At last the two men (carters, if we remember rightly, who had murdered a comrade)

appeared on the scaffold. At their first forthcoming there was a kind of hush through the assembly, which was speedily, however, broken by exclamations, such as that from a man immediately beside us, who cried out, 'Mony a bottle of porter have I drank wi' thae chaps.' Then followed the disgusting mummary of the dying speeches, which, luckily, from the distance, we could not hear; and then, amidst a general shudder, which did not, however, last above a minute or two, the wretched men were sent swinging and struggling into the eternal world, the crowd almost instantly beginning to disperse, and resuming, as they hurried away, their tone of levity and their coarseness of language. And upon all this the great round sun, having just risen above the German ocean, looked on like the Eye of God; and the contrast between the scene and the celestial spectator was to us absolutely horrible. We returned, silent, sick at heart, utterly disgusted, and miserable beyond expression; and we yet remember the breakfast of that morning as one of the most melancholy meals we ever partook of in our life.

With emphasis we ask of such scenes, *cui bono*? If they do no good at the time, but evil, neither is there any evidence of their doing good afterwards. In tyroes, such as we were when we saw that execution, disgust and horror were excited, not at the crime, but at the punishment. Had we gone often afterwards, and with many haunted the gallows-tree, like them we should have either become quite callous by custom, or even, as some do, learned to derive a fiendish luxury from such spectacles. What a frightful thought that, of the execution of a fellow-creature becoming a popular amusement—an amusement so popular, that cock-fighting, bull-baiting, nor any other of the savage amusements of the past, ever drew such crowds as it; and thousands who never go to church, nor almost anywhere else, flock there as to a congenial scene—and not to learn a lesson of morality, but to see a sight of horror, and to get a thrill of excitement. And when the circumstances of the scene are depicted in the newspapers, the evil influence is frightfully extended; and myriads, who would shrink from mingling with the rabble round a gallows, yet gloat in private over the details. And here let us specify, as one of the worst evils connected with capital punishments, the false interest and sympathy bestowed upon the criminal. As if the public were conscious a great wrong were to be done to him in death, they often give preliminary compensation by treating him as a saint and a martyr. He becomes the sole talk of the country, the cynosure of every eye; his portrait is in every shop-window; books and pamphlets, memoirs and anecdotes of him are published, and circulated in thousands; and the poet-laureate, the prime-minister, or even Italy's patriot hero, sinks for a season into insignificance beside the ironed murderer in his cell.

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May we not ask, in fine, here, can a practice, which cannot be proved to prevent murder, and which can be proved to produce those hardening and searing effects upon the mind, heart, and conscience, from which murder is likely to spring—which exerts no reformatory influence either upon the criminal or upon the classes whence criminals usually come—which, if it does not altogether neglect to seek, yet seldom, if ever, secures the genuine repentance of the murderer—which is liable to tremendous abuse by the magistrate, and often has sacrificed the innocent instead of the guilty—which poisons the public mind—which creates an appetite for the falsest and worst of all unnatural excitements—which attracts to itself the vilest classes of the community—which is the means of damaging, by the unhealthy notoriety it gives them, the criminals it professes to train for eternity before launching them into it—which has introduced a degrading element into our very literature and art, and in spite of which, nay, in consequence of which (particularly of the uncertainty connected now with the execution of the penalty), the number and the horror of murders are enormously on the increase—can such a law or practice be pronounced expedient? Common sense, common humanity, and Christian feeling unite in answering, No.

A great deal, doubtless, of the ignominy, as well as of the disgust and horror connected with capital punishments, springs from the mode of death followed—the death by hanging, the death of a dog—inflicted indiscriminately upon men and women. But we certainly would not propose any alteration of the mode of punishment, if the punishment be continued, since we are persuaded that the worse the way of doing a bad thing, the better for showing that bad thing in its true light, and leading to its extinction. This, doubtless, is the age of advance and improvement; but we, for our part, have little desire to see new and elegant modes of murder, whether private or public. It is high time that we were looking out for a more excellent way, and trying, at least, to find out some substitute for a punishment, which in all its forms is unjust and inexpedient, repulsive to human feeling, and directly contradictory of the principles and spirit of the religion of Christ.

But the question will be put, What substitute can be suggested? We would say, on the whole, imprisonment for life. This, first of all, secures the grand point of protecting society from one who has offended against it in the rankest manner. Secondly, it brands, in a very strong way, the crime. The leper in old times was shut up in a several place; and so let the murderer be left alone and secluded, and find the memory of his sin to be his constant and his only companion. Thirdly, if accompanied by labour, it secures from the criminal a degree of usefulness to the community. If it does not make a saint out of a sinner, it makes a working bee out

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of a wasp. Fourthly, it gives the murderer ample time, humanly speaking, for repentance and reformation, if not for high moral and intellectual advancement. And, fifthly, it is calculated to exert a great terror on the human heart. To be shut up in a living tomb, to feel that one is to be released when the carpenter brings the coffin, and no sooner—to be cut off from all the sweet and tender ties of life—to have the very sunlight saddened to the eye, and the green earth excluded from the view—to be ‘alone, all, all alone,’ and alone for ever, is a dreadful prospect, and calculated to appal the stoutest heart. A man named Campbell, sentenced in Glasgow, in 1831, to death, thus addressed the judge: ‘I thank you, my lord. Death is sweeter than confinement. Cowards die many times—I will die but once.’ And no wonder, perhaps, after all, that the callous eye of the Sandyford-Place criminal quivered, and her hardened frame trembled, when she was told that perpetual imprisonment was to be her doom. It may be said, indeed, that there are other crimes punished in this way, and it may be asked, how are we to distinguish and proportionate between their punishment and that of murder? We reply, let the perpetrator of other crimes have a chance of liberation after a period of probation and trial; but let the imprisonment of the murderer be total and final. Like the dishonoured vestals of old, let *him* be buried alive—let not a chink of possibility of escape be allowed to shine into *his* dungeon. Let there be inscribed on the door of *his* cell the tremendous words which Dante saw on the gate of Pandemonium: ‘He that enters here must leave hope behind him.’

Yet, after all, we are less disposed to put confidence in this or in any other substitute for capital punishments than we are in the more thorough intellectual and moral and religious education of the masses, in good government, in a steady national prosperity, founded upon more solid and equitable commercial principles, in the deeper interest taken in the lower by the upper classes, and in the various other methods which may tend to cut off the dark sources of murder, mainly fed by ignorance, poverty, degraded position, vicious habits, uncertain means of livelihood, and the want of true Christian enlightenment and hope. At all events, remedies more profound than the cruel expedient of the gallows can alone prevail to say to the many-folded river of crime, ‘Hitherto shalt thou go, but no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.’

ART. V.—1. *Is Alcohol Food?* By Thomas Inman, M.D., Liverpool.

2. *The London Medical Review*, 1862. Art. 'Alcohol as an Aliment in Disease.'

3. *The Cornhill Magazine*. Art. 'Is it Food, Medicine, or Poison?' By Francis Anstie, M.D.

THE freaks of philosophers are amusing enough in physical science, because they happen to be harmless. A barrister has just published a book impeaching Newton's 'Principia'; and while men laugh at the absurdity, matter fortunately maintains its gravity. But when physicians play 'fantastic tricks' before high Heaven in relation to social usages involving the deepest interests of the human race, the mirth they excite is but poor compensation for the mischief they produce. Sensuality is ever on the watch for excuses; and when the physician palters with facts and language in order to supply them, he not only insures our contempt, but challenges our indignant rebuke. He as lamentably forgets the responsibilities of his profession as the Laureate's solemn hortative:—

'Hold thou the good : define it well,
For fear divine Philosophy
Should push beyond her mark, and be
Procureess to the lords of hell.'

Dr. Inman, the author of the first paper indicated, which was read before a Medical Association, no sooner mounts the steed of philosophical theory than he shows himself to be totally destitute of the first rules of logical equestrianism;—his horse, in fact, becomes master, and he mistakes the curvetings and erratic circles in which it moves, for progress towards a goal. Having read, and partly understood, Mr. Grove's work on 'The Correlation of Forces,' Dr. Inman fancies that he has discovered, and in haste immediately propounds, a new theory for the cure of disease. He announces, with great pomp of phraseology, such axioms as these for the basis of a Medical Principia:—That disease is the result of vital weakness, and that if you can impart vital strength to the patient, you will assuredly restore him to health. We will not trouble our readers with the various changes that are rung upon this truism, which so vividly reminds us of grandpapa's once famous suggestion for catching sparrows—'Put a little salt upon their tails.' We are not, however, reviewing the last theory of disease, which will quickly pass to the shades, where a long train of its predecessors await it in silence, but we name it as significant of the sort of reasoning we are to expect in this discussion on Alcohol. Dr. Inman loosely defines food as anything
which

which supplies material whereby the body is nourished. What precise idea are we to attach to the fact of being 'nourished?' He asserts that the histological history of food and water is the same as that of ale or porter, and that there is no 'real distinction' between them! Now, of course, unless he is merely quibbling with words, he means to institute a comparison between the alcohol in the ale and porter, and the food—otherwise, in relation to the question, 'Is alcohol food?' the statement is altogether impertinent. With whatever small remnants of the original malt may exist in the beer, and with the water so plentifully mingled with it, the temperance men, as we understand them, have no quarrel. The plain question to be solved, then, is this: Does alcohol act like food or water in the body? Is it as warming and nourishing as the one, or as innocent and useful as the other? Food is digested; alcohol is not. All food warms the blood, directly or indirectly; alcohol does not, for it is never decomposed in the circulation. Nitrogenous food nourishes the body, in the sense of assimilating itself to the tissues; alcohol does not. Food makes blood; alcohol never does anything more innocent than mixing with it. Plastic food feeds the blood-cells; alcohol destroys them. Food excites, in health, to normal action only; alcohol tends always to inflammation and disease. Food, in short, gives force to the body; alcohol excites reaction and wastes force, in the first place, and, in the second, as a true narcotic, represses vital action and corresponding nutrition. If alcohol does not act like food, neither does it act like water. Water is the subtle but innocent vehicle of circulation, which dissolves the solid food, holds in play the chemical and vital reactions of the ultimate tissues, which conveys the nutritive solutions from cell to cell, from tube to tube, and which carries off and expels the effete matter of the frame, yet without fever or inflammation. Water neither irritates tissue, wastes force, nor suppresses vital action; whereas alcohol does all three. Alcohol hardens solid tissue, thickens the blood, narcotizes the nerves, and, in every conceivable direction, antagonizes the operation and function of water. In fine, Dr. Inman's alleged comparison, when closely looked into, turns out to be a perfect contrast in every positive relation, and to be like water but in this solitary particular—that while the water floats out of the body the noxious matters of the circulation, and the alcohol artificially introduced—they all go out together. A most important analogy, certainly; and, for the basis of a scientific generalization, about equal to the ethical philosophy which would classify judge, jury, and jail-bird together, because they all alike go out of court! Dr. Inman irresistibly reminds us of Y. Z. Y. in 'Somebody's Luggage,' who made the wondrous discovery that 'there is *this* in common between the 29th of February in Leap year and the 1st of March in other years

years—that they both follow the 28th of February!’ How simple is the Innannic philosophy of physics and physic: ‘All matter follows alike the eternal law of change—*ergo*, the properties and actions of all matter are alike—*i. e.* there is no real distinction.—Q. E. D.’

Before dismissing Dr. Inman, we will cite from him three specimens of foolish physiology and consummate credulity:—‘Nature has provided, in the salivary glands, the liver, and the lungs of every mammal, an apparatus for converting all food, especially farinaceous, into alcohol; and we have no evidence that such conversion does not take place!’ Now our readers will recollect that, in reproducing in ‘*Meliora*’ the results of the valuable and conclusive experiments of Drs. Lallemand and Perrin of Paris, and those of Dr. E. Smith of London, we furnished clear and copious evidence even of this negative—a negative, however, which the opponent of temperance has no right to demand. When alcohol is eliminated from the body through every outlet of lung, and skin, and kidneys, for periods ranging from ten to thirty hours after it has been taken, the counter-proof required from the advocate of alcohol assuredly is, positive evidence that that agent was ever detected within the body when it had not been introduced from without. The fact is, we have not the faintest shadow of any proof for the supremely ludicrous statements of Dr. Inman—‘No evidence that any organ of the body is a brewing-vat,—no evidence that sugar is converted into spirit by either stomach, lungs, or liver,—no evidence that the secretions, or the blood, ever contained a single drop of alcohol, generated from within.’ The experiments of Schultz, Böcker, and Virchow demonstrate indeed, that so far from this agent being capable of ‘incorporation’ with the blood, as alleged, the blood-discs repel the attempt of alcohol to combine with them; while no organ rests a moment until either the intruder is cast from the temple of life as a disturber, or the vital resistance of the organism is overcome by the action of the narcotic. All the laws of vital structure and functions are opposed to the conditions of vinous fermentation; and it is, moreover, an absolute certainty, established by experiment, that abstainers’ blood and secretions yield no trace of alcohol. They perspire none, they breathe none, they eliminate none, simply because they make none; but, if they did, the supposititious fact would only the more establish the supreme folly of drinker, maltster, brewer, distiller, doctor, all engaged in acts of supererogation so wasteful and so unnecessary. If Nature brews by a Divine apparatus ‘not made with hands,’ man needs hardly trouble himself with his costly patents.

Dr. Inman, it seems, is the victim of a logical formula, which, if good for this thing, is equally good for everything. We are to believe

believe that anything is (runs his philosophy), if we have no evidence that it is not! On this principle, before the days of Rosse telescopes and lunar photographs, our grandfathers had the logical right to believe that the moon was composed of a famous Cheshire commodity, inasmuch 'as they had no evidence that it was not a mass of curd ripening to a rich old cheese.'

Now we have the positive evidence of tests that the bodies of dogs and men to whom no alcohol is given, yield no alcohol; and the further positive evidence that when alcohol is artificially introduced into the system, the behaviour of the vital organism towards it differs *in toto* from its behaviour towards food, and that the body continues to eliminate it for long periods of time.

Drs. Inman and Anstie vainly endeavour to evade the force and significance of this fact by alleging that all the alcohol is not gathered up—which, indeed, would be obviously impossible with any known instruments and processes. But what is their evasion in reality, save an absurdity? It is to suppose, that after the vital organs and tissues have for so many hours treated alcohol as an intruder, kicking it from chamber to passage, and from passage to door, and window, and drain, they suddenly alter their conduct and relationship, and begin to treat some fancied remainder as a friend and factor—the burglar becomes a brother—the foe is transformed into a lover—and the deadly poison transmuted into life-giving food. When a reasoner has reached this climax, he is in that condition in which the gods cannot help him.

Superstition may more truly be said to be the mother of drinking than of devotion; and in this quality both Drs. Inman and Anstie shine with darkest lustre. The former accepts with greedy faith, for example, the crude testimony of sundry persons who declare that they have lived, for long periods, on some kind of alcoholic drink, and nothing else. A nursing-mother with abundance of milk took nothing but brandy and water for many weeks. A young man afflicted with disease of the heart took a pint of brandy a day, with no other food, and in this way lived for nigh two years and a half, keeping his flesh and good spirits nearly to the last! He died at the age of twenty-five; dropsical for the last two years. A man told Dr. Inman that, in consequence of severe salivation, he lived for a fortnight on beer alone, yet he looked like other people, and said he had lost no flesh. Other cases are cited, some having children for their subjects, until we come to the case of a lady who was a hard drinker. She had two sons in succession, each of whom she nursed, living for a twelvemonth (each time?) wholly upon bitter ale and brandy and water, still keeping up her flesh, her good looks, her nursing, and her activity. Though her nervous system was thoroughly exhausted, there was no emaciation, nor absolute muscular prostration. How the muscles continued

tinued to act without a supply of nervous power Dr. Inman does not attempt to explain.

It has rightly been objected that the cases are hearsay and guess-work, and therefore good for nothing. It does not even seem that the doctors weighed the patient, in any one case.

The waiter in 'Somebody's Luggage,' says that his defunct 'Master was possessed of one of those *unfortunate* constitutions in which spirits turns to water, and rises (dropsically) in the ill-starred victim.' But Dr. Inman's friends are more fortunate, for they possess those fortunate constitutions (on his theory) in which either 'spirits and water turn to food and flesh, blood, body, and brain;' or spirit turns those usually wasting and plastic elements of vital organism into a kind of lithonomic substance that suffers no change, but approximates to the spiritual and immortal tabernacle—a true philosopher's stone. Cock-and-bull stories like these of Dr. Inman have no value in science, and must take their place with the incredible tales of seven years' trances, and other vulgar superstitions and collusions.

The 'British Medical Journal' for September 13, gives the case of S. L., of whom it is said that at the age of eighty-two her strength failed, and her appetite nearly left her. She was persuaded to try and take small pieces of bread and butter, or a little soft biscuit, with brandy-and-water, having herself endeavoured to relieve a general feeling of uneasiness and sinking by taking small doses of laudanum. The laudanum (which she preferred) and the brandy were increased in quantity, until each week witnessed her taking upwards of two pints of laudanum and upwards of two gallons of brandy. These large quantities continued to be used weekly during several of the last months of her life. Her illness began about the latter end of the summer of 1828, and she died in June, 1830. For some months before her death she took no food whatever. She wasted, of course, to extreme attenuation.

This case, now, we can so far understand as to place within the circle of credibility. A very aged woman, kept warm, narcotized, and still in bed, will suffer the minimum of wear and tear; and we know that persons in middle life may be shut up in an avalanche of snow for thirteen days, and yet live; but when, on hearsay evidence, we are asked to believe in such medical Munchausens as Drs. Inman and Anstie are pleased to publish for the delectation of the tippling world, we are forced to exclaim—'Hold, enough!'

The 'Cornhill' has recently revived the old traveller's tales concerning the South American coca-eaters, who are said to live, in health and strength, upon a chewed leaf, and to carry this on, without wasting, for many weeks. What a happy thing a supply

supply of coca-leaf would prove in the present distress in Lancashire! If the wonders alleged be true, one wonders why so cheap a remedy has not been adopted. A bag of leaves would feed a county, according to Mr. G. H. Lewes!

After all, what is the germ of truth at the bottom of these exaggerated facts? We conceive it to rest here. Great drinkers undoubtedly do retard waste by reducing life; while, at the same time, they imbibe some form of food (especially in rum, wine, and ale)—the 'remains' of the substance out of which the drink was made—besides a vast quantity of water, which, so to speak, circulates and economizes every fragment of available nutrition in the system. But the doing, for months and years, without food, or with next to none, is pure fudge. Now, accepting this modification of the facts, what should be our judgment? What is Dr. Inman's? We must recall the language of M. Velpeau, in addressing his Clinical class:—'We judge of facts by the lamp of our intelligence; and this lamp is sometimes too small, sometimes too great, and is always fitted with glasses which modify the objects more or less; and then, as facts have many faces, we often see only that face of them which pleases us. Difficult, indeed, is the interpretation of facts.*' For our part, we see no proof of tobacco, alcohol, and opium being food in the mere circumstance that they all 'satisfy,' or rather, silence 'hunger' for the time. To tell a starving operative that you will feed him with a good dinner, and then present him with a paper of tobacco as the fulfilment or equivalent of the promise, would surely be regarded as the bitterest mockery. It would not be even true that it 'acts like solid food,' for it acts in a way distinctly different. Dr. Inman, indeed, says of his cases, that as 'it is illogical to conclude that they lived on air,' they must have lived on alcohol. Now, in truth, logic has nothing to do with this matter of fact at all—can, indeed, draw no inference whatever, on one side or the other. And as a fact, *à priori*, we cannot conceive why the body cannot avail itself of the innocent nitrogen, carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, water, and salts of the atmosphere, for building up its own structure, as much as of alcohol, which is a volatile and burning spirit containing but three of the co-essential and complex elements of food. In truth, however, the body cannot live on air, or water, but it can do so quite as much as it can live on tobacco, opium, coca-leaf, or alcohol. If brandy and opium are food, one does not see why the old lady whose experience has been cited should have wasted away to 'extreme attenuation,' since these descriptions of nutriment were so abundantly supplied. In that case, however, we are not asked to believe in the arrest of the great

* 'Journal de Medicine.' Paris, 1860.

law of life—which is incessant change—as in some of Dr. Inman's cases; nor are we required to believe the further paradox, that alcoholic food, which has a stronger affinity for nervous matter than any other portion of the frame, feeds the muscles, with whose composition it least assimilates, and leaves the nervous system 'thoroughly exhausted'!*

Of the articles of Dr. Anstie in the 'Medical Review,' and of their facts and reasonings, as they reappear in more popular and jaunty costume in the 'Cornhill,' we have to say, that if they are not quite so absurd as the lecture of the Liverpool physician, they are equally unsound and more mischievously sophistical. Dr. Anstie, after glancing at what he calls 'the new pretensions put forward by the teetotalers'—new only to his own ignorance—proceeds 'briefly to tell the story of the alcoholic controversy,' and contrives to mistell it in many particulars. He begins by saying that 'the physiological dogmas of the teetotalers were in flagrant contradiction with the principles established by the first scientific authorities of the day.' We will not be hyper-critical on this conjunction of 'authority' and 'principles,' but 'established principles' must, of course, be standing yet. Now we should have preferred to have them stated, since they are palpably superior to any mere 'history.' He goes on:—'Liebig, the great chemist and physiologist' (?), 'about thirty years ago propounded his famous classification of food, and reckoned alcohol as a heat-producing food. This theory had a great success'—with the theorizing doctors. Our readers know all about it. Dr. Lees refuted it in his 'History of Alcohol,' published in March, 1843, shortly after it was propounded—which was not 'thirty,' but only 'twenty' years ago. Historians of controversy ought to be more careful about their dates.

'Practical evidence,' says Dr. Anstie, 'seemed to speak in its favour. Dr. Todd's practice contributed to establish a conviction of the truth of Liebig's doctrine. Patients suffering under acute disease, for days unable to take anything but alcohol, recovered with scarcely any emaciation. The inference seemed plain—the alcohol had united with the oxygen, and prevented it from feeding upon the tissues.' Dr. Anstie abstains from recording the fact that one out of every four of the patients of Dr. Todd so treated—died; and that the cure killed the Doctor himself, as well as Mr. Hindley, the Member for Ashton. We might mention greater names—but refrain. When Dr. Anstie says that some of the

* 'Alcohol,' says Dr. Anstie, 'possesses a peculiar affinity for the nervous system, and tends to collect itself in that part of the body.' So that, where this remarkable food goes in greatest excess, it leaves the system most in ruin! 'The nervous tissue,' says he, 'has some strange attraction for it'—yet it allows this system to become most attenuated!

'followers'

'followers of Dr. Todd unfortunately quite mistook his principles, and went to the absurd length of investing brandy with the character of a specific against almost every disease,' he utters a bitter satire upon his profession; for that is precisely the way in which eight out of every ten of them still look upon alcohol. Here we note the fact, then, that Liebig, Todd, and the whole herd of their followers, fell into all kinds of illogical inferences and pernicious practices, simply because they did not know what a real proof was, and could not distinguish between 'seeming' and 'science.' Dr. Todd, it appears, regarded alcohol as an arrester of waste, not as nourishment; yet we frankly admit that, while wrong in the theory on which he accounted for the effect, he might possibly be right in his practice; for if alcohol did not protect the body from the action of oxygen by using it up, it might, as an anæsthetic agent, lessen the vital reaction of the tissues, and thus indirectly diminish waste. But, on the other hand, it is certain that this exciter of nervous action vindicates the law of waste, as we have seen, by leaving the nervous system first exhausted. Our knowledge of history, and our observation of life, equally attest the fact, that the moderate use of narcotics tends to their excessive use. If there be any 'principles established' at all in medicine, this is one. Dr. Anstie, however, boldly denies its truth. He declares that alcohol (and we suppose he will say the same of tobacco, opium, coca, hashish, etc.) has no tendency to create an appetite for itself, taken regularly and moderately, and that the same quantity will continue to produce the same effect! If this be so, then indeed we must needs grant that the first action of these agents in no respect differs from the first action of food; for were they to produce an abnormal activity of the tissue, they would necessarily lessen its vital reaction, and consequently induce the necessity of a stronger stimulus (*i. e.* either an intenser agent, or an increased dose of the former), in order to establish the same degree of reaction. The 'Cornhill' (p. 707) correctly states that 'no force can originate otherwise than by devolution from some pre-existing force.*' Now the clear corollary from this principle is, that unless alcohol, opium, coca, etc., in the devolution of force pre-existing in tissue, act like food in rebuilding the structure, they must of course leave it weaker; and it is impossible to

* On a third perusal of Dr. Anstie's article, we do find a crude sort of rule for the right or moderate use of alcohol. It occurs in connexion with disease, but we do not see why it should not likewise serve for our dietetic discrimination:—'The moment the faintest symptom of intoxication appears, we may be sure' (if we know the symptom) 'that the further use of this agent would be injurious,' (p. 715). In plain English, drink to the borders of drunkenness, and then stop like a calm philosopher, full of self-control, not of wine! Need we say how impossible such a canon is; and how dangerous, if possible?

reduce the one factor of reaction without necessitating an increase of the other. Diminish the susceptibility, and you *must* increase the stimulant, is certainly an undeniably 'established principle,' which Dr. Anstie's verbal theory would in vain deny. Fact, however, utterly upsets the impudent fiction; for thousands of persons have found that after abstaining from a moderate use of tobacco or wine for a time, and again recurring to the use, the same quantity produces a more sensible effect. It is therefore untrue, what is stated by Dr. Anstie, that the daily 'elevation of the nervous force will subside, leaving matters as they were before the dose' (p. 711). After all, we must give him the benefit of his own inconsistencies, for we find him, in his paper on Tobacco, recommending that noxious weed, on the ground 'that smoking is a direct preservative from the danger of becoming entangled in drinking habits.'

Dr. Anstie contends, perhaps rightly, that all the symptoms of drunkenness—even the display of passion and violence—when the moral sense becomes first paralyzed, and leaves the brutal propensities in full play, are signs of 'depression,' not of true 'excitement.' Speaking of the confused and clouded memory of the drinker, he says, 'the operation of chloroform is, in many respects, similar to that of alcohol given in large doses.' We do not find any specific description of the dose that is not poisonous; but 'a radical distinction' is asserted between the two. Are we, then, to conceive of the matter thus:—That the action of alcohol upon living tissue is 'a pure stimulant' if the dose be two dessert-spoonfuls mingled with twenty of water, but 'poisonous' diluted with a dozen? Or that a single dose is innocent when operating between ten and four o'clock, but a second dose very noxious when taken at half-past three? Are we to believe that the tissues have an instinct which teaches them to discriminate these accidents and degrees of distinction? and that they treat their visitor Alcohol, not according to his essential nature, but according to the company he keeps, or the time that he calls?

Dr. Anstie next attempts to confuse the broad distinctions of language between food, medicine, and poison, by telling us that they cannot be separated 'by rigid lines'! At certain obscure points perhaps not; but is that any reason why we should ignore the plainest and widest distinctions? In the chain of being, there are links undoubtedly where it is hard to determine whether the creature is plant or animal; but shall we therefore confuse our common-sense by refusing to distinguish between beets and bats, cows and cabbages, radishes and rats? It may be difficult for Dr. Anstie to define the difference between an old woman's simples and his own recipes, but the veriest simpleton could not fail to discriminate between the things. This controversy does

not

not hinge upon absolute definitions, their perfection or imperfection, but upon the broad experiences and plain facts of life.

At last we stumble upon a small fragment of common sense.

'Acute disease,' says Dr. Anstie, 'till quite lately figured itself to the imagination of medical men as some strong Demon, which possessed the bodies of men; a demon which required to be chastised. Now we know but too well, that all disease means "something less than life." The result of this discovery—' (which teetotalers have been preaching from the beginning)—'has been, that physicians have turned' (from their old 'established' fancies?) (I.) To the remedies which promise to aid nutrition . . . substances such as cod-liver oil and steel, which act absolutely in the same way as common foods, by becoming formed into tissues of the body.' (p. 714.)

After this severe exposure of the medical 'authorities' of whom Dr. Anstie made so much at starting,—men who have slaughtered thousands by the rules of an imaginary system—we expected the demonstration to follow, that alcohol does aid nutrition, by becoming flesh, bone, or tissue. Instead of that, he runs off into another series of quibbles and quiddities. So far, then, he has just proved, in his confused manner, not that Food is poison, or Poison food, but that the best medicines (so called) are really tissue-forming food! Cod-liver oil and steel, to some extent, no doubt, are assimilated in the organism, and therefore are purely food, not poison in part, food in part, and physic in part.

As to the definition of Medicine, we agree with Dr. Markham, in the 'British Medical Journal,' that 'remedies produce, and are given to produce, an abnormal action: the very term Medicinal indicates disease.' If drugs have only the same relation to the structures as beef, why not give beef? If you have no 'ailment' to heal, why prescribe 'medicine'? Where there is no disease, there needs no doctor. But Dr. Anstie goes on to speak of the other half of medicines, besides those that 'stick to the ribs,' or form the blood.

'Or (II.) Such as Arsenic, Mercury, Iodine, and the like; (III.) Sedatives including opium, the whole object of which is to preserve the integrity of the nervous system; (IV.) The various Exciters of secretion, by which we endeavour to carry off those effete portions of the body which, by their retention, interfere with the nutritive effects of the new materials. *Queer food* it is, that doctors give their patients! One of the most deadly poisons is, in small doses, an excellent tonic, namely, Arsenic. [Hence,] there seems to be a radical difference, and not merely one of degree, between the effects of large and of small doses of alcohol.' (p. 714.)

We have not been able to detect any proof of this; and the illustrations about other drugs than alcohol do not in the least render the assertion more plausible. Dr. Anstie, we observe, is also shifting the point at issue, which is not the distinction between poisons and medicines, but between those jointly and food. He has, however, accumulated evidence against himself, for his second, third, and fourth classes of medicine, are, by his own description,

tion, totally unlike food in their action, and do not make blood, flesh, or nerve. The same reasons why we should not, in any moderately normal state, use arsenic, mercury, and iodine, to preternaturally excite the tissues; or excretory stimulants to increase the work of the eliminating organs; or sedatives to lower the purifying functions, or retard the intimate nutritive changes which are always transpiring,—would equally lead a wise man to avoid alcohol, which first wastes power, and then depresses the nervous system, thereby at once arresting vital action and retaining effete matter.

Dr. Anstie asserts, what is quite true, that in the depressed condition of the system in inflammatory and febrile diseases, the nervous system allows of the use of large measures of alcohol *without any sensible excitement*, or reaction. But mark the illogical inference which is drawn :—

‘The very fact that the “poison-line” of alcohol can be shifted by an alteration in the state of bodily health, is, to my mind, one of the strongest confirmations of the theory that there is a radical distinction between the effect of large and small doses. So long as there is any need for alcohol in the system, it will fail to intoxicate.’ (p. 715.)

Well, this proof is as strong as anything our logician has advanced. We concede its relative strength; but what now is its absolute worth? Can anything, indeed, be more helplessly puerile? We have in our own experience often seen the ‘food-line’ of mutton shifted by an alteration in the state of our bodily health, so that what the stomach digested one day, it repudiated a few days later, even in lesser quantity. Were we, therefore, ever so witless as to conclude that this fact of alteration in one of the factors of a joint effect, was, to our weak mind, ‘one of the strongest confirmations of the theory that there is a radical distinction between the effect of large and small doses’ of mutton chop?

We have already laid it down as a law, which admits of no exception, that to lessen the vital energy, which is one of the factors of ‘reaction,’ is to necessitate an increase in the stimulant applied, in order to reproduce the original degree of reaction. In great loss of blood, where the nervous system is at once deprived of its natural excitant and restorer, this law is plainly observable. Dr. Anstie thus explains it, and in so doing at once records sound teetotal doctrine, and refutes his own dogma, that alcohol is food, and that stimulus is strength.

‘The nervous system, the very centre and basis of the vital functions, has been drained of blood and exhausted of force, and unless it be quickly restored to its wonted activity, life must cease. Under these circumstances, the rapid absorption of a substance, which, like Alcohol, has a special proclivity towards the nervous system, is precisely the best means for reviving the failing circulation in the nervous centres, and upholding the powers of life [i. e. keeping the machinery going] until the body can be supplied with its ordinary Nutriment in sufficient quantity to restore the condition of healthy nutrition.’ (p. 715.)

When we resume the examination of some current fallacies in a future number, we shall enter more fully into the whole philosophy of the action of medicines; but we must here anticipate a few passages of a second article in the '*Cornhill Magazine*,' which we cannot just now pursue through all its mazes of error. Amongst other strange things, Dr. Anstie contends that in acute disease it is only the free use which is exempt from 'the danger of a craving for alcohol being generated.' So that now, in acute disease, the moderate use has a tendency which is denied to exist in health! The following passage seems to be written in good faith; otherwise, from its inatter, we might well have suspected it to be an ironical parody:—

'It is idle to appeal to a set of imperfect chemical or physiological experiments, and to decide on their evidence that we ought to call alcohol a medicine, or a poison, but not a food. In the name of common sense, why should we retain these ridiculous distinctions for any other purpose than to avoid catastrophes? If it be well understood that a glass of good wine will relieve a man's depression and fatigue sufficiently to enable him to digest his dinner, and that a pint of gin taken at once will probably kill him stone dead, why haggle about words? On the part of the medical profession, I think I may say that we have long since begun to believe that those medicines which really *do* benefit our patients, act in one way or another as foods, and that some of the most decidedly poisonous substances are those which offer, in the form of small doses, the strongest example of a true food action. (!) On the part of alcohol, then, I venture to claim, that though we all acknowledge it to be a poison, if taken during health, in any but quite restricted doses, it is also a most valuable medicine-food. I am obliged to declare that the chemical evidence is as yet insufficient to give any complete explanation of its exact manner of acting upon the system; but that the practical facts are as striking as they could well be, and that there can be no mistake about them.'

Amidst all this extravagance, Dr. Anstie naïvely confesses the important truth, that he is ignorant of the manner in which alcohol acts upon the system. How then can he call it food? Are we really ignorant of the history and action of food? If the French, German, and English experiments on alcohol are so 'imperfect,' where, in physiology, will you find any worth notice? In truth, however, Dr. Anstie does not believe himself. He has not ventured to say, anywhere, that alcohol is turned into tissue. He has not adduced a single experiment capable of proving the fact. The nearest approach to this position concerns the compound 'beer.' He takes the case of a labouring man, drinking a quart of beer daily, and quotes Liebig as to the economy of using alcohol. He says the beer-drinker eats less; and then puts forward this dilemma: 'Either the appetite is morbidly depressed by the alcohol, or the beer is itself a nutriment.'* It might be both, without at all bringing the conclusion that the alcohol in the beer is the nutriment. Dr. Anstie must be aware that he has not a single fact

* Mr. Potto Brown, of Houghton, a very large farmer, says:—'I sometimes weigh my abstainers before harvest, and find that they lose less weight than the beer-drinkers.'

which

which logically, or scientifically, establishes his dogma—a dogma with which even his own language is perpetually at variance. He cannot fix upon any particular quantity, or period, that makes the difference between alcohol food and alcohol poison. He concedes that $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. of alcohol in the form of rum, makes a decidedly poisonous breakfast. 'Queer food,' indeed! He says, 'there is no doubt that in excessive doses, alcohol, if it be food at all, is a very bad one,' and strange to say, all his grand examples are cases of excessive doses. He thus states the action of this alleged food:—

'A great many tavern-waiters and potmen live almost entirely upon drink, and rarely get intoxicated in a high degree. They eat almost no solid food. A considerable proportion succumb, in from a few months to two or three years, to diseases of which the starting-point is mal-nutrition—degeneration of tissue.'

A result of food quite unaccountable! Granting that 'a minority drag on a sodden and degraded existence, some of them to an advanced age'—what is the inference? Why does Dr. Anstie shrink from naming his conclusion? Will he dare to stultify his reputation by saying that he even believes that alcohol is transmuted into tissue? Will he tell us why the body can use one ounce, or one pint per day, to that end, and not two? Will he try to give a meaning to his words, and tell us what he supposes can possibly determine the tissues to make all the selective discriminations really involved in his terms 'use' and 'abuse'? Dr. Anstie's verbiage will be best tried by putting it to the concrete test. For example, let *a* represent 'use,' *b* slight excess, and *c* much excess. Does the action of the tissues suddenly change when the first portion of *b* enters the circulation, and again when *c* is introduced? Does a bit of muscle reject an atom of alcohol which came with *b*, and persist in looking out for the innocent atoms of dose *a*? Again, if *b* does mischief, and *c* is positive poison, what shall we say to the man who lived (according to Dr. Anstie) on a bottle of gin per day? No explanation can be given, as in fact none is required, since Dr. Anstie does not pretend that alcohol is food in the accepted sense of that word. He therefore speaks of 'alcohol acting as food in *some other way* than that of transformation,' which is a sophistical way of saying, 'food that acts in *some other way* than food!' The hard necessities of his argument compel him to attempt a new definition of food, so as to include narcotism—'anything which will keep the body from perishing so quickly as it otherwise must'—on which principle the mesmeric trance, or sleep, or opium, or contracted ventilation, would all become food! And after all, hear the miserable conclusion reached by all this prostitution of mental power in advocacy of the drinking system: 'For all we know to the contrary, the constant presence of a small residuum of alcohol in the

tissues, particularly of the nervous system, may be as great a necessity for the fullest health under the circumstances of civilized life,' as the constant presence of water! Truly,

'A tale of little meaning, though the words are strong.'

In our analysis of the fallacies of Drs. Inman and Anstie, we have had in view hitherto the exposure of sophisms which might in common have a pernicious practical effect upon the weak and ill-informed reader; but we would desire to make a distinction between the two doctors in another relation. Dr. Inman goes astray from sheer philosophical incompetency; from dabbling in matters for which his mental capacity and training both unfit him. He blunders naturally, and will never do either better or worse. Dr. Anstie is a younger man, of a higher type, and his errors, though partly traceable to the love of paradox, and the weak ambition of propounding novelties, are chiefly due to a false intellectual bias. It is in this respect that his example may serve as a useful warning. He is the victim of what is called in the history of philosophy—the metaphysical method. As the Berkleyans, Kantists, and Hegelians have so long been lost in the dreams of idealism, eclipsing the facts of consciousness by the thick veil of dialectical phrases and logical antinomies, ignoring every realistic basis for positive truth in the region of physiological and psychological fact—a field fruitful in result to such inquirers as Morgan, Müller, Hall, Carpenter, Morell, Spencer, Laycock, and Brown-Sequard,—so Dr. Anstie has sought, with a painful ingenuity, to shroud the clear facts of life in a fog of verbal generalizations and a mist of abstract definitions. Herbert Spencer has clearly foreshadowed the course of mental inquiry on the basis of fact—has not only indicated how the laws of intelligence run parallel with those of the vital and nervous forces—but traced the actual genetic process from the rudimental, instinctive, preconscious elements of the soul up to the most complex acts involved in reason. Now, were Dr. Anstie to argue that there was no difference between motion, instinct, and thought, because in the development of mind there was a step, a link, a moment, which evaded definition, and refused to be brought under the 'rigid' formula of abstract phrases, that philosopher would very justly turn away in silent pity. Again, no one has ever yet given a definition of 'life' that will, logically, hold water. Richât, Schelling, Coleridge, Lewes, Spencer, have all tried, and have all signally failed. What then? Would any but a fool deny the fact of 'life,' because the phrase cannot be accurately and perfectly defined? Who can tell where 'matter' ends and 'mind' begins? Are we, therefore, to say that one never ends, and the other never commences? Is our imperfect power of notation—our inadequate expression of natural distinctions

distinctions—to be made an instrument for confusing thought and inducing universal scepticism? We may serviceably quote, for Dr. Anstie's benefit, a piece of advice recently given by an eloquent writer in the 'Saturday Review' to those dreamers who seek truth by the broad *à priori* path which so surely leads to Utopia:—

'The only escape from the scepticism to which all purely metaphysical systems have inevitably come round, lies through getting out of the vicious circle of verbal quibbling, and the barren logomachy of dialectics, into the clear, open region of natural fact and observation.'

Whenever Dr. Anstie shall break the net of his own definitions, by which he is now hampered and entangled, and come into the open field of temperance Fact, he will learn that the best and highest as well as the rudest and roughest work of life, goes on with greater ease and perfection, and that life itself, as proved by infallible statistics, is of more value and tenacity when conducted upon the method of the teetotaler, than upon that of the most careful drinker of intoxicants. The subtle, wondrous skill of a Blondin, the tremendous 'milling' of a Sayers, the lofty achievements of a Garibaldi, all render loyal tribute to the truth of the temperance doctrine, that alcohol disturbs, not strengthens our human frame and human faculties.

ART. VI.—RECORD OF SOCIAL POLITICS.

IT is impossible to write even the briefest record of the social events of the past quarter without lending direct and almost absorbing attention to that great national calamity, the 'Cotton Famine.' It is true that Lancashire and some other parts of the country are feeling the pressure of this tremendous deprivation of one of the great staple articles of commerce and manufacture; but throughout the whole kingdom, by the force of human sympathy and the law of brotherhood, the hearts of all true Britons are touched with tender considerations, prompting to noble and generous deeds of Christian philanthropy, to alleviate the weight of misery and want. Relief Funds are being raised, and Relief Committees have been formed in all directions, and with every possible ingenuity of philanthropic zeal and devotion all ranks and classes are co-operating in this godlike effort to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and

warm the shivering unemployed. Of the poor suffering operatives we cannot write in terms of commendation and eulogy too emphatic. Their conduct, as a whole, has been beyond praise, and has done more to elicit the generous and full-handed contributions of the considerate and benevolent, than any other circumstance connected with this great national affliction. And the manufacturers themselves, notwithstanding their vast losses in capital and plant unemployed, have, as a body, done nobly. Many of them are among the most munificent contributors to the Relief Funds, and others are magnanimously undertaking the charge of feeding and sustaining the whole of their workpeople, in some cases amounting to several thousands. Sewing classes for the female factory workers have been instituted, schools and reading-rooms have been opened for youths and men, and free lectures, musical entertainments, &c. are provided

vided and sustained by private contributions for the benefit of the unemployed. In view of all these ameliorating agencies, we are almost tempted to be thankful for the affliction. Out of this great distress have been evolved sympathy and love, which are welding the hearts of the people together, and preparing for higher and nobler developments of social order and national character. As one instance out of thousands that might be recorded, we adduce the following noble example of princely beneficence:—

'Sir Elkanah Armitage, of Manchester, has fed and clothed the whole of his workpeople, some 1200 in number, ever since the mills have been closed, and intends to do so as long as the necessity may last. He has been heard to say, "I will share my property with my distressed workpeople as long as I have a shilling left; this is my special mission, and as I do not ask the public to give one penny to any who have been in my employ, but to take the whole burden on myself, so it will account for no large sum appearing against my name in the subscription list."'

At a county meeting held in the Town Hall, Manchester, on the 2nd December, under the presidency of the Earl of Sefton, the Lord Lieutenant, an additional sum of about 70,000*l.* was subscribed to the Relief Fund, the Earl of Derby heading the list with 5,000*l.* The Earl of Crawford, who had given most liberally in his own neighbourhood, subscribed 2,000*l.*; Lord Sefton, Lord Egerton of Tatton, Mr. J. P. Heywood, Messrs. Rathbone Brothers, each 2,000*l.* The American Chamber of Commerce gave 1,000*l.*, as also did Sir J. P. Kay Shuttleworth, Colonel J. Wilson Patten, M.P., and Messrs. Wrigley and Son. The total amount of contributions, up to that date, omitting the Lord Mayor of London's fund, was 540,000*l.*, of which sum 40,000*l.* had been contributed by the colonies, 100,000*l.* by the whole of the United Kingdom outside of Lancashire, and 400,000*l.* by Lancashire itself. This is in addition to the direct and private disbursements of the mill-owners and others, of which no accurate estimate can be given, although there can be no doubt that these exceed all that is being done by other means. Many are the deeds of charity that will be unregistered and unrecognized, except in the records of Heaven,

to be disclosed only at the great day, when it will be said, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me.' In his admirable speech, the Earl of Derby said:—

'I have pointed to the noble conduct which must make us proud of our countrymen in the manufacturing districts; and another feeling which I am sure will not disappoint the country is, that those blest with wealth and fortune will regard this moment as providentially given to enable them to show their sympathy, their practical, active, earnest sympathy with the sufferings of their poorer brethren, and with God's blessing, used, as I trust the opportunity will be, and as it has been, it may be a link to bind together more closely than ever the various classes in this great community (cheers), showing that the poor have a claim, not only to their money, but to their sympathy, and satisfying the poor also that the rich are not overbearing, grinding tyrants, but men like themselves, who have a heart to feel for suffering, and as prompt to use the means which God has given them for the relief of that suffering. (Loud cheers).' His lordship gave statistics of the extent of the distress, and said that of 335,000 persons engaged in the different manufactures in the districts, 40,000 were in full work, 135,000 on short work, and 180,000 out of work altogether. This number, he added, was likely to be greatly increased in the ensuing six weeks. The poor-rate pressure is increasing, and, in some places, is becoming exceedingly heavy. At Ashton, it is already up to 19*s.* in the pound. Small shopkeepers and owners of cottage property let to the operatives are feeling the distress very acutely, and deserve some consideration and relief.

A return issued December 5th presents a comparison of the pauperism of the two counties of Lancashire and Cheshire, conjointly, in each of the weeks of October, 1861 and 1862. To show the progress of the distress the following figures will suffice:—In the first week of October of this year, as compared with the corresponding week of October, 1861, the increase of pauperism was equal to 164·65 per cent.; second week, 173·11 per cent.; third week, 185·84 per cent.; fourth week, 199·69 per cent.; fifth week, 210·42 per cent.

cent. This is an alarming and rapid increase. On the first day of the fifth week of October, 1862, the number of out-door paupers relieved in the two counties was 233,995 : corresponding day of preceding year, 66,359.

There is still another aspect of this great question of distress that we must not overlook. But few of our journalists, statisticians, statesmen, and public men will speak out on the connection between 'drink and distress;' and yet it is well known to them all that it is owing to the drinking habits of the operatives, that such a vast majority of them have no reserve fund to fall back upon; but as soon as employment fails, are plunged into dire distress, being destitute of food and necessary clothing. The few articles they have had have been taken to the pawn shop, and portions of the proceeds have been often absorbed for gin, beer, and tobacco. Again, it is well known that much of the relief money finds its way to the gin-shop and the beer-house. Were it not for this fatal propensity the work of the Relief Committee would be greatly simplified and very considerably lessened. The sober and thrifty workman can be easily aided, and may be safely relieved with cash. Not so the man who has the habit of spending his hours and his earnings at the drinkdens. He is the first to clamour for charity; and unless closely watched he will deceive even those who administer the funds contributed by the public, many of whom give out of slender and decreasing capital, and have to deny themselves of many harmless luxuries and needful comforts, in order to be able to aid the suffering poor. No doubt, very many of the distressed operatives have learnt, and are learning, a severe but salutary lesson; and are now shunning their former drinking haunts, and breaking off their drinking habits. And we doubt not but that the lesson learnt in adversity's stern school—that the drink appetite can be subdued, will, in some cases, remain when better times and brighter days come round. Where this shall be the case, how many will have reason to rejoice because of the discipline of sorrow, and to thank God for an apparently adverse dispensation! And ought not the general community to learn a grand lesson of self-denial in respect to an unnecessary and hurtful indulgence, the cost of which exceeds

the total amount of the national taxation, and the nation's disbursements for charity and relief? This point has not been altogether overlooked; it has been put forward prominently by the United Kingdom Alliance, in an excellent 'Address to the distressed operatives,' in which they say:—

'By abstaining from these liquors you are deprived of nothing useful. You know this as well as any class of the community. You are convinced that they are unnecessary either for health or true happiness; and that if the sale were entirely prohibited, it would be better for you every way—physically, morally, and commercially.'

In an address to the upper and middle classes, the Alliance asks the pertinent question—'What do you think of this liquor traffic, in view of these times and circumstances?' and concludes with the following appeal:—

'You are the governing classes of the country. From the laws your representatives have enacted, Lancashire alone has 15,000 liquor-shops, in which much of the wages of the operatives has been and even now is squandered. From a Parliamentary return, dated July, 1861, we find in this county 6,378 houses licensed by the magistrates, and 8,467 beer-houses licensed by the Excise, under the Beer Act of 1830. Taking these figures and estimating the receipts of each beer-shop at five shillings per day, and of the spirit-vaults and public-houses at an average of a pound per day, we have upwards of 60,000*l.* per week expended in Lancashire alone, in the impoverishment and degradation of the people. This is a startling sum to be wasted weekly, whilst the entire nation, and even the world, are appealed to for help. Is it not time this licensed system of temptation and demoralization should be grappled with? It is sapping the resources of the people. It is even now in the cotton manufacturing districts absorbing tens of thousands of pounds weekly, relief money amongst the rest; and we have once more a corroboration of Mr. Recorder Hill's statement, that "Whatever steps we take, and into whatever direction we may strike, the Drink-demon stands on before us and blocks the way."

'We plead, therefore, with all to discountenance both the sale of intoxicating drinks, and the obtaining the power to

of each district, to prohibit the sale whenever they may so determine.'

The Rev. Canon Stowell, M.A., in his speech at the great meeting of the Alliance in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, in alluding to this topic, gave the following manly and Christian utterance :—

'We must get rid of the temptation, banish the system, and sweep the snares away. They are disgraces to our country. It is strange that our Government should not see their duty in this great matter. We read that the pelican—perhaps it is fabulous—tears her own breast to distil her blood that she may nourish her offspring; but our own beloved land is reversing the picture, and instead of giving her own blood to nourish her young, is enriching her revenue by the life-blood of her children. A more suicidal act it is scarcely possible to conceive. It is revenue solely that they want? Why, I would pledge myself that in ten years after they have passed this Act (the Permissive Bill of the United Kingdom Alliance), they will get five times more revenue, and get it, not from the demoralization and degradation, the ruin, temporally and spiritually, of persons, the noble working classes, but by their

elevation, dignity, moral majesty, and by their Christianity. Then would the trade of the country be in all the legitimate materials of social comfort; our shoemakers and tailors would be engaged; then we should have no coats out of the elbows, and no stockings undarned, and no children barefoot or in clogs, but all have good comfortable shoes, and husband, and wife, and children decently clad. Why, the revenue would come in tenfold, because of the increase of legitimate traffic and commerce.'

The London 'Spectator,' in one of its recent articles, on the Lancashire Distress and the Relief Fund, showed that its editorial eyes are being opened to the Drink-demon and his ravages, and significantly remarked that 'one-fiftieth of the national drink-money' would extinguish the distress that is now being endured in the cotton manufacturing district. Truly, the sum of one and a half million saved from drink and given to relieve distress, would be a munificent and ample supply, and like true charity, such a stream of benevolence would be thrice blessed, enriching those who give as much as or more than those who receive.

ART. VII.—REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

1. *The Governess; or, The Missing Pencil Case, and the Country Churchyard.* By the Rev. J. T. Barr.

The Two Apprentices. By the Rev. J. T. Barr.

Leaflets of the Law of Kindness, for Children. Edited by Elihu Burritt.

Ada Muloom. By Elizabeth Morpeth.

Old Oscar, The Faithful Dog. By H. G. Reid.

Good Servants, Good Wives, and Happy Homes. By the Rev. T. H. Walker.

Winnowed Grain; or, Selections from the Addresses of the Rev. J. Denham Smith.

John Hobbs: A Tale of British India. By George Draco.

London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

2. *Report of the Proceedings of the General Sunday School Convention, held in London, 1862.* Second Edition.

The Teachers' Pocket-book and Diary for 1863.

The Introductory Class: a Plea and a Plan for the Training of Young Persons for the Teachers' Work; with a Sketch of the Proceedings of an Introductory Class. By Wm. H. Groser, F.G.S.

The Sunday School Teacher's Class Register. 1863.

The Silent Temple. A New Year's Address to Sunday School Teachers. By Wm. H. Groser, F.G.S.

The Two Streams. A New Year's Fable for Sunday Scholars. By Cousin William.

London: Sunday School Union, 56, Old Bailey.

3. *The*

3. *The Magdalen's Friend: and Female Home's Intelligencer.* A Monthly Magazine. Edited by a Clergyman.
London: Wertheim, Macintosh, and Hunt, Paternoster Row.
4. *Our Moral Relation to the Animal Kingdom:* being a Digest of the Statements of the Bible in Respect thereto. Published under the Sanction of the Right Hon. the Earl of Harrowby, K.G., D.C.L., President of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Fourth Thousand.
London: Morgan and Chase, 3, Amen Corner, Paternoster Row.
5. *Occasional Paper, No. 1. Special Address of the Council. Association for Promoting a Revision of the Prayer-book, and a Review of the Acts of Uniformity.*
London: 17, Buckingham Street, Adelphi.
6. *Arbitration and a Congress of Nations,* as a Substitute for War in the Settlement of International Disputes. By John Noble, jun.
London: Henry James Tresidder, 17, Ave Maria Lane.
7. *The Good Samaritan. A Sermon.* By the Rev. Henry Gale, B.O.L., Rector of Treborough.
London: Job Caudwell, 335, Strand.
8. *The Life-boat; or, Journal of the National Life-boat Institution.* October.
London: Wm. Clowes and Sons, Stamford Street and Charing Cross.
9. *The Baptist Magazine.* Vol. VI., No. LXXI.
London: Pewtress Brothers, 4, Ave Maria Lane.
10. *Conscience for Christ; or, August the Twenty-fourth. A Lecture by the Rev. Wm. Roaf, Wigan.* Published by request. Illustrated.
The Model Church. By the Rev. L. B. Brown, Berwick-on-Tweed.
London: William Freeman, 102, Fleet Street.
11. *What my Thoughts are; or, Glimpses and Guesses of Things Seen and Unseen.* Being Leaves from a Note-book, kept for a Friend.
The Secret of a Healthy Home. By Mrs. W. Fison.
London: Jarrold and Sons, 12, Paternoster Row.
12. *A Trip to Constantinople: The Women of Turkey; Harem Bondage; and Miss Nightingale at Scutari Hospital.* By L. Dunne, late Foreman of Her Majesty's Stores at the Bosphorus.
London: J. Sheppard, 30, Rochester Row, S.W.
13. *Supplement to the Last Missing Link; or, Should the Laity, Men, Women, and Children, everywhere, Learn to Read the Scriptures in the Original Languages?*
Cambridge: T. Dixon, Market Street.
14. *Old Jonathan; or, The District and Parish Helper.*
Legitimacy, Citizen Kingship, and Imperialism. 1830 and 1861.
London: W. H. Collingridge, Aldersgate Street.
15. *Simple Questions and Sanitary Facts,* for the Use of the Poor: an Attempt to Teach the simplest Natural Phenomena, and to Explain the Functions and Structure of the Human Body.
The Temperance Congress of 1862.
Liverpool Sketches. By Hugh Shimmie.
London: William Tweedie, 337, Strand.
1. 'THE Governess; or, the Missing Pencil Case,' is one of Mr. Partridge's charming little story-books, beautifully and copiously illustrated. The governess is a pious young lady, upon whom, through the wicked machinations of a servant, a charge of theft is fixed, inducing much suffering and loss to the victim, whose reputation is cleared only a short time before her removal to another world. The latter half of the volume is filled with another tale, 'The Country Churchyard,' by the same author.
- Another of Mr. Barr's useful little tales, 'The Two Apprentices,' gives, in modern guise, the contrast, as old as Hogarth, between apprenticed good sense and principle, and vice and folly.
- The name of Elihu Burritt is in itself a sufficient indication of the character of the 'Leaflets of the Law of Kindness,

'Kindness for Children,' of which a single sixpenny packet contains sixty-four. Each 'leaflet' is of four pages, and has in it some pleasing anecdote illustrative of the power of Christian love. A little girl in our family who has access to it is charmed with the collection, and resorts again and again to it, as to a delightful library.

An amiable heart the lady seems to have who wrote 'Ada Malcolm.' But in her tale she has placed some remarkably and outrageously old heads on certain very young shoulders. In the course of the story we find a child nine years of age addressing several short speeches to her friends whilst actually expiring in a fit of croup! These are faults of inexperience. The spirit of *Ada Malcolm* is excellent.

Mr. H. G. Reid, in his interesting account of 'Old Oscar,' ably seconds the work of the Animals' Friend Society.

From Mr. Walker's book on 'Servants, Wives, and Homes of the right sort,' much excellent counsel for young women is commended to easy perusal by being conveyed in connection with life-like sketches of character, all ingeniously united so as to form a continuous tale. The tone is hearty. Piety is presented, not forbiddingly, but in due conjunction with good-nature; and if in one or two passages the author's evangelical theology and dissenting polity are more strongly pronounced than some readers will care to find, this circumstance will all the more recommend his little work to readers of his own school. To add that it is brought out by Mr. Partridge in his usual style is to say all that is requisite for the excellent appearance of the volume.

'Winnowed Grain' is the title of a selection from addresses of a revivalist minister, the Rev. J. Denham Smith. Not so original and rich as the 'Life Thoughts' of Henry Warl Beecher, yet it reminds us of that book, consisting, like it, of passages jotted down by a hearer of sermons, and brought together as grains of winnowed corn are,—just as they happen to fall and lie. Occasionally we observe stray chaff in the heap, but in every page there is wheat, and the collection, as a whole, is one which would undoubtedly delight any earnestly pious mind of the 'evangelical' school. It is excellently printed, and very neatly bound.

'John Hobbs' is a story honoured

with a preface by Archdeacon Jeffreys, who not only certifies it to be a beautiful and well-told tale, but adds that the principal characters are real, and some of the leading events fact, not fiction. The design of the narrative is to commend total abstinence from intoxicating drinks. It is a tale of British India, and a sprinkling of such words as 'bungalow,' 'qui hi,' 'chillum,' 'sahib,' and 'pance,' assist to give it local colour. Readers who do not dislike features like these, and to whom occasional long didactic passages are no obstacle, will find the book both interesting and profitable.

2. Of the works in our list published by the Sunday School Union we can speak unreservedly in the language of praise. The most important one is the report of the proceedings of the great 'General Sunday School Convention,' held in London in September, 1862. We are pleased to find that already this is in its second edition. It is impossible to open it at any part without being impressed with the great abundance and value of the suggestions which every earnest Sunday-school teacher who studies the volume must feel render it a perfect treasury of good counsel for his own use. It ought to be in the possession of every one who attempts to impart religious instruction to the young. The report occupies 244 closely-printed pages, and there is something to be really grateful for in almost every page.

The 'Teachers' Pocket-Book and Diary' for 1863 is a very useful article for the pocket. It contains an address to teachers, a list of lessons for Sunday-school tuition, a register for scholars' names, residences, and attendance; tables of Scripture weights and measures; a copy of the constitution of the Sunday-School Union; lists of country unions and metropolitan auxiliaries; also the names of the officers and committee, and an account of the operations of the Union. The calendar for the year is interleaved for the entry of engagements; and, in addition, there is large space allowed for the jotting down of notes and hints, for the lessons to be taught on each Sunday in the year. And whilst there is so much to make this volume a *vade mecum* for the teacher, other matter, such as lists of bankers, eclipses, foreign coins, London exhibitions, law terms, the royal family, transfer days, &c., will enable those

those who use this pocket-book to find any other unnecessary.

The 'Class Register' for Sunday-school teachers is the most complete thing of the kind that we have met with. Its object is to assist Sunday-school teachers in the fulfilment of their important duties by giving them an easily-kept record of all particulars worthy of being remembered in connection with the *personnel* of their classes.

Mr. Groser's 'Plea and Plan for the Training of Teachers,' is the work of one evidently well acquainted with what is required for such training; and in the 'Silent Temple' he supplies an address to Sunday-school teachers which may be read with advantage at the outset of the new year.

The 'Two Streams' is an excellent new year's fable for Sunday scholars.

3. The 'Magdalen's Friend,' under the editorship of a clergyman, continues to plead the cause of a class who, too often, when penitent, find no helpers. It pleads earnestly and well. We are sorry to find that if no strong effort be made to save it, it is likely to cease. Such a result would be much to be deplored.

4. A minute account of the attitude of the Bible in relation to the animal kingdom, with a view to urge kindlier considerations for the inferior creatures, which are so much in the hands of man to be well used or to be abused, is given in the tract entitled, 'Our Moral Relation to the Animal Kingdom.' It has reached its fourth thousand.

5. Certain alterations of the Liturgy of the Church of England, and a review of the Act of Uniformity, are recommended in the publications numbered 5 upon our list.

6. Mr. Noble's essay on 'Arbitration and a Congress of Nations as a Substitute for War in the Settlement of International Disputes,' pretty nearly exhausts the subject. Would that the evil passions and the stupid blunderings of statesmen, diplomatists, and, we must add, populace, might allow so reasonable a lesson as this to be taken to heart! The time will come; meanwhile, it is well that earnest and capable men like Mr. Noble lose no opportunity of pleading the cause of that great world's federation which will assuredly become realized when the years of the world's nonage shall have died away.

7. Mr. Gale's sermon on the 'Good

Samaritan' is a straightforward, honest, and vigorous protest against the liquor traffic, preached in St. Botolph's Church, Aldersgate Street, London, preparatory to the International Temperance and Prohibition Convention which was held in September. It has already, as we happen to know, had a very wide circulation in another form; and will, we hope, be still further circulated and read, now that it is attainable in the convenient form of a cheap pamphlet.

8. Who is there that will not bid God-speed to the labours of the National Life-boat Institution, which has almost surrounded the shores of these islands with apparatus for the rescue of shipwrecked mariners, and annually saved many, many lives?

10. A 'Bi-centenary Lecture,' delivered last August by the Rev. William Roaf, forms the substance of the little book entitled 'Conscience for Christ.' It has twelve good illustrations on wood, the subjects being 'The Sabbath, according to the Book of Sports,' 'The Martyrdom of Elizabeth Gaunt,' 'The Interruption of Henry Jacob's Church,' 'The Pillory, with Prynne, Bastwick, and Burton,' 'The Preaching of Owen in Parliament,' 'The Conference at the Savoy,' 'The Day of Ejectionment,' 'The Arrest of Richard Baxter,' 'The Arraignment of Cartwright in the Star Chamber,' 'The Death of Philip Henry,' 'The Westminster Assembly of Divines,' and 'The Assertion of Liberty by Cromwell.' This list shows from what quarter of the world of ecclesiastical controversy the wind blows in the lecture before us. The roll of the drum military is heard in it, and the blast of the challenging trumpet.

The 'Model Church,' by Mr. Brown, had birth, the writer informs us, as a prize essay; and when we state that the adjudicators were B. Scott, Esq., S. Morley, Esq., and the Rev. Professor Unwin, we sufficiently apprise readers whose sympathies are not with dissent, that they will not find the church of their own ideal depicted here. In the first chapter, the author treats of the nature, in the second of the constitution, in the third of the government, and in the fourth of the characteristics of the Christian Church from his own 'congregational' point of view. He endeavours to treat of the Church, 'not in its chequered history of eighteen hundred years, but in its perennial bloom and beauty in "New England."

times," while yet its virgin robe was unstained, and its radiant crown undimmed.' There is vigour in the treatment, and there is no shrinking from the presentation of sharp points of difference for the pricking of such readers as may incline to controversy.

11. Personal attachments, and their probable destiny after death, are the principal subjects of the 'glimpses and guesses of things seen and unseen' in the little book entitled 'What My Thoughts Are.' The style is much after the manner of Madame de Gasparin. The tone is that of a pensive intelligence yearning towards a knowledge of the things that await it hereafter, refusing to see the present life except as a vestibule to the future, and not so much cheerfully and outwardly active in God's service now, as hoping to be so by-and-by, when the mortal body shall be cast off as mere impediment. And yet, though 'the pale cast of thought' is somewhat too pale for rosy health, the sentiment is not unwholesome; the 'glimpses and guesses' are such as the most robust soul may find it good at times to essay, and the speculation, whilst claiming the right to be free, is guided and chastened by its fealty to Christian truth. We like this little book, and add it with pleasure to our library.

A lady who has won for herself the esteem of thousands by her exertions in promoting the health and well-being of members of her own sex in all ranks of life, is the author of the tract in our list which bears the mark of the Ladies' Sanitary Association. Mrs. Fison imparts herein 'the secret of a healthy home' to all who choose to explore that mystery, and does this in a plain and simple style, eminently adapted for usefulness.

12. 'A Trip to Constantinople' is, in sand truth, and rubbish.

13. An Irishwoman is the compiler of the 'Simple Questions and Sanitary Facts.' She freely acknowledges herself indebted to sundry authorities for the facts presented, and confesses that she has 'taken words, as well as facts, and quoted literally everything which suited the subject.' Her object she explains to have been 'merely to separate simple truths from more abstruse and scientific ones.' She disclaims all desire to teach the educated, and professes to have put together what she hoped might interest

the unexercised mind, and perhaps lead to further inquiry. Examining how far she has succeeded in the accomplishment of her design, we cannot overlook a marked preference of long and hard words over short and easy ones; and this is the only fault we shall find with her work. Intended not for the educated, but for the unexercised mind, we must insist that every phrase should have been constructed as simply as possible, a point which the author would do well to bear in mind should her book fulfil our good wishes by going into other editions. When desiring to ask to what height the air is thought to reach, she inquires 'How far is the atmosphere supposed to extend?' and, throughout, there is the same disposition to avoid plain speech, although addressing the unlettered. For the rest, the book contains, in catechistic form, a large assortment of valuable statements bearing on sanitary matters, and would be found very useful by readers of a somewhat more advanced class than those to whom the writer's modesty would restrict her readers. We are glad to find that the author is a determined foe to the liquor traffic.

Were we disposed to be captious, we should object, *in limine*, to the title of the report of the Temperance Congress which Mr. Tweedie publishes. 'The Temperance Congress of 1862' might mislead one unacquainted with Temperance matters into the supposition that this was the only, or, at any rate, the only notable Temperance Convention of 1862. The report before us contains an account of the proceedings of the first assemblage in order of time, but not the first in order of rank, for which, in the Temperance annals, will the year 1862 long be conspicuous. The volume contains copies of many very excellent papers, &c., read before the August congress, and of some others to which we can by no means apply that adjective. The good, however, largely exceed the bad; and the volume is one which every ardent advocate of Temperance will find it advantageous to possess.

Mr. Shimmin's 'Liverpool Sketches' are, for the most part, very sad, and, we fear, very true. He lays bare some terrible sores on the body social. His graver essays, however, are relieved by a few of a laughable character. We would quote, but our space is exhausted.



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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
DREAMING AND DOING - - - - -	1
SEWAGE AND INTERCEPTION - - - - -	13
LIQUOR AND LEARNING—RICHARD PORSON - - - - -	30
THE PETTING AND FRETTING OF FEMALE CONVICTS - - - - -	45
LANCASHIRE OPERATIVES IN 1826 AND 1862 - - - - -	59
THE SISTER OF MERCY - - - - -	70
IDIOTS AND IDIOT LIFE - - - - -	97
SECESSION IN NORTH AMERICA - - - - -	118
AGRICULTURE IN FRANCE AND ITALY - - - - -	127
LANCASHIRE, EMIGRATION, AND PROHIBITION - - - - -	144
NOTT'S LECTURES - - - - -	150
FROM NEW YORK TO LONDON - - - - -	161
THE PHILOSOPHY OF AMUSEMENT - - - - -	193
TRANSPORTATION AND PENAL SERVITUDE - - - - -	211
THE EMPLOYMENT OF CHILDREN - - - - -	224
HANNAH MORE - - - - -	250
EFFIE FORRESTER; OR, THE PAUPER'S LOVE - - - - -	262
THE MORAL UNITY OF HUMANITY - - - - -	289
'THE SOCIAL EVIL,' AND ITS CAUSES - - - - -	308
LIFE AND ITS RENEWAL - - - - -	315
CO-OPERATION - - - - -	329
BENEFIT SOCIETIES; THEIR NAMES, HABITS, AND FAILURES - - - - -	342
ONLY A SEMPSTRESS - - - - -	356
NOTES OF THE QUARTER - - - - -	363
REVIEWS OF BOOKS - - - - -	88, 171, 281, 367

Meliora.

- ART. I.—1. *My Life, and what shall I do with it?* 2nd edition. 1861. Longman and Green.
 2. *Annals of the Rescued.* By Mrs. Chas. Wightman. 1861. Nisbet.
 3. *Mended Homes.* By Mrs. Bayly. 1862. Nisbet.
 4. *Life Work ; or, the Link and the Rivet.* By L. N. R. 1861. Nisbet.
 5. *Our Homeless Poor, and what can we do to help them?* 1860. Nisbet.
 6. *Earning a Living.* By M. A. S. Barber. 1861. Nisbet.
 7. *The Omnipotence of Lovingkindness.* Nisbet. 1861.
 8. *Woman's Service on the Lord's Day.* Seeley and Halliday. 1861.

NOT very long ago, the late Mrs. Barrett Browning, speaking in language of stern denunciation of a land which perhaps she had somewhat forgotten, and judged harshly in her banishment, used these words :

' Lordly English, think it o'er,
 Cæsar's doing is all undone !
 You have cannons on your shore,
 And free parliaments in London,
 ' Princes' parks, and merchants' houses,
 Huts for soldiers, ships for seamen,
 Ay, but ruins worse than Rome's,
 In your pauper men and women.
 ' Ragged children—hungry-eyed,
 Huddled up out of the coldness.
 * * * * *
 ' Men turned wolves by famine-pass !
 Those can speak themselves, and curse you.
 * * * * *
 ' I am listening—others shout ;
 Other poets praise my land here :
 I am sadly sitting out,
 Praying, " God forgive her grandeur." '

Pondering on these lines, written in the vehemence of an indignation which perhaps a little extra knowledge might have abated, the reader is tempted to ask, ' Was the writer aware of the amount
 Vol. 6.—No. 21. B

of stern thought and anxious reflection which in the last few years has been brought to bear in this country upon the root-questions connected with the well-being of society?' Since the Exhibition of 1851, England has not been merely occupied with the splendours of civilization, but a large portion of her thinking people have been endeavouring to ward off the famine and disease which have stalked like spectres in the train of her riches and her magnificence. And it must be remembered that the social riddles attendant on civilization, of which Mrs. Browning complained, could not have been solved at once, and the neglect and indifference of foregoing generations were not to be remedied by single strokes.

Writing some ten years ago on these complicated questions, the author of 'Companions of my Solitude,' endeavoured to impress upon his readers the necessity for a deeper investigation into the causes of these evils and the possibility of their ultimate cure. 'Others,' he said, 'may pursue science and art, and I long to do so too, but I cannot help thinking of the state and fortunes of large masses of mankind, and hoping that thought may do something for them.' Again he adds: 'It may seem romantic, but I cannot help hoping that considerable investigation into prices may lead people to ascertain better what are fair wages: Christianity coming in to correct political economy.' . . . 'Questions are looming in the distance which will require the ablest minds in the country. If we ever become more sincere as individuals, we shall need to express that sincerity in political action.' Is it too much to assert that the benevolent wishes so confidently expressed in these earnest words have been partially realized in the decade through which we have passed since they were written? Evil is not now so often 'wrought for want of thought' as it once was. It is one thing sadly to feel that the sting of sin must leave its poison everywhere, but it is another quietly to sit down with our hands before us and let the virus work.

Some men say 'Sorrow is an everlasting law in this world: we all carry our scars,' and then they harden their hearts in a cold stoicism, or they laugh in an epicurean flippancy at what they cannot help. The affectation of an impossible heroism is not truly great, nor has it ever cured one evil; but an earnest man who will set himself to think out every step of his way in life, will find thousands of opportunities for benefiting his fellow-creatures. No legislation can cure all social evils, because these things are like diseases which must be remedied from within. A paralyzed body regains its strength in proportion as every member of it resumes its original powers.

There are two kinds of mental painstaking in this world; the first may be called the labour of sight, and the latter that of faith. To the labour of sight we may refer all those processes of thought
of

of which we can see a definite result; but the labour of faith includes that thankless toiling to accomplish great good by insensible means, which does not mistake noise for argument, but is content to work unnoticed in silence and in strength, without necessarily insuring present success. In the first kind of work men receive their dividends according to their expenditure, but in the last we may toil a life-time unrewarded. Yet there is no need to despair, for the profit must follow eventually, if not for themselves, yet surely for others. There is some analogy to this toil in those mechanical arts which require a certain amount of uninteresting plodding before the muscles become flexible by practice. For a time the labour appears to be in vain, but the student acquires by degrees the desired facility.

The effect of the earnest reflections and anxious entreaties of the intelligent and benevolent minority has never been more apparent upon the public at large than in the last few years. Nor has this influence, in diminishing the flippancy of numbers, been confined to any particular portion of the community. The woman's cause is always the same as the man's. Together they must rise or fall—'dwarf'd or god-like, bond or free.' What the man is, such is the woman. The languishing knights and sentimental poets of the middle ages degraded the mistresses whom they intended to celebrate with their puerile idolatry. The manly honour of the staunch old Goths (as it has been well remarked), who looked upon women as their companions in trouble and counsellors in perplexity, was worth all the sighs of the 'desponding lovers' and 'transfixed squires' who penned sonnets in honour of ladies' eyebrows. 'The romantic ideal sank into the courts of Charles II. and Louis XIV.,' whilst the Christian type has been partially realized in the homes of happy England. Worship is degrading, whilst esteem may be elevating. 'Effeminacy,' as it has been said, 'is as far removed from what is truly womanly, as from what is truly manly.'

The dignity of women in their apparently subordinate situation, and the importance of their work of ministration in the social matters of life, have at length been clearly recognized. The difficulty in times past of the problem which puzzled our ancestors, seems to have been what to do with the superfluous numbers of the fair sex, particularly when they were not endowed with that superabundance of beauty which destined them 'less for action, than for being—for the eye and for the ear.' Five hundred years ago, old Chaucer endeavoured to settle the matter in his ungallant distich, advocating the use of the distaff, when he said :

'Deceit, weeping, spinning, God hath given
To women kindly while they live.'

A contemporary magazine has lately attempted to draw an amusing parallel between the querulous old maid of days past (who, confined

confined by maxims of rigid etiquette to the dullest form of society, was compelled to relieve her ennui by alternate scandal, quarrelling, and reading sermons), and the cheery creature of 1862, who entertains her friends, visits the poor, climbs mountains, rambles by rivers, and so highly values her independence, that she might quote the saying of the French philosopher, 'Le mariage est un état très-pénible, auquel il faut se préparer d'un esprit de pénitence, quand on s'y croit appelé.'

In the year 1809, in a thoughtful essay which appeared in the 'Edinburgh Review' on the subject of female education, Sydney Smith declared his opinion, that the most likely way to cure one-half of the creation of the pedantry and conceit which knowledge occasioned while it was rare, was to diffuse information more generally. The affectation charged upon female knowledge, he argued, would be best remedied by making that knowledge more universal. Nobody is vain of possessing two legs and two arms, but display generally proceeds from the supposition of possessing 'something better than that which the rest of the world possesses.' These arguments will not be needed now, since the fashion of keeping women with nimble fingers and vacant understandings has passed away. The possession of talents in our day is generally allowed to amount to a strong presumption that these talents were intended to be used. Since the days of Sydney Smith it has no longer been thought necessary to enfeeble and keep under the understandings, which Nature originally made strong; and, in fact, we have rather tended to the opposite extreme. This is a teaching if not a preaching age, in which the amount of printed instruction and didactic literature becomes occasionally overpowering. It being settled past controversy that the education of women should no longer be neglected, nor her powers let to run to waste, the reading public was first inundated with pompous treatises on 'Woman's Mission,' and the glory of her 'vocation,' which, in empty and high-sounding phrases, endeavoured to define barriers that had never existed, to drag all that was true and beautiful from its natural hiding-place, and to hawk domestic virtues about the world like indifferent pictures. The worthy Swiss pastor, M. Adolph. Monod, thought it necessary to harangue his congregation upon subjects which he could not possibly understand, and published a book replete with wearisome repetitions of current phrases of the day, condoling with the unmarried, and comforting the lonely—making all men wonder at the feminine patience of his hearers. The subject became popular, and, after awhile, it was taken up by women of cultivated minds, who had the advantage of possessing some of the high and impassioned virtues which they endeavoured to describe. An interesting repertory of useful and practical maxims was contained in the little volume entitled 'Work: plenty to do,
and

and how to do it,' by Margaret Maria Brewster. A still more thoughtful and suggestive book was named 'Letters by an Unknown Friend;' and these were succeeded by the clever and imaginative, but somewhat morbid works, 'Morning Clouds,' and the 'Afternoons of Unmarried Life.' The last example of this class of works which we need mention here, is that called 'My Life, and what shall I do with it?' a book which in its theories and modes of thought has the merit of treading a little out of the old beaten thoroughfares which had been abundantly worn.

This is a style of literature which we do not wish to see continued. 'Toutes les bonnes maximes,' it has been well said, 'sont dans le monde—on ne manque qu'à les appliquer.' Centuries ago the wise old author of 'Religio Medici' quaintly lamented that men seldom thought of governing their daily conduct according to the principles of Christian ethics, or the world would surely go better. We do not so much need fresh teaching as the power of putting into practice what we have already learned. Moreover, there is a principle of antagonism and a spirit of contradiction very rife in the 'Young England' of the present day, which makes it difficult to understand among what class of people these lectures and condolences can obtain a wide circulation.

But before we leave this species of didactic literature to pass on to the more useful and practical series of works on difficult social problems written by Miss Marsh, Mrs. Bayly, Mrs. Ranyard, Mrs. Charles Wightman, and others, we propose to consider a few of the important questions referring to daily life which are discussed in their pages.

One of the subjects which is most commonly brought forward is the importance of happiness, and the difficulty of insuring it throughout life. Not only is an undue importance attached to this, but there is often a confusion of terms. 'The pitifullest whipster,' says Carlyle, 'wants to be happy. What difference does it make whether we are happy or not? Duty is the question. Thy very pains gone over yesterday become joys to thee.' Kingsley takes up the question in a more serious way. 'My life, my real human life,' he says, 'does not depend on my being comfortable or uncomfortable here below for a few short years. My real life is a hidden one.' And again says Sir William Hamilton: 'Happiness is the reflex of unimpeded energy.' But not unfrequently when this subject is discussed the word happiness is confounded with prosperity, and the more important distinction is not preserved between happiness and joy. According to our Saxon word which answers to the Latin 'fortune,' 'happiness' refers to that which happens or comes by a human 'hap,'—in other words, which results from an exterior condition. Joy, as it has been said, is self-originating in the soul, answering to the Latin 'exult.'

This

This distinction is also preserved in other ancient and modern languages. We have had instances in this world's history when a certain peaceful exultation has existed even in the overflowing of sorrow, and the soul has risen like a bird shaking earth's dew from its wings in its flight towards heaven.

It is only shiftless housewives who waste their time in a profitless search for mislaid articles; but to those who pursue their ordinary routine of duties the missing implement is almost sure to turn up in time. It is a mistake to be always searching after happiness when there is so much to be done in the world before us, and whilst rejoicing is attached to the path of duty.

Again, on the subject of education all parents and teachers have their peculiar crotchets and ideas. These systems usually tend to extremes—the tendency being either to allow children to be crammed and overpowered with knowledge from their infancy (like young plants that are drowned instead of being nourished by water); or else everything must be sacrificed to outward show—the object being to make women painters and musicians independently of any natural bias or talent for the fine arts. ‘If the whole of life,’ as Sydney Smith remarks, ‘were an Olympic game,—if we could go on feasting and dancing to the end of existence,—this might do, but it is, in truth, merely provision for the little interval between coming into life and settling in it; while it leaves a long and dreary expanse behind devoid both of dignity and cheerfulness.’ Education is early custom. Parents are unwise to graft their children like young branches upon their old boughs and stems without allowing them to take root in the soil for themselves. That over-cultivation which stereotypes the mind without allowing it to be open to impressions is greatly to be avoided. The undue excitement of the mind amongst women is also often injurious to the physical condition, and induces irritability, nervousness, and impatience with others, in consequence of the overwrought state of the brain. An overworked woman, as it has been said, is a pitiable sight, because she is more fertile in capacities of suffering than a man. She has so many varieties of headache, so many neuralgias and back-aches, and so many convulsions which are called ‘hysterical,’ that relatives have need to complain when they behold an unhappy victim who is dear to them perishing by a slow and miserable suicide.

We may also notice that straining for reputation and prominence amongst others, which will often render much active philanthropy displeasing and unbecoming. Goodness and greatness are ends in themselves, not means. True fame is dependent on no contingency—it is the shadow which is naturally projected from the substance, unseen and unnoticed when the day is dim, but sharply defined when circumstances place it in the sunshine.

‘The

'The ocean deeps are mute—the shallows roar :
Worth is the ocean ; fame the bruit along the shore.'

'Thou seekest,' says an old writer, 'smale wordes, vain praisings. Trulie therein thou locest the guerdon of virtue—the greatest valour of conscience, and mayhap thy everlastinge renowne.'

Another subject which is very much discussed in the present day relates to the difficulties and expedencies connected with society and social amusements. One of the worst features in modern times is our degrading love of counterfeits and shams, and our habit of seeming to be what we are not. The ever-smiling and apparently amiable woman who is impressed from her infancy with the idea that the object of her life is to make herself agreeable and amusing is sure to be uncomfortable and inconsistent. Above all, we would deprecate what Carlyle calls a 'similacrum,' in place of a living and breathing humanity. Society does woman this evil, that it is the 'hotbed for her approbateness.' That must be a strong heart which is not at all perverted by a promiscuous association with the world. It is not only a barren and wearying thing to spend years in a round of petty cares and amusements which have reference only to personal ends ; but those are fortunate who still can maintain their simplicity. Extreme vanity will often borrow the garb of retiring modesty ; and persons who are perpetually haunted by their own self-consciousness mistaking sympathy for compliment can never be interesting as companions in a social gathering. Woman, as it has been said, must be different as well as similar to men, to be sensible and amusing as companions. The grandmothers of the young ladies of our day did not think it necessary to copy the expressions and habits of their fathers or brothers, to dabble with the Virginian weed, or to talk slang. And yet we have made little progress in the science of recreation, whilst the increasing love of pleasure which leads to this laxity in manners does not always diminish the dullness and discomfort of society, where, jostled in heated ball-rooms, or wedged between masses of decorated crinoline at crowded dinner-tables, many men are haunted by a burning, feverish desire to 'get away' to the quietness of their bachelor homes or the luxury of their private clubs.

But we should do the greatest injustice to the educated gentlemen of whom England may be proud if we were to represent them as spending their lives in a whirl of dissipation. On the contrary, there is a large section of the community who are apt to deem every amusement unsafe, and who may be said to have intensified their standard for good till they are irrationally dissatisfied with themselves, turning with disgust from many an innocent recreation, and forgetting that man is a composite creature, requiring development for the body and mind as well as the

soul. There are spiritual hypochondriacs amongst us who, always dreaming about their own safety, have no time to think of the well-being of their neighbours.

Having once clearly recognized the principle that all religion and every system of ethics teaches us to cultivate the centrifugal rather than the centripetal force, to conquer self and to rise above it, it is good sometimes to forget this perpetual introspection, and to remember that our every-day lives here are to be translations of Christianity, and that, could we be sure of our duties and act up to them, the whole face of society might be altered. Is it possible, it has been sometimes asked, for a man to love his own soul too selfishly, and for others, who are not so devoutly occupied with their exclusive personality, to be more ready to sacrifice themselves for philanthropic objects? Charity, it may be answered, is the only preservative against such a withering of the heart, and that charity which religion inculcates. The pain of morbid disgust with our fellow-creatures follows the breach and not the observance of the law of kindness. We are never so likely to forget heaven as when our hearts are cold on earth.

It is with deep gratitude we acknowledge that this principle has been most nobly recognized and practically carried out amongst our countrywomen of late years. It is easy, without incurring a charge for want of gallantry, to deprecate the exaggerated theories of 'woman's rights' which have been imported from over the Atlantic. But we have lately had distinct proof that it is possible for women to accomplish untold good by patient labour in their own elevated sphere, without loudly demanding for an equable division of the world's work and the world's fame. A little book which was published some years ago by the indefatigable Miss Marsh, entitled 'English Hearts and English Homes,' seemed to be the first prominently to draw attention to the fact of the amazing influence which women of cultivated minds might exercise over others by the power of kindness and sympathy. 'Pain, sorrow, and misery,' remarks Bishop Butler, 'have a right to our assistance. To relieve the indigent in distress, to single out the unhappy from whom no return may be expected as objects of our favours—in a word, to consider those circumstances of disadvantage which are usually thought a sufficient reason for neglecting a person, as a motive for helping him forward—this is the course of true benevolence.' But emotion is simply a force, and its power of producing good or evil depends on the manner in which it is directed. Sensibility is often the result of a nervous state, and requires to be regulated by prudence; whilst true benevolence prompts self-denial and leads to severe consistency. But the ladies of our days are none of the sluggish 'vision-weaving tribe,'

' Who sigh for wretchedness, yet shun the wretched,
Nursing in some delicious solitude
Their althful loves and dainty sympathies.'

The peculiarity, indeed, of the late charitable movement has been that it has been guided by the English quality of common sense. By listening to quiet, unobtrusive criticism, by uniting a spirit of compromise with that of independence, and by guarding against the impulsiveness of sudden enthusiasm, many of the philanthropists of our days have avoided the usual blunders of benevolence. They have not fallen into Madame de Maintenon's mistake of remodelling the surface of society and leaving everything false beneath. They have avoided the common error of indiscriminate giving, and have not encouraged the idle and vicious to live from hand to mouth dependent on the rich; but have endeavoured to root out the causes of distress without pauperizing others. Thus the amount of encouraging sympathy with which the stern sense, and practical thought, brought to bear upon questions connected with sanitary reform and social improvement, have been naturally rewarded, has opened an important sphere of doing good to the public at large. The English people have gladly recognized the importance of this female influence and energy, and have felt they can depend with satisfaction and reliance upon the efforts of those who by thoughtful sympathy have endeavoured to bind together the higher and the lower classes—not encouraging the poor to follow any *ignis fatuus* to their ruin—but teaching them to become fit for true liberty by mastering their passions, subduing their brute instincts, and cultivating their intellects. The power of love is mightier than that of electricity, in its modes of action, combining the most different elements and fixing the most volatile. There is a large section of the community whose generosity has been hitherto cramped by the conventional, who have been waiting for favourable opportunities for doing good, and have sometimes been made callous to suffering by the apparent hopelessness of reforming the poor. To these people nothing is so valuable as well-regulated machinery upon which they can entirely rely without fear of disappointment, and nothing so useful as the press, which in our days is a wonderful telegraph for attracting our attention to those moans of misery, which will sometimes intrude upon our merriment. The suffering which we cannot relieve is only a useless spectre at our feasts, and nothing is so likely to debase the mind, or to harden the heart, as familiarity with horrible things, which we are powerless to alleviate. But sentiment, in our days, has fortunately been conjoined to action. It is no longer the fashion for people to pride themselves on their fine feelings or acute sensibilities unless they can do something worth living for.

We may reasonably hope that the last decade has done much to diminish the mistakes of past times, and that the terrible judgment which was once passed against London, that its charities were its greatest curses, can now be no longer true. Our female workers have gone to the root-questions of the matter. They have enforced principles without which religion was an utter impossibility—they have inculcated the necessity for attention to cleanliness, temperance, and order in the practical matters of every-day life. In a well-known little work, Mrs. Bayley was one of the first to attack the terrible curse of drunkenness. In her own words we may say ‘the insensibility to degradation which drunkenness produces always impedes us: rid us of this, and you accelerate our pace a hundredfold.’ With this earnest-minded lady, theory and practice have always gone hand in hand. The publication of her ‘Workmen and their Difficulties’ was succeeded by the establishment of a Workman’s Hall, and she subsequently sent out another pamphlet with the encouraging title of ‘Mended Homes, and what repaired them.’ We have but to compare the picture of the Kensington potteries in the past times, with what it is now, to feel that real good has been accomplished. The monster of drunkenness with its poisonous Gorgon heads, which lurked in the dark corners of these miserable localities, has been sought out and combated with a courage and determination worthy of the heroes of fabled times. Loan Societies, Mothers’ Meetings, Schools, and Penny Banks have been founded with the greatest success, and though the largest number of inhabitants is composed of brickmakers (a trade admitted to be precarious and badly paid), yet the sum of 97*l.* 3*s.* 10*d.* was contributed in one year for Bibles, blankets, and clothes by the poorest members of the community. Mrs. Charles Wightman was one of the first to join in the crusade to put down intemperance—being determined to bring all her influence to bear upon this crying evil. In a series of letters to her sister, the writer of ‘Haste to the Rescue,’ recounts her experiences, her successes, and her opinions as to the system of total abstinence. The unsound style, and careless composition, which may prejudice some over-nice critics against this book, on first taking it into their hands, are abundantly compensated by the important facts which it contains. ‘Annals of the Rescued’ is replete with interesting stories connected with the reform. At the time of its publication, Mrs. Wightman’s society numbered upwards of a thousand people, of whom nearly seven hundred were adults. Want of space obliges us to hurry over these useful details, which the reader may examine in the books which we have mentioned; whilst we hasten to draw attention to Mrs. Ranyard’s useful and numerous publications which have occupied a leading part in the philanthropic work of the day. One of the first of these,

these, 'The Missing Link, or Bible-women in the Homes of the London Poor,' was the means of introducing that new element of female agency, which has since proved so valuable in the reformation of the London poor. The readers of 'The Missing Link' contributed, unsolicited, 6,000*l.* to the 'Female Mission.' In her 'Life Work ; or, the Link and the Rivet,' Mrs. Ranyard informs these benefactors of the results of their contributions, and gives many interesting details relative to the labours of the Bible-women. She eloquently pleads for further attention to the wants of those

'Who, homeless, near a thousand homes have stood,
And near a thousand tables pined and wanted food.'

She draws attention to the fact, that the great difference between the life of one person and that of another, consists in earnest purpose, as distinguished from vacillating want of purpose. And this is wisely said, whilst the law of kindness is the greatest prudence, and charity to others is even in accordance with our own interest. That is a miserable, shortsighted policy which allows the children of the poor to grow up in want and ignorance, for thus we are preparing future lazzaroni to be a disgrace to our country and to live at our expense. Prevention is better than cure. Prisons are more expensive than refuges, and emigration is cheaper than transportation. Thus, the authoress of 'Our Homeless Poor' has done good service in drawing attention to one of the most important movements of modern times—that of supplying refuges to the homeless creatures who wandered in our streets. Great care has been taken to prevent these refuges from becoming too attractive, so as to be likely to invite the vicious and the professional beggar. A more efficient means may be doubtless needed in the lower grades of society to separate the depraved and vicious from those whose indigence is produced by the insufficient supply of labour. The authoress of 'Earning a Living' has endeavoured to draw attention to this question. We have a good plan suggested for the opening of an emporium in London, where needlework may be supplied at fair and fixed prices. According to Dr. Lankester, one thousand persons fall victims every year to the diseases engendered by over-needlework ; whilst others are crippled and blinded by the necessary application to their trades—the flower-workers and the manufacturers of arsenic wreaths having lately been amongst the most numerous of the sufferers. Some of these poor girls have bitterly remarked that the public seem more inclined to help the vicious than the steady. 'There's plenty of homes,' said one of them, 'for idle girls, lots of work for them ; but for us who try to keep ourselves honest and respectable, there's nothing thought of.' In connection with this subject, we must bring before our readers an enthusiastic work entitled the 'Omnipotence of Lovingkindness,' which treats of a subject

connected with the 'Midnight Mission,' requiring much thought and sober caution. The authoress of this book relates the details of a seven-months' work amongst degraded women in Glasgow. The stupefaction of drink, and the callousness engendered by intemperance, were amongst the most terrible evils with which she had to compete. It has been well said, 'We must not trample on any soul, though it be lying in the veriest mire; its last spark of self-respect is its only hope, the last seed of a new and better life.' The unbearable misery, and the sullen desperation which are recounted in these pages, are enough to make us admire the forbearance and devotion, which would seem to have done much in remedying evils; and this determination in doing good may reconcile us to a few faults of literary composition which occasionally mar the pages of a book, which was hastily written in spare hours by a friend of the earnest worker,—each sheet, without careful revision, being handed over to the printer. It has been hopelessly said of some of God's creatures, that their natures seem to be so out of parallel to the lines of natural law, that nothing short of a miracle can bring them right. But despair never yet saved any soul, especially when the demon of drink has chained its own victims. The constant answer in many of these cases was, they could not 'live without drinking.' In other cases they would remark of each other, 'If she keeps from the public-house she is safe;' or perhaps one happier than the rest might say, 'I had a hard fight with the craving for drink, which past indulgence had produced; but I gained the victory, and now I hate the very sight of it.'

In conclusion, we may refer to a book containing many useful hints entitled 'Woman's Service on the Lord's Day.' The remarks here are divided into two important sections—'home service,' and 'service beyond home.' It is, in fact, in the home circle, that the moving power of sympathy, so omnipotent amongst the poor, must be first acquired. On this account, we cannot entirely sympathize with all which has been lately said on the question of sisterhoods and deaconesses; believing that woman's work is always fundamentally the same, differing merely in its outward form, but never in its essential elements; and that all charitable societies which tend to isolate women from their relations and friends, and to separate them from society as a whole, must materially injure the usefulness of their work. Not only, as it has been admitted, are home work and domestic affection the best preparations for working amongst the poor, but the same self-denying preparation—the same earnest education of the heart which is required for these duties—is exactly that which is most needed to dignify the position of a wife and mother.

ART. II.—SEWAGE AND INTERCEPTION.

First and Second Reports from the Select Committee on Sewage of Towns. Together with the Minutes of Evidence and Appendices. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 10th of April, 1862.

Second Report of the Commissioners appointed to Inquire into the best Mode of Distributing the Sewage of Towns and applying it to Beneficial and Profitable Uses. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty. 1862.

On the Preservation of the Natural Manures. A Lecture. By Alexander M'Dougall. London: Whittaker and Co., Ave Maria Lane.

On Improving the Sanitary Condition of Towns, &c. By J. H. Lloyd, M.D., M.R.C.S., &c. Manchester: J. Heywood. London: F. Pitman. 1861.

Human Manure, its Collection and Conversion to Guano. By Francis Taylor, M.R.C.S. London: John Churchill, New Burlington Street.

National Health and Wealth, instead of the Disease, Nuisance, Expense, and Waste caused by Cesspool and Water-drainage. By the Rev. Henry Moule, M.A., Vicar of Fordington, Dorset.

An Antidote to the Sanitary Evils of Cities and Towns in the Patent Eureka System. Manchester. 1862.

ONE of the most pressing questions of the day is the great manure question. On the one hand, How is the land to be fed? on the other, How are our towns to be purified? With these two horns on its head, it comes behind the nineteenth century, with an instance and an urgency such as no other age has experienced; and the century must either be goaded and gored by it to distraction, or must turn round, and, once for all, give the question a settling.

How is the land to be fed? Here is Mr. Mechi, with the most serious face possible, predicting the ultimate starvation of our native soil; and there is Baron Liebig egging Mr. Mechi on, and joining with him to the full in his most serious vaticinations.

'I look forward,' says the latter, 'with deep concern to the solution of this great question. I know that the prophets of future evil have at all times been derided by their own generation; but if history and general laws can furnish any ground for a just conclusion, then there is none which stands more firmly than this,—that if the British people do not take pains to secure the natural conditions and elements of the permanent fertility of their land,—if they allow these conditions and elements, as hitherto, to be squandered and wasted,—their fields and meadows will, at no distant time, cease to yield their return of corn and meat. Though it does not belong to the province of natural science to discuss the question, whether the might, strength, and independence of the British nation will be preserved after this state of things shall have gradually arisen, the conclusion, nevertheless, forces itself upon us, that they will not.'

And

And if the might and independence of the British nation are so largely involved in the settlement of the manure question, the cleanliness and good health of the British people are no less dependent upon it. Inasmuch as where the people reside, there 'matter in the wrong place' will be deposited, and must, sooner or later, be disposed of, the best possible plan of accomplishing this ought by all means to be sought out and found. For if this misplaced matter remain in heaps about our dwellings, it is at the peril of all our lives, and to the certain loss of some of them. And if it be removed in unwise methods, it is possible that such removal may result in a general empoisonment of urban and suburban tracts, almost as harmful as if nothing had been attempted.

The difficulty is one of which savages know nothing. Missionaries and travellers are not very explicit on these matters, and we are left to conclude that in the careless and desultory depositings of birds and beasts, we see the method still used by the untutored races of mankind. The material is thus promptly returned to the land, where it may perhaps do service, and will soon, by the help of insects, absorption, and the weather, be put out of condition to putrefy and become injurious to health. And perchance it might be worth while would somebody take the trouble to inquire how far the imported and civilized habit of accumulating the substance in question in cesspools and middens may be concerned in the production of those terrible endemic and epidemic diseases which are so commonly observed to sweep masses of savages into their graves, after the immigration of Europeans.

The Chinese, not being savages on the one hand, nor partakers of our high civilization on the other, have succeeded, beyond any other people, in winning the approbation of Baron Liebig and Mr. Mechi. Amongst the Chinese, with very rare exceptions, no cattle-manure is put upon the land. Horse-dung, they say, to arable land, supplies the seeds of weeds, and is therefore objectionable, and they have very little pasture-land, their cattle being mostly stall-fed. But that manure which we so little value that we throw most of it away, they very carefully utilise. From each homestead there is a daily collection made of all their manurial matter; in towns, this is the perquisite of the hall-porter, and he is paid by the market gardeners, who, on their return journey, take the treasure with them. At the corner of almost every field, there is a tank or shallow well which receives this; and, when required for the land, always at sunset, a scoopful is placed in a bucket of water, the whole is stirred up, and then it is thrown over the land so as to fall just where vegetation requires. To show the importance attached to the affair, Mr. James White, M.P., in evidence before the Select Committee of the House of Commons, states:—

When

* When first we arrived at Shanghai, in contiguity to the place allotted for our residence, there were some of these public places, and of course it was a very great annoyance to us. We went to complain to the authorities for allocating a piece of ground to us where we were subject to such a nuisance (I should say that afterwards we got it changed); the Tau-tao, who replied to us, said, "You must leave; we cannot remove these places. The fact is, that the question of manure is a national question in China, and to the abundance of that manure and its application do we owe the cheapness of food which our people enjoy." He went into particulars, and said, "That particular place is a highly valuable one." He said, "These places are bequeathed from generation to generation, and the sons inherit them as part of the patrimonial property; therefore, if you wish to get rid of these places, you must buy them at their mercantile value, which can be readily ascertained."*

In China, no deodorant being used, the nose has very often cause to be offended; but as the collection is daily, the sanitary requirements are fulfilled in the prompt purification of the towns. How unspeakably behind the barbarians of the 'celestial empire' in this respect are we wise people of the west! The one idea of our forefathers, and of many of their descendants too, is, accumulation near the house till no more can be piled up, and then a tardy and most disagreeable removal. Well may the heartiest protests arise in conflict with so unfortunate a system. The late Dr. Southwood Smith, in a paper given in the Royal Commissioners' Report, justly exclaimed against it. He pointed out that Manchester and most of the northern towns are rendered markedly insalubrious by the retention of house refuse and cesspool matter close to dwellings. He painted a most painful picture of the condition of large portions of these urban districts, as affected by this unfortunate habit; very largely to which he attributes the very high death-rate of thirty in the thousand that prevails there; the great mortality amongst children; the premature ageing of adults, and 'the unhealthy pallidness, the coarseness of features, and the general ugliness of the population.'† Another paper on the same topic, which also every adult inhabitant of a town similarly afflicted should read, is appended to the same Report. It is by P. H. Holland, Esq., an authority on sanitary matters. He observes that it is susceptible of decisive proof that privy emanations are really a chief cause of the excessive mortality of towns where ash-pits abound. And he adduces facts which leave no room to doubt it.‡ His great reliance for a remedy appears to be on the water-closet system—a mere palliative measure after all, in a sanitary point of view, and, economically, a wasteful one. His own and Dr. Smith's joint 'Inquiry into the Sanitary Condition of the Inhabitants resident on the Banks and Rivers of Streams flowing into and through Manchester,'§ confutes him. And a letter of the town clerk of Manchester, appended to the Report

* Report of the Select Committee, 2354.

† Second Report of the Royal Commission, p. 55. ‡ Ibid., p. 44. § Ibid., p. 56.

of the Select Committee, adds many considerations of the like import.

There are, indeed, only two conditions on which, as we hold, the water-closet system can be tolerated at all. The closet must be *outside* the house, and no river must be polluted by its agency. The defilement of the natural water-courses of England by sewage is already a deplorable evil, and it is annually increasing. It was thought very clever, no doubt, when, by the invention of the water-closet, material for which agriculture yearns, and on the utilisation whereof, according to Liebig, England's might and independence rest, was washed down the pipe into the sewer, thence into the river, and so sent, like the ashes of Wickliff, from Avon into Severn, from Severn into the narrow seas, and thence to the main ocean. But nothing can excuse a prodigality so gross. It is unpardonable waste. It is a throwing away of the bread of the people. Whoso defends it, may defend bigamy and assassination. The Royal Commissioners, in their Report, dwell with just emphasis on the sanitary part of the question. In their first investigations they were impressed with the vast importance of the consequences resulting from the increasing pollution of the rivers and streams of the country, and they regarded this subject as a main point connected with the inquiry with which they were intrusted. In their preliminary Report, they laid considerable stress on it, for they felt it to be an evil of national urgency, requiring the earliest and most serious attention with a view to the application of remedial measures. They describe in afflicting detail the state of many of the rivers and brooks that once were crystal-clear and sweet, and good not only to sight, but also to smell and taste, but are now painful to the eye, disgusting to the nose, and death to any fishes that may attempt to live in them. Beginning in Lancashire, where, however, most of the fæcal matter of the towns is kept out of the sewers, they found the Irwell 'quite darkened with dye' before it reaches Rawtenstall; the bright stream above Middleton 'made black and repulsive immediately below the town;' the clear water of the Bradshaw brook and reservoir soon turned to 'the colour of ink;' the Roch deriving pollution from drains and sewers 'which are seen pouring their foul contents into it as it passes through the town of Rochdale;' and the smaller towns and villages adding perceptibly to the contamination. The River Croal, as it passes through Bolton, is for a considerable length 'nothing better than a disgusting open sewer;' the Tonge is 'much deteriorated by refuse from a populous district, and from numbers of dyeing and other works;' the river Tame is 'early affected by town and manufacturing refuse,' but 'receives its greatest pollution from the populous neighbourhood of Staleybridge and Ashton, where it becomes very foul;' and below Stockport,

'the

'the Mersey has become a black offensive liquid;' the course of the river is here naturally through very picturesque and pleasing scenery, with a walk along the bank which would be a great attraction were not the effect completely destroyed by the foul condition of the river.' The Bollin 'becomes very foul' in its passage through Macclesfield. From Bury, Oldham, and other towns of importance, there is also 'discharge of much offensive matter, but the continuous lines of houses and factories for miles above Manchester add much to the foul matter of the Irwell especially, which receives its acme of pollution from Manchester itself.' 'The Irk, which joins its black offensive stream to the Irwell in Manchester, is equally disgusting;' but 'no description can give an adequate idea of the fluid of the Medlock, where, having passed through Manchester, it forms the head of the Bridgewater Canal.' At the time of the visit of the Commissioners, 'a black, thick noisome scum covered the surface of the river and canal, and bubbles of gas constantly burst up from below, although the weather was very cold. In summer, this scum on the surface is said to be much extended, and at times of such consistency that birds walk over it. The stench is described as scarcely endurable.'*

Besides thus pursuing inquiries in the Mersey district, extending over an area of about a thousand square miles, the Royal Commissioners directed examinations to be made of some of the rivers of the Midland and Yorkshire districts, where there are large populations. They had the Derwent, the Tame, the Aire, the Calder, and the Don inspected, 'and the vast amount of pollution which their water received was very fully observed.' Having detailed the result of these inspections, they add the following pregnant considerations:—

'In our previous Report we adverted to the natural agents which are at work, tending to diminish the quantity of offensive matters discharged into our rivers and streams, as the influence of the air, aquatic vegetation, and fish, where these can live. It has been urged that such influences are usually sufficient to destroy the noxious properties of sewage within a very short distance of the place of discharge.

'That such influences do operate, in a minor degree, is not to be doubted; but our examinations lead us to the conclusion that the main cause of the improvement which is frequently found in the apparent state of the river, at a comparatively short distance below the towns drained into them, arises from deposit of solid matters of sewage in the beds of the rivers themselves.

'The solid is by far the most offensive part of the sewage. Its noxiousness is not removed by deposit in rivers and streams. The evil is still there, constantly being renewed. On each occasion of exposure, during drought, this solid matter again decomposes. On each occasion of disturbance, during flood, it again pollutes the water. In either case it sends forth its poisonous effluvia amidst the populations which are near, and even many miles distant on the course of the river so tainted.†

Other points much dwelt upon by the Commissioners, are the

* Second Report, pp. 5, 6.
Vol. 6.—No. 21.

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† Ibid., p. 8.

sitting

silting up of the river beds, and the injury to the health of persons drinking the water of rivers contaminated with sewage.

Now what we insist on, in the first place, is, the INTERCEPTION OF SEWAGE, to save the manure otherwise washed away, as well as to restore the purity, and thereby the beauty, wholesomeness, and fishery-value of our streams.

The great intercepting drains now in progress in the metropolis will do much to secure the salubrity of the river above its mouth ; but what can exceed the folly of washing away into the sea all that great London should contribute to the feeding of the fields ? Baron Liebig estimates the value of the nitrogen alone afforded yearly by a population of 100,000 persons at 12,000*l.*, and says it is capable of well manuring 50,000 acres of land. Multiplying these figures duly, we see at a glance what enormous waste is still to be perpetrated by that new drainage of the metropolis for which the inhabitants are being taxed so largely and so properly. To intercept the manure ere it reached the river was wise ; but, having done all, to thrust it into the river at last, as if it were useless except to marine fishes, is a procedure upon which posterity will long continue to ground an argument to the disparagement of the wisdom of its ancestors. The Royal Commissioners, whilst deciding that the only thing to be done with the sewage of towns so as to obtain the greatest amount of good and the least of evil, is to apply it direct to the land in a liquid form, express also a strong opinion that the agricultural question is of very secondary importance, the main and urgent problem being, not so much how to turn the sewage of towns to any money-producing amount, as how, least injuriously and with most economy, to get quit of it. But this is not quite a just presentment of the problem. No mode of dealing with the question can be considered to be a real solution unless it at once secures the health of the people and economises the raw material that should be converted into their food. The Royal Commissioners have not neglected to inquire very minutely into the agricultural value of town sewage ; but we will quote on this point the Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons, as presenting the most recent results at which formal inquiry has arrived.

The select committee, in their second Report, present, in four paragraphs, the following concrete conclusions :—

The value of town sewage varies greatly according to the amount of manurial matter mixed with it, and to the extent of the area of rainfall which flows into it ; but when the fertilizing matters are not unusually diluted, the sewage is of great agricultural value.

* Second Report Select Committee, p. 81.

The cost of the application of sewage depends upon the relation of the town to the surrounding agricultural lands, and to their value and quality; but when these relations are not unusually adverse, sewage can be applied with profit.

Passing by, for the present, the third paragraph of their Report, which does not refer to sewage, we note that in the fourth and last place, the select committee consider that the information they have obtained will enable municipal authorities to deal with sewage in a manner most suitable to the circumstances of the place; but that such authorities have not at present sufficient power to enable them to rent or otherwise deal with lands in their neighbourhoods for the most profitable application of the sewage in relief of local taxation. This is not by any means all that the committee present as the result of their patient and protracted inquiries. They supply further, in a sort of *résumé* of the evidence, a number of conclusions, some of which we must also indicate.

With regard, firstly, to the value of town sewage, in reference to its ingredients, and as compared with other manures, they report that the evidence proves that town sewage contains the elements of every crop that is grown, and that, as compared with solid manure, it has even its advantages, inasmuch as in the use of the solid, loss occurs by evaporation, and years may pass before the whole of the manure is recovered in the crop, thus causing to the farmer loss of interest on the capital sunk in manure; whereas, in the application of town sewage not in excess, no loss by evaporation takes place, and every manurial particle comes rapidly into service. They remark also that the evidence proves that town sewage stimulates vegetation by its warmth, and is thus of greatly enhanced value, and that the water alone in the sewage is [meaning in some cases] of great agricultural use. With regard to the composition of town sewage, they say that one ton of 'average' contains somewhat more than two-pennyworth of manure, using Peruvian guano at 13*l.* 10*s.* per ton as a standard of value. But how that assumed average is obtained they do not explain, and, indeed, we hold it to be not possible to arrive at any real average of so various and inconstant an article.

Turning next to the value of town sewage as shown by its effects on land and crops, and to its adaptability to particular crops, and the quantities and the mode of distribution, the select committee remark that the evidence proves that the use of sewage permanently improves land, its good effects being visible for years afterwards; that it has been applied to common grass, Italian rye grass, and roots and grain crops with great advantage; that sewaged grass greatly increases the quantity and richness of the milk of cows, as well as improving the condition of the cattle; that sewage hastens vegetation; that all sorts of cattle prefer sewaged grass to all

others, and will eat it within a few hours of its being dressed with sewage; that, within a certain limit, the earth absorbs from the sewage all the manure contained in it; but that, of course, no benefit is imparted by the mere passage of superfluous sewage over the land, not absorbed so as to be within reach of the roots of the plant. With regard to the mode of application, the select committee see reason to deem the hose and jet a better medium than open carriers; and so it is, undoubtedly, as far as regards the most fruitful use of the sewage; but if pumping were requisite, as in some cases it would be, the cost of that process would require to be taken into account. The select committee add the remark, which, however, it was surely hardly necessary to do, that it is desirable that those who use sewage should have a full control over it, so that they may apply it when and as they may require. By the experiments of Lord Essex at Watford, Mr. Westwood at Anerley, and P. W. S. Miles, Esq., at King's Weston, it is shown, that results are obtainable from small applications of sewage which solve the question of sewage utilization. Lord Essex applied 134 tons of town sewage to each of two acres of wheat, and on each acre obtained an increase of produce worth 3*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.* beyond the produce of any other acre in the field, or a gross return of 5½*d.* for each ton of sewage that he applied. On 35 acres of meadow grass, his lordship applied 600 tons per acre annually in two dressings, and was rewarded with an extraordinary crop, such as he never saw before using the sewage. Mr. Miles passed the sewage of his own establishment over 14 acres of ground, arable and pasture. The value of that land was doubled by the sewage. The committee remark that according to the lowest estimate there was a clear profit of more than 1*l.* per annum for the sewage of each of the thirty persons in the establishment, whereas at Rugby, with heavy dressings of town sewage, from three to nine thousand tons of sewage per acre per annum, Mr. Lawes could get in produce not more than two shillings per annum for each person. This extraordinary difference, they say, is explained by the fact that in Mr. Miles's case the sewage was applied in small quantities at a time, and the earth had in consequence full power to extract from it, close to the surface, and within easy reach of the roots of the crop, all the manure that it contained, none of the sewage escaping off the surface; but that in the case of Mr. Lawes a great portion flowed off the surface and was lost, and a further amount must have sunk beyond the reach of the roots. But a perusal of the evidence shows that this is not all. The sewage of Mr. Miles's private establishment must be considerably stronger than that of the town of Rugby, owing in part to his 'very limited water supply' (4318 and 4368). It must also be observed, that immediately on its formation, his sewage flows into a close tank, and there

there rests till used, the tank being never long in filling, and always emptied as soon as full. The town sewage, on the other hand, is in constant motion and agitation in the sewers of Rugby, and in an open channel three quarters of a mile long, and must, according to the experience of Dr. R. A. Smith (124), lose no little of its manurial value before reaching the land of Mr. Lawes. At Anerley, where the farm was under the care of Mr. Westwood, the sewage was produced in an establishment of 700 persons, and it was used with remarkable promptitude (4394 and 4395). In this case the sewage proved to be of very great value. It was applied to sixteen acres of land, and much of it ran away without parting with its manurial constituents. Two acres were under Italian rye grass, and over these were passed annually from 8,000 to 9,000 tons of sewage. On other two acres of Italian rye grass, the sewage was pumped through hose and jet much more sparsely; indeed, only 1,500 tons of sewage per acre per annum were put on, at the rate of about 240 tons at a time; yet there the crop of these two acres was just as good as that of the other two that had so profuse a dressing. This, say the committee, proves most conclusively that the enormous quantities applied by some experimenters are not at all required. Mr. Westwood told the committee that in the large dressings, at least half the sewage was totally wasted, flowing over the land and away without soaking in or doing good; and the outfall of the drains clearly showed that what did soak into the land and through it to the sub-soil drains passed away, still retaining a large portion of its manuring properties, being nearly as highly coloured as that which only flowed over the surface; whereas that which was put on with hose and jet, being only enough to saturate the soil thoroughly, passed away from the drains very slowly and quite clear and colourless. Mr. Westwood shows a gross return of 9*d.* for each ton of sewage applied on the two acres through hose and jet—a profit which, as well as that obtained by Lord Essex on his wheat and meadow grass, and by Mr. Miles (the value of whose land was doubled) would, say the committee, enable those gentlemen, and all who use sewage in moderation, to pay to those furnishing it such a price as would speedily lead to its general utilization. The evidence of Mr. Westwood they justly indicate to be of great weight, his experiments having been carried on for years at Anerley under a rigid governmental inspection. The evidence of Lord Essex and of Mr. Miles is also above suspicion. The committee are very emphatic in their disapproval of excessive application of sewage; the evidence, they say, fully establishes the fact that whilst a moderate dose pays well and might be largely paid for, it would not be possible to pay well for the sewage and derive profit besides where it is excessively applied. They are of opinion
that

that sewage is applicable to all crops, and that if commercial results are sought for, it should be applied in small dressings. On farms which have a full supply of sewage little or no artificial manures will be required. The utilization of the sewage of our towns would thus greatly limit the area supplied by artificial or foreign manures, and would reduce the profits of all those engaged in the importation, manufacture, or sale of manure. The committee do not add here, and we add it for them, that there are very large tracts of country that never could be profitably supplied with sewage, and that the trade of the guano merchant and the manure manufacturer would not, in any case, come so near extinction as they seem to imagine. With regard to the varieties of soil to which sewage may be applied, the committee say that every description of soil may use it to advantage, provided only that the soil be drained either by nature or art; but that the most profitable returns, as in the case of all other manure, will be obtained from the best soil. There is no season, except a frosty one, in which sewage may not be applied, and there is no town sewage, however mixed with drugs or other matter from manufactories, that proves injurious to the land. One important question not lost sight of by the committee is that of nuisance or danger to health; and upon this point they pronounce that sewage in the state in which it occurs at the outfalls of sewers is 'very little offensive' even in the dog-days; and that if applied to the land in this condition, in such dressings as can readily be absorbed, no fear of nuisance need arise, as the soil promptly deodorizes and separates from liquids all the manure which they contain. If, however, this power of the soil be over-taxed by the application of sewage in excess, a nuisance will originate, and injury to wells and water-courses will result. Lastly, manure once intrusted to water so as to form sewage, is lost unless the sewage be itself thrown upon the land; the art of the chemist cannot profitably deal with it, so as to extract from it in a dry form the manure once committed to its keeping.

Such are the conclusions to which the select committee have arrived; and no student of the subject can fail to feel grateful for them. This truth, at all events, is established, that town sewage may be utilized; and therefore that, if nothing else is proved, this is certain, that it must in many districts be a shameful thing to allow it to be washed away into the sea. In the single year 1858, four million seven hundred and forty-seven pounds were spent for guano, bones, nitrate of soda, and other manure imported into Great Britain. Not a farthing of this amount ought to have been so expended. The vast population of China—four hundred and twelve millions—have been supported for ages on home-made manure, without importing a ton either of food for man or nourishment for the

the soil. What a clear half of the inhabitants of the world do in this respect, may also, and ultimately must, be done by the other half.

In country districts, where the population is sparse; on Tiptree Heath, for one instance; probably nothing can be better than the plan of Mr. Mechi, who converts everything manurial that his homestead produces into a liquid sewage which he promptly discharges upon his land. But the sewage of a large town suffers so much loss ere it can be used, and its decomposition in the sewers exposes the townsfolk to such serious sanitary evils, that we cannot consent for a moment to admit that the human manure of towns ought to be intrusted to so wasteful a vehicle. Water-closets may be admired by those who look on them merely as contrasted with middens, but we have little faith in their sanitary perfectibility. We know a lady who can pronounce immediately on entering a house whether it has or has not a water-closet in it. She knows this by her acute sense of smell, which detects in the air of all the apartments the emanations that have issued from the closet-pipe as often as the valve has been opened. And whilst we doubt the sanitary value of water-closets, we are certain that the washing away of what passes down them is a wasteful process, to say the least. Sewers, if trapped effectually, become reservoirs of concentrated infection, which is belched up when the water-closet is used, and so passes into the houses; and if they open by grids into the streets, they pollute the atmosphere of the town. It is, on all these accounts, highly desirable to keep as much as possible of the more readily putrefactive manure out of the sewers without accumulating it in corrupting heaps; and, both for the sake of agriculture which solicits and of health which demands it, we turn with eager look towards any inventor who can suggest how this desideratum can be won.

Sir Joseph Paxton, like ourselves, does not believe in the mixture of nightsoil with sewage. When examined by the select committee, he predicted that there would come a time when each house would have its glazed iron or other waterproof tank, ventilated with a small pipe running up the chimney, and with a pipe going to the outside, wherethrough 'a locomotive engine with a large tank' would periodically draw out the contents, without causing any nuisance to the inhabitants. What would, in that case, be done with the coal ash and solid refuse of the house, Sir Joseph did not vaticinate. But who would remove so worthless a product, into which none of the fæcal or urinous matter ever fell? And if the municipal authorities took upon themselves the expense of carting the stuff, where could they deposit it?

Mr. M'Dougall's plan for the preservation of nightsoil involves, that the substance be kept separate from coal-ashes, cinders, or
such

such other substances, and protected from rain ; that a powder composed of sulphite of magnesia and lime, and carbolate of lime, be applied to it as early as possible, so as to prevent its becoming putrid ; and that it be thoroughly mixed, dried, and reduced to powder ' by simple mechanical means and the use of a little artificial heat.' That the powder thus recommended is an admirable deodorant, we can testify from much experience. Its action on manures is theoretically perfect ; but Mr. M'Dougall does not quote facts in his pamphlet showing to what extent it is really found to be efficient in producing a manurial compound unabatedly valuable to the farmer. As applied to towns, Mr. M'Dougall's plan, like Sir Joseph Paxton's, lacks at least one important element of success. No provision is indicated whereby the ashes and other substances usually forming part of the midden heap, can be disposed of. To the farmer, as we have intimated already, they would be useless, and to the town scavenger, a source of hopeless embarrassment. Lastly, the expensiveness of Mr. M'Dougall's plan renders it inapplicable to towns.

Dr. Lloyd's pamphlet contains, he assures us, the results of a very careful investigation carried on for many years. He ' has endeavoured to solve the problem in a novel and original manner, and fully believes that he has brought the inquiry, from the particular view he has taken of it, to a rational and satisfactory conclusion.' The solids and liquids he aims at separating at the earliest possible period. To this end, he fixes a partition under the closet-seat at about two-thirds the distance between the back and the fore part of the circular opening of the seat. ' The separation of these substances,' he says, ' is most essential to any successful treatment of them in the dry state. From an early stage of the inquiry I foresaw it would be necessary to make appropriate and practical improvements in the conveniences now generally used, to adapt them to the plan of deodorizing on the dry or solidifying principle. Anatomical and physiological considerations enabled me at once to fix upon the plan of separating the solids and liquids spontaneously, which is one of the most essential elements of success in the process by preventing them reacting upon each other as ferments, and in that way favouring putrefaction.*' We will not ask our readers to master the constructional details of the ingenious apparatus which Dr. Lloyd has contrived to supply ' a shower of deodorizing dust,' when required, and to carry out the very complicated mechanical, chemical, and hygrometric actions, which have to be performed ' spontaneously and simultaneously.' His objects are, to produce spontaneous deodorization of the faecal matter in the back compartment, and to

* Page 16.

free it from all moisture; and to filter the liquid in the front compartment, so as to retain as much of the manurial value as possible, and get rid of the water by absorption, evaporation, and, if necessary, by gravitation. All this he effects; and relying, as he does, mainly upon coal-ash for deodorant power, his plan gives an answer to the question, What is to be done with the ashes from our domestic fires? It is undeniable that the sanitary value of these ashes is considerable. Except for their operation, middens would be still more deadly than they are. But against the deodorization of manure by ash of any kind, save agricultural elements, science strongly protests. Destroying the evil odour by rapidly oxidizing the manure, it does much to abate the nuisance and lessen the danger; but whilst it is thus, so far, earning something of approval from the sanitary reformer, it is believed to be destroying much that would be most valuable to the farmer.* The use of ash as the first deodorant we regard as a serious objection to Dr. Lloyd's plan, which has, besides the disadvantage of requiring lime also to be employed, at all events where ashes are not abundant, and they seldom are abundant, especially in the poor districts, in towns at long distances from coal-mines. Lime, too, becomes necessary in summer when ashes are scarce and putrefaction is most facile. The procuring of lime, and the charging of Dr. Lloyd's complicated apparatus, are tasks which would rarely be fulfilled by 'the million.' Those most needing the sanitary benefits—the poor—would be the last to secure them. Should Dr. Lloyd, dismissing ash and lime, propose some substitute, this objection would still lie against his plan; and the question, 'What is to be done with the ashes?' would fail to be replied to.

Like Dr. Lloyd, Mr. Francis Taylor has long been laboriously experimenting. 'For more than ten years,' he says, 'I have spent much time and thought, and endured much disgusting labour; have suffered severe disappointments, and gone to much expense in attempting to accomplish this most desirable object. And no one can imagine all the practical difficulties that have had to be met.' That he has at length met them, in a useful measure, he appears to be confident. 'After many years of thought and experiment, I have come at last to the conviction that the only feasible plan of collecting in towns this bulky, unhealthy, and offensive, but very valuable material, is to separate the liquid from the solid part.' Very justly, he has been most unwilling to come

* Dr. R. A. Smith states that some years ago the whole of the faecal matter at Aldershot camp was deodorized by charcoal, and a contractor undertook to remove it in that state, believing it to be useful as a fertilizer; but after a time he threw up his contract, finding that it had a totally contrary effect.—('First Rep. Sel. Com. Sewage of Towns,' 273, 274.) This seems to us to settle the matter. It is true Professor Voelcker has striven to retain charcoal in favour, but only on theoretical grounds.—(Dr. Lloyd's Pamphlet, p. 88.)

to this conclusion ; for the liquid unutilized is of much more fertilizing value than all the solid that is saved. At the outset, then, it is apparent that his success can only be very incomplete, at the best. Still, as he rightly remarks, half a loaf is better than no bread. Beneath the floor, he places, upon a lower floor, a large turn-table, so constructed that the liquid may run off to one place, to be retained in a tank, if desired, but, in practice, in all but rare cases, to be lost in the sewer. The turn-table revolves on a centre pivot ; and by a simple mechanical arrangement, each opening of the closet-door gives a slight movement to the table. Between the turn-table and the floor above it, a thorough draught of air is cultivated ; and the floor is made so high above the turn-table as to allow of a considerable accumulation of material. The material that should fall upon any one part of the table, would, in ordinary cases, have time to become partially dry before another deposit would reach it, because the table, in the interval, must have made one complete revolution on its pivot. A difficulty would arise in large establishments, where the turn-table, from too frequent use, would revolve too rapidly for one deposit to become dry before being moistened by another ; in such a case, Mr. Taylor would apply artificial heat to expedite the drying.

In behalf of this plan it is urged that all disagreeable smell is obviated ; that all solid material is saved ; that the apparatus is not liable to disorder, but may last a century, the frame being of cast iron, and the platform of glazed stone-ware ; that it may go on in its operation, without any attention (except in the occasional removal of the deposit), ' revolving and receiving the accumulation of a large bulk of most valuable manure ;' that the material is dried by natural means, just as guano is dried ; that it becomes hard and inoffensive, retaining all its fertilizing properties, not having had the opportunity of fermenting and decomposing ; that so surprising is the inoffensiveness, that it would be impossible for any one ignorant of the nature of the material to say what it is ; that the deposit, shrunk to rather less than one-third of its bulk and weight, having lost nothing but water, is portable and inodorous, more like a coprolite than anything else ; that it contains from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 per cent. of nitrogen and 15 per cent. of earthy salts,—chiefly phosphates of lime and magnesia ;—that the only manufacturing it needs, is grinding into a fine powder ; and that, ' if a few bones were ground with it to give it an increased quantity of phosphates,' it would be quite equal as a fertilizer to the best samples of Peruvian guano. On the other hand, the expense of the apparatus, until cheapened by large demand, will be about 5*l.* ; and, as we have said, the loss the plan obviates is considerably smaller than that which it allows. Moreover, no provision

vision is made for the removal of the coal-ashes which would, in a few months, intolerably accumulate.

The Rev. Henry Moule, M.A., is the suggestor of a method of disposing of the home manure to which in suburban and country neighbourhoods some value attaches. He fully coincides in the opinion, that 'in the system of the water-closet combined with water drainage, the evils are only shifted, they cannot be said to be remedied. The individual house and premises may be relieved from the presence of filth, but it is at the expense of spreading it through the sewers of the towns, and of sending the noxious gases through the gully-holes into the midst of the population; those gases, too, being rendered more noxious by the spontaneous fermentation of ammoniacal substances when mixed with water. The town may in various ways be relieved, but it is still at the expense of the neighbourhood through which the stream or river that receives this sewage may pass. And while the sums spent on this system are vast, and the waste of valuable manure by its means almost incalculable, this too-much-boasted remedy already calls for the application of remedial measures.' He, too, is fully aware that 'the great object of our endeavours must be, not to remedy the evil which water-drainage originates, but to prevent its formation or to cut it off at its source.' His own plan is to have a daily collection of the solid and liquid home-manure, which is at once thrown upon and worked up into combination with a quantity of earth, which very rapidly deodorizes it, and this, dried by the natural evaporation, and kept dry under a shed till again wanted, is capable of taking several successive charges of manure, and when sufficiently charged, becomes of great agricultural value. He says: 'On one side of the privy there should be a rough shed, opening in the same direction as the opening in an enclosure behind and beneath the seat. It should be capable of containing and keeping dry a cart-load of earth for daily use; and on the other side there should be a similar shed, opening in the same direction, into which the earth, having received the soil, should be thrown day by day, for the purpose of mixing and drying. When dry, this would be used again, and the purposes of the two sheds reversed. And by thus repeatedly using the earth, and shifting it from shed to shed, both the specific value of the manure is increased in proportion to the frequency of the operation, and one load of earth will be found sufficient for five persons certainly for six months, and I believe for twelve.'

The plan, with much more frequent renewals of the earth than are here contemplated, would work pretty well where labour is available without extra cost, as in the establishments of country gentlemen who keep a man or boy as groom, gardener, or page. But
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it is altogether beside the mark, as a solution of the difficulty of dealing with the manure and refuse of towns.

Is the problem, then, still to be declared unsolved? We see embedded in the Report of the Select Committee, a chapter of evidence which points to a method of providing a complete deliverance from the difficulty of dealing with the manure of town populations. In the Second Report of the Select Committee this is thus alluded to:—

‘Evidence has also been laid before your committee to show that town manure can be collected before it is mixed with the drainage, and profitably applied to agricultural purposes; but this application has been too limited to admit of your committee expressing any opinion on the subject.’

Since that evidence was given, the system referred to has been applied on a much larger scale, and we are in possession of information which, supplementing that of the committee, enables us to look forward with very considerable confidence to a general and most valuable utilization of the home manure of all large populations. At Hyde, one of the many towns that form the girdle of Manchester, about 2,500 houses are visited punctually every few days by the collectors of a ‘Sanitary and Manure Company,’ whose works are in the neighbourhood. At the company’s expense, the ash-pits and the pits under the seats of the privies of these houses have been filled up and paved over. For the ash-pit has been substituted a tub, in which the ash and other refuse of the house is deposited. Underneath the seat has been inserted a drawer, and into this, whatever falls, is received upon a bed of deodorizing matter, and is at once deprived of all unpleasant smell. The collector taking out the drawer and placing a lid upon it, leaves in lieu a fresh drawer, and carries the full one away. A van in the street receives the full drawers, and takes them off to the manufactory, where by a process which we have not left ourselves space to describe,* the manure is converted into a substance which is largely sought for at 5*l.* per ton by a continually augmenting constituency of agricultural customers. On this system, everything—chamber-slops (for these are poured into the drawers), ash, refuse, and the usual privy-produce—is removed at short intervals from amongst the dwellings, and utilized. No nuisance whatever arises in the manufacture. The manure produced is remarkably rich in nitrogenous matter; a pinch of it, rubbed with a few grains of moistened lime, gives forth a strong ammoniacal odour; and the results of its application in gardens and fields are surprisingly effectual. We write from our own experience upon this point, as

* But for which see Report of Select Committee, 2534 *et seq.*

well as from the testimonies of others who have tried. That the company are quite satisfied with the pecuniary results of their process, we have not only their assurances, but also the expression of their readiness to apply it on the largest scale to which any municipal authorities may choose to invite them. That the company's works and operations are regarded, not as nuisances, but as valuable sanitary aids to the town of Hyde, we have the testimony of the local Board of Nuisance Inspectors, who, in a certificate appended to the Report of the Select Committee, unanimously bear testimony 'to the beneficial results to this town, of Mr. Standen's system of dealing with the refuse of towns;' declaring that 'before its introduction, our town was in a wretched state, but this system has wrought such a pleasing change in the large portion of the town to which it has been applied' as has exceeded their 'utmost conception;' that while it has removed all nauseous exhalations formerly polluting the dwellings, and tended to decrease the mortality, it has at the same time diffused an air of comfort and cleanliness around the houses that is 'pleasant to contemplate,' and in many instances has greatly enhanced the value of property; that the application of the system is simple, easy, and free from nuisance; and that they feel proud that their town has taken the initiative in adopting this system, and earnestly desire that the blessing it confers upon them may be universally extended.

We see our way, in fine, with sufficient clearness to the following conclusions: With Sir Joseph Paxton, we regard the great main drainage works of the metropolis as being partly a mistake, and we do so both because they provide for the continued mixture of the human manure with the sewage, and because they throw the whole away, instead of rendering it to the agriculturist. We see in the future, in towns, a jealous interception of all the domestic manure, and its conversion into a valuable product coveted by the farmer. We see the sewage of large towns (and, though deprived of excrementitious elements, it would still be valuable from the soap and other manurial matter running with it,) intercepted on leaving the sewers, and applied as sewage to the land. Should this, as in sparsely populated districts, or in times of heavy rainfall, cease to be agriculturally serviceable, we see it, in that case, but not otherwise, allowed to fall into the natural water-courses, because its power to pollute would then be very small. Lastly, we see a vigilant and universal conservancy of all brooks and rivers, rendering penal the defilement of them by manufactures, and the choking of them by shot refuse; and so restoring to merry England the purity, piscatorial value, and poetic loveliness of its rivers, and their right-ful health to an empoisoned people.

ART. III.—LIQUOR AND LEARNING—RICHARD PORSON.

The Life of Richard Porson, M.A., Professor of Greek in the University of Cambridge from 1792 to 1808. By the Rev. John Selby Watson, M.A., M.R.S.L.

THE biography of 'the classical and ever-thirsty Porson' is, like that of most learned men, singularly devoid of incident yet full of interest and instruction. The chief defect of the painstaking book which the Rev. J. S. Watson has presented to the public lies in his missing, in a great measure, the instruction which the life of the inheritor of the renown of Bentley, the last of Dr. Burney's 'Pleiad' of English scholars of the eighteenth century, might have afforded. The book, strangely enough in a publication by a clergyman and a schoolmaster, and in both stations a man of repute, wants a careful and well-balanced estimate of the whole character of the man whom he has chosen for his hero. We hope in the latter part of this paper to supply to some extent this omission, and to deduce from the facts of this biography and the acts of Porson a lesson which may usefully be remembered in reference to those two elements with which we have headed this paper—liquor and learning. The fame of the Greek professor in the time of the Commonwealth, Dr. James Duport, has come down to our own age. We cannot forget that Dr. Isaac Barrow filled the Greek chair in Cambridge. The renown of Richard Bentley has been preserved for us in the admirable life which Bishop Monk published in 1830. The wondrous scholarship and wasted life of Richard Dawes is also remembered yet. Jonathan Toup's 'Emendations of Suidas,' and his edition of Longinus, still receive the commendations of scholars. Peter Elmsley pursued the same diligently-accurate collation of MSS. which Porson may almost be said to have inaugurated. Dobree's fastidious scholarship was greatly spent in promoting Porson's fame. Professor James Scholefield has been considered no unworthy successor to the editor of Porson's 'Aristophanes' and the author of those excellent 'Adversaria' by the publication of which he at once conferred an obligation upon scholars, showed his own scope and energy of mind, and supplied the public with a monument of his predecessor's worth as a classical critic. It would be impossible for us to name, far less to characterize, the many men of acute and accurate mind who are now employed in urging forward a knowledge and a love of ancient literature—especially those two colossal edifices which stand forth from the ruins of the olden times as witnesses of the greatness of the leaders of thought in Greece and Rome. Yet all these scholars would admit that the great impulse which these studies have of late received is due to Porson: that the pathway he

he opened up is that in which they are fain to follow, and that he is justly entitled to the most conspicuous place in the annals of criticism. His unweariable energy (*ἀκάματον πύρ*), his prompt decisiveness and directness, his felicity—as if a happy intuition seized him—of hitting upon test-passages, his wary good sense and cautious distrustfulness of mere conjecture, his peculiarly extensive acquaintance with the usages of language, the rapidity, almost amounting to divination, of his suggestive faculties, his strange combination of sound, well-founded learning, with ready subtlety of thought, the keen penetration which led him to see in a moment where there was an error and how it was to be set right, would all be admitted by them to have been the agencies through which the first judiciously-timed impressions had been made on the Greek scholarship of Britain to lead to the systematic collation, and the careful comparison of the various MS. texts of the great writers whose works have outlived the devastations of time.

The favourite preacher of King James, good Bishop Andrewes, used to say his prayers—no slight laborious duty, for he spent five hours daily in devotional exercises—in Greek; Dr. Maginn and Father Prout used to make epigrams in it, so vast are the range and power of that splendid language, which not only glows with a heavenly light, but is sensitive and mercurial above every other. Not a few men are noted—our own laborious and reflective professor in Glasgow University, Edward Law Lushington, among the number—for being able to think in Greek, so masterly is their knowledge of the sinuous and delicate speech in which Homer sang, Demosthenes thundered, Herodotus wrote, and Sophocles renewed the life of traditionary story. But Porson had the rare power of seeing, through the time-obscured MSS. of the ignorant copyists of the middle ages, the words which ought to have been used and written, of lighting up the texts of the historians, poets, and dramatists of Greece with the torch of genius of a rare and special kind; and so of inspiring the petty details of verbal criticism with the fascination of a poet's dream; yet he never concentrated his whole life and his life's powers on the working out of any great good purpose, but frittered away and wasted the extraordinary talents with which he had been endowed in the coarse convivialities of the drunkard, and dissolved the precious pearls of character and fame in spirits of wine. Such a life, with such powers given, but misapplied, ought to yield something more striking as its lesson than the mere tag—to use a stagey term—of morality, true and trite enough indeed, with which the Rev. J. S. Watson closes this biography, namely—Porson's 'life is an example and an admonition how much a man may injure himself by indulgence in one unhappy propensity, and how much an elevated mind may suffer by long association with those of an inferior order. A Porson cannot

cannot day by day descend to the level of a Hewardine, without finding it difficult at length to recover his original position above it.' Let us examine this life to see if it contains no more vital teaching, no higher moral, and no more earnest warning than this milk-mild hint, that drink and danger are near akin: if it should be so found, let us lay it to heart, and more devoutly than ever labour and agitate for a divorce between learning and liquor.

The birth, parentage, education, life, character, behaviour, personal appearance, and labours of eminent individuals form the most interesting items of history and biography; and in writing for the general public a notice of one whose chief fame rests on his minute labours in dissecting syllables, analyzing sentences, and transposing letters—labours which, however contemptible in appearance, are found to be important in effect—we must endeavour, as much as possible, to avoid scholastic questions regarding the varnishings of critics, grammarians, transcribers, and verbalists, and confine ourselves to the general human interests of the biography of the Aristarchus of Greek literature.

On Christmas-day, 1759, the little daughter of Huggins Porson, a weaver, and the parish clerk of East Ruston, in Norfolk, had the fresh joy—for a girl four years of age—of welcoming a newly-born brother home. The mother, Anne Palmer, was the daughter of a shoemaker in the neighbouring parish of Bacton. This boy was Richard Porson. Two brothers, Henry and Thomas, followed him in due time. The parents had only a village-school education, but the father was a man of superior natural abilities, who possessed a strong memory and an apt skill in arithmetic; and the mother, who had been at service with the curate of the parish, had read a good deal, and knew by heart the greater part of the finest passages of Shakespeare and some of the other dramatists. Huggins Porson was grave, sedate, and anxious to fulfil the duties of a father honestly. He taught young Richard to read and write simultaneously by means of chalk on a black board, or a stick in a box of sand, causing the boy to form and name the letters and words alternately. The same course he pursued with the other children. The village school of Bacton was kept by an *employé* in the excise named Woodrow, and Richard, while staying with his grandfather, after an attack of whooping-cough, was sent for a few months to take lessons with him. On his return, he was set to spin wool to assist the home income. But he was fond of reading, and the ambition to make their son a scholar was thereby formed in his parents' hearts. In his ninth year he was sent to school under Mr. Summers, in the parish of Happisburgh, where he improved rapidly in penmanship, grammar, arithmetic, a knowledge of 'Euclid,' and of the elements of Latin. His father regularly rehearsed and revised his lessons, borrowed books everywhere
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to gratify his son's taste for reading, and boasted to the curate, as to everybody, of the ability of his son. Both on account of Huggins Porson's official relation to him, and his mother's having been his servant, the Rev. Thomas Hewitt took an interest in the boy, and offered to give him the privilege of studying with his own five sons, whose education he was then himself superintending at home. This offer was gladly embraced, and for three years Porson was trained, at the parsonage, where he was a good and orderly boy, made great proficiency in Latin, mathematics, and 'a little Greek,' and showed a disposition for composing verses. His kind instructor sought to advance him in life, and for this purpose strove to interest in his behalf John Norris, Esq., of Witton Park, founder (1768) of the Divinity Professorship and Prize at Cambridge. He requested the Rev. Thomas Carthew, of Woodbridge, in Suffolk, to examine Porson, and to see whether he merited the strong praise Mr. Hewitt bestowed on him. Carthew was acquainted with the Rev. James Lambert, Professor of Greek at Cambridge, and at his request Professor Lambert having associated with himself in the labour the head tutors of Trinity, Messrs. Postlethwaite and Collier, and Mr. Attwood, a noted mathematician, tested his powers, and bore strong testimony in his favour early in 1773. An unsuccessful attempt was made to get him presented to the Charterhouse, and he laboured with Mr. Hewitt till August, 1774, reading Livy, Cicero, Horace, and Homer. Through a subscription set on foot by Mr. Norris—under the treasurership of Sir George Baker, Royal Physician, a man of excellent classical culture—Porson was sent to Eton. Here 'he was placed rather higher, by the reputation of his abilities, than perhaps he ought to have been, in consequence of his actual attainments,' and at school he was not particularly distinguished above the other boys either for his acquisitions or his studiousness. Though placed on the 'Indenture,' no vacancy occurred in his year to allow him to go off, as he otherwise would, to King's College, Cambridge, and as he would have reached his nineteenth year prior to next election day—which precludes a second chance—he was superannuated. Though Mr. Norris died suddenly before he had been able to make, as it was supposed he would have done, any provision for his *protégé*, friends did not desert him, but a sum was collected sufficient to purchase an annuity of about 80*l.*, so that he was able to continue at Eton the full time. Here he was fond of fun, Shakespeare, satire, and plays. He composed two dramatic pieces while there, in which he and his comrades performed. One of these, 'Out of the Frying-pan into the Fire,' is preserved in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge. It is a juvenile performance, but it concludes with these two lines, which show his English-heartedness, viz. :

‘Still beneath our arms the foe shall fall,
And England’s valour be its brazen wall.’

At Eton, Porson received a presentation copy of Toup’s ‘*Longinus*,’ and this first fired his mind with the ambition to refine and purify the texts of the great classics of antiquity, to free them from the blunders of sciolists and transcribers, and to dedicate his life and powers to classical criticism. The emendatory critic has a noble and useful task before him, and one which demands higher powers than he is commonly credited with. In perusing a text vitiated by glosses or corrupted in transcription, he must have before his mind, and in immediate readiness, as Dr. Johnson has said, ‘all possibilities of meaning with all possibilities of expression. Such must be his copiousness of thought, and such his copiousness of language. Out of many readings possible, he must be able to select that which best suits with the state, opinions, and modes of language prevailing in every age, and with his author’s particular cast of thought and turn of expression.’ Such was the grand theory of the critic’s functions with which Porson was captivated, and his purpose was deepened by the perusal, shortly afterwards, of Bentley’s ‘*Dissertation on Phalaris*’ and Dawe’s ‘*Miscellanea Critica*.’

Porson entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in October, 1778, supplied with the means by contributions which ‘were readily supplied by Etonians in aid of Sir George Baker’s proposal to secure the funds for his maintenance at the University.’ At first he applied himself, during his undergraduateship, to mathematics, then began a course of miscellaneous reading, and became noted for his aptitude in proposing emendations in, new readings of, or composing *marginalia* on the classics. In 1780 he was chosen scholar of his college; in 1781 gained, easily, after a testing examination, the Craven University Scholarship; and in 1782 he took his degree as third senior optime among eighteen wranglers. In that year, too, he took the first Chancellor’s medal for English verse, and was elected fellow of his college, although only a junior bachelor, a relaxation of a then prevalent custom, which had only been three times previously granted, and of these, the first two were made in favour of Isaac Newton and the son of Richard Bentley.

On gaining his fellowship, value 100*l.* per annum, Porson issued proposals to edit the ‘*Commentaries on the Greek Language*’ (1529) by Budæus, the most distinguished Hellenic scholar of his day in Europe. ‘The *Commentaries* of Budæus,’ says Hallam, ‘stand not only far above anything else in Greek literature before the middle of the sixteenth century, but are alone in their class.’ But in this he was not encouraged, and the inferior work of the Jesuit Vigerius, ‘*On the Chief Idioms of the Greek Language*’ (1632), has been adopted (unwisely, perhaps,) by modern scholars. In
March,

March, 1783, he criticised, in 'Maty's Review,' C. E. Schutz's 'Æschylus,' vol. i. (1782), and in July, R. F. P. Brunck's 'Aristophanes,' and announced that he 'was preparing a new edition of [Thomas] Stanley's "Æschylus" (1663), to which he proposed to add his own notes.' For this purpose he had annotated with corrections and conjectures, in his own peculiarly neat and microscopic writing, the 4to reprint of Stanley's edition, issued by J. C. de Pauw in 1745, and had made other collections. The syndics of the Cambridge University press were at this time desirous of reprinting in 4to. and 8vo. an edition of Stanley's 'Æschylus,' with additional notes from his MS. commentaries, &c.—eight large folios—deposited by the author's will in the public library, and they spoke to Porson about superintending it through the press; 'but on being told that he must preserve Stanley's text unaltered and must admit all Pauw's annotations, however valueless, he declined to execute the work on these conditions.' He laid before the syndics his plan of an edition, but they refused to entertain his proposals, and conferred the honourable duty on a very young man, Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Butler, of Harrow, Byron's tutor, who used up most of the hints of Porson, who was grievously dispirited by this slight, and could not for a long time thereafter bring himself to sit down and work out his views, though Messrs. Elmsley and Payne undertook to issue them. The printers, Foulis, who had recently issued 'the famous Glasgow Homer,' had Porson's MS. emendations put into their hands for a new edition, to be accompanied by scholia and notes; but though he had collected a large quantity of matter on the margins of Brunck's small editions of the separate plays, he could never be prevailed on to complete the work, two volumes of which, though printed in 1794, were not, in consequence of waiting for additional materials, published till 1806, and then only 'after unceasing importunity with a sort of half-faced consent.'

This affair seems to have been the gall and wormwood of Porson's life. He had never recovered well from whooping-cough; while at Eton he narrowly escaped death from the formation of a large imposthume in his lungs, and he was troubled during much of his life with asthma. Even as a boy at Eton he seems to have been addicted to beer, but when 'he became a man' he could top any company as a drinker of brandy. Taken at first to convey a pleasant fillip to the jaded nerves of a sedentary student, or to rouse the outworn vigour of the mind, or set his wit on edge in company, it coiled its influence round his soul as the snakes from Tenedos bound the body of Laocoon ('Spiris que ligant ingentibus,' Æneid ii. 200—227), and at length constricted his energies and poisoned his life. A treacherous ally, Drink promised help, apparently gave it for a while, and then betrayed the 'Capital of Mansoul,' which he had pretended to befriend and defend. In

this juncture of fate, when disappointment tried Porson, and care eagerly sought a charm to quiet the aches of life, he used insidious wine as an *elixir vitæ*, but alas! 'Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise;' and instead of sweeping and garnishing the house, the demon of drink introduced a legion of other devils to distract and destroy him who hoped for comfort from the alliance, and was soon able to use the words of Cyril Tourneur, and say with pointed finger—

'The worst of all the deadly sins is in him :
That beggarly damnation—drunkenness !'

The 'useful but ungainful pursuits' of a student occupied the year 1784, and only added one or two slight critical notices from his pen to 'Maty's Review,' and the following jesting, truthless epigraph on the union of Learning and Liquor, which too plainly shows that drink was even then rubbing the sense of shame out of his soul.

'I went to Strasburg, and got drunk
With the most learned professor Brunck.
I went to Wurtz, and got more drunken
With the more learned professor Ruhnken.'

He had before this time corresponded with, but he never saw these distinguished men, and had not, therefore, had the opportunity of singing with them in chorus in any German 'Platz,' the verses composed by the celebrated Dutch pupil of Scaliger and secretary to the Synod of Dort, Daniel Heinsius, once when liquor had unsteadied his gait :—

'Sta pes, sta bone pes : sta pes, ne labere mi pes.
Sta pes, aut lapides hi mihi lectus erunt.*'

In 1785, he took his M.A. degree, indulged his gluttonous taste for reading and his increasing propensity for drinking, and when he occasionally dipped into the creed, the articles, &c., as about this time he frequently did, he felt more and more inclined to say with Leigh Hunt's bibulous monk—

'Mysterious and prophetic truths
I never can unfold 'em,
Without a flagon of strong wine
And a slice of cold ham.'

The result of these theologistics was that Porson—who held his fellowship on the condition that he should take holy orders in ten years or resign it—came to the conclusion that the Church would not suit him [and, in an *aside* to his own conscience, that he would not suit the Church?] It also prepared him for his next great literary feat—unless we reckon his three ironical epistles of panegyric on Sir John Hawkins's Life of [Dr. Sam.] Johnson in the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' (1787) one, or his brief notes

* 'Stand feet, stand firmly feet ; sure be your tread.
Stand feet, or else these stones must be my bed.'

affixed to Hutchinson's '*Xenophontis Anabasis*,' another—his '*Letters to Travis*.' Gibbon, in a passage in and a note to his *History*, chap. xxxviii., had spoken of the disputed text of 1 John v. 7, regarding 'the three witnesses,' and Archdeacon Travis, in five '*Letters to Gibbon*,' undertook to overthrow the assertions made or facts stated in this chapter upon that point. Porson's strictures on the Archdeacon appeared first in letters in the '*Gentleman's Magazine*,' 1788 and 1789; and in 1790 Egerton the bookseller issued them in a volume and allowed the author 30*l*. for the copyright. These letters are virulent though terse, in many parts elegantly expressed, but coarse, unmannerly, and ill-tempered, so much so as to have been pithily said to be 'such a book as the devil would write if he could hold a pen.' Travis, said Dr. Parr, found 'an assailant equally irresistible for his wit, his reasoning, and his erudition—I mean the immortal Richard Porson.' This book, the preface to which contains the most severely just criticism of Gibbon's *History and Style* which has yet appeared, the historian characterized as 'the most acute and accurate piece of criticism since the days of Bentley . . . founded in argument, enriched with learning, and enlivened with wit.' Though it produced interviews between the historian and the critic, no advantage to Porson accrued from the meeting; but the book was disastrous enough in another respect, for after its publication, a lady benefactress—Mrs. Mary Turner—altered her will, in which he was assigned a large bequest, and cut him off with 30*l*.

Cambridge, his own university, had refused his aid in the publication of '*Æschylus*;' but Oxford, in 1787, accepted his services to edit, preface, and annotate a re-issue of Jonathan Toup's '*Emendationes in Suidas*,' whose author had died two years before. This work appeared in 1790, and fully sustained Porson's reputation as a scholarly critic; the winter of that year he spent at Hatton with Dr. S. Parr, whose philological lore as well as intense whiggery were amply vouched for by the preface to his edition of '*Bellendenus*,' 1787. Here Porson rose late, seldom walked out, and was employed in the library till dinner, reading and taking notes from books, but chiefly the latter. 'At night,' we are told, 'when he could collect the young men of the family together, and especially if Parr was absent from home, he was in his glory. The charms of his society were then irresistible. Many a midnight hour (John Johnstone, M.D., author of the '*Life of Parr*,' is the recorder) did I spend with him, listening with delight while he poured out torrents of various literature, the best sentences of the best writers, and sometimes the ludicrous beyond the gay; pages of Barrow, whole letters of Richardson, whole scenes of Foote; favourite pieces from the periodical press, and among them I have
heard

heard recited the 'Orgies of Bacchus.' We are not, therefore, surprised to hear from the same source that 'his manners in a morning, indeed, were rather sullen, and his countenance gloomy,' for the false hilarity of the 'midnight hour' worm-eats the temper and over-jades the brain. The picture is painted in the brilliant colours of an enthusiast; but we notice the tints in it which tell of the love of liquor grown strong, and so misleading the faculties as to make them relish 'the ludicrous beyond the gay.' We know that Porson's conduct and habits had become so loathsome that the delicate concealment of the Latin phrase from Horace *Comminat lectum potus* requires to be used to show the degraded depth to which he carried his excess; and at last Mrs. Parr was compelled to insult that she might get rid of him. So much had liquor done to destroy the charm of learning.

As Porson's fellowship expired in July, 1792, he applied for a lay fellowship which had become vacant a short time previously. Dr. Postlethwaite, Master of Trinity, used his influence for a nephew of his own, John Heys, and Porson was sadly disappointed. Perhaps Dr. Postlethwaite thought that by forcing him into Orders he would put a check on his reigning vice; perhaps that the success of his application would only make him worse, but most likely he only thought of gaining his own end. Porson resigned his fellowship to Dr. Postlethwaite in person, and found himself positionless and prospectless in London, with a single guinea in his pocket. On this he contrived to subsist for a month, taking only two meals per diem, breakfasting on milk and bread, and dining on bread, cheese, and porter. In these distressing circumstances some scholars and literary men, prompted by pity, raised a subscription for him, in sums of not less than 10*l.*, which amounted in a short time to 2000*l.* It was proposed to purchase an annuity of 100*l.* per annum, but Porson would only consent to receive the interest of the sum during his life, the principal to revert at his death to the subscribers: when the sum did so revert, it was employed in the institution of a Porson scholarship and prize. At this time the drunkard's refuge against care failed him, for we find him complaining 'how hard a task it was, when a man's spirit had once been broken, to renovate it,' and a failing memory and unsettled health showed that the tempter was bearing him down.

On the resignation of Dr. Cooke, Professor of Greek at Cambridge, interest was made for Porson, and on the 1st of November, 1792, he was unanimously chosen by the seven electors, after having intimated his unwillingness to subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles. In two days he is said to have composed his inaugural prelection, 'On the Character of Euripides.' This discourse, while carefully marking out the place due to the bard of Salamis, also

also distinguishes and compares the excellences of the three great masters in Greek tragedy. It is yet a model of clearness, precision, acumen, and elegance, and justly succeeds the preface in the 'Richardi Porsoni Adversaria.' Its Latinity is quite as remarkable as its critical keenness, and he might indeed have been thought to have

'Finished the whole, and laboured every part
With patient touches of unwearied art,'

had we not distinct authority for the fact of its rapid composition—doubtlessly, out of a mind full of the materials for producing such an essay. The handsome sum of 40*l.* per annum is given by the University of Cambridge, as in Porson's time so at this day, as a fitting remuneration for the Professor of Greek in its halls. Porson intended to lecture, but want of rooms, of inducement, and, more than all, of a stable will, prevented the commencing of the gigantic task. In 1793 an edition of Heyne's 'Virgil' was published by Messrs. Payne and Co., London, nominally edited by him, but really full of errors such as could only have occurred by the publishers passing his corrections, if ever made, unheeded. In the same year he contributed to the 'Monthly Review' a notice of a 'Treatise on Education,' attributed to Plutarch, and next year he criticised in the same pages Payne Knight's 'Essay on the Greek Alphabet.' An edition of 'Æschylus' was in 1794 printed by Foulis, of Glasgow, for the London booksellers, from an edition issued by John Cornelius de Pauw at the Hague in 1745, in which the Greek Professor at Cambridge had made upwards of two hundred emendations, but the irregularities of his life made him a trouble to publishers and a pesterer to printers.

For some time he paid his addresses to the sister of his friend, Dr. Matthew Raine; but the hopelessly stubborn love for strong drink was so developed into habitual intemperance, that even the warmest of Porson's life-long intimates objected to the alliance, and the match was broken off. In 1795, however, he married Mrs. Lunan, the sister of James Perry, editor and proprietor of 'The Morning Chronicle,' to which paper Porson was a contributor. Perry himself had seen a good deal of hard life, and was accustomed to indulge in potations of no inconsiderable depth. His sister's former husband was a worthless bookbinder, from whom she had been divorced, and who was living in marriage with another wife when Mrs. Lunan became the mate of Professor Porson. She had been housekeeper to Mr. Perry, and she continued so after her marriage, as the Greek critic had no *ménage*. A marked improvement took place in his character under the home influences thus brought round him, and the occupations for which it gave him opportunity. In a fire that took place at

Merton

Merton, Perry's country house, in 1796, a copy of the Greek Lexicon of Photius, a learned Patriarch of Constantinople, in the ninth century, on which Porson had expended ten months of incessant labour; a copy of Kuster's 'Aristophanes,' on which he had written extensive *marginalia*; and many other MSS. were destroyed. Porson, though accounting the destruction as a loss of twenty years of his life, set himself to write out another copy of Photius, the MS. of which is now in the Trinity College Library, and from it an edition, edited by Dobree, was issued in 1822. In 1796, he wrote some squibs upon the 'Ireland forgeries,' under the signature Sam England in the 'Morning Chronicle.' In 1797 he published the 'Hecuba of Euripides for Students,' anonymously. Early in the same year his wife died of consumption, and the power of Bacchus reasserted its eminency. His imitations of Horace; the letters of Mythologus on 'the Orgies of Bacchus,' (which contain some of the most profane expressions in modern literature), many squibs, letters, &c. appeared in the 'Morning Chronicle,' and were evidently written under the influence noted in Porson's own verse—

' For valour the stronger grows
The stronger the liquor we're drinking;
And how can we feel our woes
When we've lost the power of thinking?'

'The object of the Orgies of Bacchus,' says the Rev. James Watson, 'is to remark how many points of resemblance may be found if any one is disposed to find them between the actions of Bacchus as related by poets and mythologists and those of the Messiah.' The imitations of Horace were political, not irreligious. The old adage of 'Set a thief to catch a thief' was amusingly illustrated by Porson over a pipe and a tankard, producing one hundred and one epigrams in one night, upon the drunkenness of Pitt and Dundas in the House of Commons on the evening of the delivery of the king's message relative to war with France. These may be quoted as a drunkard's squibs on inebriety:

' That Ça Ira in England will prevail
All sober men deny with heart and hand.
To talk of *going's* sure a pretty tale
When e'en our rulers can't so much as stand.'

' Your foe in war to overrate
A maxim is of ancient date:
Then sure 'twas right in time of trouble
That our good rulers should *see double*!'

' "Who's up?" inquired Burke, of a friend at the door.
"Oh, no one," says Paddy; "though Pitt's on the floor!"'

The 'Phænissæ' of Euripides was published in 1799. The Greek Professor in the College of France, M. Guil, sent him presents of his works, and in 1800 he reviewed in the 'Monthly Review,'

Review,' the 'Sovereign,' by Charles Small Pybus, a poem addressed to Paul, Emperor of all the Russias; and collated the Harleian MS. of Homer's 'Odyssey' for the celebrated Grenville Homer. In 1801 he issued the 'Medea,' and in 1802 was called by J. B. D'Ansse de Villosion, a distinguished French scholar, 'the most learned and most justly celebrated Hellenist of the country in which Greek learning is most cultivated.' A second edition of 'Hecuba' appeared early in 1802, and therewith the published labours of Porson in explication of the text of 'Euripides' ceased. Why he did not continue his attention to 'Euripides,' and endeavour, as he expressed it, to complete the web which he had begun to weave, is a question that has often been asked. 'The true answer to it, we fear, is that he was fast falling deeper and deeper into habits which unfitted him for steady perseverance in any kind of mental labour, so that his days were either wasted in indolence, or employed only in desultory efforts that ended in nothing. A man who in health that had long been far from good, spent his evenings, and perhaps his nights in convivial indulgence, would be but ill-fitted for toilsome research and calm disquisition. If he was naturally indolent, too, and averse to write when he was in full vigour, and his head clear, how much more would this be the case when he was debilitated and overclouded.' (p. 255). Of his own personal appearance, and the cause of it, Porson himself writes to Dr. Joy: 'For some time past my face, or rather my nose, whether from good living or bad humours, has been growing into a great resemblance of honest Bardolph's (Henry IV., Act. iii., Scene 3), or, to keep still on the list of honest fellows, of honest Richard Brinsley's (*i. e.* Sheridan). 'Upon this hint' it seems appropriate here to introduce Lord Byron's notice of the Professor's habits when in liquor: 'I have seen Sheridan drunk, too, with all the world, but his intoxication was that of Bacchus, and Porson's that of Silenus. Of all the disgusting brutes—sulky, abusive, and intolerable—Porson was the most bestial, as far as the few times that I saw him went. . . . He used to recite, or rather vomit, pages of all languages, and could hiccup Greek like a Helot; and certainly Sparta never shocked her children with a grosser exhibition than this man's intoxication. . . . Of his drunken deportment I can be sure, because I saw it.'

This is a terrible picture of a man of genius, debased to the low level of sots, not once, or even again, by the chance of an uncalculated betakement, but by indulgence worked and pampered into a disease, and a craving more masterful than thought, status, reputation, friendship, or public opinion. The demon of drink is never a very special devil in his acquaintanceships, or about his worshippers, but he must surely have chuckled often over a conquest by which he became Porson's master.

The

The glimpses we get of Porson at this time are very humiliating—a mop of lank, uncombed hair fell in masses over a face, the eyes of which were sodden and dull; a patch of brown paper, steeped in vinegar, was stuck on his Bardolphian nose; his neckcloth loose, his dress negligently put on, shabby and dirty; his stockings wrinkled, and his gait shuffling when not unsteady, ‘from a total want of discretion in the hours he keeps, and the time he sits at his bottle,’ says the late Lord Lansdowne’s tutor, Dr. Dubarry. He was a smoker, devoted to port, ‘a wallower in wine,’ though often obliged to content himself with porter—of either of which he could drink awful quantities—but he was specially addicted to brandy, which the Rev. J. S. Watson, *Homerico more*, denominates ‘the drink of heroes!’ He also relates with a sort of gusto—which ought rather to have been disgust—a conflict or ‘new species of Olympic game,’ between John Horne Tooke, the politician and philologist, and Porson (besides alluding, without objection, to a similar challenge given by the former to, and accepted by James Boswell), which very much resembles the contest in which Burns’s poem of ‘The Whistle’ originated, in which, however, brandy was the weapon, and Tooke was the vanquisher, of Porson. It appears from this that it is not only of Porson, but of others, that the following extract from Barker’s ‘*Parriana*’ is *apropos*:—‘This most extraordinary man who could instruct and delight the most cultivated minds, could also make himself a very nuisance by certain degraded habits.’

Drink held Porson captive now. Sobriety was scarcely ever expected of him by his friends; and even after he had ‘well drunken’ in the houses of his patrons, he would retire to the ‘Cider Cellars’ in Maiden Lane, where he had earned the flattering eulogium, ‘Dick can beat us all; he can drink all night, and spout all day!’ As this was the case, it is hardly to be wondered at that he very seldom went to bed sober.

The advantage to society of the Temperance movement could be pretty well gauged by the difference in social customs already wrought in life, manners, and habits, between the days of Porson and our own. Then this Professor of Greek in the University of Cambridge was an habitual and shameless drunkard; but still stranger does it seem to us that he should have been permitted to abuse himself with wine or stronger liquors in the company, and even in the houses, of such men as the Dean of Westminster, Bishops Maltby, Burgess, Douglas, Tomline, Dr. Burney, Samuel Rogers, Dr. Goodall, Horne Tooke, Dr. Samuel Parr, Dr. Raine, Dr. Routh, Basil Montague, Isaac Reed, Paley, Dr. Martin Davy, (Conversation) Sharp, &c., &c. Would any man holding his position now be guilty of such practices as those of ‘Devil Dick’ and pass unblamed? Would men of similar position in life, repute,

repute, or office, court the company and encourage the destructive propensities of this Greek scholar? We think not; and we think, moreover, that the names of these men, coupled with this disastrous fact, prove conclusively that the march of intellect is little to be credited for its share in this social revolution.

The London Institution (then in Old Jewry, now in Finsbury Circus) was formed by a company of shareholders in 1806, and Porson was appointed librarian, with a salary of 200*l.* per annum, and a suite of rooms. His habits were confirmed; he could not perform his duties, for 'he was often brought home in a state of helpless insensibility long after midnight. Riot had developed Ruin, and his frame became a perfect hot-bed of diseases. He attempted to read Plato, but the power even of effort failed him, and the directors complained to him—'We only know you are our librarian by seeing your name attached to the receipts for your salary!' Drink had done its fatal work on his moral nature, and was fast encroaching on the citadel of his physical health. Decay came rapidly upon him. His memory and his appetite, except for ardent liquors, began to fail, and the fretful tissues of his body irked at his ill-usage.

On the 19th of September, 1808, he was out calling on Mr. Perry, his brother-in-law, when, at the corner of Northumberland-street, Strand, he was stricken down by the great, rude, vindictive hand of Apoplexy, and was carried to the workhouse in Castle Street, St. Martin's Lane, where he was partially restored to consciousness; but as he was unknown to the officials, an advertisement was inserted in the 'British Press,' describing him, and informing his friends of his whereabouts. Mr. Savage, the under-librarian, on reading the notice, guessed who it was, and set off to see if he could be of any assistance. Porson had by this time so far recovered as to be able to walk, though feebly. He was driven to the Old Jewry, and got a slight breakfast. He grew a little better, and went out to dine, but in Coles's Coffee-house experienced another seizure, and was brought back to bed. Mr. Norris, a surgeon in the neighbourhood, was called in. Dr. Babington and Mr. Upton afterwards saw him, as did also Dr. Clarke, the biblical commentator. He continued to grow gradually worse until Sunday 25th September, 1808, on the close of which day, exactly as the midnight chimes of St. Paul's struck the ear, he died. A *post mortem* examination of his body was made, and the following passages from the report of it will show too plainly that alcoholic inflammation cut off this great scholar at the early age of forty-nine. 'Under the *tunica arachnoides* a clear fluid was seen to be generally diffused over the surface of the brain; and upon separating the *pia mater*, lymph to the quantity of about an ounce, issued from between the convolutions of the brain.' . . . 'The ventricles

did not seem to contain more than one ounce of lymph; but upon removing the whole of the brain, at least an ounce and a half more lymph remained at the basis of the skull.' . . . 'We are of opinion that the effused lymph in and upon the brain, which we believe to have been the effect of recent inflammation, was the immediate cause of death!'

On Monday, the 3rd October, his remains were removed from the London Institution, and on Tuesday they were deposited at the foot of the statue of Newton in Trinity College, Cambridge. A plain slab is laid over his resting-place with the word *PORSON* on it, at once an epigraph, an epigram, and an epitaph. A bust of him occupies a niche in the College library, and verses in Greek and Latin were laid in his grave.

So passed away from the earth the singular gifts, the vast learning, the verbal subtlety, the mighty memory, the skilful mind, the powerful suggestive faculties from which the world might have gained so much, from which it has reaped so little—if it be not a dread example of the unsparing malignity of the drink-fiend, in stripping from the human soul character, usefulness, genius, joy, and hope, and in dragging down unscrupulously from the highest eminences the men whose ascent has been most toilsomely won, as well as those who seem most securely seated in the graces of the world. The unrivalled penetration, the matchless intuition, as it almost seemed, by which he saw, through the corrupted disguise of ages, the true readings of classic authors, and the rude sarcasm of his wit, may preserve a species of fame for the successor of Bentley, but the escutcheon of his reputation is blemished by the fatuity of his adoration of Bacchus.

While we recognize the mental power by which the son of a weaver and a parish clerk rose by dint of application and ambitious effort, outstripped the most favoured scholars of his time, and won the very van of classical criticism—making himself by his talents a mate for the highest in the land; while we admire the manly honesty and veracity of his life, especially in tempting exigencies; while we honour and do homage to his marvellous power of making people love him—despite of his faults, grievous though they were, we cannot refrain from the exercise of a sorrowing pity at the thought of his wasted life, or from demanding with the earnest emphasis of which such a theme is suggestive, a divorce between liquor and learning.

ART. IV.—THE PETTING AND FRETTING OF
FEMALE CONVICTS.

Female Life in Prison. By a Prison Matron. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1862.

THIS work, written with liveliness and vigour, affording as it does an insight into prison life, and new as it is interesting, is deservedly popular with the general public. For the philanthropist, however, it possesses an interest of a different and a very painful kind. He will learn with deep grief that such a pandemonium as that described by the authoress can exist in civilized—in Christian England. But profound humiliation must be added to grief when he discovers that this abyss of human misery has been caused in great measure by gross carelessness and mismanagement.

The English convict system has sustained attacks both numerous and severe; but none, we believe, so damaging as the one now before us; and for this reason, that it is unconscious. The prison matron, as far as we know, has written her book without the slightest intention of exposing the deplorable weakness of our convict management. The facts detailed, bearing upon their face the stamp of truth, furnish all the more important evidence because their narrator is ignorant that they confirm the soundness of the allegations brought against the success of the system by its opponents.

Before, however, we endeavour to prove the truth of this proposition by an analysis of the book, it is but fair to premise that if our convict authorities were asked what is the object of penal servitude, we believe they would reply, and that their answer would be a perfectly true one, that in addition to the punishment for crime, the object earnestly desired by the directors is the reformation of the criminal, and that the training she receives during her incarceration is intended to fit her for a better life after she regains her liberty. Nor can it be denied that the appliances of our convict prisons, the cost of which is very considerable, are well adapted to attain the desired end. The explanation, however, we believe to be that in some instances the means for reformation are only partially utilized—in others they are totally neglected, and, what is still worse, sometimes they are so perverted, that instead of producing any good effect, they do unmitigated mischief.

There are three prisons for female convicts in England, viz., Millbank, Brixton, and Fulham. The latter is called a refuge, but is, to all intents and purposes, as much a prison as either of the others, for it is supported at the national expense, and its inmates cannot quit it at their pleasure. Female convicts almost always begin their career of servitude at Millbank, where, after a

stay

stay of ten months, unless their conduct should be very bad, they are removed to Brixton, where they pass through various stages, each stage conferring a fresh privilege. If strong and under forty years of age, after a sufficient period of good conduct, they are removed from Brixton to Fulham Refuge, where the strictness of the discipline is greatly relaxed. If, however, the prisoner's conduct is very bad, she finishes her time at Brixton, or even sometimes at Millbank, to which gaol, outrageous behaviour at Brixton would condemn her to return.

Why those unfortunate convicts who are of weak health or above forty should be deprived of this reward for good conduct we leave the directors to explain. Here is a means of reformation only partially used. If the regulations at Fulham are such as to render it unfit for the reception of weakly or middle-aged women, either these regulations should be relaxed or some other means of stimulating prisoners to good conduct should be devised.

There is, however, one reward duly appreciated by the convicts to which the middle-aged and weakly are eligible. It is a special dress, much more becoming than the ordinary prison costume; its wearers possessing, besides, some other privileges not allowed to their fellow convicts. But even this reward, for some inscrutable reason, is limited to twelve; consequently, when the special dress-class is full, this incentive to good conduct is powerless.

But it appears from the prison matron's book that the steps which lead from Millbank to Brixton are not entirely dependent—as they ought to be—upon good conduct. The health of the prisoner interferes, and will send her from Millbank to Brixton before the first stage of her probation is completed. Millbank is doubtless unhealthy, lying, as it does, close to the Thames, and is very undesirable as a convict prison. This, however, should have been considered ere it was built. Its unhealthy situation causing the authorities to think it necessary to remove prisoners from it before their probation is worked out, must have a very pernicious influence on the minds of the convict class. The most important lesson we can teach these persons is, that they gain nothing in comfort by entering a prison. Besides, many an honest woman who has never infringed her country's laws is obliged to live in unwholesome situations. Surely a criminal should not be better off.

It is related of one most outrageous prisoner that 'the superintendents, matrons, &c., of either prison were always extremely rejoiced to get rid of Ball. If Millbank could flatter itself into the belief that Ball's conduct was improving, away went the girl to the Surrey prison; if Brixton could make out a fair case against Ball for breach of discipline, back she came to Middlesex.' What a nebulous theory and practice of discipline is here revealed! Instead of good behaviour, positive and well-defined, about which

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no superintendents could 'flatter' themselves, being made the test of reward, or punishment, the result of an opposite course, here is a prisoner sent backwards and forwards from one prison to another at the discretion or indiscretion of superintendents and matrons. The other prisoners being of course perfectly aware of the treatment received by Ball, its influence over their minds must have been most pernicious. Where advancements from stage to stage, and discharge on tickets-of-leave before the expiration of their sentences, ought rigorously to depend on the successful exertions of the prisoners to attain self-reformation, any disturbing causes like promotion on the ground of ill-health, and again, non-promotion for the same reason, or because of the impediment of over-age or a limitation of privileges to a particular number where others beyond that number may have equal claims, will not only pervert the legitimate effect of example, but mislead the minds of the convicts, who, under such a system (if system it may be called) will never be convinced that their reformation is all-important to their own interests, or very seriously desired by the authorities.

The first regulation to which the prisoners must submit on entering Millbank is the cutting short of their hair, an operation to which they bear an inveterate dislike. Many of them will beseech the officers to spare them; others will declare it illegal to cut their hair; they are married, and their hair is the property of their husbands. Others will resist every effort of persuasion, until, handcuffed, they are reduced by force to submit to the dreaded infliction. The prison matron considers that the impression left in the prisoner's mind is, 'not a pleasant one,' and there are a few, she thinks, who 'are more sullen, more doggedly obstinate according to their respective natures, from the moment their locks of hair are strewing the floor of the reception-room.' Is this surprising? Not less than the most refined of her sex does the lost and guilty woman value her flowing hair. Violate this feminine instinct, and you degrade her in her own estimation. Respect it, and you rivet one link of the chain by which you may raise her from the depths into which she has fallen. A woman on entering a convict prison should feel that however vicious her past life has been, she is come to a place where she has a character to regain and support, and this dreaded bereavement should hang over her only to be inflicted in the last extremities of discipline. Our authoress says that the cutting off the hair is necessary for the sake of cleanliness, and that it is not cut to an 'ungraceful shortness.' There, however, she is mistaken. If hair be left long enough for grace, it is not short enough to ensure cleanliness, and to preserve cleanliness is the only sufficient reason for the privation, except as a *dernier ressort*. But considering how strong a motive to good conduct is lost when the prisoner has been subjected to this outrage to her feelings, it

is manifestly desirable that cleanliness should be obtained by some other means. Each prisoner is nine hours in bed—a thirty-sixth portion of this liberal allowance would suffice for keeping the hair, however long, clean and tidy, and this is all that is necessary or that should be allowed. If the prisoner neglected her hair, then there would be reason enough for cutting it short, and she would feel that the penalty followed justly and naturally on the offence, even if she did not acknowledge its justice. Thus might cleanliness be secured and one deep source of irritation spared to the unhappy convict.

But if we refer to another portion of the volume, we shall see that cleanliness cannot be the real reason for cutting the prisoner's hair, for our author assures us that neither hair-pins nor back combs are 'served out' to the prisoners, and that consequently these articles, indispensable to the tidy appearance of long hair, are very often given to the convicts by the matrons, who are blamed if their *protégées* appear untidy.

The prison matron tells us that the women often rebel against the unbecoming uniform they are obliged to wear, and, indeed, in defiance of all rules and regulations, will do their best to improve it. Caps are altered in shape, and bonnets are put on in a more becoming style, while one very troublesome prisoner—the same who oscillated between Millbank and Brixton, and who must have possessed a genius for dressmaking—could not be prevented from altering her whole costume. If the odious uniform gown, with its waist just below its armpits, were given her at night, by morning it was changed into a long-waisted dress with flowing skirts. Prison caps especially call for improvement; so much was this the case, that at one time a director 'threatened, if the caps were not left to their original shape, and were subject to such constant alterations and amendments, white night-caps should be substituted in their place—a terrible threat, which convulsed the prisoners with horror, and had it been carried out, would have brought about more mutiny than the director might have bargained for.' This love for becoming dress is again an instinct which they have in common with the rest of the female sex, and it should not be wantonly outraged. No expense must be incurred in indulging the vanity of prisoners, and as cheap an uniform must be adopted as is consistent with warmth and propriety; but ugliness is not the necessary concomitant of economy; and as it is universally acknowledged that the reformation of the female convict is the most difficult and at the same time the most important problem of which the welfare of society requires the solution, any means, however trivial, of creating and increasing their feeling of self-respect should be turned to good account. If those prisoners who possess some skill in dressmaking were occasionally, as a reward, permitted
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to alter their dress so as to make it conform more to their own ideas of taste, it would be a way of employing their faculties, if not beneficially, at least innocently, and far superior to the unguarded association which is allowed to some of the prisoners as a Sunday privilege at Brixton.

The life of the female convict is extremely monotonous at Millbank, where the larger proportion of violent conduct occurs. We learn that the prisoners rise at a quarter to six, A.M., and dress, a few being allowed to clean the wards, and some of the best behaved to arrange the matron's private rooms; the rest clean their cells, and fold up and arrange their bed-clothes: not a large amount of work to be spread over an hour and three-quarters. At half-past seven they breakfast, each in her cell, the meal consisting of a pint of cocoa and a four-ounce loaf. After breakfast, work begins—coir-picking for the lowest class and new comers; for the others, bag and shirt-making. This labour is continued, with an interval of about an hour for chapel, until one o'clock, when the prisoners dine on four ounces of boiled meat, half a pound of potatoes, and a six-ounce loaf. After dinner, labour is again resumed for the rest of the day, with two intervals, one of an hour for exercise, which consists of walking in Indian file round one of the prison yards, and another for tea at half-past five, this meal consisting of gruel. After tea a matron reads a few prayers in each ward. The labour finally ceases at a quarter to eight, when the prisoners are allowed leisure until half past, which they may fill up by reading if they choose; but as comparatively few of them can read well, and no other mode of recreation is permitted, this three quarters of an hour must, in general, be rather tedious than otherwise. At half-past eight the prisoners prepare their beds, and are expected to be in them at a quarter before nine, when the gas is put out in the cells.

This monotonous existence, following the life of excitement which criminals lead out of prison, is certainly one source of the 'breakings-out' so graphically described by the authoress. The *disease* consists in smashing the windows of the cell, breaking the furniture, tearing up the blankets and bedding—the remedy for this being confinement in a dark cell, with a bread-and-water diet, for a longer or shorter period, according to the obduracy of the culprit. One woman remained twenty-eight days without yielding at all. Another refused to leave the dark cell, saying that it suited her, and that she should break out again if she quitted it. She remained there for several weeks before she could be induced to return to her ordinary cell.

Of course these violent women do not go obediently to the 'dark' when desired, and have to be carried there by male officers, screaming, kicking, fighting, and scratching their unfortunate

bearers, besides tearing their clothes, and pulling out their hair and their whiskers. One most outrageous prisoner, the aforesaid Ball, a woman possessed of enormous strength, when carried to the 'dark,' would leave a trail marking her passage there of shreds of her own and the officers' clothing, with uniform buttons, handfuls of hair, &c.

Breakings-out are frequent both at Millbank and Brixton; and though at Fulham the offences are perhaps not so outrageous, yet even there punishment is not rarely incurred, and sometimes the culprits are relegated not only to Brixton, but occasionally even to Millbank.

The authoress condemns the punishment of the dark cell—a cell completely obscured at Millbank, but only partially so at Brixton—acknowledges that she never knew any good effect arise from its infliction, and wishes a better substitute could be found. The unhappy women condemned to the 'dark' pass their time generally in singing, dancing, *swearing*, or destroying the blankets and rug given them to sleep in. This fearful state of excitement, or rather insane frenzy, soon tells on the prisoners' health, and, though frequently richly deserving the punishment, several of them are unable to undergo it, the result being that they are humoured, and not unseldom, we fear, coaxed into submission to the prison rules. This humouring must have the worst influence over their future life beyond the prison walls, and must very considerably injure the discipline within the gaol. The mysterious way in which female prisoners communicate information to one another, and which, according to the authoress, baffles either discovery or hindrance on the part of the officers, teaches the convicts that they have only to be sufficiently outrageous, sometimes to feign madness, or to inflict wounds on their persons, and they will become the subjects of humouring; and that little eccentricities and infractions of rules will be overlooked, in order to prevent an ebullition so pernicious both to the convicts' health and to the discipline of the prison. The breaking-out and its punishment are sincerely deplored by the prison matron, but she can find no remedy for the disease, though aware that the monotonous life of the convicts is its frequent cause. She also quotes a remark of one of her sister officers, who told her that she felt inclined to break out herself when she heard the yelling and screaming begin! The disease, the authoress tells us, is confined to English female prisons. If she had said English female *convict* prisons, we believe she would not have been far wrong. Is not this admission in itself a severe condemnation of the system under which breakings-out prevail? It cannot be entirely accounted for by the depravity of female criminals, or it would not be confined to Millbank and Brixton. It does not occur to the authoress that women who have experienced the excitement
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of a criminal life out of doors, will not be able to bear the monotonous existence caused by incarceration, solitude, and very little work requiring bodily exertion, accompanied by good diet and nine hours of bed! They make a noise; they carry on conversations with their fellow-prisoners, by tapping on the walls of their cells during the night. Nor need this excite our surprise, if we consider that they cannot by any possibility sleep for that lengthened period. How should we ourselves bear it?

If the prisoners worked vigorously till they were really fatigued, they would sleep soundly, and in the day-time the wholesome exercise of their muscles would occupy them, and breakings-out would be no longer necessary as a means of excitement. What lazy habits must be engendered by nine hours of bed! How often do working women obtain more than two-thirds of that amount? We have often heard nurses say to a child, 'Ah! you are the best of children when you are in bed and fast asleep.' Do the convict authorities consign their *protégées* for so long a time to bed, in the hope of manufacturing the best of prisoners? The diet, also, appears too good; it produces that exuberant strength wasted in smashing and tearing.

Whilst it appears that the women are almost driven to break out—and it is curious that the authoress considers the breakers-out are not necessarily the most depraved—their treatment during their residence in the 'dark' is excellently adapted to encourage them in their insubordination. The matrons, whom the prisoners well know to be overworked, are obliged to perform the onerous duty of looking into the cell once every hour during the night; and, if its inmate be awake, they must, unless they can see her, address her, and wait for a reply. The prisoners appear as if they often enjoyed imposing this wearisome duty on their officers. The surgeon must also see the inhabitant of the 'dark' every day; and (what we are about to add seems scarcely credible,) the prisoner knows perfectly well that if in her rage she destroys her blankets and rug every day, she will be supplied with a new set every night. These are the *distractions* which counterbalance the *désagréments* of the 'dark' and bread and water, but this last is not *de rigueur*. The prisoner's health may be weak; if so, she will have an improved or perhaps her ordinary diet.

It may be objected that if the women were left without covering in consequence of their own folly, their health might suffer; the public would hear of it, stigmatize the practice as cruel, and throw blame on the authorities. All this is very possible; but if the authorities have wisdom and justice on their side, they must brave undeserved animadversions, and it would not be impossible to convince the public, if occasion called for it, that the authorities would be in the right. Let us look at the case as it now

stands. The blankets and rugs are supplied *ad libitum*, and the women indulge their tempers in equal proportion—a practice quite as injurious to health as sleeping a night or two without covering. The prison matron says :—‘ In the refractory cells it became so general a rule to tear up a pair of blankets a-night, and this studied demolition became so important an item in the prison expenses, that it was suggested by a late deputy-superintendent of Millbank that sacking sheets stitched with string would baffle all destructive propensities.’ Would it not have been a more profitable investment of thought (especially as the sacking sheets after a time shared the same fate as their more destructible predecessors) if the superintendent had tried to discover a mode of incapacitating, not the prisoner’s fingers, but her mind from tearing and destroying? If it were explained to the convict clearly, on entering the prison, that such conduct would meet with its natural reward, and if this rule were strictly enforced, we feel sure that the blankets, even if they were of the finest and most destructible materials, would be perfectly safe in the prisoners’ hands. The first rule to be enforced in a prison is strict obedience to rules. The authorities hold the power, it is their duty to make the prisoners obey, and this may be effected without the exercise of any cruelty whatever. If the prisoners suffer inconvenience or privation as the result of their own folly, the authorities must not interfere to prevent such a natural consequence. We are obliged to submit to this law outside a prison; why are criminals to escape because they are within? Prisoners will, however, learn this lesson very rapidly, and the great majority will readily conform.

Another exciting cause of insubordination, we think, may be found quite as potent as the monotony and insufficiency of labour, in the want of adequate stimulants to good conduct. As we have before stated, the middle-aged prisoners, and those who are weak, are ineligible for Fulham, and we also gather from the book that subservience to rules alone, often the result of cunning, is all that is required for the prisoner to pass successfully through the progressive stages of discipline. Nor, indeed, does promotion to Brixton or Fulham appear to be considered as a reward in all cases. The authoress tells us that the prisoners will sometimes beg to remain at Brixton—they have never had a report against them, and they like their officers. In some cases the petitioners have been allowed to remain, but if Brixton be full, and Fulham scanty, *nolens volens* the prisoner must go, and she often, as a consequence of this decision, has a break out, which, the authoress tells us, ‘ invariably ’ sends her back to Millbank. With reference to the occasional dislike to promotion, we will mention the case of a prisoner who was called Tib, and whose almost constant insubordination had caused her to be given up as unteachable. At last

last it happened that she was placed under the care of a matron who by kind and judicious management developed in poor Tib some dawnings of improvement; Tib, in return, evincing a most sincere and devoted attachment to her excellent officer. Tib was 'wise in her generation,' for 'when the matron [*her* matron] fell sick for a few days, Tib's passion burst out again, and took her away to the refractory; and it was only by her threatening never to be quiet again if she was not returned to the same ward, that it was thought advisable to transfer her to her old quarters.' Do the authorities or the prisoners rule at Millbank? Through the judicious management of the good officer, Tib improved until she was eligible for a removal to Brixton. This promotion, however, involved the loss of her beloved matron, and consequently Tib refused to avail herself of it, and, in order to qualify herself for remaining at Millbank, had a break out and was removed to the dark! The reason, however, for this ebullition being reported to the authorities, they decided, 'after some consideration,' to send her to Brixton. The result is not surprising. Tib soon made herself so obnoxious there that she was returned to Millbank, where, in due time, she worked her way up to the ward superintended by the aforesaid matron. After this 'Tib oscillated between Millbank and Brixton during the remainder of her sentence—obedient at Millbank and altogether unruly at the latter prison.' And yet the prison matron quotes Sir J. Jebb's opinion, in which she most cordially agrees:—'Individuality must be more regarded with female convicts.' Alas! where was individuality in poor Tib's case? It is hardly credible that persons intrusted with the delicate functions of moral government can be so ignorant as not to know that to force a reward upon an unwilling recipient is to subject her to a penalty, and to create a new disturbance, in addition to so many others, of the whole framework of arrangements for urging on the work of self-reformation. Certainty in reward or punishment is an essential part of prison discipline; but our convict authorities have not yet discovered its importance, for 'some women are just as eager to know from the director why they have not been sent to Fulham, and are anxious to argue the matter with him, and prove how fitting they are for removal, and how well they have behaved since their sojourn at Brixton. These women's cases are inquired into, and a woman is found to be too old, or her health is too delicate, or another reason equally in the way of her transfer asserts itself.' If any of the twelve special dresses be vacant, we will hope those who desire this promotion will obtain it. If not, we conclude they do as well as they can without it, or as ill by breaking out. Whether the fault of this breaking out rests more with the authorities or the prisoners, the public must decide.

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Seeing the director is a privilege enjoyed as a right by all prisoners, in order that they may ask him any questions, or detail any wrongs they think they have received; and, on the whole, the privilege is just and wise. The authorities should not judge of the prisoners' conduct and disposition from the representations of their officers alone. The privilege, however, appears to be a good deal abused. In their monotonous existence, it must be so pleasant for the women to leave their cell, be admitted to a room in which a gentleman is sitting, and enter into conversation with him. For the same reason, the poor prison surgeon is, we suspect, beset with patients. The question that two-thirds of the women desire to ask of the director is about the time of their liberation, though they know it to a minute themselves. 'One has never had a report; why should she not go out at an earlier period than she who has been always "smashing" and always going to Millbank? and another has rendered some little service, hindered a breaking out, or perhaps prevented an attack on a particular matron—won't there be something taken off for that?' Why should not there be 'something taken off' if the woman speak the truth?

The authoress remarks upon the intense desire that the prisoners evince to obtain entrance into the infirmary, where there is no work, and certainly a different, very probably a better, diet; and she then describes the tricks by which they attempt to impose upon the medical attendants, and thus secure entrance into this elysium. They will whiten their tongues by rubbing them against the whitewashed walls of their cells, prick their gums, feign death, or swallow glass (which they have surreptitiously secured and pounded up) to produce internal hæmorrhage. Of course they like idleness and good living, like many others of their fellow-creatures who have never entered a prison; and if many of them are treated as one was, recorded by the prison matron, we need not feel much surprised that they strain every nerve to enter the infirmary. She says: 'Infirmary patients are allowed the best of everything: nothing within reasonable [?] limits is refused when requested by a prisoner really ill.' Grapes, though then at fifteen shillings the pound, were, in the case to which we refer, within 'reasonable limits,' though they were only a 'sick woman's fancy.' The authorities doubtless *intend* to be really kind, but they seem utterly to forget that they are not dealing with isolated criminals, and that every kindness must be accorded with reference, not to its single recipient alone, but to the effect it will have upon the whole number of prisoners under their charge. If one 'sick woman's fancy' is indulged, scores of them will spring up like mushrooms; whereas, if prisoners knew that in the infirmary they would receive all due attention, but no indulgence of mere fancies, which they must forego outside a gaol, these latter would quickly diminish

diminish to the relief of the authorities and benefit of the whole body of prisoners.

Notwithstanding,—or, may we not fairly conclude, in consequence of this mistaken kindness,—the prisoners appear to behave but little better in the infirmary than in the other parts of the prison. Breakings-out occur; selfishness and ingratitude abound there as elsewhere; and the favourite employment of the convalescent patients is to talk over their former life, ‘when they were “pals” together, or their “schools”* had not been broken up, or Jim had not thrown them over for the fancy girl they are going to throttle when they gain their liberty.’ Surely such conversation, which must undo all the previous exhortations of their chaplain and teachers, might be prevented. ‘One woman in Millbank infirmary took a fancied neglect of the doctor so much to heart, that on his next appearance she sprang from her bed, and seized the poker with the intention of splitting his head open. “I’ll learn you to say I don’t want any arrowroot, you beggar,” she screeched forth.’ ‘The same woman, in the days of her convalescence, and probably to prolong her stay in the infirmary, feigned a trance with such excellent effect as for a time even to puzzle the surgeon in attendance. It was more a state of coma than of trance, and necessitated the administration of beef-tea with a tea-spoon. After the surgeon was perfectly convinced of the trick, and had read her a lecture on her wickedness as she lay on her bed, in as rigid and death-like a position as she could assume, she maintained her inflexible position for two days, and was only brought to reason by the mixture of a little assafoetida with her beef-tea, at which fresh insult she sprang up in bed and assailed the attendant with a torrent of invective only to be heard in its true strength and richness in the wards of our government prisons.’

If sickness may in some degree interfere with discipline, it should not, as it appears to do, pretty nearly set it at naught. The wretched system of coaxing and humouring those who ought to obey, prevails here as in other parts of the prison, and its consequences are not surprising. If there were real labour to occupy the prisoners’ limbs and muscles, and some mental food which should fill up the vacuity of their minds—above all, if they felt that every step they took in the right path was a step nearer to the prison gate, this desire to intrude into the infirmary, and the bad behaviour there, would only be found among the very few prisoners whose feebleness, both mental and moral, renders efforts for their improvement all but useless.

The prisoners are allowed no healthful recreation but that of reading, except that, at Brixton, and perhaps at Fulham, they are

* A school is a sort of association among criminals.

occasionally

occasionally read to by visiting ladies. But to many the recreation of reading to themselves must be more toilsome than either coir-picking or shirt-making. They do, indeed, pursue another pastime—the authorities being still in ignorance that it is ‘hard to kick against the pricks.’ They surreptitiously make many little articles. It is against the rules for them to use either the cell furniture or materials for their work for any but its prescribed purpose, a regulation against which nothing in reason can be urged; but surely the determination to exercise their ingenuity in making fancy articles—miniature boots, rag dolls, pincushions, &c., being the favourites, in spite of rules, reports, and punishments—might be turned to a powerful engine for good. Why should they not employ their leisure in making these articles, not surreptitiously, and with materials filched from the prison property, but bought with a portion of the gratuity which is accumulating for them on their discharge, and which, alas! must in so many cases melt away in paying for destruction to prison property? These articles might be sold for the benefit of a charity. The women should occasionally be allowed to see the collection, know the prices of the articles, and be informed periodically how many have been sold. Visitors who come to inspect the prison are, the author informs us, constantly presenting money to the officers as a remuneration for the trouble they give. To accept money is contrary to rules, and would, if discovered, cost the officer her place. But if there were a collection of fancy articles made by the prisoners, to be sold for the benefit of a charity, the visitors would readily become purchasers, and thus satisfy their own sense of justice without offending against regulations, and at the same time confer a positive boon on the prisoners. The kindly feeling of these poor women is not, as the prison matron shows by several touching anecdotes, difficult to arouse, and if they knew that by employing their leisure time they were benefiting a hospital—a form of charity they can most easily understand—it would certainly be a more powerful preventive against breakings-out and tearing blankets than the dark cell, strait waistcoat, or sacking sheets. The manufacture of articles being surreptitious is harmful: legitimate the trade, and a means of reformation is utilized which is now not only utterly wasted, but is actually a source of mischief. When discovered, these articles must be immediately confiscated, or the officer herself infringes the rules; if, therefore, she be kind-hearted, she compromises the matter by saying, ‘Oh, give me those, Jones! I should like to give those to my little niece or sister.’ And Jones brightens up with delight at once, and, happy in having the power to confer a favour, is radiant with pleasure for a week together. Sometimes the prisoners, having secreted cotton and having fabricated a crochet hook from a hair-pin or a needle, will make a d’oyley or
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an anti-maccassar. If the prisoner 'be attached to her matron, which is very often the case, she will suddenly thrust it into the officer's hands when completed. "What's this for?" is the exclamation. "It's for you," is the gruff response. "But I must not take it, it's against rules." "Burn it then." "But this is prison cotton; I ought to report you." "Do if you like," mutters the woman. It is not reported in nine cases out of ten; the anti-maccassar or d'oley is quietly destroyed, and the case, with all its extenuating circumstances, communicated to the principal matron or consigned to oblivion as judgment may dictate.' That law must be pernicious which good sense and good feeling compel its administrators to evade, while the evasion itself has an injurious effect both on officer and convict.

Sad as the Infirmary chapter is, perhaps the one entitled the Prison School is even more painful, for here most palpably is that which ought to be a benefit turned into an evil. At Millbank the prisoners receive instruction in their cells three times a week from four teachers to each ward of twenty-eight prisoners, for an hour and a half at each time. The teachers go from cell to cell, spending (at different intervals, we believe,) in the aggregate thirteen minutes in each cell. Reading and writing are the only subjects in which the teachers endeavour to give instruction, and the progress in these is, as might be expected, but very small. The acquisition of elementary knowledge, when the age for learning easily is long past, is a toilsome labour, and the assistance of a teacher for forty minutes a week can hardly render it even endurable, much less profitable, to women of mature age. If the prisoners take pains, they receive no reward, and if they doggedly refuse to pay attention to their teachers, they receive no punishment. 'There is,' as the authoress observes, 'no incentive to learn.' It is a waste of teaching power, and she animadverts strongly on this portion of our convict management, fully acknowledging its uselessness.

But, bad as the system of instruction is at Millbank, it seems to be even worse at Brixton. There, the women are taught in classes of fifty each. Lately a slight alteration has been made in diminishing the number 'with satisfactory results.' These all learn, or, rather, do not learn, together. 'Lady prisoners, whose education is in advance of the schoolmistress's, sit side by side with the woman who stumbles over a word of one syllable, or who cannot read at all, and who sits glowering at her book, inwardly cursing its contents.' The mistress possesses no influence over her scholars, who are almost in open rebellion if the matron, whose business it is to keep order, should be obliged to leave the room. It is not likely that the women will submit to a teacher who is prevented by the large number in her class (which she sees only once a week)

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from obtaining any individual influence over her pupils. The 'individuality' which Sir J. Jebb recommends with regard to female convicts has not penetrated so far as the school. The mistress should be also one of the matrons. These officers see their pupils daily, and by constant intercourse may gain that individual influence which it is so important not only for a teacher who instructs poor convicts to possess, but for the instructor whose pupils are among the most refined and highest classes in the country.

The women hate the school, which, unless ill, they are compelled to attend. Nor need we wonder at this, when we learn that those who 'have a fair knowledge of their letters are set to read the Bible.' The Bible is, without doubt, one of the most difficult books to read in our language. Frequently both the words used, and the construction of the sentences are obsolete; besides, it abounds in proper names difficult of pronunciation. To these miserable scholars the associations connected with Bible-reading must necessarily be of the most painful kind, and a more efficacious way of making them hate the book, which the chaplain earnestly exhorts them to love, could scarcely have been devised. The convict authorities, who have the most difficult pupils in the world, cause them to be instructed in a fashion abandoned in almost every dame-school in the United Kingdom. Why should not the convict prison-schools be placed, as in Ireland, under the inspection of the Educational Board?

Want of space precludes our entering upon many other topics of moment. We were especially desirous of pointing out the absurd manner of teaching arithmetic which prevailed at Brixton (instruction in this science is now discontinued), and of suggesting that a few simple questions relating to the affairs of life, both without and within the prison walls, would engage the attention of the women whom the knowledge thus obtained would enable to calculate from time to time the growing amount of their gratuity, a subject of intense interest, about which there are 'endless squabbles.' These accounts are only given in once a quarter. They should be made up every week, when the sums therein set down are fresh in the memory of both convicts and officers. Captain Maconochie found the weekly settling of accounts most valuable in preventing any disagreement as to their correctness. We must also pass over the excessive hours of the matrons' duty, and the want of discrimination which permits association between women at Brixton without any guarantee that they will not exercise a pernicious influence over each other. Enough has however, we hope, been said to prove the proposition with which we set out, viz., that the means of reformation existing in our female convict prisons are, in general, either entirely neglected, or only partially used, or sometimes perverted so as to produce evil instead of good. If we have succeeded

ceeded in our task, our readers will agree with us that it is plain these institutions need immediate and sweeping reform. We fear it is equally plain that as long as those under whose control the management of our convict prisons is placed retain office, amendment will remain utterly hopeless.

Since writing this article, we have learned that the larger portion of female convicts now in Millbank are about to be removed to Parkhurst, in order to make room for the unusually large body of convicts lately sentenced to penal servitude. We wish we could reasonably hope that there would be a change in their treatment as well as in their location.

ART. V.—LANCASHIRE OPERATIVES IN 1826 AND 1862.

1. '*National Review*,' Article '*Lancashire*.' 1862.
2. *The Rate of Wages in Lancashire*. By David Chadwick, Esq. London. 1860.
3. *The Social and Educational Statistics of Manchester*. A Paper read before the Manchester Statistical Association by David Chadwick, Esq. 1862.
4. *The Letters of 'The Times' Correspondent*.
5. *The Weekly Reports of Mr. Commissioner Farnall*.

IT is seldom that the industrial classes of this country are visited with a calamity of such terrible magnitude as that which, for a time at least, has smitten the operative population of the cotton manufacturing districts, and reduced them to a state of suffering and misery. Of course, there is scarcely a branch of manufacturing industry exempt from the danger of seasons of severe depression or reverses, but there are not many instances wherein the disaster has been so complete, sudden, and extensive, as that which has extorted the cry of pain and despair from hitherto busy and prosperous Lancashire. Yet the evil was not utterly unforeseen. Warning symptoms had occasionally made their appearance; and, long before the actual commencement of the crisis, it was sufficiently obvious to every person who had calmly and impartially studied the various aspects which the question of slavery had assumed in America, that, unless the serious differences existing between the several States of the North and South were satisfactorily and speedily adjusted, the outbreak of civil warfare was merely a question of time. It is, however, somewhat questionable whether any of our political prophets could have predicted the protracted and expensive nature of the deadly struggle between the two opposing powers, or that the operatives of Lancashire would have been reduced to those straits, the knowledge of which has so readily awakened

awakened the warmest sympathies of the rest of the nation. That a supply of cotton derived from slave-labour sources would always incur the risk of being imperilled, or cut off, had long been a recognized truth, and various attempts, more or less successful, were made at different periods for the purpose of introducing the cultivation of cotton into districts where slave-labour would not be tolerated; but a sharp lesson, such as the present one, was needed for the purpose of fully awakening the public mind to a sense of the inadvisability of continuing to rely on a single source for the main supply of an article which employed nearly half a million of individuals in preparing it for domestic use. Henceforward, whatever may be the fate of the Southern Confederacy, the American monopoly of the staple has been destroyed, we trust for ever, and the other markets of the world will perhaps be enabled to supply us with a stock of cotton sufficient for all our requirements, and thus tend to render us independent of the slave-grown produce of the South.

But, in the meanwhile, the condition of the cotton-manufacturing operatives must continue to engage the earnest attention of every right-thinking person, conversant with their habits and disposition, and with the largeness of the number of those who are unable to procure a sufficient amount of remunerative employment. According to Mr. David Chadwick, whose estimates are selected as the most reliable, there were, in 1859, upwards of 400,000 persons engaged in the cotton manufactures of Lancashire alone. The amount of wages received by these 400,000 operatives was calculated at 205,833*l.* per week, or 10,653,000*l.* per year, being at the average rate of 10*s.* 3½*d.* weekly per head, an extremely moderate computation.

Besides these, it is requisite to take into consideration the number of persons employed in trades dependent upon the general prosperity of the cotton operatives. The number of individuals usually so engaged cannot be far short of half a million, and it will not be an exaggeration, but rather the reverse, if one million be taken as the number of individuals directly or indirectly depending upon the cotton manufacture for the means of obtaining a livelihood.

There are men yet living, who can remember the time when this branch of industry was still in its infancy, and when the gigantic mills which now stud the vales and slopes of the county were as yet things of the future. The factory operative of those days was a far different being to the brave-hearted fellow whose noble resignation, and patient fortitude have tended to shed a lustre over the otherwise gloomy industrial annals of 1862. In those times the great bulk of the people were uncared for, social questions were deemed revolutionary, political emancipation was the

the great topic of the hour, class was arrayed against class, seditious meetings were of hourly occurrence, arms and deadly weapons were being secretly manufactured, the infamous spy system was in full vigour, incentives to rebellion were not wanting, and but for the latent feelings of hope and good sense possessed by the people, the nation would have been plunged into all the horrors of civil warfare.

While the political horizon was thus clouded, the social condition of the working classes was extremely dispiriting. Distrusted by their rulers, governed with a rod of iron, and deemed incapable, if not unworthy, of thinking for themselves, they became continually impatient of control, and frequently precipitated themselves into insurrection. Things might have been otherwise, but, unfortunately for themselves, the industrial community possessed few sincere and trustworthy advisers. The press was loaded with shackles, the right of public meeting was questioned, and treason detected in every scheme proposed for the social amelioration of the people. The public-house was then, as now, an institution, but it had few rivals to share its popularity; nor was its pernicious and fatal influence lessened by the example of those occupying elevated stations in society, for intemperance was not considered to be in those days, as it now is, a social vice and a national curse. Thus things continued until the period immediately preceding the passing of the Reform Bill; and it is both interesting and instructive to contrast the manner in which the present distress is borne by the operatives of Lancashire, and the way in which their predecessors struggled against a somewhat similar calamity in 1826.

In the year just named, the county was burdened with an amount of distress almost as severe and disheartening as the present. Employment was suspended in all directions, mills were closed, and ruin stared the operatives in the face. The immediate cause of the evil appears to have been the reaction in the money market, consequent upon the extraordinary mania for speculation which had developed itself a short time previously, and led to the disappearance of vast quantities of specie from circulation, to be replaced by paper, not unfrequently of a worthless character. This produced a general depression of trade throughout the country. Money became scarce, gold and silver rose to a premium, and the paper currency sank rapidly in value. Commercial confidence was destroyed, and credit excessively shaken. When the condition of capital was so gloomy, it was not to be expected that labour would fare much better. Unable to procure employment, possessing but slender resources of their own, and burthened with taxes, the operatives soon found themselves in a destitute condition. The newspapers of that time abound with details of the want and misery which prevailed in the manufacturing districts, and from
their

their columns may be gleaned many incidents of sad and touching interest. It was the old, old tale. Furniture, clothes, and bedding were parted with for the purpose of procuring food; the streets were thronged with dense crowds of sullen-looking, gaunt-featured men, while the workhouses were filled to overflowing. At last, the active sympathies of the wealthier portion of the community were excited, and subscriptions were raised for the relief of the distress. In an address sent by the cotton weavers of Blackburn to Sir Robert (then Mr.) Peel, it was stated: 'We cannot procure more than one or two meals per day, and our dwellings are totally destitute of every necessary comfort. Every article of value has disappeared, either to satisfy the cravings of hunger, or to appease the clamours of relentless creditors. Our homes, where contentment and plenty once resided, are now become the abodes of penury and wretchedness. This, however, is only a faint picture of the state of those who are fully employed—no adequate idea can be formed of those who are unemployed, of whom there are upwards of 7000 in this town and neighbourhood.' That this was not an over-coloured description of the miserable state of affairs, may be inferred from the fact that most of the workers only received 1s. 3d., and very few more than 2s. 6d. per week. To add to the horrors of the crisis, the subscriptions became exhausted, and the despairing artisans found themselves deprived of all means of assistance from without. The poor-rates rose in proportion, and at last attained a point far exceeding the highest reached within the last two years in Lancashire. For instance, at Padiham, where the rateable value of the land was 2,300*l.*, the poor-rates amounted to 200*l.* per month, and it was stated that an innkeeper in that place was actually paying two pounds per week in the relief of the paupers.

But the chief point of contrast between the distress of 1826 and that of the present time, lies in the irritability and discontent manifested by the operatives during the former period. Deprived of a free press, and possessing few means of intellectual enlightenment, it is not surprising that they should have formed erroneous ideas respecting the causes of the calamity which afflicted them. The doctrines of social science and the principles of political economy were comparatively unknown, even amongst those occupying a rank above that of the suffering workers, and no pains were taken to indoctrinate the people with sounder and more practicable ideas than those propounded by their ignorant and self-deluded leaders. The corn-laws and the introduction of the steam power-loom were regarded as the principal sources of the distress. Misinformed respecting the principle of cheap production, they argued that 'if a boy, by the agency of steam power, could accomplish the work of several men, those men would be thrown out of
employ,

employ, and tend to swell the labour market, thereby assisting in reducing the rate of wages,' This is an error yet prevalent to some extent ; but in 1826 it aided in goading the unfortunate and misguided men to acts of desperation. Obnoxious mills had to be guarded by the military, and even this precaution was not always sufficient to protect them from the blind fury of the incensed operatives. Everywhere the power-looms were destroyed by the mob, who, however, inflicted very little damage upon the other portions of the cotton mills, excepting in breaking windows and pulling down doors. After property to the value of 30,000*l.* had been thus irreparably injured, the military were called out, but the passions of the operatives had become fully aroused, and, flushed with success, they came into violent collision with the soldiers, the result of which was that eight of the operatives were shot down and many otherwise injured. This occurred at Blackburn, but similar proceedings, on a lesser scale, took place at Manchester and elsewhere. It was long before the distress abated, and its ill effects were experienced for many years afterwards. Indeed, many families to this day attribute their humble position in life to the utter wreck of the family fortunes during that unhappy and disastrous period.

From 1826 to 1862, there have been periodical seasons of depression wherein the operatives have found it difficult to procure employment, but, as contrasted with the state of the artisans in other trades, the factory workers of Lancashire occupied an extremely favourable position ; and had it not been for the numerous strikes and turn-outs of the workers, combined with a large amount of mis-expenditure of their hard-earned wages, the present distress would have found them somewhat prepared. As it was, they have had to lament in silence and suffering that want of foresight and prudence on their part which has left them so weak and helpless in the trying emergency. Their fortitude must have been sorely tested, as day by day the chances of peace became less and less, while mill after mill was relentlessly closed upon the panic-stricken workers, who found themselves cast upon public charity or parochial relief for the means of subsistence. The autumn of 1861 found the pauper population of Lancashire largely increased by the accession of those whose improvident and dissolute habits had stricken them down at the first blow ; and there is little doubt but that the numbers would have been much larger, but for the reluctance evinced by the workers, as a class, to 'go on the parish.' The feeling appears to have arisen in some degree from the alteration which has been slowly taking place of late years in the character of the people—a change due principally to the spread of education, temperance, and religious toleration amongst the community. The passing of the Reform Bill, the Repeal of the Corn

Corn Laws, with other ameliorative legislative measures, weakened the force of political agitation, and occasioned the people to direct their attention more to the consideration of social questions. They gradually learned that something else besides mere political reform was required; that 'social amelioration' was not merely a phrase, but a possibility. Hence the recent popular and wide movements amongst the industrial classes in favour of temperance, co-operation, cheap literature, and other characteristic signs of the age. The people were gradually becoming less hostile towards the possessors of capital, and more disposed to listen to frank and honest advice. They were acquiring a knowledge of their own power, and of the mighty and beneficial results which could be made to arise from a proper exercise of the same. Besides, years of reliance on their own industry had implanted within their breasts an undying love of independence, and a bitter dislike, hatred, if we will, to the name of pauper. This was the people who were doomed to undergo the fearful privations entailed by the lengthened cessation of employment in consequence of the American conflict. The picture may appear brightly painted, nevertheless the colouring is true to nature. But it would be unfair to assume that these workers were immaculate. Far from it. Notwithstanding all that had been said and done, much remained to be effected. The beer-shops and gin-palaces continued to be crowded with votaries of Lais and Bacchus; thousands and thousands of pounds were daily expended in the purchase of intoxicating liquors, and the continued toleration of the liquor-traffic ceaselessly produced an enormous amount of crime, pauperism, and misery. But these things were no longer hidden. The evil was denounced by those who had the principal right to complain, and the consequence was, that various remedial measures have been called into existence, but with what degree of success remains to be ascertained.

As the winter of 1861 slowly approached, the murmurs of distress began to ascend from Blackburn, Stockport, and other cotton-manufacturing towns, where several thousand operatives had already found themselves reduced to 'short time' if not wholly deprived of work; but the public scarcely understood the real extent of the calamity until the earlier part of 1862, when the accounts from the manufacturing districts appeared extremely gloomy. Then the mighty heart of the nation began to swell with pitying sympathy, subscriptions commenced pouring in rapidly from all sources to the two funds which had been established in London and Manchester for the relief of the distress, and the sublime spectacle was afforded of a nation voluntarily taxing itself for the support of its wretched and starving toilers. Nor did the assistance arrive too soon. The number of the unemployed was rapidly increasing, and it was instinctively felt that the country

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was on the verge of a great industrial crisis, the termination of which no one could foresee. The Poor Law Returns displayed a weekly augmenting total of paupers, while the relief committees found their resources barely adequate to stem the fearful tide of destitution which had set in. In May, the number of paupers in the distressed unions of Lancashire and Cheshire was 108,330; in June, it had risen to 112,825; in July, to 120,332; in August, to 151,163; in September, to 174,336; and in November, upwards of 224,000 operatives and other distressed persons were in the receipt of parochial relief. The strain upon local resources was extremely heavy, and for some time it was feared that Mr. Villiers's Rate-in-Aid Bill would have to be generally adopted. At Ashton, for instance, the number of paupers during the first week of November, 1861, was 1,944; but in the fourth week of September, 1862, it amounted to not less than 20,472. In the other towns of the district, the distress assumed equally severe proportions. At Blackburn, Preston, and Stockport, intense suffering and misery existed, many touching details of which found their way into the letters of the special correspondents of the 'Times,' and other newspapers. At first, the parochial authorities and relief committees appeared to hold the reins rather too closely, and the result was soon beheld in the ominous whispers of discontent heard in every direction; but the mischief was not of long duration, and since then all engaged in the good work of relief have, with one or two exceptions, laboured to the best of their ability in lightening the burthens of their poorer brethren. Sectarian animosities and political jealousies have given way to the desire of alleviating, as much as possible, the condition of the destitute workers. Time, labour, and money have been cheerfully given by all classes of the community, and, independent of private charity, the amount of subscriptions received by the various relief committees, including those in London and Manchester, cannot have been much less than 600,000*l*. The relief consisted principally of food, clothing, and, occasionally, money. Intoxicating drinks were prohibited by every relief committee, except in the case of the sick, and known frequenters of public-houses were excluded to a certain extent from relief, but this regulation has been used more as a punishment than a preventive, it being found impossible to take notice of every breach of the rule. The food was, and still is, given in the shape of bread, flour, oatmeal, soup, potato hash, and, occasionally, tea, coffee, bread, and butter. Some idea of the quantities of food thus distributed is afforded by the statistics of the relief committee at Preston. During the week ending Feb. 14, 1862, upwards of 20,811 4-lb. loaves, 25,467 quarts of soup, and 500 tons of coals, were given to the unemployed operatives of that town alone. In December and January last, the

amount of relief was much greater, and for a while a fear existed that the supplies would fail in consequence of the enormous expense entailed upon the town and the general public.

The actual condition of the destitute unemployed at this time was extremely sad. Hundreds of homes were utterly stripped of their furniture, bedding and clothing had disappeared, and the cupboards were void of food. Gaunt-featured workers were found hiding in cellars for the purpose of concealing their nakedness; others had to sit up at night upon the cold bare boards, while their tattered under-garments were being washed; and in some cases, young women of sixteen and seventeen were unable to cross the threshold of their miserable abodes in consequence of not possessing a shawl or frock wherewith to protect their modesty. In the various towns cases were daily brought to light of operatives and their families who once were possessed of well-furnished and comfortable homes, little hoards of money saved out of their hard-earned wages, and plenty of decent, substantial clothing, but who had lost all in the fearful storm of ruin which had overtaken them. It was pitiable to behold the shifts to which the poor creatures were compelled to resort. Until the end of November, hundreds of them had not slept in a bed for weeks; blankets were luxuries not to be thought of, and there were many streets where the furniture of the houses would be dear at sixpence! Now comes the problem which has excited the admiration and the curiosity of the civilized world. Under the pressure of the most adverse circumstances, the unemployed thousands of the manufacturing districts have been more healthy, orderly, moral, and religious, than at any previous epoch of their history. The Registrar-General's returns show that there has been a great decrease in the rate of disease and mortality; and, at the same time, the police reports display a great diminution in the amount of crime, maiden sessions having been held more than once in Blackburn and other towns. The places of worship have been fully attended, and the number of those attending the Sunday-schools, and other places of gratuitous instruction, has been largely recruited. These facts seem to have puzzled our legislators, and it is curious to note the number of reasons adduced for the remarkable change in the demeanour of the operatives compared with that of the artisans of 1826. Yet it is not difficult to ascertain the true cause of the phenomenon. It lies in the enforced habits of abstinence amongst the unemployed. Everywhere we may hear observations made respecting the decrease of intemperance amongst the people of Lancashire, although few will associate it with the improved state of health and morality now enjoyed by them. But the logic of facts is not to be disregarded. We might as well strive to remove the Apennines from their site, as attempt to refute the experience of the last twelve months.

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The operatives of 1826 were rebellious and violent, because they were unenlightened, distrusted, and more addicted to intemperance than their brethren of the present day. In those times, it was believed that no labouring man could subsist without his beer, and even now the impression has not been wholly dispelled ; but the refusal of the relief committees to countenance, save in exceptional cases, the use of intoxicating liquors, has operated as a check upon their consumption. Of course, had not various precautions been adopted and stringently enforced, intemperance would yet have prevailed to an enormous extent ; but the danger was pressing, and the committees were compelled to act upon the rules which were dictated by a long experience and knowledge of the people with whom they had to deal. There does not exist a single relief store or dépôt in connection with a public-house. From first to last the agency of the liquor-trafficker has been energetically repudiated by all parties, and one great object of those entrusted with the administration of relief appears to have been the prevention of intemperance amongst the unemployed. What stronger proof of the soundness of the principles advocated by the United Kingdom Alliance needs be afforded than this unobtrusive but practical recognition of Permissive Bill doctrines ? and does not its success, so far as it goes, administer a bitter rebuke to those shortsighted legislators who refuse to assist in attempting the prohibition of a traffic which has produced more of poverty, crime, and misery than any other on the face of the earth ? The local statistics amply demonstrate the fallacy of the assertion that the liquor-traffic cannot be prohibited. To a certain extent it has been temporarily so, and the liquor-shops have suffered a considerable diminution of custom. The result is observable in many respects. The general demeanour of the men is much improved ; there is less discontent and more readiness to fall back upon intellectual recreation ; the offences arising from intemperance have sensibly decreased in number ; and the duties of the police are comparatively lighter. In fact, there are more crime, immorality, and discontent during periods when work is plentiful and wages high, than in less prosperous times. Much of these is undoubtedly traceable to the legalized existence of the liquor-traffic. This is a truth patent to all acquainted with the condition of the working classes of Lancashire, and which has led to an attempted limitation, on the part of local magistrates, of the number of public-houses ; but all efforts in this direction have been neutralized by the action of the Board of Excise, which grants licences to the very individuals refused by the local authorities, and thus, to a great extent, renders nugatory the restrictive function of the magistrate.

If the temptations to drink were removed the vice would be suppressed. Many families have expended in intoxicating liquors,
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during the last ten years, sufficient money to have enabled them to have borne the present crisis, and to have come forth, unscathed, from the ordeal. The existence of the liquor-traffic has tended to weaken the resources of the workers, to undermine their health, and to corrupt their morals in times of prosperity; and in periods of adversity it has assisted in aggravating the sufferings of the unemployed. That the traffic in intoxicating beverages is wholly unnecessary, is evident from its systematized exclusion from all methods of relief. It is found to possess every obnoxious failing, and not one redeeming trait. It has ever proved the great evil with which the relief committees have had to contend, as, but for its existence, their labours would have been considerably lessened, and the condition of the unemployed yet further improved. The present crisis must be regarded as extremely important in its bearings upon the question of prohibition. Had the operatives been enabled to spend at the public-house the sums subscribed for their relief, we should not have found them so quiet, patient, and tractable. On the contrary, their passions would have been stimulated into unnatural activity, and they might have exceeded the violence and turbulent behaviour of their predecessors in 1826. This is a fact which the nation should distinctly understand. It is quite true that the public-houses are not closed, nor their traffic entirely prohibited; but it is equally certain that from want of means on the part of the operatives, and from stringent regulations on the part of the local committees, the sale of intoxicating liquors has declined of late in the manufacturing districts, and that this decline has been followed by a decrease in the amount of ill-health, crime, immorality, and mortality, from which the operatives previously suffered so much, thus conclusively establishing the connection between the cause and the effect. Consequently, we must infer that if a diminution of the traffic produces a diminution of the evils ordinarily attendant upon the working classes, its prohibition would be followed by the disappearance of much, if not all, of the poverty, crime, and misery which now fetter the energies and cloud the aspirations of the industrial community.

As we wander through the silent and cheerless streets of the cotton manufacturing towns, and note the many traces which they display of the suffering and misery endured by the inhabitants, our hearts swell with indignation whilst we reflect on the real cause of their troubles. The stoppage of the cotton supply has not wrought a tithe of the evil which has been inflicted by the legalized traffic in intoxicating and poisonous liquors. But for its existence, the homes of our operatives might have retained their furniture, books, and flowers; the men might have been spared the shame of commingling with paupers, and their spirit of independence would have sustained no rude shock. The traffic blights all that it comes in
contact

contact with. Its presence forms a continual source of fear, and it was a genuine prudence which whispered that no intoxicating drinks should be allowed in the workmen's halls, dining-rooms, clubs, and other institutions originated for the benefit of the unemployed. That intoxicating liquors are not necessary either for the use or the enjoyment of the artisan classes is abundantly proved by the continued success of the places just alluded to, and as the truth of this dawns upon the minds of the people, the triumph of the prohibitory movement will be hastened. At this moment many of our weary-hearted toilers must be sorrowfully reflecting on the large amounts foolishly expended by them in the purchase of an article which has produced them no benefit. But while we cannot absolve them of all blame, we instinctively feel that it is not fair to visit them with unreserved censure for yielding to the accursed blandishments of a traffic protected and legalized by a thoughtless and unprincipled legislature. No person acquainted with Lancashire can entertain a doubt as to the effects of the suppression of the liquor-traffic in that county. The resources of the operatives would be increased, their social condition would be greatly ameliorated, and they would be freed from the danger of destitution in such crises as that which has now overtaken them. Strikes and turn-outs would become things of the past, the employer and the employed would assume a less antagonistic attitude, the necessity for trades' unions would be obviated, and the prospects of the people would undergo in every way a change for the better. The blessings of intellectual enlightenment would be diffused in all directions; the spirit of religion would be likely to find a home in many a now prayerless habitation, and peace, harmony, and love would assist in wreathing the rich garlands of joy and happiness around the heads of all.

The infliction of the distress has been a sad thing, no doubt, for Lancashire, but we know that out of evil cometh good, that out of our chastenings cometh wisdom; and it may be, that the day will come when our operatives will thankfully acknowledge, with tears of gratitude, that it was the lesson of 1862 which led them to assist in crushing the deadly and ever-vigilant foe of their household happiness, and dispersing for ever the evils of the thrice-accursed liquor-traffic.

ART. VI.—THE SISTER OF MERCY.

IT is Sunday morning—a glad sunshiny autumn morning. At Daleham the bells ring cheerily, and the hills take the sound upon their sloping sides, and carry it away over wood and river and field and shaw to mingle with the echoes of other Sunday bells charged with the same joyful burden. Incense-wise, the music is thrown about the land, and many an ear listens gladly, and many a heart responds to the leaping, throbbing clangour, and, in the village, doors and windows are opened to let in more air, and sound, and sun. The smoke goes upwards from a hundred fires, curling among the trees, and takes pleasant tints of blue as the sunbeams catch it here and there. With a solemn smile the old grey church looks over the painted country, over a land of many hills and valleys; its stone-garmented village straggling on either side, never very far away, resembling, with its numerous cottages, a troop of playful children, clinging to their mother's skirts and to each other, while every glossy ivy leaf upon the ancient tower, on tiptoe for the sunlight, trembles with the resonance of bells or the soft touch of the morning wind.

It is autumn, and scree leaves lie on the pathways, and strew the lanes and hedgerows, and with every fresh puff of wind come rustling into cottage porches and farm-house kitchens, and even find their way into church, rolling along the well-swept aisles;—autumn, with its beeches clothed in every tint of red and brown and yellow, as they stand clustered on the slopes, or fringe the river, or alone in the fields, broad-sweeping, filling a mighty circle with their abundant boughs;—autumn, with its transparent blue shadows, just now so intensely blue, hanging like pieces of ethereal drapery on the front and western wing of the white many-sided Hall; with its misty mornings and evenings, its brilliant noon sunshine lighting up many a patch of gold and crimson in waste and weedy corners, where the hazel and dog-rose have grown unnoticed all the summer, and now stretch out groups of rich-tinted berries and leaves for the artist and poet to sing about and imitate. The grasses of the valleys are still green and fresh, fed by river-dews and long-lying morning shadows; but the hills and stony upland fields are sunburnt as the reapers' faces that so lately stooped over them. It is the time between corn harvest and those colder days when crisp hoar frosts are frequent at dawn, when melancholy winds whistle over broad stubble-fields, when the fern withers beneath the oak, the heather drowns in morning dew, and the lily dies under the lake; the pausing time before the year takes courage to plant his foot in that ever-darkening shadow land that lies between him and the end; while he still lingers and looks
back,

back, repeating, but ever more and more faintly, the skics of summer and the flower-crowned memories of his prime.

In the dale from which the village takes its name, the river winds between the abrupt rugged knees of opposing, massive-seated hills, and still in deep shadow, carries upon its bosom hundreds of yellow alder and ash and beech leaves—thus gently taking their burial journey, and finding their way to many a nameless grave. The grassy path by the river is wet, for the sun, so brightly shining in Daleham, has not yet overtopped the hills that curtain in the stream. Every moment, however, he is rising higher, and the bells sending their chime with melodious hum up the valley, speak to all human beings that may be there assembled, with prelude voice, of the newly-risen day, the light and warmth, the blessed Sabbath of rest and love, that are coming, that are come.

There are few human breathers in the valley at this early time ; but one, indeed, look we never so narrowly among caves and trees, or, behind rock-statues asking only the carver to make them symmetrical and fair specimens of art's handywork as they already are of nature's ; —but one human being, a woman ; and she is neither beautiful, nor young, nor well-dressed ; quite out of place, therefore, where the world about her is both beautiful and well-dressed, and young enough to laugh at centuries. No poet or painter, I am afraid, would wish her where she is, did he or she happen to be contemplating the scene ; she brings no additional loveliness to the else lonely valley ; every tuft of forget-me-not and brooklime by the river, every collapsed daisy taking its dew-bath, eclipses her in beauty and fitness ; her gait is neither gliding, nor majestic, nor buoyant ; her figure is decidedly common and small, her face pale, and thin, and care-lined ; her dress, a milliner and an artist would both utterly despise it, it is so unpicturesque, prosaic, dowdy.

Under that unfashionable, ill-adjusted bonnet, her large dark eyes look out as pleasantly and comfortably as they could from under the newest, smartest silk or satin head-covering made, and perhaps feel more at home in their homeliness thus ; and a smile hovers about her faded lips as she hears the air ringing with promise of the coming joy, and sees the thin horizontal clouds far above her, fleeing away, higher and higher, and ever thinner, and the trees on the hill tops beginning to tremble in the shimmer of the growing light.

It has been her custom, ever since her abode in Daleham, to rise early, and on hill-side, or by the river-level, to catch the first glimpses of the day. Far into the night, too, when the moon waked the owl, or slid along the river with skates of silver, or lit up the lanes and fields and corners with her brilliant face, at the same time that she *lit down* the stars, the stranger has been seen casting a flitting shadow here and there, met occasionally by late
villagers,

villagers, and saluted ever with a pleasant 'Good night.' For long confined to close towns and city streets, both body and soul have thirsted with a great thirst after freer breathing and larger horizons, and no gentle sips will satisfy her now that her lips are fairly at the cup. All day she is abroad, and though she pulls no wild flower, nor trails home wreaths of convolvulus or clematis, she knows their habitats, and counts their blossoms none the less carefully or lovingly on that account.

Happy for her if she have a retentive memory ; almost as happy as if, with Styles the artist, who sat patiently for six long days to take the very view just now before her eyes, this summer, she could use pencil and canvas and palette, and picture out the fair landscapes, in truest detail, that are ever presenting themselves to her unwearied gazings ; for then, in many an after moment, shall brilliant shadows start up across the grey or painful present, and heaven and earth shall melt once more in softest, purest harmonies of colour. Once more ? A thousand times once more shall this be, and hill and valley, tree and river, scabions and clematis, shall all return, if not in the full beauty of the first true seeing, in the splendid prismatic beauty that shines through and over all past joys.

But not alone has she been in field and lane and wood, not alone with the pure breezes of the high, wide sky about her. Wherever a cottage is placed, whose inmates seem poorer or less happy than their neighbours, there her old-fashioned bonnet has hovered, and by dint of a pleasant smile, or cheerful word, or under some pretext of seeking shelter and rest for herself, she has managed to be invited inside, and to hold conversations, more or less lengthy, with the inhabitants. To the great astonishment of the villagers, by one of these means, or all united, or by some more potent witchcraft, she gained access into the home of old Caleb King, closed rigorously against all the world of Daleham, clergyman included. The most wretched looking and uninviting cottage to be seen for miles, certainly was not likely to attract inspection, except from motives of pure benevolence or low curiosity. Caleb hated the prying peeping of his neighbours, and did not believe in their benevolence ; so he carefully closed both door and windows, night and day, condemning himself to solitude and darkness. As there were no shutters belonging to his broken windows, he had tied together curiously, by string and nails, a number of small pieces of wood of various shapes and sizes, and attached them in front of the casement. His one chimney had long since disappeared from the roof ; his garden gate was in the same dilapidated condition with the rest, and was a congeries of broken pales, held together by some occult laws of natural adhesion and string. Such was the palace of our poor king. And into this fortified castle had the
strange

strange lady found her way, the very first week of her abode here ; nay, Caleb and she were actually seen one morning in confidential talk by the gate ! What could it be about ? Was it of any one of the many mysteries hanging around Caleb and his jealously-guarded fireside ?—his washing, his house-cleaning, if ever these needful operations were performed, the village rather thought not ; his bedmaking—and what sort of a bed had he ? a chaff-stuffed sack, or a heap of straw in a corner, or perhaps only a heap of dust, we will say, for who ever heard of him buying a brush within the memory of woman ? Was it any of these ? Or perhaps of a heap of gold in some hole of his den ? No ! the village did not believe that ; he had always been too poor for *that*.

Then old Hannah Martin, also, almost as inaccessible a person, who lived alone in a cottage less than Caleb's, but neatly kept, and smiling with cleanliness—the only smile about the place some thought ; with its monthly roses at the door without, and its chintz roses—very faded ones—at the cushion within, on the seat of the old arm-chair. She also had received the dowdily-dressed stranger with her best curtsy, and asked her to read from her brown-leaved, baize-covered Bible a chapter of comfort ;—Hannah, whose frown was ominous to all noisy children and slatternly mothers, and whose temper was none of the smoothest to the clergyman's wife, or the squire's lady, when they ventured across her threshold ! None grudged the little pale-faced woman her conquests, however ; for was she not friendly and kind to all ? And did she not seem to understand in two minutes the exact trouble or secret grief or worry that most ladies never could see or understand in two years ? So Caleb's house opened an eye on the topmost pane of one of its windows, and let in so bright a sunbeam one morning, that the spiders who had long called the ceiling their own, ran in a great fright to the corners of the beams, and proclaimed that the house was on fire, and motes of dust flew thick and fast, in a mad dance, to the very feet of their master. And soon more eyes appeared, and hands also, and pail and brush were busily employed at sunrise, before any one was about. The chimney was mended—the garden put in order, that had hitherto attended pretty much to its own sowing and reaping ; and a real bed, but not of dust, was actually seen by one curious child, 'standin' on four legs in a corner of the house.' We cannot linger, however, to tell the many curious coincidences of increased comfort to some of the poor, and increased smiles on the visages of some of the crabbed, that attended the presence of the shabby bonnet in Daleham. It is still loitering in the dale, turned upwards ungracefully, to let its wearer see more perfectly the pale blue heavens, where wanders a rivulet of clouds, or to glance at a broad ray of sunshine just now sloping downward athwart the trees, and so over her head, till it
slips

slips finally into the river from a golden tuft of moss—perched upon a stone. This ray reminds her that breakfast must be spread out, and waiting for her at Mrs. Thorley's; and with a sigh partly of pleasure, partly of regret, she leaves the beautiful valley, and is soon indoors with her hostess and her grandchild, Susan, a bright-eyed, handy girl of sixteen, telling them, as she swallows coffee and brown bread, of some of the wonders she has seen. Two hours afterwards the bells are once more astir, and well-dressed village people astir with them, obedient to their call. Mothers in clean print dresses, and bright-coloured shawls, fathers and brothers and sisters, and little children walking demurely beside them, conscious of Sunday finery. Old women and old men, alone chiefly, or with some son or daughter of staid appearance, slowly move towards the open porch, and Susan and Rebecca Livingstone pass up the winding village street with the rest. In the church, sunbeams fall pleasantly through the arched windows, and upon the heads of the congregation. All are seated, or about to be so, waiting for the clergyman. There is more than the accustomed flutter and rustle of ample drapery and silken dresses, for the squire's pew, always the gayest and most observed, is unusually gay this morning. Visitors from London are there, in the shape of two sisters, who, in the newest vagaries of fashion, are the admiration of all, or at least of all those who make dress one of the special objects of life. Farmers' wives and daughters cast half-envious, half-curious glances at the expensive and expansive dresses of the new-comers, who thus at once outvie all the choicest birds of plumage of that quiet region, and farmers and farmers' sons do not refuse, as they arrange the prayer-books, to turn their eyes a moment towards the faces and forms that those fine feathers environ. The sisters seem quite aware of, and quite content, with this homage of observation, perhaps the more generally given from the fact that the eldest of the two is laid out by village gossip to be the future mistress of the Hall, and her fortune represented to village ears as of almost fabulous amount—enough to buy all Daleham, hall and park and dale included.

And now the clergyman enters the reading-desk, and commences with deep-sounding, sonorous voice the morning service. There is a great hush, and a quick withdrawal of all wandering eyes; the wandering hearts still, we are afraid, in many cases on unlawful quest. As the clergyman calls upon all with himself 'to acknowledge and confess our manifold sins and wickedness; and that we should not dissemble nor cloke them before the face of Almighty God our heavenly Father,' there is one at least then present to whom the well-known words sound with fuller meaning than ordinary, and who listens with head bowed down and shrinking heart, forgetful for the moment of the silken stir of vanity so near him.

Why

Why it is, that this morning of all others in the year, those words should touch his conscience, and why a certain abyss within looks in this day's sunshine so suddenly dark and foul and abominable, though generally well covered over and hidden with fair shrubs and flowers and abundance of leafage, undiscoverable by others, and almost unthought of by himself, he cannot tell. But so it is. Are there not times appointed for all? Shuddering, he sees, and seeing, gasps out the words of confession that follow: 'We have done those things which we ought not to have done. And there is no health in us.' And the 'Spare thou them, O God, which confess their faults,' comes from his lips with peculiar meaning and intensity; and very earnest is the desire within him at that moment, that he may 'hereafter live a godly, righteous, and sober life, to the glory of Thy holy Name. Amen.' It is not an old sinner who thus feels and prays this morning. Otley Armstrong, the eldest son of the Hall, is a young man, full of health and life. His dark hair curls closely over his handsome brow, his black eyes are bright and full, and look out gaily from their orbits on most ordinary occasions. His tall, erect figure is clothed in fine linen and newest broadcloth, and there is a decided attention to dress manifest in the fit of his gloves and the shape of his fashionable boots. About him, outwardly, an atmosphere of luxury and youth and joyful life seems to hang. What can be the meaning, then, of that inward shudder, that intensely earnest prayer; and what has he to do with a deep abyss and foul and abominable things?

The prayer ended, he lifts his head. The old world is around him, and the old thoughts gradually return. The sunbeam that has lighted him to his remorse, fades into the ordinary and more comfortable twilight of what he truly calls 'common sense.' Moral sunbeams have their motes as well as physical ones, and often reveal even larger discomforts. His first feeling is of shame. Has any one seen his emotion? No; a quick glance tells him that at least those immediately about him are entirely occupied in themselves, and with themselves. Put at ease so far, his intellect busies itself to settle the late moral disturbance. And first he promises 'he will do what he can; he will certainly make all right! He must be softer than other young men to care about—well, he needn't think what! How Parkinson and Johns would laugh at him, if they knew! He could hear Parkinson say, with his serene, man-of-the-world look, "My dear fellow, it's all humbug! If you once begin to listen to their tales, there's no knowing where it will end. Take my advice, and set your face against it. That's their look-out!" A hard, selfish advice. He would not, could not be so hard and selfish—but it was annoying, very, to be so pestered. He must burn that letter when he got home. And he would answer it some day, certainly, but it was of no use thinking of it now!' And then his
thought

thoughts run on a pleasanter subject—‘How well and handsome Harriet looked this morning, with the sunshine upon her wavy bands of light hair! Just the woman to be proud of, to see at the head of one’s table, and to drive out with—so perfectly stylish! Even Parkinson would envy him such a possession. He should like to make him and Johns, and ever so many more of the fellows, jealous, and they certainly would be so if he could get Harriet!’

Three years ago Otley had had a commission purchased for him in the army. The glitter and the gay society had special charms for him; his fine figure looked well in regimentals; his vanity was flattered by the brilliant appearance he made. And then, it was so gentlemanly, so spirited, so proper in the eyes of the world, to join a powerful, aristocratically-patronaged order of men, who at call of Queen and country were supposed to be ready to lay down their lives in defence of order and justice, and in protection of the weak and helpless, but who more frequently showed by their conduct a disregard for right; and by way of beginning their protecting mission, too often fleeced and outraged the poor and innocent.

And must it not be so while war is a trade? As a rule, the lowest order of minds alone will choose as a profession the one whose work is murder and rapine; whose pay and glory are bought by blood and tears; whose course is marked by vice and debauchery, though covered with a false glitter, and admired and commended by the unthinking and interested. War, when a necessity, is a most grievous one. The truly noble will never undertake it willingly.

Otley was thoughtless, and by no means noble, in the true sense of the word. The army appeared to him a great and glorious institution; a sphere where such activities as he possessed might come into play, and where his vain-glorious spirit might get its appropriate food. His three years’ connexion with it had weakened his sense of moral responsibility. He had quickly been initiated into many of the vices of regimental life, and while, at each visit home, he seemed to his parents’ eyes to be more manly and handsome and worthy of admiration, they saw not or heeded not the hollowness of the fair fruit, fondly and blindly imagining he came to them unscathed from the fire to which he had been exposed; or perhaps content to remain in ignorance.

With thoughts such as we have named, but with an outward appearance of attention, and occasional efforts to follow the clergyman in the details of the sermon, Otley passed the time of service, and when all was ended, gave his arm, with the grace peculiar to him, to his fair companion, who, flattered as she saw so handsome a pair of eyes looking to hers for their light, received his attentions with but half-concealed pleasure. George, the second son, accompanied

panied the younger sister, and the remainder of the Armstrong family—a numerous suite of boys and girls—followed.

When the procession of the squire's family and visitors had gone from the church, Rebecca Livingstone and Susan found room, with the less distinguished part of the congregation, to walk away. At the porch, Susan left her companion, to proceed home quickly, her grandmother needing her help; while the 'pale lady' lingered in the churchyard to speak to this or that familiar face, and to inquire after the welfare of the home-stayers; after Johnny's cough and Mary's measles, and the 'rheumatiz' of the bedridden grandfather. The owner of the chintz roses gave her a profound curtsy, and looked round less tartly than usual at the half-frightened children, who made wide way for her as their wont was: and old Caleb King hobbled past her in the full glory of a blue cloth coat with yellow buttons, evidently bought at some second-hand store, being much too long, and too wide for his stooping shoulders and thin arms, but with a smile on his cheeks almost as bright as the sunbeam that frightened the spiders, and quite as unusual. The chubby baby, lately rescued from death by a little timely medicine and assistance, allowed the owner of the ancient bonnet to hold it in her arms, and looked at the large, sunken, dark eyes with a stare of infantine approbation, while the mother, smiling and curtseying, stood by, proud to be noticed. Even these pleasant greetings must have an end, however, and one by one the villagers departed, and the visitor found herself alone by the time the narrow winding lane was gained that led from the village to the side of the river. Here her walk became slower, and pushing back her bonnet from her face, she breathed with delight the fresh air, and let the sun rest freely upon her pale cheeks. Filled with a peaceful joy, she looked round upon the green hills, the overshadowing woods, the glimpses of rock and river between the trees. There was a Sabbath pause and quiet over all things; where the sunshine lay, there it rested; the river ran more softly than its wont; the clouds reposed above the quiet trees; the birds moved across the blue sky, with gentle, even play of wing, or floated thoughtfully above her: or, was it that she fancied these things? The great calm within her seemed imparted to the outer world, which, with answering reflex, returned to her the quiet of her soul. Soon from the inner and outer peace, a great wave of joy arose, and she sang, but in low, half-audible tones, the words she had lately been chanting—'My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit doth rejoice in God my Saviour.' The whole round of things seemed to her, in this peaceful autumn morning, perfect and fair, and a most blessed gift of God.

Mrs. Thorley's cottage was yet at some distance, but already could be seen the turn of the lane that alone hid it from view, the
hill

hill behind, the old sycamore before, and the roof and chimneys of the temporary home she had chosen. Singing still, for she believed herself perfectly alone, she neared a stone bridge that spanned the river with its one arch, and now her footsteps began to linger, for she loved to look at the water hurrying over its stony bed, and to hear it rushing and gurgling beneath her feet. Then she became aware, with some surprise, of the near presence of a human being. Upon a heap of stones sat the figure of a woman whose head was bowed down towards her knees, in a strange, self-abandoned attitude. As the stranger approached, the woman lifted her head, rested it upon her hand, and looked into vacancy with a sad and despairing face—so sad and despairing, that, well used as she was to scenes and faces expressive of misery, the visitor thought she had never seen one so grief-stricken and hopeless, and felt at once an instinctive attraction towards it. She stopped near the poor creature, whose tangled hair and faded raiment hung neglectedly about her face and person, and in a voice of pity asked if she could do anything for her. Hearing the gentle, pitying voice, the woman raised her head, and looked up a moment with a half-eager, half-timid gaze, and was about to speak, but suddenly, with an expression of alarm, turned her head away, and in a hoarse, muffled voice, made answer, 'No.'

'And why not?' again asked the benevolent stranger entreatingly; 'I am wishful to help the destitute and unhappy, and you seem to be both. Let me help you.' But the woman still turned her face away. 'Have you no friends?' still pursued the pitying voice, 'or can I find them for you? If you want money, here is some; don't be afraid of taking it, it belongs to you, and is given by one who has been poor herself,' and the voice trembled as it spoke. 'Won't you make her happy by taking it?' But the object of her solicitude held out no hand for the proffered silver, merely shaking her head in refusal; and at length, as she perceived the stranger still standing near, unwilling to leave, uttered a cry of pain and impatience, and attempted to rise. Rebecca Livingstone sighed as she turned away. A conviction was strong on her mind that here was one who needed help immediately, though by some unaccountable touch of pride or dislike she refused assistance. 'She is glad I am gone away,' she said to herself as she proceeded on her way; 'yet what a sad, sad story there is in those eyes! How utterly wasted and forlorn she looks! She is one of the world's outcasts who has known happier days. Poor creature! where are her friends, if, indeed, she has any? And the bundle she so carelessly hid from me, might it not perhaps be a child? or possibly something she had stolen? No! hers is no thief's face.' Overcome by her solicitude, she turned round to look once more, and perceived the woman rising slowly and painfully from the heap, for her limbs
seemed

seemed stiff and weak, and as, to do this, she held her burden more in the light, the stranger's fears were confirmed. 'Yes,' she thought, 'it is, then, a baby she is carrying. I thought so! I feared so! A world's outcast, indeed!' Sorrowfully she went on her way home. A cloud seemed to have fallen over the sunshine, the cottage looked less cheerful than its wont, and the golden flowers of the sedum on the stones before the porch appeared to have lost half their brightness. Mrs. Thorley welcomed her at the door with a smiling face.

'A lovely mornin', isn't it, ma'am?'

'Yea, very lovely,' said her lodger with a smothered sigh, 'at least it looked so just now.'

'Susan says there was a fairish number at church, and the squire's pew jam full. Those Miss Grotes are gayish young ladies, and we shall be having a wedding soon at the Hall, I reckon, ma'am. It'll be a merry day in Daleham when that comes on. An ox roasted on the green, and all the old women with a pound o' good tea in their cupboards. But they've nothing to complain on *now*; the squire's very good to 'em all, and old women or young women is well enough done to.'

'And yet I saw a very sad face just now. A poor young woman on the bridge with a baby in her arms, looking the picture of misery and despair. And she had been in distress some time, to judge by her face and her dress.'

'Then, ma'am, she's nobody as belongs here. Some tramp, likely. I wonder she dare be about beggin' on a Sunday.'

'She didn't beg. And if she had, is there no such thing as hunger on a Sunday? But are you sure she doesn't belong here?'

'A young woman with a baby?' repeated Mrs. Thorley, musingly. 'No, there's no young woman that's any right to have a baby hereabouts but what has got a home.'

'But whether she's a right or not, Mrs. Thorley?'

'No,' said the widow, decidedly; 'there's nobody in the dale in trouble of *that* sort. She's some idle good for nothing, no doubt, and she's better away from here. Such as she drives the folks off as would stay with us and do us a bit of good. Why, ma'am, we were about eat up with beggars one while. You wouldn't believe how they followed the gentlefolk up the Dale, and actually frightened two young ladies into fits. I've set my face against strangers an' tramps since then, and I never give to none of them. But come, ma'am, it's all ready for dinner, and Susan's turned the pudding out of the mould.'

After dinner, Susan received permission to go with the lady to Waterleigh church, four miles away, and the two set out as quickly as possible, lest they should be too late. Rebecca Livingstone and Susan were already great friends, and on their way Susan listened with

with some awe to the strange experiences her companion related from her own city life. About Susan's ruddy cheeks the smoke of a great town had never hung, and a perfectly level country was in itself almost an enigma, so it was not difficult to set her curiosity afloat about such out-of-the-way scenes and atmospheres. It was not without a little pride in return that she felt the power on *her* side of showing this wise other-world lady anything approaching to a wonder; and there was yet one feat in the walking way the lady had not yet had courage to attempt; this was to climb 'the Cloud,' a high hill not far from the village.

'There is no way to Waterleigh but over the Cloud, ma'am; but I feel quite glad there isn't, for the view at the top, they say, is the finest anywhere about, and I do so want to show it you.'

'Lead the way, Susan, then, and let us mount this wonderful Cloud if we can. I ought to say, if *I* can, for I am not so strong as you.'

'Oh, you'll not think much of it, ma'am, when we get to it. There's a winding path all the way up, and I've reached the top in a quarter of an hour, sometimes.'

'Yes, very likely; you are strong, and healthy, and young,' looking at Susan's rosy cheeks and strong limbs; 'but I am old and weak.'

'You old, ma'am?' said Susan, with a little derisive laugh. 'Why, look at grandmother; I call *her* an old woman, and she must be more than twice as old as you; yet *she* was over the Cloud last summer.'

'I dare say she was, dear, and would climb it now, perhaps, as well as I shall to-day. But I am much weaker than I was only three years ago, for I had a serious illness then, and have never been so strong since. Indeed, I had nearly died, and it is only a wonder I am here at all to-day. If it had not been for a kind friend a little older than yourself, who nursed me through that illness, I must have died, I suppose.'

'How you must love that friend!' said Susan, energetically; 'where does she live?'

'I do not know,' said her companion, sadly; 'I have not seen her for a long time; but I have made many inquiries, *every* inquiry, indeed, that I thought likely.'

'Had she no friends, then, that you could ask?'

'I never heard the name of her friends, nor where they lived,—that was the misfortune; and now I have lost her, I have lost every clue. She was a servant, Susan, living with a lady to whom I was housekeeper—a hard, selfish woman, who exacted the utmost from every one about her, and if illness or grief overtook them, still expected the same amount of work as before, or she felt herself, and took care to make them feel too, that she was wronged.

So

So when I became ill, there was no mercy shown by her, no sympathy. I was left entirely to the care of servants, who, already overworked, were of course not well pleased to have an additional burden thrown upon their hands; and, indeed, poor creatures, they would scarcely have been to blame if they had left me to die of neglect. I knew this, and should have begged to have been removed, though it must be to a workhouse, for I had no friends left in the world, and was quite moneyless; but became delirious, and continued so for some days. I was ill for weeks; and night and day poor Mary tended me at every possible moment, lovingly and carefully, as if I had been her sister, and when I was recovering, bought me, from her wages, many a little delicacy she thought I needed; and it was not till some time after, when I was well, that I found these little niceties had been her gift instead of her mistress's, as I had imagined. You may imagine how attached we felt to each other after that—I to *her* especially—though we had little opportunity of showing it, Mrs. Winch's exacting, jealous eyes being upon us at every turn, lest we should waste a moment of the time she considered she had wholly bought from us. But at length I had to leave my situation. It had become utterly unendurable to me. Mary still remained, and we corresponded; but suddenly I lost her. She had been turned away in some disgrace—a suspicion that she had taken a brooch of her mistress's—nothing but a suspicion, I am sure, for she was perfectly honest, and she was gone no one knew where. I have never been able to understand why it was she never sought me out or gave me her address. Soon afterwards, a relative whom I had never seen, or heard of, left me money that I found was enough to make me independent. With this money I have tried to do a little good among the poor, and in my walks and labours about the streets of the great city have sought for some traces of my poor Mary, half afraid, from her silence, that some great calamity had happened to her—some great disgrace, perhaps—perhaps worse, and lately, I have believed her dead. She knew well where I might be found or heard of, and yet she never came or sent.'

'She is dead, then, no doubt, ma'am,' said Susan, in a sympathizing voice; 'but how strange she should never let you know where she was gone: perhaps she was ashamed after being suspected.'

'Perhaps so;' and, with a sigh, 'but, poor girl, she had little cause for fear with *me*. I should have taken her to my arms and heart as a sister, always. But I am out of breath, Susan. Your Cloud tries my lungs; let us rest awhile. I hope that poor creature I saw this morning has had no such hills to mount. She would die on the way. I wonder how far her weary steps have gone by this time.'

Not far. During that afternoon, while the two were away at Waterleigh, several frightened children reported to their mothers of a wild-looking woman who was 'stannin' on the brig,' and whom some way or other they could not pluck up courage to pass, though she offered them no harm, nor did more than gaze with a pair of large, sorrowful eyes upon their round, well-fed faces; and one or two older people went partly to allay the children's fears, and partly from curiosity, to look at her; but at their approach she retreated behind the shelter of a thick yew close to the river's brink, and looked away from their inquiring faces to that of the quick-flowing, unquestioning stream. To all speech or questions she made no reply, and, indeed, there was not much said to her. 'She's some gipsy tramp or other,' said the men, who had caught sight of a stray lock or two of black hair, and the women were well content to believe so, and to think she had comrades and a lair near by, to shield her when she felt inclined. Rocking her body to and fro upon the heap of stones, when none were near, in a silent, distracted way, or rocking her bundle only, she passed the hours, excepting when thus interrupted. The sun was setting, a round red ball, glowing like a mass of molten metal, and dipping slowly behind the elms and sycamores of the Hall, when a carriage drove swiftly up. It was filled with luxuriously-dressed people, the young ladies within carrying about them woollen and silken materials enough to have supplied their own wants amply for both comfort and grace, and the wants of half a dozen poor besides.

'Look, Otley, how beautifully the sun is setting!' said one of the young ladies to a curly-haired, handsome young man. He had just been making a merry speech, and the smile was still on his face as he turned to look. The carriage was rolling smoothly and swiftly over the bridge. As he turned, a dark figure rose from a heap of stones between him and the setting sun, a figure with a little bundle in its arms. It stood upright, and he saw a wild, wasted face in which surprise, hope, fear, joy, and despair appeared in rapid succession. The face opened its mouth to speak, uttered some hoarse speech made indistinct by the noise of the wheels, and, lifting up the bundle, held it with high-stretched arms towards him. In another moment the carriage had passed on, and left the figure standing alone, still holding high the small bundle it bore. As if fascinated, Otley's eyes continued fixed on the strange, dark figure that stood so black between him and the brightness, and his face changed from the hue of health to a deadly paleness. But all in the carriage were too much engaged in thinking of the woman to notice him.

'What a miserable creature!' said the smartest of the young ladies; 'what did she hold that ridiculous bundle up to us for?'

'That ridiculous bundle was a baby, Harriet,' said her sister.

'Nonsense!

'Nonsense! such a dirty little heap of rags as that? it couldn't be a baby.'

'I saw its face, though, and am certain it was one.'

'And how horrid she looked, with her hair all frizzled and tangled under her bonnet! She might have combed *that*, one would think.'

'Perhaps she hadn't a comb,' said George, with a thoughtless laugh; 'hadn't you better send her one by to-morrow's post?'

Harriet shrugged her shoulders contemptuously, only replying, 'I wonder such creatures are allowed to go about on a Sunday.'

No one answered this charitable observation, and Otley, who had recovered himself, changed the conversation. But ere the turn of the road quite hid the bridge from sight, he looked back once more. The sun had set, and a sudden gloom had fallen upon all objects near the river. He could see no one there now. A few more revolutions of the wheels, and the bridge itself was gone. Had it been a dream?

'The sun is set,' he observed quietly, as he turned once more towards his companions in the carriage.

And the poor unheard one by the stones;—was the sun set for her? It seemed so. To her it was a double sunset. With a moan and a shiver, she put the little burden to her breast once more, and sat down, wishing to die.

Thoughts came fast thronging to her brain, and the past rose before her plainly and distinctly; she did not wish to see it; but it would come. She was at home again, a little child, in that lodge by the Hall. Kissing her mother under that wide diamond-paned window, that looked out on to the well-shaven lawn and broad winding gravel-path, and gave a glimpse of one wing of that grand white-faced house, whence came carriages and horses, and smart ladies and gentlemen to whom she was taught to curtsy whenever they appeared. Sitting on her father's knee as he came home at night after the hard day's work, and laying her fat little hand on his broad horny palm;—sitting on the doorstep under the porch that she might get the first sight of that father, and run to clasp his legs for joy. It was not the same doorstep she saw this morning,—no, it could not be, was not the same. This she thinks of happened long, long ago, and the places and people are hundreds of miles away, though, indeed, that porch and that diamond-paned window was very like the one just half a mile off.

Playing by the stream, dabbling her feet in the sunny river. It was very like the river she could hear so near her now flowing cold through the great stone arch, but it could not be the same as this! *That* was hundreds of miles away, as she had said. Playing in the wood, gathering those rich brown hazel nuts; or by night, mocking the owl as he hallooed among the beeches; gathering

June roses to put in her hair; finding, when the cuckoo came, 'lords and ladies' in the hedge-banks and pale purple anemones in the coppice; going to church on Sundays, when the bells rang as they did this morning, hearing that wonderful organ rolling thunder among the pillars and arches, or leading the children with its loud rich swelling tones, like a great glad angel's voice among them all. Seeing that white-surpliced minister reading from a book far above her, and hearing him talk and talk, till quite sleepy; she kept herself awake by counting the zig-zags on the great round arch, and admiring the red and yellow and blue on the old chancel window-panes; the three kings were there, with their gold crowns and fine long dresses, and the little baby Jesus that his mother held on her knee, for the kings to kneel to. *All* babies, then, were not to be hushed away, and hidden under shawls like hers; *some* mothers might show their babies and hold them forth for kings to kneel to! Why, why was this? She could not tell just now—her head was giddy, her heart faint. She wished those pictures and old things would not come so to trouble her now.

Then the Christmas holly, how it shone and glowed; bright red and shining green in the tall grand church-windows, and over the pews a little sprig stuck in each corner. The Christmas plum-pudding at home—the mistletoe under the porch—who was it once kissed her under that mistletoe when she was a girl, till she was red with anger, and then gave her an orange to make all up, and told her he'd bought it with the money he'd earned that week at plough, his first wages? He was something like the young man she saw this morning as she peeped between the elder boughs, with a young woman in a white bonnet taking hold of his arm. And long, long after, many years, when she was too tall to be kissed under mistletoe boughs in the porch, who kissed her one twilight under the ash-tree in the park, and called her his mountain-daisy, and many other sweet names? Who?—oh she was mad to think of it! Was not his face like that in the carriage? Very like—though it could not be the same, it was not the same, it was a face far, far off, a whole wide ocean lay between her and that face. It would be too cruel to think it the same. How could *he* ride by in a carriage, and leave her standing there starving? No, no—the wide ocean lay between! And that place in London—the weary servitude, the close attic-bedroom, the cellar kitchen, the constant work, the running up and down those long flights of stairs, the smoke, the dark dreary days, the ever-exacting mistress, who never gave her one smile—the little joy she had till she met him once more, who had not forgotten her, though he was so great and rich, and she so poor—though it would have been much, much better if he *had* forgotten her. And the con-

stant,

stant, sad heartache she endured those last weary months. Ah—it all came back to her, with the misery fresh painted! and worse misery still. That night when she went to the house that was hundreds of miles away, and stood under the porch, and the old man shook his fist at her, and told her to go and die on the dunghill; and then pointed to the road with a large horny hand, like that she used to play ‘pat-a-cake’ with in those sweet old times, though indeed, it could not, could not be the same!

And when she was ill, in that dirty little lodging by the muddy river, and wrote a note with a trembling hand to ask help from him who had pushed her then—how her head and heart ached then! just as they did now; and she waited days and days and had no answer,—not one word from him to save his mountain-daisy from the dirt and crushing of the feet of passers-by, till they said she raved, and threw herself from the window into the black river, hoping it would choke her with its mud, and it did not. That was an unkind river, and told her secret, but this one behind her was still and clear, and gurgled a welcome as it ran under the one dark arch, and would never reveal it. How pleasant it would be to lie in that water, deep underneath, where none could see or know; and perhaps when all was over, and she was forgotten, she might come out at nights with her baby in a misty ghost garment, and look at the Hall and the park, and the diamond-paned window by the porch, and none would see her, or know that she was there. They would not point at her then, or tell her of her fault. And she would hover about the old man, and the curly-headed young one with the bright eyes, and look at them without the heartache she had now, and she might *then* whisper to them how unkind they had been. She would only tell them in a very gentle whisper and forgive them. The river, the river—this was her hope. What other had she? Cast out by the cruel world—left by her father to die. But the river would take her in its arms and let her die gently, her and her baby. Who whispered it was murder? It was not, it would not be murder! Was not the baby dead now, as she was, almost? Cold and dead. She could scarcely feel it. Dead with hunger and weariness. It would only be laying it in a pleasant silent grave with herself, with its mother, where a baby should be. Was not that river a softer bed than *he* had offered her and it? And in the morning—not to-morrow—but some morning, when they came and found her in it, they would lift her and her baby out carefully, and lay them gently on the grass, and talk whisperingly over her; not words of scorn and loathing such as they gave her now, but words of pity and sorrow; and perhaps put her in the grave beside the pathway in the church, with her babe on her breast; and the old man at the lodge would see it as he passed, and brush away a tear when nobody saw him. And

he

he—would *he* not also pass by, *he* whom she loved so much, and see her name on the headstone and give one sigh? Ah! if he ever passed that green mound when she should be underneath it, with a fine silken young lady on his arm, would she not rise up and whisper in his ear his broken promises, and call upon him to keep them, making his face white with fear? Asking him why her life and her baby's should be withered and lost—to give him an hour or two's amusement—a few moments' pleasure? And tell him of the betrayer's and seducer's hell? Yes—she *would* do that. He should know! why did she delay? The river was ready—ready! it had sung that word 'ready' in her ear for hours. But she would kiss her baby once more—one long, long kiss on its little cold lips. There!—'Hush, baby! you must not cry!'

She had risen while these last wild thoughts had rushed through her fevered brain, and gradually approached the river's brink. The last few words had been spoken aloud, and her voice sounded shrilly in the dusk, solemn evening. There was but little light now, but there was enough for her purpose. The elder boughs crackled as she pushed by them; a little bird, awaked from sleep by the noise, left the hollow in the bank it had nestled in, with a startled cry; but she heard neither the elder boughs nor the bird; she was listening only to the ripple of the water. For a moment, as she stood on the bank with her feet close to the stream, she lifted her head to the sky. One brilliant planet in the west, the evening star, stood before her, and seemed as the eye of God looking down. She shuddered and put her hand before her eyes, for the clear shining planet was a painful sight, though it looked no scorn, nor gave out fire-red flames of anger. It was enough that it seemed to watch her, and she would have the act she was about to commit, unseen. 'Did not God also see her? How could she, then, do this thing? Was her life her own to throw away, or was her baby's life? What would He say to her, who had set His star to watch her doings, when she came to His presence, unhidden?' But these thoughts were transient. As the star vanished just then behind a cloud, so vanished her thought of God, and the old despair alone remained. The approach of footsteps hastened her resolve. In another moment she was struggling in the water.

But help was close at hand for mother and child, and before life was extinct in either, a strong arm had raised them out of the river, and the voice of a woman was heard exclaiming, 'Thank God, they are saved!' It was the voice of Rebecca Livingstone, kneeling beside them.

Some years afterwards, in a large and lofty room, very plainly furnished as a schoolroom, with a row of high windows looking out upon the Thames—not where he flows among rich, low-lying meadows, with growths of rushes in his quiet corners, and groups
of

of white lilies upon his dreamy bosom ; but where he hurries through the Great City under vast chains of arches, and by muddy piers and slimy walls, and reflects day and night the shadows and lights, the temples and palaces and hovels ; the gay dresses and hurried forms and careworn faces of busy, toiling citizens—in this room sat two women before a long deal table. At the far end of the room are a number of little children playing, and some older ones seated by a stove, reading and commenting to each other from gaily-coloured picture-books. All look happy and healthy ; and from time to time, a little girl about four years of age comes from the rest, to the side of the younger of the two women, gazes lovingly at them both, and at intervals solicits a kiss. Then she flies back to her playfellows, perfectly content. ‘How happy my baby looks!’ says the mother, with a flush of pleasure on her cheeks. ‘It is time you gave up calling her baby,’ replies her companion, with a smile.

But the mother answers, following some inward thought, rather than the remark just made, ‘And I thought of drowning that dear, loving child ! Ah, how wicked I was ! Can I ever be forgiven ?’

‘Why did you not let me help you on the bridge that afternoon, Mary ? It would have saved you from attempting that terrible crime.’

‘So it would—so it might ; but I knew you, and I could not leave you should find out what a poor castaway I was !’

‘And why not ? Was I not the one person in the world who ought to help you ? Did I not owe my life to you ? Where should I have been, if you had not nursed me so kindly and so well in that illness at Mrs. Winch’s ?’

‘Ah, yes ; you have asked me that question before, many times, and I can still only say I am not worthy to be here, sitting beside you. When I nursed *you*, it was only what any one else would have done, that had a heart at all ; but when you helped *me*, and took my part, while all the neighbours, and my own mother and father didn’t like to own me, and wouldn’t look at me ; it was what nobody else in the wide world would have done ! They would have sent me to the gaol, or workhouse, if it had not been for you. And now I am here, happier than I ever deserve to be. It is you who have given me more than life, teaching me why I should live, and what for ! But though you call me your sister, I know how wicked I have been, and can never forget that miserable past. And yet I was saved ! You saved me, dear, dear sister of mercy as you are !’

‘Not I, but God, dear !’

‘Ah, yes, it was all of God’s mercy ! but when I think on the thousands and thousands that fall every year, who were no worse once, but better, perhaps, than I ever was ; fall into such a dreadful,

ful, soul-killing, abominable life, my heart is too sad to express itself, and I would willingly die for them, to show them a better way. But how little I can do!"

"Be glad God has called you to do anything, Mary. Every one of these poor children that you help to rear and bring up to virtue, will be so much gain to the good cause. Every one that God helps us to save here, is saved from just such a life as you are deploring. You and I cannot do much, but we will do what we can, and I know you will work well if only out of gratitude to Him who has done so much for you. And put away fear, and trembling, and sadness, my dear sister. Remember those divine words that have comforted you before now, "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven, for she loved much." Will you not trust *His* words?"

ART. VII.—REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

The British Controversialist, and Literary Magazine. London: Houlston and Wright, 65, Paternoster Row.

DEVOTED to the impartial and deliberate discussion of important questions in religion, philosophy, history, politics, social economy, &c., &c., and to the promotion of self-culture and general education, the 'Controversialist' has long won for itself a deserved renown in literary societies and debating classes, to which, indeed, it is invaluable. There is much excellent stuff in the volume before us. The questions discussed include the following:—Are the Teachings of the Evangelical Clergy in harmony with the Prayer-Book?—Is the Law of Lunacy founded on correct principles?—Was the Act of Uniformity of 1662 justifiable?—Have the effects of the French Revolution of last century been beneficial?—Is European Interference in Mexican Politics just?—Does the present multiplicity of Periodicals retard rather than foster intellectual progress?—Is the Income-tax essentially bad?—Ought the Defences of this Country to be Fleets or Fortifications?—Is the present Policy of our Government in China justifiable?—Was Garibaldi's Italian Movement advisable?—Are the Economic and Moral Effects of the International Exhibition satisfactory?—Is the Lincoln Emancipation Proclamation judicious in its policy, and likely to be

beneficial to the slaves? By this list it is evident that the 'Controversialist' shrinks from no topic of debate that has current interest; and as on each question there are articles affirmative and articles negative, much assistance is rendered to the forming of a just judgment. But this account does not exhaust the repertoire now under review. In this very useful periodical we find not only discussions but essays also, many of them of considerable ability; reviews of books; institutional reports; a 'collegiate course' of instruction; and inquiries and replies. Amongst the items last named, we notice the following account of Dr. Lees, the well-known champion of temperance literature. It is signed 'Jacobus C. Bank,' but we know not whether this is a real name or a pseudonym.

'Frederic Richard Lees was born in 1815, at Meanwood, near Leeds. His father, Mr. Joseph Lees, was of Scottish descent; his mother, Miss Anne Sanderson, was a native of Aborford, and died but a few weeks after Frederic's birth. He received an ordinary education, and at the age of fourteen commenced to serve an apprenticeship of seven years, with the intention of going to the bar, but at its expiration the state of his health prevented the completion of his design. He became a member of a debating society, and there took his first steps towards celebrity as an acute controversialist in 1831. He first

first enlisted under the banner of temperance in 1832, when he enrolled himself a member of the Old Temperance Society. Three years afterwards he signed the abstinence pledge. Ere another year had elapsed he found that his conscience was not quite at home on this subject, and that it prompted him to become more strictly an abstainer—not only an abstainer from distilled liquors, but a total abstainer. To satisfy the craving of this uneasy monitor, he leagued with some others in Leeds, and agitated this total abstinence measure. It was determined that the subject should be publicly discussed in the Music Hall, and that the most talented *pros* and *cons* should be heard in the debate. Amongst those who advocated the old temperance principles was Dr. Williamson, the principal physician, and afterwards the mayor of the town. This gentleman gave a very powerful speech for the old style, and urged as a plea "that we lived in an artificial state of society, and required an artificial stimulus to preserve the equilibrium." The person who had been appointed to reply to the doctor was so stunned that he could not—at least would not—reply. But at this time a young man was dragged forward to combat the arguments of Dr. Williamson. This was F. R. Lees. He exposed the fallacy of the doctor's argument, and ridiculed him for proposing to heal the excitement malady by additional excitement; in other words, "to spur the horse as a remedy for its fatigue." This debate, with notes, was afterwards published. This brought F. R. Lees first prominently into notice. Since then he has, by his works and lectures, contributed materially to the advancement of the teetotal movement. Through England and Scotland he has gone, lecturing a good deal, and by his forcible arguments and impressive manner of speech done a vast amount of good, I believe, to that movement with which he is identified. His writings are copious, comprehending, as they do, the Aberdeen prize essay (written 1841); the elaborate treatise on the wine question, "Tirosh lo Yayin" (also 1841); the "Illustrated History of Alcohol" (1843); the articles on wine and strong drink contributed to Kitchin's "Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature" (1845); the "Argument, Historical and Legal, for the Legislative Prohibition of the Liquor

Traffic," for which he gained the Alliance Prize of one hundred guineas; the "Sequel to the Argument; or, One Hundred Objections to a Maine Law" (1857), and many periodical and newspaper productions. His works have been collected and published in four volumes, price 19s. cloth, per post. I may as well sketch out briefly his career as a newspaper proprietor and editor. In 1837, along with a few friends, he commenced the publication of the "Leeds Temperance Herald," which in the following year was incorporated with the "Preston Advocate." Two years afterwards he went to the Isle of Man, where he took up his residence in Douglas, and put up a printing-press, from which emanated many of his productions. Under his editorship, whilst there, the "Temperance Advocate and Herald" increased its circulation to about twelve thousand copies per month. About this time he also published the "Temperance Standard Library," as a supplement to the "Advocate." In 1843 Lees took up the weapons of defence and offence, and is said to have shattered the theory of Liebig with regard to teetotalism. In 1842, F. R. Lees received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the Giessen University, in Germany. Samuel Neil, in his appendix to the "Art of Reasoning," speaks of one of F. R. Lees's works in the following manner: "During the years 1845-46 a series of articles, entitled, 'The Science of Symbols; or, Reason, its Method, Means, and Matter,' from the pen of Dr. F. R. Lees, of Leeds, appeared in a little serial called the 'Truth Seeker.' These papers, despite of a certain quaintness and epigrammaticality of style, evince an admirable conception of a science of reasoning," &c.

Journal des Familles. William Allan and Co., 9, Stationers' Hall Court, London.

A MAGAZINE in French, expressly intended for English family reading, promises to supply a want which has often been felt. On leaving school, something is commonly required to sustain the interest which young persons take in the study of the French language; and we can recommend nothing more likely than the magazine before us, since by its frequent woodcuts, and its well-selected articles, it commends itself to those readers of French

French whom books of a severer character would repel. The printing is clear, the type is large, the illustrations are excellent, and the matter (unlike much that is French) is unexceptionable.

The Teacher's Offering. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder, 27, Paternoster Row.

Nor so profusely illustrated as some of the penny juvenile magazines, the 'Teacher's Offering' is nevertheless a charming little periodical, with nicely-chosen articles, such as children like, and is a very excellent pennyworth.

Lost—but Not for Ever. My Personal Narrative of Starvation and Providence in the Australian Mountain Regions. By the Rev. R. W. Vanderkiste, author of the 'Deus of London.' Second edition. London: J. Nisbet & Co., 21, Berners Street.

MR. VANDERKISTE'S painful experience of the wilderness is detailed in this very well-printed volume. Lost on the mountains, and subjected to a fast of nearly six days and nights, he suffered much, and only by a remarkable 'accident,' as some would term it, was saved from a painful death. Readers resorting to this book will see how invaluable Mr. Vanderkiste's simple piety sustained him amidst circumstances so frightful, and how marvellously he was delivered. Among the lessons suggested by himself as to be gleaned from the narrative, he places first, 'A strong incentive to the practice of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors. One rule in the branch of the church, of which the writer is specially a servant, that no manufacturer or seller of ardent spirits shall be a member amongst us, is a very blessed one. How can a man with half a heart of mercy pass such poisons to fellow-sinners for filthy lucre? The medical man who visited me when I had been rescued from my perilous position expressed his opinion—not himself practically a total abstainer—that it was my habit in this matter, which, under Providence, saved my life. Had my frame been habituated to the baneful artificial stimuli of these liquors, I should not, he thought, have survived, deprived of them as I was for so long a time.' We cannot express unqualified admiration of the author's method of putting his narrative together. His digressions are often very provoking. No occasion

is too slight to be used as an excuse for rambling. The reader, vexed with this habit, ceases to wonder how the writer came to be lost on the mountains, for he is repeatedly losing himself in the wilderness of his narrative. Having once danced to keep himself warm, the author makes this a pretext for the introduction of a little treatise on dancing, as viewed from his own religious stand-point! At another time, remembering that no 'blacks' are likely to be met with, he goes off upon a history of the 'black' population, thence to the annihilation of aboriginal tribes, thereby to the Choctaws of North America, back again to drunkenness in Australia, and the necessity for a Maine Law, and so on through several pages—all apropos merely of their being no 'blacks' at hand! The narrative would gain much were these digressional portions taken out of it to be worked up in some other way.

Prayer and the Divine Order; or, The Union of the Natural and the Supernatural in Prayer. By Thomas Hughes. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

THE author, treating of prayer, divides his subject into two parts. Part I. is occupied with the inquiry whether prayer, in its constitution, is in accordance with the character and laws of the divine government? In the first chapter Mr. Hughes dilates on the importance of his theme; and, in the second, on sundry false stand-points of view relative to the subject, in contrast with the true. Having thus cautiously approached his topic, he proceeds, in the third chapter, to define and explain what the word 'prayer' means. Prayer is 'the raising of the mind and heart to the Divine Majesty, with the addition of an earnest desire for some blessing at His hands. It is the united and earnest supplication of the whole soul to God. It is a frank opening and confessing of the deep and inner secrets of the heart before Him.' 'The true and comprehensive idea of prayer is an expressed desire; whatever else is added is a matter of relative necessity and ornamental completeness.' It is not merely 'a matter of sentimental feeling,' nor, on the other hand, 'a mere intellectual exercise.' Without reason there could be no manhood 'in prayer;' as, 'deprived of feeling, there could be no sainthood.' Prayer, in short,

short, is conviction and faith, earnest desire, submission, and expectation. All this, and more, man's conscious prayer is; but, we may ask, is there not also a prayer that is half conscious or unconscious? What a man in his secret heart most wishes for—whether riches or honours, whether pleasure or revenge, foe with whom to contend or friend with whom to sympathize and by whom to be admired or beloved—this, surely, is also the man's daily, hourly, yea even his unceasing prayer, whether put or not put into thoughts or words.

Chapter IV. declares that 'prayer is a spontaneous act, proceeding from the deep feeling and conviction of the mind.' There are many things in this chapter with which we do not agree. We dare not affirm, with Mr. Hughes, that 'whatever harmonizes with the nature and spontaneous development of man and things, carries on its surface a proof of Divine harmony and origin.' We dissent from aphorisms to the effect that 'All evil and misery are in the unnatural;' and that 'The natural and the spontaneous is true, solid, fit, complete, and satisfactory.' It is a long while since we were able to entertain this view; but it is Mr. Hughes's, and our space will very barely suffice to hint of what his book consists, and we must content ourselves with a simple expression of dissent where dissent is inevitable. In Chapters V., VI., and VII. we find it laid down that prayer is approved by the common reason of mankind, is in harmony with man's rational character, and is consistent with the relations which men sustain to one another. That it is in harmony with our conception of the Divine character is pointed out in Chapter VIII., and that it is required by the relation which exists between God and man, and is consistent with our conception of the goodness of the Divine government, is the burden of the two following chapters: and here the first part of the book concludes.

Does prayer, in its influence or results, agree with the reason and order of things? Can it be answered agreeably with law and order? This is the question dealt with in Part II. In setting out, Mr. Hughes adverts to certain 'relative phases' of the question: passing over these, we reach the second chapter, treating of the manner in which an answer to prayer is possible. The

author shows that prayer has a reflex influence over the praying mind, and that it is not without its hallowing influence upon men collectively; and then he asks, Has prayer any influence over God, and (if so) how and what is it? He says: 'If God were not impressible by the supplications of sincerity, the voice of the widow would be uttered in vain, the cry of the orphan would be hopeless, the united voice of the sincerity of the universe would be lost in volatile air and eternal forgetfulness. Wrong would not be avenged, mercy would not be administered, want would not be met, nor misery allayed.' We do not like this method of stating the difficulty. God is more ready to give than we are to receive. To induce Him to *wish* to administer mercy, meet want, and allay misery, surely no human supplications are requisite. The theory seems to be that God is indifferent to the welfare of His creatures, and requires to be reminded and 'impressed' before He will intervene. With Mr. Hughes we would say, 'The will that wishes the highest happiness of His creatures . . . cannot conceal itself from the reach of His creatures, and deny what is essential for their nature and happiness.' 'He despiseth not any form of true existence; He has a pity and a help for all.' Mr. Hughes argues that 'if this view of the glorious One be correct, it is incorrect to think of Him as refusing to listen to the cries and entreaties of His creatures.' But the difficulty is, that He who is love should require cries and entreaties to 'impress' and induce Him to render aid. With this difficulty we do not see that Mr. Hughes deals; yet a religious-hearted man may find it as much an obstacle as the mere intellectualist does the other great difficulty—the conviction that rigorous, unyielding Law has got the reins of the universe in hand—Law, a driver that drives straight on, and is deaf to all entreaties. Instead of allowing that prayer can 'impress,' 'influence,' or in any way change the Unchangeable One, we should have preferred to have seen the matter presented more in the following form. It has seemed good to Him whose wisdom is unchallengeable, that order and law should everywhere prevail. Hence if ends are desired, we find it necessary always to use means to those ends. If a man wants iron for tools, or coal for burning, he must, personally or by agents,

agents, dig up and smelt the stone, and mine for the fuel. If it is no disparagement to the goodness of God, that He imposes such conditions in offering all earthly blessings to mankind, so neither is it any abatement from His honour as an all-loving Father that He requires the use of certain appointed means before His heavenly gifts can descend. The one condition on which this descent depends seems to be previous earnest and sincere desire. This desire is prayer, and if he who will not pray for things heavenly is shut out from the reception of them, this runs exactly parallel with the law which we all admit to be just in earthly things, that if we will an end, we must will the means. A man may die of thirst on the very bank of a river, through his own neglect or refusal to draw and drink; yet let him not blame the All-loving God because water is not forced into his mouth. This rule, which holds good as to temporal things, may with equal propriety be valid as to things eternal. It is, however, not really necessary to limit the efficacy of prayer to these higher things, since it is easy to see that a soul habitually communing with God may have many agencies assisting it which the prayerless cannot command. Grant that spirit may influence spirit by the inward way; reply affirmatively to St. Paul's question, 'Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation?' believe with Milton that 'thousands of spiritual beings walk this earth,' or, at least, that they can operate in the field of man's mind when commissioned so to do: and what more is requisite to enable us to see that at every step there may be administered to the willing and seeking soul—monitions, suggestions, holdings of the eyes where it is best it should not see, or guidings of them where discoveries stand ready, such as shall make all the difference between success and failure, between an upward or a downward course, whether in the affairs of time or in those of eternity? The present age, however, is not one of faith, and does not like to believe such things. It is like the servant of Elisha, who saw plainly enough the flesh-and-blood horses and the chariots of the King of Syria, but required a marvellous operation to be performed on his inner eyes before he could discern the more numerous and powerful horses and

chariots of fire that filled the mountain round about Elisha.

Mr. Hughes devotes the third chapter of his second part to the theme, 'Prayer and the Supernatural;' and the fourth to 'Prayer and the Natural.' These are followed by 'Deductive Findings and Closing Remarks.' We have not space wherein to attempt a minute critical examination of the volume, but have perhaps done enough to enable our readers to see whether they are likely or not to seek further acquaintance with this thoughtful and thought-evoking treatise.

Tom Burton; or, The Better Way. By the author of 'The Working Man's Way in the World.' London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

ANOTHER of those charmingly-dressed little books which testify to the taste as well as the enterprise of Mr. Partridge. The tale contrasts the 'better way' taken by Tom Burton, with the worse way chosen by a fellow-workman, and thus puts before the reader what must, no doubt, in many cases, prove very serviceable instruction. The book, from its attractive appearance, enriched also with excellent engravings, would be very acceptable as a present to most youths on setting out in life.

The Magdalen's Friend, and Female Home's Intelligencer. A monthly Magazine. Edited by a Clergyman. London: Wertheim, Macintosh, and Hunt, Paternoster Row.

WE are delighted to see that this excellent little magazine has survived the peril of extinction which seemed to surround it a short time ago. All women should read it, and take to heart its solemn lessons. It has many a word, too, for thoughtful, Christian men, and for the unthoughtful and Unchristian.

Liverpool Sketches, chiefly reprinted from the 'Porcupine.' By Hugh Shimmin. London: W. Tweedie, 335, Strand.

THE following account of 'How Jem Burns Bought a New Hat,' will serve as a sample of the style and matter of this very interesting volume:—

'Jem Burns is a bricklayer, and lives in one of the streets leading from Great Homer Street up to Everton. He has a wife and four children, of whom he is often heard to speak in high terms of praise. His house is not very well furnished

nished, the articles being in every instance more useful than ornamental. Any attempt at show would be out of keeping with the man and his house, yet withal there is an air of comfort about both, which cleanliness and orderly habits on the part of the house-keeper are always sure to impart. Jem says that he finds it very hard work to live comfortably and pay his way out of his earnings, especially if the state of rade and broken weather be taken into consideration. A stranger listening to Jem's talk would be led to suppose that all the care of the household devolved upon him, and that his wife had no share in the business. But Jem does not stand alone in this particular. How many men there are who have clean houses, comfortable homes, and properly prepared meals, and who attribute all these advantages entirely to their own conduct. In the majority of such cases, if the truth were fully and unreservedly spoken, men could tell very little about how the home was managed. They earn wages, not as large as they would like, not as large as some whom they know, but they earn money by their labour; they take this home, and, some way or other, their wives keep everything in order, and they have a pleasant fireside to sit down at; and that is all they really know about household management. Jem's knowledge amounted to little more than this.

Jem's wife, Liddy, often hears her husband talking very largely as to what efforts he has made from time to time to pull through a bad or slack season with his family. If a friend calls in, and the conversation turns upon the state of work, or the price of provisions, or family matters, all of which are almost sure to turn up in an hour, Jem is pretty certain to launch out as to how he manages to 'keep all square and the wolf of poverty from the door.' With true womanly tact and sound judgment, Liddy never breaks in to contradict Jem or claim for herself any merit, which is due. She knows Jem's temper, and would rather lead Jem to convict himself of the injustice that he does her than tamper with their domestic happiness, or assert her rights in such a way as would be certain to insure a domestic broil.

'Jem has on two or three occasions been entrusted with little commissions

of a domestic character, and in every instance he has failed—nay, more than this, to conceal his failure he has tried to deceive his wife. If, therefore, Liddy can (when Jem is showing off how very successfully he manages the house) get him to tell one of the instances in which he failed, her joy is complete, and she is amply avenged.

'The other evening an old friend was smoking a pipe with Jem. The children had been put to bed, and Liddy was, as she terms it, busy in siding up and preparing for next day. There had been a good deal of talk about managing a house and buying things in, on the part of Jem, and, by some sudden turn in the conversation, Hugh Stowell Brown's name arose. This was just what Liddy desired.

"Jem," said she, "do you recollect buying your new hat to go to Mr. Brown's lectures?" and she laughed very roguishly.

"I should think I did," replied Jem.

"Well, tell Frank about it. I could never tire of hearing it."

'And so Jem was led off into the recital, which had better be given in his own language as near as possible.

"Soon after I came to live in this house a printer came to live next door to me. I thought at first it was from bad habits, but I found out afterwards that it was from brisk trade, that he kept late hours. We hardly ever saw each other except it was on Sunday, and then I used to see him reading a paper at the door, for he always brought home lots of papers, and was good-natured about lending them. He was the first man that mentioned Stowell Brown's name to me, and asked me to come and hear him at the Concert Hall on a Sunday afternoon. I went with him one Sunday, and told Liddy all about the meeting when I came home. Woman-like, she asked me how the men were dressed, and all that sort of thing. I told her as well as I could, and then she said, 'Well, Jem, you know if you go there you must go decent. You musn't go with that old cap on; you must have a hat; it will make you look more like other men.' I never was very particular about my dress, but it just struck me then that she was right about the hat, and, thinks I, some day I'll get one. But nothing would do for Liddy, but the next Saturday night I must go down Scotland

land Road and buy myself a hat. 'Don't give more than eight shillings,' says she, 'but I'll give you nine, and mind now, you lay the money out well, for I've been a long time saving it, and I intended it for something else; but never mind, it shall go for Stowell Brown.'

"Well, you must understand that I hadn't been used to buying anything for several years. Liddy mostly got me whatever I wanted, but as I had never cared to stir from home much on Sunday, I had never got a decent hat, so here I was off to buy one. When I got to the corner of Great Nelson Street, who should I meet but Tom Johnson, and he seemed in very poor feather. 'How goes it, Tom?' says I. 'Very queer,' says he; and then he told me how there had been a strike in their trade, how he was out, and what a trifle he had to live on. He was going then to 'a house of call' to look after some subscriptions, and he asked me to come along with him a bit. We hadn't seen each other for a long time, so I went with him. The 'house of call' was somewhere close on Marybone, and when we got in, there was a lot of chaps singing and drinking. I wasn't a teetotaller, so we sat down and had a gill of ale each, and then a man came in with a petition for subscriptions to bury a child. None of us could well stand against that, especially as we had children of our own, and it was no use talking to the poor fellow then about putting the child in a burial club. So we gave some coppers each, and that was settled. I thought all the time about my hat, and yet I couldn't well run away from Johnson; but, having spent a shilling of my money, I found myself now down to Liddy's price. I was thinking about making a move, when a man came in to sell little dolls. They were little beauties. I never saw anything like them, and only sixpence a-piece. He didn't speak very good English, but made it out in some way that he had been wrecked coming from France, and these dolls were all that he had been enabled to save from the wreck. He imitated a coffee-mill and a water-pipe running, and seemed such a poor, simple fellow that I bought a doll from him, and very thankful he was.

"Johnson had got his business done when the doll was bought, so we set off together, down Milton Street into Scot-

land Place, and there I found an auction going on. Thinking there might be hats for sale at the auction, I went in, but found the man selling scarcely anything but old bedclothes and women's dresses. Johnson and I got crushed into the room, and after a while a fender—a parlour fender—was put up. Sixpence—a shilling—'Going!' says the man, and all that sort of thing. 'It's very cheap,' says a man beside me, and I thought it was. I had heard Liddy saying something about a fender that she wanted, so now was my time. I bid for it, and a fat old woman bid against me; but I would not be done, so bid up to three shillings and got it. When I got outside it did not look so good or strong, but a bargain is a bargain, says I to myself, and I carried it off.

"Now the thought struck me—What about my hat? Well, Johnson and I looked into the windows in Byrom Street, and could see nothing likely at my figure, for I had only five shillings now. We went down into the Haymarket, but on inquiring at the hat-shops found that the 'common class of goods could not be recommended;' and all the hats at five shillings that they showed me were either too narrow in the rim or too small in the head. When we came out of the hat-shop, 'I'm very hungry,' says I to Johnson. 'So am I,' says he; and just then I saw a girl selling pies, and we got one a-piece. Of course I paid for them. I couldn't expect a man who was out of work on strike to 'stand' for me. The pies were well peppered—'nicely seasoned,' Johnson said—so we must each have a glass of ale to wash them down; and we went into a little beer-house somewhere about the Old Haymarket, I think it was. There was a great crowd of people in, young lads mostly, some middle-aged men, and a few women without bonnets or caps. We had not been at the counter many minutes before a man with a swelled face, a broken nose, and the side of his head covered with sticking-plaster, came up. 'Now, my sporting kids,' says he, 'what are you going to stand for "the Pet?"' Down with the browns and don't be stingy. It's us what makes England what it is and prevents it being anything else. Dibs! Dibs!—in with the dibs for "the Pet, that risked his life to show his pluck;" shaking a low-crowned hat in our faces and rattling the coppers in it. 'It's the old game,

game, Mickey,' says a man behind me, addressing the bruiser: 'you are carrying the milking-can round, and you'll take good care to skim the cream off. The "Pet" as you luk most after is yourself.'

"A fierce oath was the response to this remark; and, seeing where I had got into, I looked for my way out, and found it. Both Johnson and I breathed freer when we got out, and at the corner of Shaw's Brow I pulled up to count what money I had. My money was all right, but my doll was gone! It had been taken from my pocket whilst I was in the crowd! Johnson had the fender; I felt glad that was all right.

"And now came the difficulty—What was I to do about my hat? What account could I give to Liddy about her money? There was the fender—that was something; but I couldn't wear a fender upon my head when I went to hear Stowell Brown, although I have heard him tell about a minister's wife that went to chapel with a chest of drawers upon her head. So Johnson and I considered, and the best thing he could suggest was that I should go into Fontenoy Street. There, at what he called the translator's, I might meet with a very good hat for about three shillings or three and sixpence, box included, and to this suggestion I readily gave way. Immediately afterwards I found myself roaming about the old clothes and old hat shops, and was not long in fixing upon 'a very nice hat, respectable wear.' I got it, after a good deal of higgling, for two shillings and tenpence, and paid fourpence for a box. It looked, as Johnson and I thought, quite like new, and we both assured ourselves that Liddy would never see the difference. So, after we had another pie each, and something to it, I parted with my friend, and walked away home with my new hat.

"I had not gone far before I recollected that Johnson had my fender. I ran back and overtook him, but my fender was off after the doll. We had it when we were at the hat place in Fontenoy Street, and I recollected an old woman at the door (when Johnson laid the fender down whilst he examined my hat) saying it was a very nice one, and just like her Mary Jane's; but neither of us could recollect anything more of it. We went back to the shop,

but the old man had never seen a fender. He dealt in hats, he did; what use were fenders to him? He was mortal saucy, we both thought.

"When I got home, Liddy was tired with waiting up for me, and she said something rather sharp, so the hat-box didn't get opened that night, but in the morning wasn't there a stir on! I heard her before I came down stairs. She knew all about it—at least she said so; and as I did not feel much in the humour for being talked to, I said very little, and let her have her own way. Every hour of that morning she kept finding out some blemish in the hat; and with her turning, twisting, and throwing it down, she made me wish I had never seen it. I never liked it very well, but it did look much worse when she had taken the gloss off it with handling. In the afternoon my friend the printer called in for me to go and hear Stowell Brown; and off we went. It has always struck me as a very queer thing—I don't mean to say that Stowell Brown knew anything about my Saturday night's adventures, but that Sunday he had a good deal to say about 'Speak the truth and shame the devil,' and he did fit it on to me like old boots. He actually told of men 'chiselling their wives' out of their wages, and all sorts of things like that. My head did feel very hot; and when the lecture was over, and I was going home, I told the printer all about my hat, and I afterwards confessed the truth to Liddy."

'Jem no doubt sees and feels, but takes a roundabout way of admitting it, that, either for good or evil, a working man is very much in the power of his wife. If he has a good one, and has good sense, he interferes very little—the less the better. If he has a bad one, he must grin and abide—there's little help for him. The foolish expenditure of money in which thousands may be seen to indulge any Saturday night—not speaking of intoxicating drinks—will show that "how Jem Burns bought a new hat" is no fiction.'

Labourers' Cottages in the Agricultural Districts of England. London: Jarrold and Sons, 12, Paternoster Row.

THIS is the essay to which was awarded the prize of fifty guineas, offered by H. Tucker, Esq., vice-president of the Faringdon Agricultural Library. We must say it richly deserved

served the prize. It is a valuable little book, and it would be well if it could find its way into the hands of every owner, as well as every tenant, of cottage property.

Hints and Suggestions for the Formation and Management of Working Men's Clubs and Institutes.

The Condition on which Local Societies will be received into Membership with the Working Men's Club and Institute Union, and the Advantages to be thereby obtained. London: 150,* Strand; Bell and Daldy, 186, Fleet Street, E.C.

WE need do no more than indicate the existence of these pamphlets, in order to commend them to the attention of all concerned; for we have previously expressed our approval of the plans of the Union by which they are issued.

The Story of the Life of John Anderson, the Fugitive Slave. Edited by Harper Twelvetees, M.A., Chairman of the John Anderson Committee. London: Wm. Tweedie, 337, Strand, W.C.

WE have here in a neatly-printed volume—just what the title involves—an account of John Anderson's birth, bringing up, wrongs, escape to Canada, capture, danger under the extradition treaty, deliverance, arrival and reception in England, and final shipment to Liberia. The name of John Anderson is now historical, for two great nations were at one moment in great danger of disputing over his body. His story is an interesting one, and Mr. Twelvetees has done well to gather it into a book.

'Bear ye one another's Burdens.' An Address on Practical Sympathy and Prompt Beneficence, delivered in the Philharmonic Hall, Liverpool, in Aid of the Lancashire Relief Fund. By Thomas Guthrie, D.D. London: James Nisbet and Co., 21, Berners Street.

DR. GUTHRIE, the distinguished theological writer, and the Moderator of the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, here very powerfully addresses through the press an audience which we trust will be a very large one. The inducements to 'practical sympathy' here-in offered are very forcible. The profits of the publication are destined for the Lancashire Relief Fund.

Small Temperance Publications.

SEVERAL of these have been placed in our hands to be noticed. The first number of the 'Irish Temperance League Journal,' published at Belfast by the Irish Temperance League, and in London by William Tweedie, gives excellent promise of being a well-edited addition to serial temperance advocacy. The 'Temperance Spectator' maintains all its peculiar vigour and fearlessness in dealing with matters of temperance policy, and contains many articles on the general question well worthy of preservation. It is rather late to allude to the 'Teetotaller's Almanac' and the 'Maine Law Almanac' of Mr. Job Caudwell, of 335, Strand; but this is the first opportunity we have had of so doing. They are both marvellous pennyworths, and those even who are already supplied with other almanacs, will still do well to purchase these. 'Tweedie's Temperance Almanac' (London: William Tweedie, 337, Strand) contains much useful information on temperance and general topics. Whilst amongst the almanacs, we must not omit to mention that of the 'British Workman' (8, Paternoster Row), a large sheet, with a really admirable ornithological engraving in the centre; also 'Old Jonathan's Almanac' (Collingridge), with its portrait of the Queen. Mr. Dawson Burns's 'Ballads for Young Teetotallers,' published as a penny pamphlet by Job Caudwell, 335, Strand, deserve to hold a leading place amongst the recitations run upon by Bands of Hope. The 'Temperance Dictionary' of the same author (at the same publisher's), now issuing in penny parts, will be a standard work; nothing more complete could be desired. Amongst the temperance publications we may very properly place 'Old Jonathan' (London: W. H. Collingridge, Aldersgate Street), which continues to offer to its (we hope) increasing circle of readers a rich store of wisdom and entertainment. It comes out on the 15th of every month. A copy of the 'Rules of the Order of the Sons of Rechab' has been supplied to us, we presume from the central office, Albion Hall, Loudon Wall, London. They might be advantageously consulted by all persons about to join benefit societies.

Meliora.

ART. I.—IDIOTS AND IDIOT LIFE.

1. *Earlwood and its Inmates.* A Lecture delivered at the Literary and Scientific Institution, Croydon, Surrey, on Monday, December 22nd, 1862. By the Rev. Edwin Sidney, A.M., Rector of Cornard Parva, &c. Croydon: Gray and Warren. 1863.
2. *A Second Visit to Earlwood,* May 17; adjourned to June 8, 1861. By the Rev. E. Sidney, A.M. London. 1861.
3. *A Visit to Earlwood,* May 19, 1859. By the Rev. E. Sidney, A.M. London. 1860.
4. *The Asylum for Idiots.* Report for 1862.
5. *The Sixth Annual Report of the Directors and Superintendents of the Pennsylvania Training School for Feeble-minded Children to the Corporators.* Philadelphia. 1859.
6. *The Fourth Annual Report of the same School.* Philadelphia. 1857.

SOME of the best and wisest thinkers of the present age appear to dread a curse of industrialism which shall sweep away all fine emotion, all noble activity, all intellectual endeavour that is not directed to the realization of individual wealth, commercial success, or national aggrandizement. There is a touching sadness in such prophecies, and one may soon catch the fancy and very easily find a multitude of facts to sustain it. A kind of melancholy satisfaction succeeds such efforts. It is always well, whenever we can wisely do so, to carry forward surrounding tendencies to their ultimate issues, and flash back upon our fellow-men the future they may justly fear, and the lesson they must wisely learn. The great difficulty, however, is to do our duty without being one-sided in our apprehension of such tendencies, and despairing of others that may meet them, counteract them, and develope some newer and nobler civilization. We do not think those who naturally fear this modern curse have overcome either aspect of the difficulty in thus

transforming a hasty induction into a bold vaticination. We admit the evil in its fullest extent, but we must at the same time admit the existence of active as well as latent forces which will ever prevent any one form of evil from becoming omnipotent over us. Industrialism may stand for a gigantic opposing power, but it is circumvested by a hundred modifying influences; and, even within the charmed circle where its sway would appear supreme, there are stronger powers and swifter sympathies for nobler and better things. Religion, literature, and social science are at any rate no mean antagonists, and claim a common basis, that of the fundamental value of human nature over and above the fact that a man can become a money-making machine, or a medium for the circulation of notes, coins, and drafts. We may not, nor need we expatiate on religious preservatives against a practical materialism, and the extension of literature is its own proof of its own power; but we may add that the history of the humanities of the last century entirely meets, even in its merest possibility, such an extravagant dead-lock of the intellectual and the moral. Philanthropy may not seem a brave or a logical mood, and may often consist of factitious sentiment, but when it is wed to intellect and science, it goes deeper than industrialism and higher than materialism. It at once grows out of and caps, an individual, a nation, or a race. It is so interpenetrative that it works as by alchemy or magic; it makes even industry work against itself, and endow colleges, build asylums, and organize noble institutions. The helpless, the insane, the blind, the deaf, and the dumb, are set over against crowns, francs, and dollars, and what the individual yields humanity gains. The action and the reaction are thus mutual, and their synthesis constitutes what we call history.

The modern treatment of the poor idiot is unquestionably one of these unconscious checks or balances. It has taken its rise in no theories of political economy and unproductive power. Men have not looked upon these helpless ones as they would upon a marshy fen, a stony tract, or a bushy jungle. One may say that our asylums, hospitals, and reformatories have so arisen and have been so viewed, although to establish so much would require an abundance of special pleading and circuitous logic, but one cannot say as much of these efforts to improve the idiotic. Such unfortunates may be made comforts to their parents, happier for themselves, and less troublesome to everybody, passing forward even to intellectual and moral cultivation of no inferior kind; but the man who should proclaim himself an ethico-political revolutionist, and undertake to use them as productive commercial material, would run no slight risk of being himself classed with the very parties of whom he indulged such erratic dreams. It is true that they can be taught to dig, to hoe, to make baskets, mats, clothes, and shoes,
and

and prove themselves efficient in bricklaying and carpentering; and institutions may be made in some degree self-supporting by these means. Still such facts do not warrant any efforts for their amelioration taking other than a directly philanthropic character, although possibly having in the future, for some of the individuals concerned, a legitimate bearing upon commercial pursuits. And such facts, broadly taken, imply little more commercial success upon the basis such establishments as Earlswood must occupy, than that some almost convalescent patients in an infirmary should do as much nursing or household work as would defray the expenses of their board and medicine. The farm at Earlswood may not thus pay its way; fancy farming rarely does anywhere. The Institution does not and will not. Ought any of the subscribers to expect it? We think not. But why establish such places? asks a fact-worshipping economist. Why waste good material in the form of teachers, attendants, and physicians, over such unprofitable work? We are tempted to answer these questions by asking a dozen others in return, but we forbear. If we cast not out our sick because they will surely die; if we try to reform the thief, the drunkard, and the courtesan; if we seek to educate the outcast and the penniless, and to provide for the poor, helpless, and infirm; and above all, if we love humanity as purely, as dearly, as continuously as we ought—love it even in its shame, degradation, and imperfection, as God loves it—then we can cast off our political economy if it be burdensome, stand to our principles, confront our duty, and fear no foe, no theory, no prophecy, and no pretentiously absolute law.

The absurd politico-alchemic idea of the present day, unites itself, singularly enough, as far as the objects of our present paper are concerned, with what we sarcastically call the dark ages. Then men did make merchandise of idiots in a way that may still commend itself to an extravagant representative of the above school. In the feudal ages, when a sovereign was supreme lord, and took care of everybody's interest for him very paternally, he made himself the legal guardian of all the idiots in the realm. Court favourites had always an eye to this fact, and when they could not get it without, they would beg for the wardship of an idiot, and generally found that using his property was a much more lucrative business than hunting for such places as were then open to ambitious and unscrupulous dissemblers. The custom, as far as England is concerned, was according to the statute 17 Edw. II. c. 9, and there is a reference to it in 'Love's Labour Lost,' which shows it to have been remembered in Shakspeare's time as very recently in vogue. The passage also furnishes us with an old test of idiocy. Costard asks Biron if he shall bring in the three worthies, and is asked if there are but three:

Costard. No, sir; but it is vava fine,
For every one pursents three.

Biron. And three times thrice is nine.

Costard. Not so, sir; under correction, sir; I hope it is not so:
You cannot beg us, sir, I can assure you, sir; we know what we know;
I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir.

These borrowed witlings were occasionally retained in large households to make merriment after dinner and on holidays. Such a custom was continued on the Continent long after family jesters and butts had ceased to be fashionable elsewhere. Late as 1710 Addison says: 'For the same reason idiots are still in request in most of the courts of Germany, where there is not a prince of any great magnificence, who has not two or three dressed, distinguished, undisputed fools in his retinue, whom the rest of the courtiers are always breaking their jests upon.'*

* Thus one fool lolls his tongue out at another,
And shakes his empty noddle at his brother.'

Amongst some of the ancient races such feeble ones were either held to be possessed with Deity or evil spirits, and in the latter case they were frequently destroyed, or exposed where death was certain. Hector Boece, an old Scottish historian, in that portion of his rare work which treats of ancient Scottish manners, assures us that male idiots were invariably mutilated, and female ones were kept under the strictest surveillance; but if by chance one were found likely to have offspring, she was at once buried alive.†

It is refreshing to turn from these dark pictures to more humane endeavours. We believe that France claims the honour of inaugurating the modern movement. In 1824, Dr. Belhomme, of Paris, wrote an essay to establish the possibility of improving the condition of idiots, and for the next fifteen years various desultory attempts were made by instructing a few idiots at the Bicêtre and the Salpêtrière, by MM. Falret, Leuret, and Vallée. Dr. Edward Seguin, however, the friend and pupil of the celebrated Itard, eclipsed them all, and earned for himself the title of the 'Apostle to the Idiots.' He accepted the task as a sacred trust from his infirm friend, and devoted his whole energies to the work with unflagging zeal and the most beautiful enthusiasm. He reversed the previous method of treatment so far as it could be called one, and endeavoured to take a more rational view of idiocy as a condition resembling, if not identical with, prolonged infancy, with its feeble muscular development, its dormant sensation, and unconnected thought. His aim was to improve the physical health, and so gradually to correct or educe the senses, strengthen the will, and exercise the moral and intellectual faculties. The success with which he met was considerable and assuring. In 1846 he pub-

* 'The Spectator,' No. 47, April 24; *Addis on's Works* (Bohn), vol. ii. pp. 325, 326.

† Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' p. 141, edit. 1826.

lished a treatise on idiocy and its amelioration, which excited great interest, and is still a standard authority and manual for his successors. Whilst Dr. Seguin was experimenting in France, Herr Saegert, a teacher of deaf mutes at Berlin, was arriving at somewhat similar conclusions. He had been completely foiled in endeavouring to instruct a deaf and dumb idiot, and this so aroused his energies that he pursued the physiological bearings of the subject, determined to see what could be done. The result was that, in 1840, he began to instruct idiotic pupils, and met with a very fair amount of success. He was disposed to regard idiocy as depending more upon abnormal conditions of the brain and nervous system than Dr. Seguin thought, and therefore he placed more reliance upon simple medication. These efforts aroused both England and America, and various institutions were established whose dates and names we have not space to transcribe. Suffice it, therefore, to say that the study of idiocy and its remedial treatment have been since gradually expanding in interest, and producing the most gratifying results.

It is interesting to watch the growth of the term idiot, as throwing light upon the vexed question as to wherein idiocy really consists. The term *ἰδιώτης*, or idiot, was used by the Greeks to denote the private and obscure citizen, or soldier, as contradistinguished from the active, public, and official one. It subsequently came to signify an uninformed, undisciplined, and unskilful person—thus bearing noble witness, as Archdeacon Hare says, to the ‘Greek notion of the indispensableness of public life, even to the right development of the intellect.’* The word is twice used by St. Paul in writing to the Corinthians. For instance, old translators, as Wicklif, read ‘idiot’ for ‘unlearned’ in 1 Cor. xiv. 16, and for ‘rude in speech,’ in 2 Cor. xi. 6, where the word means, ‘one unacquainted with the matter as his employment,’ or ‘one who has not the gift of speaking and interpreting.’† The transition from this to the third stage, as meaning a natural or a simpleton, was easy enough. We do not see that the word can now well be changed, even though some would narrow it down to Blackstone’s definition as ‘one that hath no natural understanding from his nativity, and therefore is by law presumed never likely to attain any.’ Such a definition begs the question of the impossibility of idiot education; and the substitution of imbecile as the name of the entire genus, or even as one species, is open to much question; for that word would be very much better left to its original meaning of an infirmity which is the result of years (*in baculo*—leaning upon a staff). In America an objection has been raised to the term idiot altogether, and ‘feeble-minded children’ is now substituted by some of the medical men there. We do not see that anything is gained by the change.

* Trench ‘On the Study of Words,’ p. 54, 5th edit.

† Alford’s Greek Testament, vol. iv., p. 594, 4th edit.

The physiological aspects of idiocy are extremely curious, and embrace both its causes and conditions. Of the former our knowledge is at present extremely limited, but is gradually becoming more certain and scientific. Intemperance is unquestionably one of the primary causes, and has been so established from even remote antiquity, as might be proved by many sayings, speculations, and facts, gathered from medical and non-medical authors. The effect, chiefly of spirit drinking, shows itself in the bony and nervous structures, producing dwarfed and defectively-organized offspring. The children of old men who have lived luxurious and dissolute lives are also constantly observed to border upon the idiotic state when they do not pass into it. Thus, there is a type of the luxury-idiot or weakling, as well as of the one born in poverty and hardship; both causes acting pretty much in the same way. Peculiarities of diet have been said to have their effect, and the cretin of Southern Europe is a sad illustration of its truth. Fanciful speculators have discovered other causes, as over-study in either of the parents, or a peculiar congenital or adventitious distemper of the brain, which if cold and moist, according to Galen, produced idiocy, and if hot and dry, according to Capivaccius, raving and madness. The choice of a wife of the same temperament as the husband was also said to be another cause, and was condemned by old writers, as we believe it still is by modern phrenologists. The reality of consanguinity as a prolific—perhaps the most prolific—cause, is unfortunately too patent to be denied, and needs no demonstration or additional confirmation from us. Perhaps we have still to mention another great cause, and that is illegitimacy. Abnormal conceptions, attempts at concealment and abortion, and the anguish resulting from their condition, which leads unmarried mothers to be more liable to puerperal mania than others, are all elements of an extremely active cause, when conjoined with the relative youth of the parties and their frequently immoral lives. Dr. Mitchell, the Deputy Commissioner in Lunacy for Scotland, who has investigated this special cause in the counties of Ross, Aberdeen, Kincardine, Perth, Clackmannan, Fife, Kinross, and Wigton, which represent a population of 699,102, neglecting no single parish, and including cases receiving and not receiving parish relief, has gathered some reliable results, which seem to establish, first, the larger mortality of natural children, and, second, a causative connection between illegitimacy and idiocy. Many foreign authorities confirm the first position, and help to bring out the second. We give Dr. Mitchell's special remarks upon his own investigations:—

'The idiots and imbeciles whom I saw in these eight counties amounted to 703. Of 71 of these I was not able to obtain any information, and I therefore exclude them. There remain 632, of whom 108, or 17·1 per cent., are illegitimate. Thus every

every sixth idiot in Scotland is a natural child. Such, at least, is true of that large portion of it now under consideration. Supposing the viability of legitimate and illegitimate children to be the same, and that they have the same average lease of life, one-ninth of the community would consist of bastards, and this ninth would give more than a sixth of all the idiocy ($\frac{1}{5.4}$). From this fact alone we can hardly resist the conclusion that illegitimacy is in itself an important cause of idiocy; but it is satisfactory to find that the more searchingly the accuracy of the inference is tested, the stronger it becomes. Thus it is certain that that section of the community which yields this sixth part of all our existing idiocy is by no means so large as a ninth. For, though it is true that every ninth birth is illegitimate, yet the infant mortality of such offspring being very greatly higher than that of legitimate children, the birth ratio is not maintained, and ceases to be that which would be found in the community, when all ages are included.*

We pass from the causes to the physical conditions of idiocy, and find ourselves in a region of extravagancies, irregularities, and imperfections. An idiot is not simply one who is weak-headed, but he is weak every way. His bones are spongy, his joints are weak, his muscles are flaccid and incontrollable, his nervous system is deranged, the action of the skin is abnormal, circulation, respiration, and nutrition are defective, and almost every bodily function exhibits a marked departure from the healthy standard. The proportion of the upper and lower extremities is sometimes unnatural, the gait is awkward and uncertain, the facial expression is under no control, and there is a stony look in the eyes, and a slaving at the mouth. The list of corporeal defects is almost innumerable. Ever since Lavater published his physiognomical plates we are too generally inclined to regard an idiot as simply a being with a serious defect in the configuration of the frontal bone and its mental consequences, but we have now to take in an entirely new catalogue of facts. The entire flowering-out of the head and brain is characterized by perfections in almost every part. The occiput as well as the forehead may be badly developed; and a conical-shaped head, where there is no very marked sloping from the front, may also be found, as a manifest departure from the type of a geometrically-evolved head, which is now regarded as the only ideal standard of comparison. This peculiar-shaped head is given by Homer to the railing, shrill-voiced, and deformed Thersites. We quote from Cowper's blank-verse translation, as being here least diffuse, and preserving an accurate epithet descriptive of this type of idiocy:—

'He squinted, halted, gibbous was behind
And pinched before, and on his tapering head
Grew patches only of the flimsiest down.'

The size of the head, indeed, must not always be taken as an absolute evidence of power, for hydrocephalus in infancy sometimes leads to idiocy. Mr. Crofton Croker, in giving an account

* 'Illegitimacy as a Cause of Idiocy,' p. 210; 'Medical Times and Gazette,' March 1, 1862.

of a tour in Ireland, describes one of these poor unfortunates thus: 'His head was of an uncommonly large and stupid shape, and his idiotic countenance was rendered fierce and wild by a long and bushy red beard.'* Sir Benjamin Brodie gives a similar but more general testimony:—'Some very stupid persons, within my own knowledge,' he makes Ergates say, 'have had very large heads.'† We also learn of Vespasian that 'his head was most remarkable for its prodigious size, and argued a character greatly above or below mediocrity.'‡ Similar instances are frequently met with in ordinary life. The peculiarities of idiocy do not stop here, but invade the brain, the ears, the nose, the lips, the jaws, the teeth, the tongue, and the palate. The evidence respecting the brain itself is as yet extremely uncertain, very few careful accounts of post-mortem examinations being on record. There is some reason to believe that the *corpus callosum*, or band of nervous fibres which unites the two hemispheres, would be found to be malformed or defective, as in animals of very low intelligence it is altogether wanting, and its absence or imperfection in the human being has been found to be associated with such an incapacity for learning and apparent dullness of intellect, as altogether unfitted for even the simpler duties of life.§ There can be no doubt also that the general aspects of the brain would share in these derangements, as those of other organs do. A variety of modifications in the angle of the position of the ear, in the development of the lobule and its separateness or connection with the cheek, and in the formation of the helix, as well as the general outline of the whole organ, are intimately associated with idiocy in all its stages. An absence or deficiency of the lobule is very common in both lunatics and idiots, and its flaccidity, vascular turgescence, and inequality with its associate organ, are not less frequent. Indeed, Dr. Laycock, to whom we are indebted for these facts, has covered the entire ground of the question in his interesting investigations, and concludes that the circulation, nutrition, and development of the tissues of the ear and its cartilages coincide with similar conditions of the encephalic tissues, and have relation to the encephalic and cranial development of the individual.|| Within what limits and under what modification these principles operate, remains to be determined by more extended observation and more complete induction. Dr. Mitchell so far agrees with these positions, that in a note with which he favoured

* Hone's 'Every-day Book,' vol. ii., p. 244.

† 'Psychological Inquiries,' First Part, p. 241.

‡ 'The Deformed, and their Mental Characteristics,' p. 250. 'The Medical Critic and Psychological Journal,' April, 1861.

§ 'Psychological Inquiries,' First Part, p. 182.

|| 'Clinical Lectures on the Physiognomical Diagnosis of Disease,' Lecture vi., Medical Times and Gazette, March 22, 1862.

Dr. Laycock, he says: 'I have found that the ears of idiots and imbeciles are subject to very frequent and very various abnormalities. 1. The external ear is often excessively large, standing out from the head. 2. Less frequently it is unnaturally small. In two cases I have seen it all but entirely absent. 3. The eminences and depressions are sometimes very slightly marked, making the whole ear more or less a simple concha. 4. The external meatus is often singularly large, and in these cases the canal is seemingly straightened and shortened. The reverse of this, however, occurs, and I have seen the external opening so small as of itself to explain the imperfect hearing which was present. 5. That abnormality which I have observed most frequently relates to the lobe, which is either absent or soldered to the side of the head. In one form of idiocy, I think, this peculiarity is never wanting.* Dr. McIntosh has fully and ably corroborated most of these positions. 'In regard to the set of the ears on the head,' he observes, 'two arrangements were conspicuous (out of more than a hundred cases); first, a flattened and approximated ear; and second, a widely-set, trumpet-shaped ear. I could not detect any general law with reference to the class of cases in which each occurs, but certainly both abounded in cases of dementia, and congestion generally accompanied the protruding ear.†

Facial imperfections are perhaps more striking and more noticed than aural ones, and are not less remarkable. The contraction of the lower and the projection of the upper jaw, as well as that of the whole middle-face, are typical of feeble cerebral action, and associated with idiocy. Analogous cases amongst animals help us to explain these, or at any rate their causes. The more bird-like the human physiognomy the surer one may predict cerebral defect, and, if one may believe Aristotle, the more the head approximates to the Jupiter, or lion-type, the more intellectual and magnanimous is the character. Highly-bred rams and ewes produce lambs with the above-mentioned characteristics of degeneration, who consequently are unable to suck. The prolonged upper and the receding lower jaw are also common in highly-bred spaniels. The nose, also, in idiocy is either atrophied or monstrously large, and the septum is exposed, and occasionally so adherent to the sides as to leave no nostrils. Cases of these kinds will at once occur to almost any observer in common life. The lips are also occasionally cleft from an absence or contraction of the inter-maxillary and palatal bones, and there is hare-lip, and within the mouth are numerous curious defects, which present stubborn obstacles in the way of remedial treatment. Dr. Down, the urbane and accom-

* 'Clinical Lectures on the Physiognomical Diagnosis of Disease.' Lecture vi. 'Medical Times and Gazette,' March 22, 1862; p. 289, note †.

† *Ibid.*, March 29, p. 340.

plished physician to the Earlswood Asylum, has made these the subject of special investigations, which very aptly supplement the researches of Dr. Laycock. In the two hundred cases he examined he found instances of inordinately arched and unsymmetrical palates, but no instance of ordinary cleft-palate out of as many as 600 cases; the teeth were irregular, projecting, liable to sudden and rapid decay, and the first and second stages of dentition were both delayed; the tongue was hypertrophied, sodden, and ruggiose, exhibiting also a marked want of co-ordination in its various movements; the tonsils were enlarged and injected; and there was a salivary more or less in something like 22 per cent., during the whole of the day, or only at meal-times and periods of excitement, owing to increased secretion of saliva, the deformed condition of the mouth, the imperfectly-moved tongue, and the absence of tonicity in the labial muscles.*

Such being the conditions under which idiocy is found to exist, complicated with various nervous and muscular affections either resultant or coexistent, we can easily perceive what will be some of the psychological results, and how persistent must be all efforts to overcome these obstacles before any good can show itself. The bodily health must first of all be improved by medication, hygiene, and gymnastics, before the senses can be thoroughly awakened, the will vivified, and the dormant capacities brought out of their misty envelopments. The importance of this physical treatment cannot be overrated, although it is only recently that it has assumed its legitimate importance. In the earlier stages of the new movement the idiots were put through by far too many parrot-like exercises, instead of being disciplined into self-control, and developed into spontaneous intelligence. The amendment of this plan, as far as Earlswood is concerned, is due to the Commissioners in Lunacy. In their Thirteenth Annual Report to the Lord Chancellor, they said: 'We have repeatedly expressed a strong opinion that the mode of training the patients in this institution should be altered, by diminishing the amount of scholastic tuition, and by appropriating a far greater portion of time to improvement of the physical condition of the patients by exercise and manual employments, and thus to the development of their feeble faculties. We are glad to state that our suggestions have at length been attended to; and occupations for the above object, suited to the patients' capacities, and such as are likely to prove useful to them in after-life, have been introduced accordingly.'† A classification will very soon follow these remedial measures, and possibly some hint may have been gleaned of a special gift or aptitude, which will be at once made the most of by judicious attendants. Perhaps the

* 'On the Condition of the Mouth in Idiocy.' 'The Lancet,' January 18, 1862.

† Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, August 12, 1859, pp. 69, 70.

most remarkable fact in all idiotic cases is this prominence and insulation of the different energies of the mind. The full complement of consciousness rarely being manifest, one can never be certain what oddity, eccentricity, and talent may not show itself. And it is curious how these specialities help us to understand those higher ones which we call genius and transcendent capacity. Isolated aptitudes are discovered, seized upon, and cultivated, and the result is not surprising. The same thing happens in the minds of a higher class. General circumstances, casual events, an old book, an odd tutor, a weak muscular system, an hereditary tendency, and a consciousness of power immediately following the first exercise of any faculty, and leading to repeated exercises, are all elements in the psychology of genius, which receive modest illustration in those beings who seem to want it most. A taste for painting, drawing, carving, history, or even astronomy, is sometimes observed to show itself out of this mistiness of the soul, as the top of a city spire is sometimes seen far above the smoke and the fog in the evening sunlight. The choreic and paralytic will have been put by themselves, and still there will remain cases in which no mental activity is perceptible. A poor lad at Earlswood, who was always crying out, 'Want to be a gentleman,' was found to like music, and being attracted by some of the tailor boys who could play on the concertina, he was gradually induced to join them, and now makes excellent trousers. The force of example is seen to be extremely powerful, and many who are not idiots would do well to remember this. Dull boys will sometimes brighten up when they see others playing at cricket, swinging cleverly, or working nimbly. Nothing is neglected that will help to arouse the pupils. Several curious cases are on record in which idiocy has been accidentally cured by blows upon the head;* but, whilst no such extravagant methods are resorted to as remedies, many equally efficacious and more rational ones are employed. The galleries and corridors of Earlswood are ornamented with ferns, flowers, pictures, and singing birds. Summer fêtes, balloon ascents, and concerts, are systematic parts of training; and ludicrous as it may seem, Punch and Judy and the magic lantern have become quite institutions with them, as an American would say. Gymnastic exercises and games are found extremely beneficial, especially drill, in which there is one company so proficient that Mr. Sidney says he would match it against any militia or rifle company that could be brought forward. The acting of a Christmas charade, the scenery and dresses for which were manufactured on the spot, proved to be a marvellous success, and also had the effect of stimulating into lasting vigour several whom it had pre-

* Dr. Winalow's '*Obscure Diseases of the Brain and Mind*,' pp. 432, 433, 2nd edit.

viously been impossible to arouse from idiotic depression and apathy. After the playrooms come the workrooms, which seem to afford the patients much gratification. Here they learn light finger-lessons in picking cocoa fibre and then plaiting it. Other industrial exercises are tailoring, shoe-making, carpentering, basket-making, farming, gardening, &c., all of which prove excellent helps, along with tuition of various kinds, in showing how much can be done in educating the helpless one who might else have maundered about the public streets, been teased himself, and pestered every one, or have had his only visible fragment of a true self drilled to the occupation of extorting halfpence from all well-dressed individuals. The general results are most assuring, and many a parent has had his or her heart gladdened by these pleasing changes. Often may it be said, as Tennyson says of Edyrn, 'His very face with change of heart is changed.' Out of thirty-one pupils discharged from Earlswood during 1861, only two went away unimproved. Seventeen had received great benefit, and twelve—seven boys and five girls—were so improved and invigorated as to be able to work for their livelihood, the boys as tailors, carpenters, and mat-makers, and the girls in domestic service. Still the institution is greatly in want of funds, and we feel sure needs only to be better known to be better supported.

Strange to say, the idiot is peculiarly sensitive to sympathy and moral suasion. Fear has frequently made an idiot, but can never mend one. Beneath an apparently stupid exterior, it is surprising how much real feeling and tender life exists, which only has to be evoked to prove a most powerful adjuvant in effecting a visible and rapid improvement. Idiots are often peculiarly fond of dumb animals. A tender word has been known to be the turning point in many an obstinate case. In a boy, mentioned in the Pennsylvanian Reports, the word *mother* had such an effect. It had frequently been repeated to him, until one day it finally overcame him, and he burst into a flood of tears. In another case a like effect, with marked subsequent improvement, was produced by the word *home*, touchingly enunciated by the voice of a sister. Idiots are no hypocrites, and open-handed dealing with them generally leads to candour and sincerity in return. They will chide and correct each other very tenderly and very beautifully. Occasionally a fit of passion will master them, and they will play a few pranks, but as a rule they are extremely harmless, and but for a casual odd expression and a little eccentricity of behaviour, one might see most of them eating their dinner, or at public worship, without knowing that they were in any way different from most children. A boy whose paint-box had been disarranged by some one, showed it to another, saying, 'Be very careful, so angry I am; may hurt you,' and immediately attacked a door, shivering it
to

to fragments. On being told that he must pay for it out of some private pocket-money, he readily assented, and was so conscious of his improper conduct that when afterwards offered a small sum for an excursion to Brighton, he refused it firmly, saying, 'No, no; broke door, won't have it.' The following is given as a lithographed letter in one of the American reports, and the penmanship is very creditable for a girl of thirteen.

'A little more than two years ago I was a wild girl; I destroyed almost everything, and my mother could not make me a good girl or teach me to learn anything. I could not talk plainly, and they would not have me in public schools; when I came here I did not know a letter, and was very passionate. Now I read, write, and cipher. LIZZIE.'

Religious exercises have a wonderful influence over them, and one or two of the replies of idiotic children might almost be put upon a par with those of Jean Paul's precocious geniuses in his school at Schwarzenbach. Some remarkable anecdotes are on record illustrative of their deep feeling, pious utterances, and good deeds. We have only room for one which we quote second-hand from a little American book entitled 'Light out of Darkness, &c.'

'It was Sunday evening in the Pennsylvanian school at Media Penna, and the pupils were attentively listening to a story called "Help each other." All at once there was unusual silence. A small hand was then seen lifted up in the farther part of the room, and its little owner stammered out, "I want to tay to something." He went on: "Yesterday, when I wa' out in the road, I taw a poor old woman wi' a baaket in her hand, picking up coal, and I went and helped her; and while I helped her, te turned and looked at me and taid, 'God bet you, my child; thit coal it to keep my tick baby warm.' That made me pick coal fa'ter; and ten te turned again and taid, 'God blet you, my ton;' and then I went away and left her. I went to my room and got a five tent piete I had, and went back to her, and instead of putting coal in her ba'ket, I put that five tent piete in her hand, and then I went away." "How did it make you feel to act in that way towards the poor woman?" he was asked. In reply, he turned his hand over his breast, and said earnestly, "*It made me feel big in here!*"'

The limits, real or apparent, to these happy educational influences, seem to bring out the more psychological aspects of idiocy. The peculiar condition of the mouth has a marked effect upon the voice, producing a dragging tone, various difficulties in pronunciation, and in some a more or less complete mutism. Out of the forty-seven patients at Media Penna, in 1859, four were mutes, fifteen semi-mutes, fifteen had defective articulation, and thirteen correct articulation. The proportions are pretty much the same at Earlswood out of a much larger number of pupils. Nevertheless some of the idiots at the latter place can sing very fairly, and some of them read pretty well. By an ingenious contrivance of pictures most of the letters and words are easily learned, but the two hardest ones are generally found to be *thimble* and *velvet*, over which many of them stumble. Defects in the vocal apparatus, it seems to us, could be more easily overcome, but for the want of a due co-ordination of the various muscular movements of the tongue. Indeed, it would appear that the latter is more the cause of defective

tive articulation than are the former ; indeed, such peculiarities, conjointly with the width and dilating power of the larynx, produce the differences of tone and articulation in ordinary persons. There are curious and well-authenticated cases in which persons have altogether lost the tongue and have still been able to speak distinctly, and even to articulate such words and consonants as usually depend upon the the tip of the tongue for their pronunciation. In one of the best-authenticated instances, twice attested by various witnesses, and finally in person by the assembled Royal Society, that of a young woman named Margaret Cutting, of Wickham Market, near Ipswich, published in the 'Transactions' between the years 1742 and 1747, there was an entire absence of the tongue and uvula, and the teeth were so few and so small as to afford no compensative assistance. Nevertheless she could 'articulate as fluently and correctly as any other person, and sang to admiration and still articulated her words while singing, and could form no conception of the use of a tongue in other people.* She had lost her tongue and uvula when four years old, and it is possible that if her education had been neglected she might not have succeeded so well. It would be interesting to know at what age idiotic children can best learn to speak well, since so much is held to depend upon an early training of the muscular apparatus of the voice. Indeed, the whole problem of a spoken language receives a fresh interest and not a little modification in the facts of idiotic training. Peter, the Wild Boy, and the Savage of Aveyron were both regarded as idiotic and were little better than mutes. We are told that it was found impossible to make them speak. Is speech, then, not solitary and instinctive, but the result of social and educational training, proceeding step by step? And what power does the command of speech imply in its possessor? The history of mutes would seem to cast a gleam of light upon the old controversy, and reveal new points. If it can be satisfactorily shown that persons known to be dumb, have suddenly broken out into perfectly articulated language, we shall have gained new facts which will somewhat disturb the numerous inferences deduced from the apparent impossibility of teaching children to speak who have grown up in a savage state. Such facts we have to hand in the case of idiots, some of whom have repeated songs in the night which they have heard in the daytime. But lest it should be thought that in these cases there was a cunning concealment successfully accomplished prior to such time as they were heard to sing, we will take two others much more remarkable every way. One of the inmates of Earlswood, always thought to be dumb (and the system of attendance is such that if he had spoken before it must have been

* 'The Book of Nature.' By John Mason Good, M. D., &c., vol. ii. pp. 262, 263. London : 1826.

known),

known), became seriously ill of a painful disorder, and in one of his paroxysms, he exclaimed with unconscious eloquence, 'Why do I suffer thus?' and subsequently spoke very affectionately of his parents. Paroxysms have been known before to reawaken from idiotic stupor the whole of the faculties, but this one is unique of its kind. In the other case, a boy had written a copy on his slate, of which he was somewhat proud, and during his temporary absence some one rubbed it out for him. He was angry, and asked with a frown, and to the surprise of every one, 'Who rubbed it out?' Here we have, as a proximate cause of speech, sudden emotion establishing such a relation between the brain and the vocal apparatus as at once issued in perfect and intelligible speech. This could not be the effect of any discipline on the part of the idiots or of others, and seems perfectly instinctive. 'Usually,' says Mr. Alexander Bain, 'the voluntary command of speech may be said to consist in a series of associations, formed between the words of our language in their ideal state, and the actual enunciation.*' But how were the associations formed in these cases? In the second one the boy had learned to know words and to write them, and passion enabled him to bring his ideal knowledge to bear in a moment in a new direction, and so established a new outlet. But how had he learned to articulate? And how had the other, if he could not read silently, which is a point we are not informed upon, gathered such a stock of ideal associations? If he had never shown any talent for learning, how had he been able to complete so complex an action all in a moment? In neither case, as far as we know, had there been any efforts of training exerted upon them; so that if we still regard language as something that would never pass out of an animal stage but for educational efforts, we must leave out discipline as a direct cause, and be content with substituting for it social example. At any rate, these facts bear in a most instructive manner on metaphysical problems.

Sir William Hamilton's theory of latent mental modifications † may explain consciously acquired dexterities and habits, but will it explain these unconscious ones? 'Memory and consciousness,' he says, 'are in the direct ratio of each other,' and in ordinary cases few will doubt it. But what if there be neither memory nor consciousness? In such cases as in some dreams, in delirium, and in mania, it is unquestionably so, and very frequently it is so in idiocy, a condition which so thoroughly exposes for us the unconscious side of being. Of all such mental actions, M. Cousin says, 'They are done in us but we do them not.* * * They do not belong to us, and we do not impute them to ourselves, any more

* 'The Emotions and the Will,' p. 395.

† 'Metaphysics,' vol. i., Lect. xix.

than to our neighbour, or to an inhabitant of another world.* And yet they are not simply necessary activities, but involuntary and instinctive; they are connected by causation with ourselves even when not directly willed, since in all their wildnesses there are gleams of our own individuality in them. Abstracted from all visible phenomena and all but the vaguest sensations, as some Buddhist seer in philosophic nirvana, the mind of the idiot is still active and unconsciously registering its own modifications, although from a want of a due balance between the senses and the intellect, its stock of ideas is exceedingly vague, disconnected, and limited. There is nothing strange in this unconscious self-registering. We are only strictly conscious of the fact of attention and the contents of what is present to our minds; the consciousness of memory as a process going on gradually and constantly, escapes us. We remember many things that we did not know we had in our minds until they came out again into distinctness, simply because the fact of attention which gave verity to them had been forgotten. Other facts in idiocy supply connecting links between this unconscious side of being, and the latent consciousness established by Sir W. Hamilton. A dull, slow-speaking boy at Earlswood has such a keen sense of the phenomena of succession that at any time, either day or night, he can tell what o'clock it is to five minutes, when it is impossible he should know by anything but his own powers of perception. The boy is evidently of delicate nervous organization, for we learn that he has recently had fits, and that they have somewhat impaired this wonderful faculty. Each distinguishable minimum of time must leave its impress on his half-awakened intellect, and the compounding of these conscious instants into certain definite wholes, whether he start from some point at which he knew the hour or not, implies a cataleptic kind of percipience which is altogether marvellous. Possibly this power would vanish, or become obscure, if the other faculties were more thoroughly aroused, and a greater variety of impressions were induced, as we find that time appears to move with different degrees of velocity according to the nature of our mental modifications. One of the most curious effects of opium upon the mind, is that of rendering internal impressions more delicate, distinct, and fixed, as verified by many facts. Are not the two conditions intimately allied, as both shut up the mind to an exquisite measurement of percipience? In another case mentioned by Plot, in his '*History of Staffordshire*,' † an idiot used to amuse himself by counting the hour of the day when the clock struck, and when the machine was spoiled by an accident, he continued to

* '*Elements of Psychology*,' translated by Dr. Henry, p. 280. London: 1851.

† Quoted in Dr. Gray's '*Hudibras*,' vol. ii., p. 267, and Addison's Works, vol. iii., p. 453.

count without it, in precisely the same manner and with the same accuracy. In this instance habit was no doubt the cause of the power, and definite, but yet, perhaps, unconscious associations, at any rate extremely and profoundly latent ones, led to its continuance after the destruction of the exciting cause; but it is no less interesting as showing a glimpse of the unconscious side of mind, and of what delicacy of perception may exist side by side with feeble and irregular mental activity.

Acuteness of memory, as we have seen, is unquestionably one of the elements underlying these peculiar manifestations, notwithstanding its apparent contradiction of extremely simple psychological facts. And this faculty is not generally wanting in idiocy, even when no extraordinary manifestations of it are exhibited, and possibly may be explained from the fact of the singularly small amount of knowledge the mind has been burdened with by missing Dickens's 'twenty Romuluses-make-one-Remus' kind of cramming. Mr. Sidney says that 'it is necessary to be most careful as to what is done or said before idiots, for they often remember everything, and make strange observations, especially as to any promise the fulfilment of which may have been forgotten,' and he frequently refers to boys who immediately recognized him though they had not seen him for some time. Perhaps the most wonderful case, and the only one we can refer to here, is that of the boy called the House Almanack, who can remember the dates and facts of any notable matters in either ancient or modern history, and talk fluently about them, although no one can tell when or where he has gathered them together. Dr. Down says of him, 'Puzzle him if you can; I never could.' He is a shoemaker, a cook, and a wit. When once busily preparing a meal he was asked to give an account of the Rye-house plot. He immediately answered that 'he could not stay to tell for he was engaged in the *meal-tub plot*.' On another occasion he was complimented with the title of the historical cook, and when communicating the fact to one of the masters, he added, 'Though I am a cook, I hope I shall never be a sauce-box; don't you see, sir, that's a pun?'

With all this memory for events, words, and figures, conjoined as each must be with more or less compound association, an idiot is said to never succeed well in calculations. Many amusing blunders are recorded of their efforts. One of the Earlswood farmers endeavoured to count a litter of pigs, but could not get beyond four; and when the number was counted for him, he went on whispering 'eleven, eleven, eleven,' without succeeding. Another who could work well as a carpenter, could not understand accounts at all, so that he was totally unfit for supporting himself. A droll girl who could add, subtract, and divide, called her rules, 'contrition, consumption, and distraction.' Query, had she ever heard

the old schoolboy's catch, beginning, 'Multiplication is vexation?' The most amusing matter, however, is the shopkeeping lesson, of which the Commissioners have recently spoken so highly. A counter is set out with the usual fittings behind, and a pupil is selected as shopman and solicits custom. 'Several hands are directly held up by the pupils in the gallery, and one boy is selected to come down and buy. The shopman reads the labels on the drawers, till he finds the article asked for. It is most curious to see what a puzzle it is often to find the correct weight; when that is found the class is well questioned upon it, and, indeed, upon every other weight the shopman touches before it is put into the scale. Then there is further perplexity as to getting the correct quantity of the required substance, as, for instance, sugar, into the scale. When the quantity is large, they will often begin with little spoonfuls, and when at last the balance approaches, it is sometimes a thorough poser to know whether they are to remove some of the commodity or to add to it. All this causes a regular excitement till the due proportions are achieved; and then comes the moment of pay, which is one of great excitement, the whole class trying to check every step in the reckoning. Combinations of pence and halfpence are trying things to get over; and sometimes the purchaser who cannot calculate them, uses cunning, and tries to pay with a silver coin, and asks for change, thus throwing his perplexity on the shopman.' This inability to calculate well does not seem, however, to be a distinctive feature of idiocy *per se*, so much as one of its accidents. Travellers tells us that the inhabitants of Greenland and the Kamschatkadales cannot count higher than five, ten, or a hundred, and for all higher numbers point to the hair of the head to signify that the sum is innumerable.* Dr. Abercrombie records the case of a young man, a musician and a linguist, who was totally unable to go through a simple sum in addition or subtraction, and yet had a good memory for dates.† Arithmetical exercises, the same authority thinks, are useful as negative tests of idiocy. Dr. Winslow mentions the case of an Alpine explorer, who, after a very high ascent, discovered that he could not calculate his daily and weekly expenditure so easily as usual, making the most odd mistakes and writing seven for five, and three for one.‡ Agamemnon, one of the greatest generals of antiquity, was severely ridiculed for his want of arithmetical power in the lost tragedies of Palamedes, where it was said it was ridiculous he should attempt to count the ships and the forces, since he did not know how many feet he had.§ Indeed, so far is the Platonic dictum from being true, that all persons naturally skilled in

* Dr. Good's 'Book of Nature,' vol. ii., p. 297.

† 'The Intellectual Powers,' p. 272, edit. 1859.

§ Plato's Works (Bohn), vol. ii. p. 211.

‡ Ibid., p. 370.

computation are clever in all branches of science, and those slow in figures less so, that the converse holds equally well. Many clever men known to history have been bad arithmeticians, and many of England's authors could not do a rule-of-three sum under any circumstances, except, perhaps, to save their lives. Such instances are to be met with every day, so that as a test of idiocy it is of very small value indeed. Moreover, we have met with the case of an idiot whose idiocy may be said to have centered upon figures. When he was first brought under remedial treatment, he could neither stand upright nor walk without assistance, and could only answer such questions as related to dates and the changes of the moon. The infinity, so to speak, of numerical calculations seemed to crush him, and his constant exclamation was, 'There is no end of figures. Is there?' Eventually he learned to walk alone, to assist in making twine, became proficient in grammar, geography, and astronomy, and could calculate dates with extraordinary facility.* In the Sixth Pennsylvanian Report it is mentioned that four of the pupils were exercised in 'mental arithmetic.' A case has also come under our own observation in which a man some forty years of age, of no very clean habits, and extremely shambling in his gait and idiotic in his expression, could do very complex sums in mental arithmetic with astounding rapidity. It would be interesting to know if the historical cook of Earlswood is a good arithmetician.

Idiots are said by Locke to be 'those who cannot distinguish, compare, and abstract,' and 'make very few or no propositions, and reason scarce at all.†' He has, in fact, attempted an antithesis between naturals and madmen, which we do not think successful beyond its recognition of a separation of the two conditions, although in many instances such a separation is declared by medico-psychologists to be impossible. Sir B. Brodie finds fault as a physiologist with the narrowness of the definition of insanity; he might equally have done so with the definition of idiocy. When Plato defined man as a featherless biped, Diogenes fairly confuted him by sending him a cock with his feathers plucked off, desiring to know if that were a man or not; and definitions of insanity and idiocy, epigrammatical or antithetical, are as little likely to be successful, especially if confined to the declaration of the absence of any one faculty. Already we must have seen sufficient to show us that idiots can both distinguish and compare, without ceasing to be idiotic in some respects, and a little further examination will show us that abstraction and reasoning cannot be absent. Upon the very first face of the matter it seems strange

* 'American, Historical, Statistic, and Descriptive.' By J. S. Buckingham, Esq., vol. ii., p. 117.

† Essay, p. 71, edit. 1690.

that the mind of an idiot, which in its worst state is suffering from a diseased self-introversion, should not possess the power of folding back upon itself with such knowledge as it may have chanced to randomly secure, and should not be able to do this with more or less power accordingly as other energies of mind are susceptible of cultivation, and may give it increase of material. The degree with which this will be done must of course depend upon such special aptitudes as it is shown to possess, but it hardly seems sound philosophy to deny latent capability. We shall be told that when Locke wrote, the study of idiocy was unknown, and we reply that under such circumstances a definition was sure to be imperfect, and all that we are surprised at is, that those who are believers in modern efforts and successes should still cling to the old definition. 'The labour of forming abstract notions,' says Reid, 'is the labour of learning to speak, and to understand what is spoken;' and he quotes an illustration from Berkeley to the effect that children cannot prattle together over their toys until 'they have first tacked together numberless inconsistencies, and so formed in their minds abstract general ideas.* One would think there can be no occasion to prove this point after what we have before written when discoursing of judgment. Reid very unfortunately does not consider the question of infants and idiots, but the pithy note supplied by Hamilton is quite sufficient. 'In so far as there can be consciousness,' he says, referring to infants, 'there must be judgment.' Have idiots, then, the consciousness to affirm and deny? Offer the worst and most degraded one you meet next a piece of iron for a halfpenny, and see. At Earlswood one would think it folly to ask the question. The making of propositions and reasoning from them, are not common methods of thinking, but scientific methods of proof, as Mr. John Stuart Mill has lucidly demonstrated in his *Logic*;† and if idiots be persons who 'make very few or no propositions, and reason scarce at all,' we fear there are thousands of them abroad in the world who pass for intelligent men, fill important offices, and even die, without knowing, or any one of their friends suspecting, their unfortunate condition! When we make an inference we reason, and Helvetius has observed that the 'feeblest intellect is capable of comprehending the inference of one mathematical position from another, and even of making such an inference itself.' 'Inferences are,' says Hamilton, 'but like single bricks in house building, and the difference between an ordinary mind and that of Newton's, is simply, that one possesses more continuous attention than the other.‡ The difference between an idiot and an ordinary man, excepting organic ones, lies in the same faculty of attention. The cerebral organs have not yet learnt to

* Reid's *Selected Writings*, edited by Hamilton, p. 409.

† Vol. i., book ii., *Of Reasoning*.

‡ 'Metaphysics,' vol. i., p. 256.

answer to the will, and in the newly-awakened organ external impressions are more vivid, and it is difficult to secure fixity of mind by excluding them. Another cause must not be overlooked, since it alone may prevent the power of attention which subsumes all reasoning processes. A predisposition to epilepsy is frequently associated with serious impairment of attention, and such persons, says Dr. Beddoes, 'are, generally, those who have tampered with their sensibility.*' Now, in idiocy, there is unquestionably either a deficiency in the nervous apparatus, or an unhealthy condition of the nervous structure, and both conditions would have the effect of diminishing the power of attention requisite to long-continued reasoning. But that idiots do reason is manifest, and this in proportion to the amount of their general knowledge and special aptitudes. How far they may be made to proceed in this cultivation of the mind depends on individual organizations, histories, and aptitudes that do not readily admit of generalization. Whether the idiot can be finally and completely roused out of this prolonged infancy must also depend on like causes, and is an unsolved problem of the future.

There are other interesting features of idiocy that we might comment upon, but our space is gone. It will be seen that the phases of idiocy are almost as various as those of insanity, affording equally interesting facts, bearing upon social, physical, and metaphysical studies, and that idiocy is not so much the absence of any special faculty as the weakness and imperfection of them all. 'Give me a tiger,' Robert Owen is reported to have said, 'and I will educate him.' It would indeed be sad if humanity, under any conditions, were less plastic, and less capable, than the creatures beneath it in complexity of organization and loftiness of destiny. This work has been begun well, carried on well, and succeeded well. But when it is remembered that there are in England some fifty thousand idiots, it will be seen what a vast field there is for the beneficence, the charity, and the sympathy of the humane, the wealthy, and the philosophically-disposed. Scarcely a town, of any size at all, is without its members of this unfortunate class, and there are not wanting those who would leave them in their filth, misery, and impotence; but, in an age when there is wildest and loudest prating of culture, civilization, and the indefinite perfectibility of humanity, it will be to our everlasting disgrace if we gather up our garments lest these unfortunates should soil them, narrow our sympathies because we cannot turn even charity into successful commercial speculation, and neglect the children of our own vices, follies, and improvidences, because we are fluttered by the magnitude of our own successes, and fascinated by the grander possibilities of some romantic, indefinite future.

* Quoted by Dr. Winslow, p. 304.

ART. II.—SECESSION IN NORTH AMERICA.

1. *American Dis-Union Constitutional or Unconstitutional.* By Charles Ed. Rawlins, Jr. 1862: Hardwicke.
2. *Slavery and Secession in America.* By Thomas Ellison, F.S.S. Sampson Low and Co. 1861.
3. *Bacon's Guide to American Politics.* Low. 1863.
4. *Thirty Years' View; or, a History of the Working of the American Government for Thirty Years.* By Thomas H. Benton. Appleton. 1854.
5. *Political Text-Book.* Compiled by Horace Greeley and F. D. Cleveland.

WE have selected at random from the works before us a few only out of the great numbers which have been produced or brought into notice in consequence of attention being so universally attracted by that struggle which, whether as to the magnitude of the interests involved or of the forces engaged in it, is almost without a parallel in the history of the world. The first striking fact which we note is, that the probable danger of a disruption of the American Union seems to have been foreseen from its foundation. The battles of the Revolution were fought by a confederation of the States of New Hampshire, Massachusetts Bay, Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia. The machinery of this confederation was found to be too complicated to admit of harmonious working. Washington had frequent occasion to complain of it, and was mainly instrumental in securing the adoption of the still existing Constitution, the preamble of which states its object to be 'in order to form a more perfect Union.' There can be no doubt that it was desired by the politicians of the Washington school to found a strong government; while, on the other hand, they were opposed by some who were fearful lest the sovereignty of the individual States should be destroyed. This is evident from the debates in the convention which met to form the Constitution, and from the pages of 'The Federalist,' edited by Hamilton, one of the ablest of the early statesmen of America. As early as 1783 Washington addressed a letter to the governors of the different States, in which he said—

'There are four things which I humbly conceive are essential to the well-being. I may venture to say to the existence, of the United States as an independent power. First: an indissoluble Union of the States under one Federal head. * * * Fourth: the prevalence of that pacific and friendly disposition among the people of the United States which will induce them to forget their local prejudices and policies; to make those mutual concessions which are requisite to a general prosperity; and in some instances to sacrifice their individual advantages to the interests of the community.'

Madison

Madison at first proposed to vest in the National Legislature the power of vetoing the acts of the Legislatures of the several States, but afterwards he substituted the Supreme Court, in which that power is still vested, so far as concerns such acts as are not in accordance with the Constitution. If any further proof be needed of the intention and desire of Washington to found a strong central supreme power, although republican in form, it may be found in his farewell address, written to the nation after he had given his personal supervision throughout the first eight years of its infancy—

'The Unity of Government which constitutes you one people is now dear to you. It is justly so; for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence; the support of your tranquillity at home, your peace abroad; of your safety; of your prosperity; of that very liberty you so highly prize. But it is easy to foresee that from different causes, and from different quarters, much pains will be taken, many artifices employed to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth; as this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively (though often covertly and insidiously) directed, it is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the value of your national Union * * * discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can, in any event, be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.'

Prior to this, in the convention which met to frame the Constitution, the matter of consolidation was long and thoroughly debated; Patrick Henry desiring to substitute the words 'We, the States,' for 'We, the people of the United States,' and Mr. Madison contending for the latter phrase. So that we see the deliberate intention of the framers of that instrument was to establish a strong, central and permanent government. Until recently their wishes seemed, on the surface, likely to be realized; the prosperity and growth both in population and territory were unexampled; the census showed an increase of a thousand men per day, and the extension of settlements at the rate of a hundred miles a year; primeval forests were penetrated by the locomotive, and silent prairies were covered with busy cities. 'America,' as the 'Times' justly remarks, 'was the working man's paradise,' for there labour was sure of its reward, and the labourer was lightly taxed. Thirty millions of people maintained a standing army of only seventeen thousand men, and scarcely any navy. But in a few months all this was changed; the fabric now appears to be for ever demolished, and a sad blow has been given to those who, desiring the advancement of humanity, had trusted that the model Republic would demonstrate the power and safety of self-government.

Undoubtedly, the crime of chattel slavery in the Southern States and complicity in that crime on the part of the North, was the weak point in their national system. Of this we shall treat hereafter. But there are other causes which conspired to bring about
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the great calamity. The first of these is to be found in the Constitution itself. It would be strange indeed if the first experiment should have succeeded, when we take into account the antagonistic interests which required to be harmonized by that instrument, and add to this that the most far-seeing amongst its framers could never have dreamed either of the extent of territory or the vastness of population it would be required to govern within a century after its adoption. Many intelligent Americans have long felt and admitted that the short term for which the President is elected is fraught with great danger. In the earlier administrations this peril was not felt, partly on account of the greater purity in politics, and partly owing to the fact that the Government carried out the English system of making the tenure of all subordinate offices to depend upon good behaviour, and not upon political orthodoxy. But in after years the Democratic party adopted the motto that 'to the victors belong the spoils.' As no provision is made by the Constitution for protecting the office-holders in their position for any term, they are, as a rule, quadrennially swept away. The smallest postmastership in the most remote hamlet thus becomes a bribe for partisan zeal, and an instrument for political purposes. This would be a misfortune if we considered only the interest of the Government, which is thus constantly changing its agents as soon as they have become familiar with their duties; but a worse thing is the demoralization it produces in the national character. Men are governed less by political principle than by the chances of success. The Whig becomes a Democrat when his party is defeated; and the Democrat, in like manner, turns Republican when that party is dominant. It would be unfair to say that this rule is universal, but it is common, and must be the inevitable tendency of the system.

Another defect in the Constitution is in its vagueness of terms on many important matters; and where the highest judiciary, although appointed for life, has its vacancies, as they occur, filled by persons of the political party then in power, it is very apt to contradict in one decision the interpretation given to the Constitution in another. Thus Chief-Justice Taney, in the *Dred Scott* case, decided that a person of African descent could not be a citizen of the United States. Acting upon this decision, the Collector of Customs for the port of New York recently refused to issue a register for a vessel to a coloured citizen of that place, and applied to the Attorney-General for advice. Mr. Bates, in spite of the *Dred Scott* decision, ordered a register to be issued, on the ground that the Constitution of the State of New York recognized coloured men as citizens, and that the Constitution of the United States provides that 'The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States.'

But

But a still more radical defect, and a source of great trouble, lies in not providing for the appointment for life of all the judges in all the States. There cannot be a more dangerous political error than the allowing of an elective judiciary, especially in a country where universal suffrage prevails. The offender to-day becomes the voter to-morrow. As the Court of Appeals of Virginia in 1814 declared in the case of *Hunter versus Martin*: 'In times of violent party excitement, agitating the whole nation, to expect that judges will be entirely exempt from its influence argues a profound ignorance of mankind. Although clothed with ermine they are still men, and carry into the judgment-seat the passions and motives common to their kind.' And yet in many of the States, and in large cities, these men are elected to their seats for two years only, and upon purely partisan grounds.

We have indicated these defects in no carping spirit. All human governments, like all human beings, have their defects; indeed, considering the circumstances under which it was produced, the many conflicting interests it endeavours to reduce to a compromise, and the increasing strain it has had to bear, it is only surprising that the Constitution of the United States affords so little for experience to criticise. We must indeed record our abhorrence of its slavery provision, although, curiously enough, the word *slave* never occurs in it, one of its most distinguished framers, himself a slaveholder, Mr. Madison, in the convention, having moved 'that the word *servitude* be struck out, and the word *service* unanimously inserted, the former being thought to express the condition of slaves, and the latter the obligation of free persons;' and it has been held by the courts that under this provision a white apprentice escaping from his master from one State to another may be reclaimed; but we leave this for the present.

Certainly we are surprised that the other defects above indicated should not have been remedied when the seceding States adopted a new form of government. With the exception of lengthening the presidential term to six years, the defects remain as under the older government. From the very resolute position taken by those States, we might have anticipated a vast improvement in their governmental machinery; but, with the slight exception above mentioned, all the mistakes are preserved. The changes, except as relates to slavery, are very few and slight, the most important being the following:—'The preamble invokes the favour and guidance of Almighty God. Any judicial or other Federal officer resident and acting solely within the limits of any State, may be impeached by a vote of two-thirds of both branches of said State.' 'Congress may by law grant to the principal officer in each of the executive departments a seat upon the floor of either House, with the privilege of discussing any measures appertaining to his department.'

ment.' 'No bounties can be granted from the Treasury, and no duties or taxes upon importations from foreign nations shall be laid to promote or foster any branch of industry.' It is this clause which has given rise to the impression that the high tariff of the North was one of the principal causes of secession; but that is a mistake. The United States tariff was not levied for the purpose of promoting or fostering any branch of industry, but to create a revenue. A similar course the Confederates found it necessary to pursue, and in pursuing it made the duty discriminating in favour of their own productions; thus, whilst, for instance, the United States duty upon fruits is 10 per cent. *ad valorem*, in the Confederate States, where large quantities are produced, the duty is 20 per cent. Moreover, as the tariff duties have to be borne by the consumer, the burden must necessarily have pressed more heavily upon the eighteen millions of the North than upon eight millions of the South. The slaves consume very little of the importations, while the labouring population of the North consume them largely. We are not arguing for the tariff, but are merely endeavouring to show that we do not consider it to have been a cause of the war, and we are confirmed in this view by the fact that it does not appear as a grievance in the Ordinances of Secession passed by the different States, or in the speeches of the leading men of the South.

The changes relating to slavery are these:—'Congress shall have power to prohibit the introduction of slaves from any State not a member of, or a Territory not belonging to the Confederacy.' The intention in this was to induce the slave-breeding Border States to cast in their lot with the Cotton States. 'Citizens of each State shall have the right of transit and sojourn in any State of the Confederacy, with their slaves and other property, and the right of property in slaves shall not thereby be impaired.' 'Congress shall pass no law impairing or denying the right of property in negro slaves.' There are some other trifling alterations, but we fail to find any evidence of those radical changes upon any point but that of slavery which we should naturally look for in a movement brought about by a tyranny which, becoming unbearable, culminates in revolution. Failing in effacing from the governmental system the defects we have indicated, the new Confederacy, supposing, for the sake of argument, that it shall succeed in establishing its independence, must in time encounter troubles similar to those which now assail the Union; for the reason, obvious and simple enough, that whenever, in a republic, public patronage is the reward for partisan zeal, that zeal will soon become unprincipled, and political corruption based upon appeals to the passions of the populace, or the interest of any class or section, will inevitably inaugurate disaster. It is quite true that in a portion of the
Southern

Southern Confederacy (South Carolina, for instance) universal suffrage has never existed, and probably never will, but that does not weaken our conviction of the truth of the argument; for the class legislation of that State is all directed, not toward the greatest good of the greatest number, but to the interest of a few who upon an emergency would sacrifice any great principle of statesmanship upon the altar inscribed to the growth, extension, and perpetuation of chattel slavery. The comparative population of free white men in States and Territories, now under the two forms of Government, is, including Delaware, Kentucky, Missouri, Maryland, and the District of Columbia (but excluding Tennessee, Virginia, North Carolina, and Florida, all of which are more or less under Federal rule), in round numbers 21,000,000 in the United States, while the Confederate States, including the four States excepted above, and with a slave population (requiring police supervision) of over three millions, according to the census of 1860, number about 7,000,000, of whom nearly a million are entirely illiterate, and belong to the poorest of the 'poor whites.' There are, however, many thousands who are not so utterly destitute of means or education, and these, with the negroes, form the dangerous classes of Southern society, who will probably be found in the end a more dangerous element of society than the foreign population of the great cities of the free States. Our argument is that if the defects in the Constitution of 1787 have opened the floodgates of political corruption, and, under the auspices of democratic rule working out the retributions of the Almighty for the sin of American slavery, brought about the present calamities, the same results must follow the same causes with reference to the Constitution of 1861, should its framers succeed in passing successfully through the bloody ordeal of civil war.

Following this argument, we shall probably be asked, 'What then are the objections to secession? Why not let the seceded States go in peace, and gradually accomplish their political suicide, accompanied with the overthrow and extinction of slavery?' To this we may offer the reply of all the authorities before us, none of whom seem to assent to the wisdom of these propositions.

In the first place, they deny the legal right of any State or number of States to secede from the Union, without the consent of 'the people of the United States,' by whom the instrument of Union was ratified. Mr. Benton, from his long service in the Senate of the United States, is regarded as an authority. He declares that the doctrine of secession, 'the right of a State or a combination of States to withdraw from the Union, was born of the war of 1812.' But Mr. Benton is not strictly correct here. If not as a doctrine, secession has been spoken of as a threat almost ever since the Constitution was adopted. Thus, when Congress

was

was debating the selection of a site for the national capital, the Northern members were anxious to select Germantown in Pennsylvania, or Havre de Grace in Maryland; the Southern members insisting that the capital must go south of the Potomac. Washington selected the district of Columbia. Parties were evenly divided; and it was then that the Southern States first threatened to withdraw from the Union. A compromise was agreed upon, by which a portion of Virginia, including the town of Alexandria, was made part of the Federal district. That this was a mere compromise to allay the anger of those who threatened secession is evident from the fact that this portion of the district, never having been required for national purposes, was retroceded to Virginia in 1846.*

The next appearance of the same doctrine, in another form, was in 1830, for practically 'nullification' and secession are the same; both assert the sovereignty of the individual State as greater than that of the collective States—the one by asserting a State's right to declare null and void within its limits any law of the United States, and the other by affirming its authority to leave the Union at its own pleasure. One of the most memorable speeches of Daniel Webster was made on the occasion of the attempt by South Carolina to 'nullify' the laws of the supreme government. In response to Mr. Hayne, he said:—'His argument consists of two propositions and an inference. His propositions are—1st, That the Constitution is a compact between the States; 2nd, That a compact between two, with authority reserved to one to interpret its terms, would be a surrender to that one of all power whatever; 3rd, Therefore the general government does not possess the authority to construe its own powers.' Mr. Madison, writing to Mr. Trist, says: 'If one State can at will withdraw from the others, the others can at will withdraw from her, and turn her, *volentem volentem*, out of the Union.' He adds, sarcastically, 'Until of late there is not a State that would have more abhorred such a doctrine than South Carolina, or more dreaded its application to herself.' Serious fears were entertained that the strife over nullification would end in a disruption; indeed it is generally conceded that only the Spartan-like firmness of Andrew Jackson prevented in 1830-33 the catastrophe which took place under the presidency of Mr. Buchanan, in 1860-61. In his message to Congress in 1833, General Jackson thus defined the relations of the several States to the general government: 'In our colonial state, although dependent on another power, we very early considered ourselves as connected by common interest with each other. Leagues were formed for common defence, and before the Declaration of Independence we were known in our aggregate character

* *Vide* 'Washington Described.' By William D. Haley. London: Sampson Low and Co.

as the United Colonies of America. That decisive and important step was taken jointly. When the terms of our Confederation were reduced to form, it was in that of a solemn league of several States, by which they agreed that they would collectively form one nation, for the purpose of conducting some certain domestic concerns and all foreign relations. * * * The people of the United States formed the Constitution, acting through the State legislatures in making the compact, to meet and discuss its provisions, and acting in separate conventions when they ratified these provisions. The Constitution of the United States, then, forms a government, and not a league. * * * To say that any State may at pleasure secede from the Union is to say that the United States are not a nation. * * * Secession, like any other revolutionary act, may be morally justified by the extremity of oppression; but to call it a constitutional right is confounding the meaning of terms.'

The last sentence presents the case of the Confederate States in its proper light. It is for the great tribunal of European public sentiment to decide whether they have suffered that 'extremity of oppression' which 'morally justifies revolution.' Upon this point we need express no opinion. We submit it for the grave consideration of our readers.

The second objection taken is, that even if the right of secession existed, it was forfeited by the submission of the questions at issue to the arbitration of a presidential election. It is contended that a presidential election is the test of the will of the people upon all matters of political discussion that may have arisen during the four years preceding. Each party meeting in convention passes a series of resolutions, called a 'platform,' and submits it to the nation. The people, by their votes upon these 'platforms,' decide the policy of the country. In 1860 there were three principal antagonisms of policy thus submitted:—(1) The restriction of slavery to its then existing limits, excluding it from the Territories; (2) The permission of its extension into the Territories; and (3) The recognition of slavery as a national institution. These three propositions, represented respectively by Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Douglas, and Mr. Breckenridge, were submitted to the people, and Mr. Lincoln was elected. Now the argument is that, having thus submitted to the arbitrament of the popular vote, all parties are bound by its decision. The North avers, with some show of reason, that on its own part, whenever its ideas of national policy have been defeated, it has always patiently submitted, and waited for the next quadrennial session of the court of appeal.

But a graver and more perplexing objection lies in the fact that owing to different estimates of the dignity or disgracefulness of labour, a peaceful separation, or at least a peaceable continuance of separation is physically impossible. It is argued that there is no natural boundary; and that if, when united, the non-fulfilment

of the fugitive law was a sufficient cause for disruption and bloodshed, when the two sections become foreign nations, with an imaginary boundary of two thousand miles, it will be impossible to maintain peace unless the South gives up that African slavery for which it is avowedly fighting. It is commonly remarked that the North and South are peopled by whites of different origins—descendants of Puritans on the one hand, and of Cavaliers on the other; but this is not sufficient to account for their antagonism. In both sections there are representatives of many different races. Abolish slavery, and there would be little to choose between the two Constitutions. And here those who object to the separation adduce an argument which, in view of well-known facts, is certainly worthy of consideration. A glance at the map will show that, from Chesapeake Bay to Galveston, the Confederates would be in possession of at least a thousand miles of coast, affording every facility for an illicit slave-trade; and it is argued that if slaves from the coast of Africa can be introduced into Cuba contrary to law, and if, in spite of an immense blockading fleet, vessels are now constantly entering Southern ports, then, notwithstanding that the letter of the present Constitution of the Confederate States forbids the African slave-trade, the well-known desire of the Southern people for the reopening of that traffic will stimulate private enterprise to accomplish it. Even under the former government, which made it piracy to engage in it, there were many cargoes of Africans introduced. The yacht 'Wanderer' was regularly engaged in the business; and Mr. Gauden, of Georgia, a delegate to the National Democratic Convention, held in Charleston in 1860, is cited as having said, 'I am an African slave-trader. . . . If any of you Northern democrats will go home with me to my plantation in Georgia, I will show you some darkies that I bought in Maryland, some that I bought in Virginia, some in Delaware, some in Florida, some in North Carolina, and I will also show you the pure African—the noblest Roman of them.'

We will not insult the reader by asking him to join us in detestation of the horrible system of slavery, which has certainly been the underlying, if not the ostensible cause of the American war; but we will ask him to join us in deploring all the sad train of calamities connected with it; and to do this with a firm faith that the Almighty will cause the issue to redound to the advancement of the human race, and the amelioration of some of its woes. America seems to have been set apart for the English race as a free field wherein to work out some great problem of human life and government. It was hidden from the gaze of Europeans for many centuries. The Spaniard sought for its fabled fountain of perennial youth and its treasures; De Soto found his grave in the Mississippi. The Frenchman endeavoured to colonize it, and, as usual, failed. It was reserved for Englishmen to plant its enduring civilization.

civilization. Let us hope that when redeemed from the guilt of slavery, cleansed from the stain of warfare, and governed by loftier principles of political morality, it will become again a worthy representative of the enduring energy and unconquerable enterprise of the parent from whose loins it sprang.

ART. III.—AGRICULTURE IN FRANCE AND ITALY.

‘THE three first men in the world were a gardener, a ploughman, and a grazier; and if any man object that the second of these was a murderer, I desire he would consider that as soon as he was so he quitted our profession and turned builder.’ Thus writes Abraham Cowley in his most delightful ‘Discourse of Agriculture.’ But not only is agriculture the most ancient of all professions; the poet-philosopher of Chertsey might have placed it first in importance, as well as first in time. The way in which man fulfils his penal sentence of tilling the ground is a far more weighty matter than the form of government under which he lives. The country where digging and delving is a hateful task, where the inhabitants will not, even for the sake of providing against the winter’s hunger, undergo the summer’s sweat of brow, must be a country of savages; but where the curse of labour has been turned into a blessing, and toil is loved and sloth hated, there we shall find a civilized nation, no matter whether it is ruled by a monarch, by an oligarchy, or by a democracy. The agriculture of a country, far more than its manufactures, gives a character to the nation. A sparsely peopled land like North America is inhabited by a self-reliant and independent race: it is a country where each man does that which is right in his own eyes; but in a densely populated land the inhabitants are compelled, for their own sakes, as well as for the good of the community, to give up a portion of their freedom, and to submit to the restraints of many, and often burdensome laws.

But here, as in most things, the cause and the effect act and react. The government of a country does, in a great degree, influence its agriculture; while much depends on soil, and more on climate. While the luxuriant vineyards and olive woods of despotic Naples would not flourish among the pine forests of free Norway, and the orange groves of servile Spain would soon perish on the chill Highlands of liberty-loving Scotland; still, when all allowance has been made for difference of latitude, we shall find that there is a close connection between making the laws and tilling the ground, between a liberal government and good crops. We need no great research to find that the country of the best farming is also the land of the greatest liberty. This civil freedom goes far

to compensate for natural poverty of soil, or severity of climate; while, on the other hand, a despotism will counteract to a great extent all the bounty of nature, turning gardens into wildernesses—luxuriant they may be, but still wildernesses—while where men are free to think the very sands are converted into fertile fields. We have memorable instances of this principle. There is no fairer nor more fruitful land in Europe than the south of Italy, and there is none which produces so little in proportion to its capacity. There is no country naturally more barren and hopeless than the sandy tracts of the Netherlands, which are now the most fertile country in all the continent. Take even England itself, or Scotland, especially, with its cloudy skies, foggy days, and chilly nights, and we shall see what man has been able to do in spite of natural obstacles. As if to afford us a remarkable illustration of the close connection between national freedom and agricultural advancement we find that that great man who, two years ago, was taken away so suddenly from his noble task, Count Cavour, was at the same time an agricultural and a political reformer. He visited England in the days of his early manhood, and he studied our mode of farming as well as our constitution. He returned to his country, and began his career by endeavouring to introduce a better style of husbandry into the little sub-alpine kingdom. He was laughed at for his pains; he seemed as little likely to introduce guano as to obtain a more enlightened form of government. Eventually he succeeded in both purposes; and England may claim the honour of setting to the peninsula a model of farming and of a free constitution.

Nor is the political condition of a people the only circumstance affecting its agriculture. The social condition—the relation between class and class—is of great influence. The student of political economy knows well how much the prosperity of a country depends upon the distribution of the land. The much-disputed question of large *versus* small holdings, of territorial magnates *versus* peasant proprietors, is far too large a subject for us to enter upon here. It has already filled a library. More within our compass is the kindred topic of tenancies. On this, too, much has been written; but we have no hesitation in asserting that the best mode of tenancy is that where the tenant is also the proprietor of a farm. In those countries or districts where peasant proprietorship does not prevail there are either tenants at will, leaseholders, or *métayers*. The first are found in Ireland and England, the second in Scotland principally, and also in England; the third chiefly in France and Italy. In favour of the first there is not one word to be said. Ireland's poverty and degradation are due almost entirely to this mode of tenure. No country can prosper under two such abuses as absentee landowners and cottier tenants. It needs no argument to prove that where the tenant is liable to a notice to quit at any time, and where he is dependent entirely upon the goodwill of a middleman,

middleman, whose only object is to make a purse for himself, there can be nothing but poverty and degradation. In England the system of year-to-year tenancies prevails largely, but its evil effects are prevented by a usage, which speaks honourably for both landlord and tenant. A good tenant is, in many parts of the country, a life-tenant. There are no leases, no covenants; but the tenant has no scruple about laying out a large amount of capital in draining, manuring, fences, roads, and even farm buildings. It is true that he has no legal security against being turned out of his tenancy so soon as he has made his improvements, and the farm let to a rival at a higher rent; but he trusts to the honour of his landlord. He and his father and grandfather before him have been tenants for three generations, and the thought of having notice to quit does not enter into his head. It is pleasant to find such confidence existing between two such important classes of the community; it is pleasant to hear of farms being handed down from father to son for a century or two. Such a tenure has all the favourable and none of the unfavourable elements of the feudal system. But, after all, it is more satisfactory to have a legal compact binding on both parties. In these days of expensive farming when a large capital has to be invested in improvements, it is but fair that the tenant should have some other title to compensation than the generosity, or even the justice, of his landlord. The much-vexed question of tenant-right is easily settled by a lease which states precisely what sum is to be allowed for each kind of unexhausted improvements. It is satisfactory, therefore, to find that leases, which have long been common in Scotland, are becoming so in England. We hope that this kind of tenancy will shortly reach Ireland.

But there is another class of tenancy not known in the British islands, and yet very frequent on the Continent. *Métayage* is a system in which the landlord and the tenant are partners. The first finds the land, the implements, and the seeds; the second finds the labour; and the result, or the harvest, is divided between the two, in proportions more or less approaching that equality which *métayage* strictly implies. No money passes between the parties: the landlord does not pay his tenant any wages, the tenant does not pay his landlord any rent. They are as much upon terms of equality as any commercial partnership where the one partner provides the capital and the other the brains. At first sight this system seems the most perfect possible. The land, we infer, must be well cultivated when the landlord and tenant are both interested in getting the greatest amount out of it. They have common interests, common hopes, common fears. In bad times the tenant does not grudge his landlord the rent that he has to pay, nor hint at a reduction; in good times the landlord does not grudge the tenant his large profits, nor talk about raising the

rent. Profits and losses are shared alike; the arrangement carries its own compensation, and adjusts itself. There is this further advantage in the system, that it tends to prevent absenteeism. The landlord is compelled to look after his own estate, and to see that his tenant or partner is treating him fairly. The *métayer* system is at all events infinitely superior to the Irish cottier system. Had *métayage* prevailed in the Emerald Isle the famine of 1847 and the exodus of the last fifteen years would have been, if not prevented, of much smaller dimensions. Nevertheless, such a system as this ought never to be introduced into England, nor has it any chance of being introduced.

English writers have condemned the *métayer* system in the most unqualified manner. The great majority of them have refused to see any good points in it. Arthur Young declared 'there is not one word to be said in favour of this practice, and a thousand arguments might be used against it. The hard plea of necessity can alone be urged in its favour, - the poverty of the farmers being so great that the landlord must stock the farm, or it could not be stocked at all. This is a most cruel burden to a proprietor, who is thus obliged to run much of the hazard of farming in the most dangerous of all methods, that of trusting his property absolutely in the hands of people who are generally ignorant, many careless, and some undoubtedly wicked.' Young derived his opinion from what he saw in France previous to the great Revolution. He could not fail to be unfavourably impressed by such a very unfair specimen of the *métayage*—unfair, because the landowners were as poor as the tenants. The former could not provide the needful capital, and the latter were consequently unable to perform the most necessary acts of husbandry, and were themselves reduced to semi-starvation. But Chateauxvieux, who wrote about thirty-five years later, gave a very different account of the working of the system in Italy. His description of the agriculture of the Val d'Arno, and of its inhabitants, reads like a chapter out of Arcadian annals. Sismondi gives testimony equally strong in favour of *métayage*, and his report of the condition of the Tuscan peasantry proves that the system is quite compatible with rural prosperity. On the other hand, Gallenga, the author of 'Country Life in Piedmont,' and now the 'Times' correspondent at Turin, condemn this mode of tenancy as strongly as any Englishman has done. The Italian word for a *métayer*—*mezzadro*—ought, he declares, to be spelt *mezzoladro*, half thief. He asserts that the peasantry of Piedmont and Savoy are reduced to the utmost wretchedness and degradation, and that the landowners are always absentees. Perhaps it is the latter accusation which explains the first. The one party to the compact does not fulfil his duties, and so the other party fails likewise. The truth is, that this system is susceptible of great abuse, but when it is fairly and faithfully carried out

out there is no doubt but that it is successful in countries where the farmer is lower in the social scale, lower in education and in wealth than the English agriculturist. To introduce *métayage* into England would be to revolutionize our agriculture, to annihilate the class of large and enterprising tenant farmers, and to throw upon the landowners and country gentry the cares and responsibilities of cultivating their own estates.

Passing from this point to a descriptive account of the agriculture in certain continental countries of Europe, we first enter France. In this country agriculture has made a greater advance during the last century than has been attained by any other country of the Continent, except perhaps the Rhine provinces. Arthur Young, who travelled through France during 1787-88-89, declared that the poverty of the agricultural class reminded him 'of the miseries of Ireland.' France, like Ireland, was one vast encumbered estate. 'The great landlords were nearly always absentees, who lived splendidly at Versailles; but the great majority of the landowning class vegetated wretchedly on small manors, which often did not bring in more than 2,000 or 3,000 francs of rent. The tenants were even in a worse plight. Carlyle vividly describes their condition when he pictures them striving to keep off famine by bread made of grass and bark of trees, and having for answer to all complaints, 'a new gallows forty feet high.' At the commencement of the Revolution two laws were passed greatly affecting the land. The property of the church was confiscated, and the property of the *noblesse* shared a like fate. The immediate effect of these changes was disastrous. Open anarchy and destruction took the place of silent want and destitution. 'War to the castle, peace to the cottage,' was the cry. But the flames which destroyed the one did not spare the other. The ten years from 1789 to 1799 were most disastrous. The repeated conscriptions drained the country of all its able-bodied men, and there were not sufficient hands left to till the soil. Absurd laws regulating the price of corn still further interfered with agriculture, and rendered it more hazardous and less profitable than ever. But under the Empire a change for the better took place. The *Code Napoléon*, in spite of Montalembert's assertion that it is the palladium of despotism, in so far as it forbids primogeniture, has undoubtedly worked well for the agricultural classes. It may have prevented the establishment of a powerful nobility, which would have checked any tyrannical tendencies on the part of the sovereign, but for those who are concerned in agriculture—and they number one half of the total population of France—the division of property among all the children, as provided by the code, has been an almost unmixed good. Political economists have attempted to show that the effect of this system must be the infinitesimal partition of the soil until the estates are reckoned by square inches.

course it is easy to prove on mathematical principles that if a father leaves an estate of sixteen acres among four children, and each of these four children has four children, the original estate becomes divided into sixteen estates of an acre each. But this calculation is just as truthful as that which proves that the minute hand of a watch can never overtake the hour hand. In the first place, the average size of French families is but two and a half children, so that the descendants do but little more than represent the original owners of a property. In the next place, while divisions of property are caused by death, amalgamations are caused by marriage; for the daughter being entitled to a share of her parents' property, equal to that which is inherited by her brothers, has this as a marriage portion. Lastly, though all the children are equally entitled to a share in the real property left by their parents, they do not all undertake to *exploiter* it for themselves. The brother who prefers trade or a profession, will sell his portion to the brother who chooses an agricultural life; and the sisters will prefer as a dowry the sum that they may obtain for the sale of their shares to the trouble of looking after a little estate. That these are not mere theories but facts is proved by ample statistics. The population of France has scarcely increased at all during the past ten years. During some years of the past decade it actually retrograded. A sufficient answer this to the supposition of the infinitesimal division of property among large families. Moreover we find as a matter of fact that during the thirty years 1821 to 1851, when the increase of population was greater than it now is, the increase in the number of parcels of land was only one million in a total of 126 millions, and this increase took place not in the estates which, according to the mathematical theory, must have gone on subdividing, which, in fact, absolutely decreased, but in house property, where it was to be expected that the increase would have been even greater than it was when the augmentation of population is taken into account.

Since the passing of Napoleon's great measure, agriculture has progressed in France; slowly, indeed, judged by an English standard of advance; yet surely, as will be seen from the following statistics taken from M. de Lavergne's most interesting work, '*L'Agriculture et la Population.*' In 1789 the soil of France was thus divided:

Arable land . . .	26,500,000	hectares, or	66,250,000	acres.
Vineyards . . .	1,500,000	" "	3,750,000	"
Woods . . .	9,000,000	" "	22,500,000	"
Pasture and meadow	3,000,000	" "	7,500,000	"
Waste lands . . .	10,000,000	" "	25,000,000	"
Total . . .	<u>50,000,000</u>	" "	<u>125,000,000</u>	"

At the present time the distribution is as follows:—

Arable

Arable land . . .	28,000,000	hectares, or	70,000,000	acres.
Vineyards . . .	2,000,000	"	"	5,000,000 "
Woods . . .	8,000,000	"	"	20,000,000 "
Pasture and meadow	4,000,000	"	"	10,000,000 "
Waste lands . . .	8,000,000	"	"	20,000,000 "
Total . . .	50,000,000	"	"	125,000,000 "

This contrast does not appear great when we remember that the two periods to which these figures refer are seventy years apart. The reclamation of 5,000,000 acres of waste land, and of 3,000,000 acres of wood, seems a small matter when compared to what has been done in our own country during the same interval. A more satisfactory result is obtained when we compare the tillage of 1789 with that of the last decade. There were—

	In 1789.		In 1848.	
Fallows.	10,000,000	hectares.	5,000,000	hectares.
Wheat	4,000,000	"	6,000,000	"
Rye and other grains .	7,000,000	"	6,000,000	"
Oats	2,000,000	"	3,000,000	"
Artificial grasses . .	1,000,000	"	3,000,000	"
Roots	100,000	"	2,000,000	"
Various	2,400,000	"	3,000,000	"
Total	26,500,000	"	28,000,000	"

Two facts will at once arrest the attention of the reader, the decrease in the average in fallow, and the large increase, to the extent of twenty-fold, in the root crops. The latter circumstance is, no doubt, the cause of the former. The French farmers are beginning to understand that a system of farming which allows a large portion of the ground to lie idle for a number of years is as slovenly as well as a little productive system. The increase in roots is due to two circumstances—the war with England, which prevented the importation of sugar, and rendered it necessary for France to manufacture her own sugar out of beetroot; and the increase in the number of cattle. The latter circumstance is more satisfactory than the former, inasmuch as it implies more manure, and a better mode of farming.

There is another improvement of more modern date. The French have borrowed from us our agricultural exhibitions, and the State encourages agriculture by offering prizes at these *concours*. The Agricultural Exposition at Paris in 1855 was a splendid success; but perhaps more important than these are the local exhibitions which are being holden now in all parts of France.

France, extending as it does through nearly nine degrees of latitude, must necessarily exhibit a great variety of agriculture. With an English climate in one part of its confines, and a Spanish climate in another, there must be wide diversity in the products, and in the modes of husbandry. Still further to increase this variety, we find rich plains watered and sheltered, ~~and~~

lofty mountain ranges of from 6,000 to 13,000 feet in height. However, France may be divided with sufficient exactitude into four zones. The northern embraces all that district north of a line drawn from the mouth of the Loire to the Meuse, near Mezières. This we may term the wheat-growing zone. Below this line, and extending as far south as another line parallel with the first, and running from the mouth of the Gironde to the Rhine at Colmar, we include the vineyard district. Still farther south, and stretching down to a diagonal drawn from Bagnères in the Pyrenees to a few miles south of Grenoble, we pass through a country of which maize is the chief product. Below this widest belt lies the narrowest and southernmost, comprehending the remainder of the kingdom, and noted for its olives, lemon-trees, and orange groves. The mean annual temperature of different parts of France has been thus estimated by Humboldt:—At Toulon, 62° (Fahr.); at Marseilles, $59^{\circ} 5'$; at Bordeaux, 56° ; at Nantes, $55^{\circ} 2'$; at Paris, $51^{\circ} 2'$; at Dunkerque, $50^{\circ} 5'$. There are more rainy days in the north-western than in the south-eastern provinces; but more rain falls in the latter; and the rain-fall in Languedoc is nearly twice as large as in Paris. The agriculture of France is, of course, greatly affected by the geology of the country as well as by its climate. Geologically, France may be considered as one extensive basin, the circumference and centre of which consist of primitive formations, the intermediate space being filled with strata of the secondary and tertiary periods. These latter are very much more fertile than the former. The tertiary district, known as the Paris Basin, is one of the most fertile regions of France, and includes the far-famed dairy lands of Rambouillet. The other most productive localities lie at the foot of the Pyrenees, in the valleys of the Adour, the Garonne, the Seine, and the Loire. The provinces of Maine, Anjou, Touraine, and Orleannois, all situated within the valley of the Loire, are the garden of France. The northern provinces, with the exception of Bretagne, are generally very fertile and well cultivated. The midland provinces are in many cases mountainous, and, while affording herbage for cattle, are little cultivated. The two most barren districts of France are the *Landes* of Gascony and Guienne, and the granitic mountain region of Auvergne. The *Landes* present a most dreary prospect. The whole country is a solitary desert, black with pine forest, or white with vast plains of shifting sand. The sand storms are most disastrous. The whole face of the country is changed by them in an incredibly short time. The shepherds in their daily work are seen walking about on stilts, at a pace of from five to seven miles an hour. The central district of France is the poorest in the country. It constitutes nearly a fourth of the soil, but one-third of this portion is totally uncultivated, and the remaining two-thirds are little better

better than wastes. The population is scanty, being at the rate of one person to five acres, and is composed of small proprietors living in abject misery. The country is quite neglected by the Government; it has no roads nor canals, yet has to pay the same taxes as the most favoured districts. The race of cattle which feeds upon the Auvergne mountains, that rise from 6,000 to 7,000 feet above the sea, alone has saved the inhabitants from utter ruin and extermination.

In live produce France is for the most part far behind England. At the Paris Exposition, and at a recent agricultural gathering at Poissy, the best prizes were carried off by English breeders of stock. The merinos of Rambouillet are, indeed, a fine race of sheep, and are valuable both for their meat and their fleece. But with this exception, France has nothing to compete with our Dishleys, Southdowns, and Cotswolds. In the breed of cattle, the French are improving yearly by large importations of our Durhams and Ayrshires. The indigenous Norman is a valuable animal. It supplies Paris with meat and butter, and a great portion of the 120,000,000 quarts of milk which that city consumes every year. Normandy produces annually 100,000 fat oxen, half of which find their way to the Paris *abattoirs*. Moreover, these five departments support 500,000 cows, and the total number of cattle in this province alone is about a million, or a tenth of the whole French supply. The five departments of French Flanders and ancient Picardy contain 600,000 cows. In the *arrondissement* of Lille we find one for every hectare, each cow supporting a family, and in this district we find the known maximum of population. The French pigs are very inferior to the English; but to compensate, the French poultry is vastly superior. The egg produce of France is worth 8,000,000*l.* per annum. Passing to the vegetable produce, we find that during the last forty years there has been a decrease in the cultivation of rye, and an enormous increase in the amount of wheat, roots, and potatoes. This change marks a great improvement in the social condition of the people. Rye is pre-eminently the crop of a poor country, and its gradual retirement before mangold implies that the inhabitants are enabled to obtain more meat, and are less dependent upon coarse bread. The woods occupy nearly a sixth of the soil of France, nevertheless they are so rapidly disappearing, that the French government is at this present time seriously occupied by a scheme for replanting the mountains of France. The truth is, the greater part of the woodlands of France are nothing better than brushwood and firewood. There are scarcely any timber trees, and France is obliged to import the greater portion of the timber used for domestic purposes, and for the navy.

、 We cannot conclude this notice of agriculture in France without

referring to one special hindrance to agricultural progress in that country. The tendency of all Frenchmen is to migrate to Paris, or to such large towns as Marseilles, Lyons, and Bordeaux. The consequence is that the population has largely decreased in many rural districts. In fifty-four departments it receded during the five years 1851-56; in thirty-two only did it advance. In some departments the diminution was five per cent., in one—Haute Saône—it was more than ten per cent. On the other hand, the augmentation in some departments was even greater: in that of the Seine, wherein Paris is situated, it was twenty-five per cent. This centripetal movement is due in a great measure to the imperial improvements in the capital, which have drawn thither a vast number of workmen, enticed by the prospect of high wages. Unfortunately for them, these improvements have been in great measure suspended by the inexorable decree of M. Fould, and the *ouvriers* are now left without work, at the very time when house-rent has been enormously increased by the pulling down of low-rented dwellings in the course of these very improvements which brought the unhappy workmen thither. The withdrawal of all these hands from agricultural operations has necessarily rendered these operations more costly and less remunerative. The farmer has to pay higher wages, whilst the market for his consumption is diminished. Agriculture labours under a further disadvantage, the absence of that landed-gentry class which is the glory of England.

The writer now asks the reader to accompany him from France into Italy, by the route which he took in the summer of 1859. Mont Cenis was not then a French mountain, nor Savoy a French province. We will suppose that we have crossed the Cenis, and are entering Susa, the train which takes us by the Vittorio Emanuele Railway to Turin. We pass on our way through one of the fairest and most picturesque regions of Italy. The plains are dense with farms, groves, and chateaux. Beyond them rise the Alps, covered for many hundred feet up their steep sides with woods, out of which gleams many a lordly castle or narrow-windowed convent. The long road which runs by the side of the railway is bordered with trees that afford some covert to the dust-covered wayfarer from the fierce glare of an Italian sun. But it is in Lombardy that the agriculture of Northern Italy is seen to most advantage. Let us take our station on the roof of that 'miracle in marble,' the Duomo at Milan. Looking far forth from thence we see in the distance the snow-crowned mountains, whose lower slopes are green with forest trees, while at their feet lie the Lombard plains, girding on every side the city of St. Ambrose, and crowded with farms and hamlets, and the *campanili* that mark the towns. We have before us three regions through which the foot traveller may journey in one day. Coming from Switzerland
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he may traverse in the morning the region of permanent snow, pass at noonday through the cool shades of the mountain forests, and rest at evening among the vegetation of the tropics. He rejoices if the wind is in the west, for, if so, it has deposited all its moisture among the frozen peaks of the Alps; while, as he knows full well, the east wind would bring clouds and rain from the Adriatic. If it be summer time he has small fear, however, about the weather. There is a dry season and a rainy season in Italy, and the latter does not come till the autumn, when the heavens pour down stores of water greater than in any other country of Europe. It is this peculiarity of climate which has given to Lombardy the most striking features of its agriculture. The long summer droughts and high temperature render it possible to grow a crop which is found nowhere else in Europe, rice. The same cause has rendered it necessary to construct the most extensive works of irrigation.

The rice-grounds of Italy were originated about 350 years ago. A Milanese noble, being possessed of some half-inundated estates near Verona, thought to make them available by planting them, as, probably, he had seen the Valley of the Nile planted. The fortunate speculator had many imitators; the marshes of old, left to waterfowl and 'slimy things that crawl with legs upon a slimy sea,' were eagerly sought after, were taken at high rents, and soon were covered with the verdure of Egypt. This new culture spread along the banks of the Po, and increased year by year until now about 1,400,000 bushels of rice are raised every year, bringing in a revenue of over 700,000*l*. The rice-grounds would be far more extensive were it not that they are so unhealthy as to render government intervention necessary to protect the labourer against the cupidity of the landowner. The average of rice-ground in any estate is restricted by law, a regulation which even the most vigorous denouncer of centralization will scarcely condemn when he learns that the risaje are the hotbeds of fever. The utmost care has to be taken at the onset in the selection of the ground. This has to be carefully levelled, so that the water may lie equally over it. But this being attended to, and the seed being sown, all anxiety on the part of the farmer ceases. He has only to sow his crop, let in the water upon it, and the burning summer's sun will do the rest. It is then that the labourer's sorrow begins. The hot sun sending down its fierce rays upon the stagnant water brings into existence a poisonous miasm that soon gives tokens of its subtle and fatal presence in the parched and fevered countenances of those employed. The rice harvest is in September, the ground having been drained off as soon as the plants have attained sufficient height, generally about midsummer. When reaped, the rice is tied into small sheaves, which are allowed to remain in the

a short time, and are then taken to vast threshing-floors, and the grain is trodden out by horses.

In striking contrast to the rice cultivators whom Chateaubriand describes as 'sickly labourers passing along the banks, dressed like miners in coarse cloth, wandering about pale as ghosts in the reeds and near the sluices, which they have scarcely strength enough to open and shut,' are the peasants employed in the silk crop, and in the necessary adjunct of the mulberry leaf crop. The mulberry trees are perhaps the most distinctive, though certainly not the most picturesque object in a Lombard landscape. They are low pollard-like trees, which, generally planted in rows, mark, in the universal absence of hedges, the division of one plot of ground from another. They are rendered less ugly by the vines, which climb from tree to tree, and by the maize, whose broad drooping leaves and candelabra-like flower grows amongst these trees. But the time to see the mulberry plots and the Lombard peasant to perfection is when the cocoons are ready to be despoiled of their shining filaments. Then in many a garden—and Lombardy is a series of gardens—the traveller will see on all sides, close to the houses of the *métayers*, beneath the shade of the vines, young girls, as a writer in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes' has described them, 'tastefully dressed, singing and talking among themselves, winding into skeins, out of basins filled with warm water, the golden thread which brings comfort into the country and luxury into the town.' The writer goes on to draw a vivid contrast. He says: 'Imagine, on one side, this charming picture upon the fair slopes of Brianza or Varese, the blue sky, the bright sun glancing with its beams through the trellised and leafy shade upon the laughing peasant girls, who wind the silk, brilliant as the light of noon, and destined for the toilettes of the rich; imagine, on the other side, a Manchester factory, where, in the midst of an atmosphere darkened by coal-smoke and hissing steam, the silent workman is at his frame, weaving the dull cotton raised by slaves, and intended for the poor. What a contrast! Work is for the Italian a joyous holiday, and almost a fête.' The contrast is vivid, no doubt; but not so much so as between the silk-spinner and the rice-grower of Italy, both found in the same country and the same province.

The maize is a proverbial symbol of wealth and prosperity in Lombardy. The salutation of the *contadini*, 'Lunga vita e sempre polenta,' implies length of days and abundance of food. *Polenta* is the 'staff of life' in Italy, and *Polenta* is the farinaceous paste obtained from maize. This plant yields twice as much as wheat upon the same extent of ground. The grain is more easily reduced to paste than wheat, and requires scarcely any cooking. The traveller in the *coupé* of the *diligence* through that garden of Eden, the country lying between the Lago Maggiore and the Simplon, sees

sees on each side endless plots of this graceful plant growing tall and luxuriant under the shadow of the chesnut, the walnut, and the mulberry. The vines of Lombardy are also most picturesque. One may wander the whole day through long leafy corridors, shaded from the fierce heat by the plants that form a complete arch over our heads, with here and there a break to let in the sunbeams and chequer the grass beneath one's feet. The grapes hang down almost within mouth-reach; but they are not tempting. The wine that they make is thin, poor, and sour. Bad as is the best wine, the peasantry drink a beverage far inferior even to this. They call it appropriately *vino piccolo*, little wine, for there is in it very little wine, and a great deal of vinegar. This drink is obtained from the residue of the fruit after the best wine has been extracted. The cheese of Lombardy is far more worthy of fame than its wine. It is called Parmesan cheese, because its manufacture was at one time confined almost entirely to the Duchy of Parma; but it is now produced on those rich pastures watered by the Po and its tributaries, and in the territory of Lodi, which is the most fertile of all Italy. The cows, to the number of about 12,000 a year, at a cost of from 14*l.* to 20*l.* each, are brought from Switzerland when about three years old; and it is estimated that there are 100,000 of them in the Milanese alone. The cheese obtained from them is worth a million and a half sterling per annum. The total value of the dairy produce of Lombardy is nearly double that of the cereal produce, and reaches to more than three and a quarter millions sterling. The supply of milk increases till the cows are between six and seven years old, when it begins to fall off. According to Bowring's 'Reports,' the sale of old cows, calves, and whey is estimated to cover the cost of the young cows, and interest thereon. The cheese is made entirely of skimmed milk; and Arthur Young mentions that the cows were stalled during a great part of the day to empty racks, which he was told was necessary to give the requisite richness to the milk.

Lombardy is divided into three regions—the mountains, the hills and high levels, and the plains. In the first of these the subdivision of property is excessive, and has increased during the last twelve years nearly three times as fast as the population. Every peasant is a landed proprietor, his estate varying from one to five acres. Here, to use Arthur Young's words, the magic of property has turned the rocks into gold. The mountain sides are built up into terraces with infinite labour, and the soil has been carried thither on the backs of the proprietors. The spade and the hoe are the only implements. So great is the competition for these estates that they will often sell for 160*l.* to 200*l.* an acre. In the second region also the land is much divided; the estates, however, are a good deal larger than those in the mountains, and are not ~~as~~

quently 100 acres in extent. The mulberry and the vineyard are the chief crops of this district; here, too, the spade does everything, and farming is really gardening. The third region, one of the most fertile in Europe, is the land of pastures, beside waters that have been carried through the country in all directions by artificial means, and are taken from the Ticino, the Adda, the Mincio, and those other rivers whose names we read in our newspapers daily four years ago. This district, containing about a million acres, is crossed by innumerable canals and water-courses; by means of which the whole country is irrigated, in the same style as our own water-meadows. Those which are watered in the summer only give three or four crops of hay and an abundant aftermath. Those which are watered in the winter as well give five or six crops; and the lands in the immediate neighbourhood of Milan which are watered with the sewage from that city, are mown nine times a year. These *marcite* (water-meadows) let at from 4*l.* 10*s.* to 9*l.* per acre a year; whereas a dry meadow will not fetch more than 2*s.* to 4*s.* an acre. The distribution, management, and letting of the water is a very important business in Lombardy. The water-broker in the country is a person of as much importance as the land agent in England. The quantity of water to be used is measured according to an authoritative standard called the Milanese *oncia*, which is equal to a quantity of water flowing from a hole 0.488 of a foot high by 0.649 broad, or a little less than one-third of an English square foot, under a pressure of 0.324 feet. The rent of the water depends upon its impurity. Pure spring water is of small value compared with the filth-laden water of Milan. This latter is let at from 40*l.* to 50*l.* a year for a constant supply equal in volume to two English inches. The absolute property of an *oncia* of water is valued at from 400*l.* to 600*l.*, but some waters will fetch 1,200*l.* The letting of water is always the subject of a lease containing stringent covenants for the opening and the shutting of the sluices at certain hours. The lessor appoints guards to see that these provisions are complied with; but the tenants constantly seek to evade them, and they are the source of frequent legal disputes. A cubic foot of water flowing constantly is sufficient to irrigate 61.8 acres, and the annual rent for this amount is between 13*l.* and 14*l.* There are three classes of water-meadows—1st, *Prati a Vicenda*, convertible meadows: on these a rotation of crops is adopted; 2nd, *Prati stabili estivi*, permanent summer meadows: these are yearly decreasing, the cultivators finding the first class more profitable; 3rd, *Marcite*, permanent water-meadows, by far the most important class. They can be made only where there is a flowing stream which can be always turned on. They are carefully levelled, laid down with rye-grass and clover, and carefully manured. To omit this last duty would be an unpardonable

able offence ; other parts of the farm may go without manure, but not this.

Chateauvieux, describing the rural economy of Italy, divides the country into three regions—that of agriculture by rotation ; the region of olives or of Canaanitish cultivation ; the region of malaria or of patriarchal cultivation. The first of these we have seen to perfection in Lombardy ; the second region we are about to enter ; the third constitutes a great part of the Papal dominions. Tuscany, which we enter on leaving Lombardy, does indeed possess all these regions. In the Val d'Arno we have a district of splendid fertility. Here the crops are carefully alternated. On the higher ground the hills are crowned with olive woods ; while the Tuscan *Maremma* present vast plains of sterile pasture, utterly uninhabitable during the summer on account of the malaria. Except in this district, known as the *Maremma*, the estates are small, and *métayage* is prevalent. Everywhere but in the Valley of the Arno agriculture is very backward. Wheat, olives, and vines, are almost the only crops raised ; and as a consequence the cattle are miserably poor. The horses have the unenviable reputation of being the worst in Europe. The cattle are kept in the hills during the summer, and are driven into the plains when the cold weather sets in. At that time the atmosphere of the *Maremma* is comparatively harmless. The sun does not then possess its fatal power of calling up from the ground the poisonous sulphur fumes. Though so much attention is given to the raising of wheat, Tuscany, which ought to be a corn-exporting, is a corn-importing country. This is really the necessary consequence of an exclusive white straw system. It is now understood in England that a rotation of crops means finer crops of each sort. Corn alternated with roots means not only better-fed cattle, but better wheat crops as well. Cattle produce manure, and manure replenishes the ground, while wheat exhausts it. In the Valley of the Arno a large amount of capital has been sunk in checking the course of the mountain torrents as well as in the construction of farm-buildings. To control the torrents without losing the benefit of the water and the soil which they bring down, embankments of strong walls have been raised with regular openings at the side, level with the average height of the stream. The large stones are deposited in the central canal, the water and soil are carried through the openings into numerous watercourses, but at right angles, which check the velocity of the water, while diffusing its benefits. A crowd of bridges and sluices connect these little islands together. Not a foot of land is wasted. The agriculture of Tuscany would at first sight seem to be closely connected with one of its manufactures. The large amount of wheat raised yields, of course, a great quantity of straw. Out of this straw we at once
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conclude are manufactured the famous Tuscan or Leghorn bonnets. In reality the straw required is grown specially for the purpose. Fifty years ago the whole amount required was raised on two acres of land ; and as the demand for Tuscan bonnets has nearly ceased in England, it is probable that the ground occupied for the purpose is not much greater now. The manufacture was most picturesquely described by Chateaucieux, who wrote about the year 1810. He says—

‘ Forests of olive trees covered the lower parts of the mountains, and by their foliage concealed an infinite number of small farms which peopled those parts of the mountains. Chestnut trees raised their heads to the higher slopes, their healthy verdure contrasting with the pale tint of the olive trees, and spreading a brightness over this amphitheatre. The road was bordered on each side with village-houses not more than a hundred paces from each other. They are placed at a little distance from the road, and separated from it by a wall and a terrace of some feet in extent. On the walls are commonly placed vases of antique forms, in which flowers, aloes, and young orange-trees are growing. The house itself is completely covered with vines. Before these houses we saw groups of peasant girls dressed in white linen, silk corsets, and straw hats ornamented with flowers to shade the face, busily employed in plaiting the fine mats of which Florentine hats are made. This manufacture is the source of great prosperity in the Val d’Arno, and brings in annually 3,000,000 lire, earned exclusively by women. The girls buy straw for a few sols, and vie with each other in plaiting it as finely as possible. They dispose of the hats they manufacture, and the profits are their marriage portion. The father of the family has, however, a right to exact from them a certain share in the labours of the farm. This is commonly performed by women from the mountains, who are hired by the girls of the plain to do the work for them ; the latter can earn from 30 to 40 sols a day by straw-plaiting, while the hire of a poor woman from the Apennines is only from 8 to 10 sols. The straw-plaiters also urge that the labour of the fields would harden their fingers, and render them unfit for delicate work. All the straw required for hats is grown on two acres of land, and is the stalk of a species of wheat without beard, which is drawn up and rendered delicate by the poorness of the soil, is sown very thick in calcareous spots on the hills, is never manured, and is cut before the grain is ripe.’

Passing from Tuscany into the Papal States, we enter a country of vast capabilities, rendered of no avail by the absurd restrictions and grievous oppressions of the most ‘ paternal ’ government in the world. Although the cultivators form by far the most numerous portion of the community, and agriculture is the chief source of the pontifical wealth, they and it are burdened, hindered, and harassed in every conceivable manner. Out of the population of 3,124,668, which the Papal States contained before the secession of Romagna and Æmilia, more than a million were tillers of the ground or keepers of flocks ; while only about 85,000 persons were engaged in commerce. These, by far the most numerous class of the Pope’s subjects, are treated as *suspects*, and as lawful prey for the tax-gatherer. The farmers and landowners in Rome wished to found an agricultural society, but on applying for permission were refused. They then, under the disguise of an Horticultural Society, offered prizes for cattle, of which they exhibited a fine collection. Other sovereigns are not only favourable to agri-
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cultural meetings, but frequently offer prizes. In Rome a cattle show could be tolerated only under the disguise of an exhibition of roses and ranunculuses. But the Roman farmers would dispense with pontifical patronage, would the pontifical tax-gatherer dispense with them. This he will not do. He sucks them with vampire-like avidity. In Bologna 160 francs of taxes were paid by tenants paying 100 francs of rent. In 1855 the vines were diseased, and Antonelli thereupon put on an impost of 75,000*l.*; the disease disappeared, but the impost remained. In the Agro Romano all wheat pays a tax of 22 per cent., or more than twice the tithe. A duty of 2½ per cent. is charged upon all produce exported, and of 16 per cent. upon all imported. Cattle are taxed to the extent of 20 or 30 per cent. of their value; they pay on going to market, and on leaving a port. Horses pay 5 per cent. every time they are sold. The farmer is not only thus cruelly taxed, but he is forbidden to cultivate the land according to his requirements and wishes. He must not plough more than a small proportion of his farm. Two Popes did once set a good example to the sovereigns of Europe. Pius VI. determined to cultivate the whole of the Agro Romano—now a pestilential plain—and actually commenced his good work. But he did not proceed very far with it. Pius VII. was more successful. He made a zone of a mile beyond the city, and ordered this to be cultivated. He then drew another zone with a like purpose. But eventually the lazy obstinacy of the people frustrated his good design, and there is now less than half of the land round the Eternal City cultivated that there was in the days of Pius V. The Pontine Marshes form a district that is now uninhabitable, but which if drained would be probably the most productive country in Europe. The work was commenced by the Roman republic 2,000 years ago; it remains scarcely more advanced than then. Pius VI. endeavoured to drain the marshes, and had a most elaborate system prepared. He did little more than commence the work; but the luxuriance of the crops in the small locality which has been drained proves what a splendid result would follow the adoption of that liberal pontiff's splendid scheme. With the bright exception here named, the ecclesiastics have been the most dangerous foes to agriculture. An immense portion of the land belongs to the monks and the clergy. These, having no legitimate issue, and having no power to bequeath the estates which they hold to their illegitimate children, feel no interest in improving those estates. They are but usufructuaries; to expend capital in buildings and works of drainage would be to lessen their incomes for the benefit of those who will come after them—successors for whom they have no sort of affection or regard. There is no hope for agriculture in the Roman States until they are incorporated in the kingdom of Italy.

Proceeding

Proceeding further south, and entering the old kingdom of Naples, we come to the most fertile and the worst cultivated country in the peninsula. Both Rome and Naples exhibit in the most marked manner the connection between the government of a country and its agriculture. Naples has already been set free from the injurious thralldom of a despotic ruler. It has now to begin a new career in its government, its arts, its science, its commerce, and its agriculture. Remembering how much has been done for agriculture by the master mind which united the greater part of Italy under the rule of the king he so faithfully served, we may hope that before long the fair land of Naples—and a fairer God never made—will soon emerge from its present poverty, and acquire an enlightened and enterprising agriculture.

ART. IV.—LANCASHIRE, EMIGRATION, AND PROHIBITION.

1. *Parliamentary Returns relative to the Colonies.* Various. 1863.
2. *Speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer at Chester.* 1862.
3. *Miss Rye's Letter to 'The Times.'* May 29th, 1863.
4. *Letter of Mr. Rawlinson relative to the State of Employment in the Manufacturing Districts.* 1863.
5. *Reports of Emigration Meetings held in London, Manchester, and elsewhere.* 1863.

THE heavy cloud of distress still rests on the industrial fortunes of the cotton-manufacturing districts, and paralyzes the energies of one of the most skilful and industrious populations that the world ever beheld. So far as we are enabled to judge from present appearances, a considerable period must elapse before the cotton manufacture can resume anything like its former proportions; and in the meanwhile many of the operatives and their families will be compelled to endure a large amount of privation and self-denial which, if not so severe as that experienced by them during the last twelve months, will yet act as a powerful tax on their powers of patient endurance. Hitherto the conduct of the unemployed has been, upon the whole, most exemplary. True, a few of the more youthful and impatient have been incited to acts of riot by those who should have known better, but their behaviour has been repudiated, in the most unmistakable terms, by the great body of the industrial classes. This is due principally to the rapid progress made during late years in the development of an improved state of social feeling amongst the labouring portion of the community. They no longer hold the erroneous doctrine, so prevalent in

in countries where popular ignorance is ruled by unreflecting despotism, that the social condition of a nation is regulated by the acts of its legislature, rather than by the conduct and general tone of thought exhibited by the people themselves. When governments, like that of France, take upon themselves the responsibility of regulating the social system of the governed, it is only natural that the latter should look to their rulers for support in the hour of adversity; but in a country like this, where the main element of national progress and prosperity has been the indomitable and persevering spirit of self-reliance exhibited by all classes of the community, the people are beginning to learn the art of acting for themselves, and of trusting to their own resources whenever their fortunes become clouded by the occurrence of one of those industrial crises to which all manufacturing communities are, more or less, subject. This fact has been fully exemplified in the course taken by the unemployed operatives of Lancashire during the past few weeks. Instead of attributing their troubles and afflictions to the agency of their rulers, they have from the very first shown that they fully comprehend the true nature of the position in which they have been placed, and that it is only by their own exertions they can ever hope to successfully extricate themselves from the difficulties with which they are surrounded. So long as the conflict in America presented the least chance of a speedy termination, they were content to endure their fate, in the confident expectation that the worst would soon be over; but now that two years have elapsed, and the end of the war seems remote as ever, their feelings are undergoing a remarkable change, to which the Chester speech of Mr. Gladstone has undoubtedly contributed.

When the Chancellor of the Exchequer stated that the resumption of employment in the cotton-manufacturing districts would be attended with increased labour and diminished wages, he uttered one of the strongest possible inducements that could be offered to working men to forsake an occupation which might no longer, or at least not for a considerable period, afford them such advantages as they had derived from it in more prosperous times. Hence the increased amount of interest which has lately been devoted to the question of EMIGRATION. For many years the British colonies and the United States have been regarded by a large proportion of the toiling masses as lands of promise, where labour becomes enabled to secure 'a fair day's wage for a fair day's work,' whatever that may mean; and this conviction has been steadily fostered by the glowing accounts given in the majority of letters received from those who have left this country in the capacity of emigrants. It is impossible to over-estimate the influence exercised by these communications, coming as they do at first hand, penned by working men to those in their own grade of life, and bearing the

self-evident impress of truth and sincerity, which give them an importance, in the eyes of those to whom they are addressed, far exceeding that of the most eloquent treatise ever published. These letters, of which many thousands must, at the present time, be in circulation amongst the industrial classes, contain many interesting and important details. The writers look at the question from a practical point of view. 'Can a man find work?' and 'What wages does he receive for it?' are the two first and principal queries put by the artisans of this country to their fellow-toilers in the colonies, and on the nature of the replies received has depended the fate of thousands of our best and most skilful operatives. But there is one cause which, more than any other, has tended to swell the popular enthusiasm in favour of emigration. It has been found that in proportion to the success of the emigrants in the land of their adoption, the greater becomes their desire to aid those still remaining at home in coming out also. This feeling has been considerably increased by the recent state of things in Lancashire. The colonial papers teem with the details of Lancashire distress, and of the patient heroism of the unemployed operatives; and the natural result of this is, that those who have already, as emigrants, escaped the storm which has imperilled the industrial fortunes of the cotton-manufacturing districts, display an intense degree of anxiety respecting those whom they left behind in the mother-country. Although no reliable statistics are at present procurable, there exists abundant evidence to the effect that the number and amount of remittances made by successful emigrants to their friends and relatives in this country are largely on the increase, and that we may consequently expect an augmentation of the number of unassisted passages to the colonies. The number of males who emigrate is largely in excess of that of the other sex. This is, in a great measure, owing to the more extensive demand for their services in all new colonies. As the newly-colonized districts become more settled and thickly peopled, the demand for female labour rapidly increases; and could a safe and efficient system of female emigration be organized and carried out, a perceptible improvement might arise in the condition of many sections of our female population; but the recent experiences of Miss Rye prove that the movement is attended with formidable difficulties, in some cases to such an extent as to render it exceedingly unadvisable to permit young females to undergo the risks of a voyage to the colonies. At present the whole system of female emigration seems to be based on error, and the sooner it is modified or abandoned the better. It is impossible for any individual possessing the least spark of humane feeling to contemplate with indifference the prospect of filling a vessel with a number of inexperienced and excitable young women, and leaving them for two or three months
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to the care of an easy-going captain and an indifferent matron, who make no exertion to preserve their charge from the contact of sailors whose passions have become inflamed by the constant use of intoxicating liquors. Yet this was the fate to which it was at one time seriously proposed that many of the unemployed female operatives of Lancashire should be doomed. Happily, the publication of Miss Rye's letter will tend to check the movement. Not, indeed, that female emigration is undesirable, but that under the present system the remedy is frequently worse than the disease. The same may be said, only on a more limited scale, of male emigration. People at home generally possess a very inadequate idea of the labour which is required of them in a colony, especially if it be an infant settlement. They are too much accustomed to frame their notions of colonial life upon their English experiences, whereas no diversity can well be greater than that between the respective systems of labour and living in the two hemispheres.

The principal British colonies are possessed of enormous resources, and are capable of furnishing employment to the whole of our unemployed population, if these could learn to emigrate at the right time, and to the right places. No error is more prevalent with the unemployed than that which represents labour as being the master in the colonies; and it is this which lies at the bottom of most mistakes in emigration. Capital is as much the ruler in Canada and Australia as in Britain. If the unemployed operatives of Lancashire were to be suddenly transported to one of our most promising colonies, and there left to shift for themselves, they would have to undergo privations and trials to which those endured by them at home scarcely afford a parallel. Capital must precede labour, otherwise how are the emigrants to be maintained during the period between sowing and reaping? The tide of emigration towards the colonies must be regulated—if we wish it to be successful—by the amount of capital possessed by the various settlements. This is the precise point overlooked by most of those who advocate emigration as the principal remedy for the relief of Lancashire distress. It may, it is true, be asked, whether the capital necessary for the development of labour in the colonies might not be rendered instrumental in effecting the same results in the mother-country? There certainly is no reason why it should not. There exists sufficient capital in the United Kingdom to employ all who are capable of being employed, but the people cannot, or will not, make a proper use of it. If the vast sums now annually squandered in useless, poisonous, and health-destroying liquors were expended in the purchase of proper food or clothing, ample employment would be readily obtained by all who sought it, and they would not be reduced to the alternative of a lengthened expatriation. But until the suppression of the drink-traffic becomes

an accomplished fact, the colonies must continue to be regarded as the principal refuges of those who—either from commercial disasters, or the faults of others, if not of themselves—are reduced to a state of comparative destitution; willing to work, yet unable to obtain employment.

The colonies do not act as a preventive, nor even a remedy for the social evils with which we, as a nation, are afflicted. 'They have prevented, by their absorption of our surplus labour, these evils from attaining unmanageable limits, but they cannot prevent their formation. It is not impossible that a widely-spread system of emigration from Lancashire may render the continued existence of the various relief committees unnecessary; but it will not prevent the re-occurrence of crises and periods of stagnation, or enable the operatives to provide more extensively against the return of 'hard times.' The places of the emigrant operatives will be readily supplied from other sources, and the drama will be re-enacted on the same stage under precisely the same circumstances. What could be done at home, under an improved state of things, with the amount of capital and labour which has emigrated to the colonies, may be inferred from the present flourishing condition of the latter as displayed in the recent returns of imports and exports during 1861—the amount of British and Irish produce sent to the Canadian and Australian colonies during that year being no less than 14,390,000*l.* against an almost equal amount of imports. In the state of things existing in this country during the last forty or fifty years, the colonies have proved of immense service, by affording an outlet for the surplus labour which is continually being found in the market; but, at the same time, the spread of the emigration movement tends to perpetuate the very evils it was designed to remedy. For instance, let it be supposed that the unemployed operatives of Lancashire leave this country in consequence of the dearth of employment in the cotton-manufacturing districts, and that, when the supply of cotton recommences, their services are not obtainable. The result is obvious. Wages will rise, and in proportion to the amount of this rise will be the number of workers attracted into the trade. Directly that the wages rise above the average rate given in other trades, the workers in those trades will forsake their occupations for that which holds out the temptation of higher wages, and in a short time the state of things in Lancashire will be precisely the same as prior to the commencement of the war in America. There will be the same high rate of wages and the same general misexpenditure on the part of the wage-receivers, thereby weakening their ability to sustain the infliction of another industrial crisis.

This proves that however advantageous the possession of the colonies may be to us, or however beneficial the individual results
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of emigration may seem to the generality of observers, yet neither of these sources affords the true remedy or preventive for the social evils with which the industrial classes are afflicted. Something more is required. The progress of the co-operative movement at Rochdale and elsewhere is suggestive, as proving that by a wise and economic disposal of their spare earnings, the working classes of this country might insure themselves against the occurrence of seasons of distress, and increase the social and physical well-being of themselves and of their families. Experience shows that much of the success of the emigrant in Australia and Canada is due to his no longer being exposed to the temptation of the gin-palace or the beershop. Instead of wasting his time and energy in lolling on the alehouse bench, the settler finds both employment and recreation in felling trees, clearing the ground, and preparing it for culture. The moment that 'groggeries' make their appearance in the neighbourhood of the settlements, the canker of intemperance begins to eat its way into the prosperity of the rising community, and, but for the difficulties and cost of transport, which render the price of alcoholic liquors somewhat high in the more remote portions of the colonies, the evil would be much greater. But, so far as it goes, the existence of the liquor-traffic in the colonies creates the same amount of pauperism, crime, and mortality in proportion to the number of the population, as in the mother-country. This tends to show the suppression of the liquor traffic, rather than emigration, to be the true remedy for the present state of things in Lancashire. None of the colonies possess greater natural resources in proportion to their size than the mother-country. The mineral wealth and agricultural richness of its soil remain imperfectly developed, and there exist a thousand channels for the absorption of the labour of the unemployed if the capital now wasted in the purchase of alcoholic liquors were devoted to more sensible purposes. The labouring classes know this, but the temptation proves too strong for them. It follows them into their workshops, it faces them in the streets, haunts them in their homes, and mixes itself up with their amusements, until it seems to have become incorporated with their very existence. Take the temptation away, and their condition would become so much improved that emigration would no longer possess the charms it now owns in their eyes.

There is scarcely a colonial town which can exhibit an equally rapid rate of progress to that displayed by Birkenhead, Blackburn, Saltaire, and other places in this country; and if it be considered that the great bulk of our merchants, manufacturers, and others originally belonged to the working classes, it must be conceded that England affords to the earnest, persevering, and temperate artisan as many, if not more, opportunities for self-advancement as he could obtain by emigrating to the antipodes. The raw material of
labour

labour is as valuable to us as to the colonies, only the capital which should be devoted to its employment is grossly misexpended. The emigration of the Lancashire operatives may be regarded either as a national loss or a national benefit, according to the light in which it is viewed; but it is clear that it can only be a temporary expedient, because the void occasioned by the departure of the workers will be speedily filled up, and things will resume their normal state. Instead of helping the operatives because they are poor and helpless, we should remove the cause which makes them so. Let the public-house be done away with, and more good will be effected than if we had deported the whole of our unemployed to another hemisphere.

ART. V.—NOTT'S LECTURES.

Ten Lectures on Bible Temperance. By Eliphalet Nott, D.D., President of Union College. With an Introduction by Tayler Lewis, LL.D., Professor of Greek. Third Edition. Trübner and Co., 60 Paternoster Row; Caudwell, 335 Strand. London. 1863.

BEFORE discussing the problem of what Bible temperance really includes, a very necessary and useful inquiry would be, What is temperance, logically and scientifically considered? The logic concerns definitions; the science, facts. Now as respects the former, we cannot do better than ponder the definition of Thomas Hobbes, as we find it in the 'De Corpore Politico' of 1640:—'Temperance, the habit by which we abstain from all things that tend to our destruction. Intemperance, the contrary vice. As for the common opinion that virtue consisteth in mediocrity, and vice in extremes, I see no ground for it.' This definition seems manifestly just, whether we regard what it comprehends, or what it excludes. Temperance is, firstly, a 'habit,' as distinguished from a single or an occasional act—a habit in correlation with a fixed state of mind, a principle of self-control. It is, secondly, an act of self-denial, expressive of a rational and moral quality in abstaining from that which may be in itself tempting to the sensual nature, but which tends to the ultimate injury of our physical or mental being. It is, moreover, palpably true that this is not a question of media or of extremes, but one of 'adaptation to the organism,' as Thomas De Quincey happily defines temperance. As in language a proposition is either true or false, so in fact a thing is either good or bad—either tends to our conservation or to our destruction. In common parlance, it is physically either drug or diet, food or poison; and the point of measure and quantity

quantity cannot possibly be settled until the quality is first ascertained.

If any one thinks that the Bible notion of temperance is different from this, he labours under a deplorable and pernicious error, which the sooner he corrects, the better will it be, both for himself and the world. Whether we refer to physical things or sensual propensities, we find one uniform rule of temperance in the Bible. Is the drugged wine of the sensualist alluded to? The law is—‘Who hath woe? He that goeth to seek mixed wine.’ ‘Woe to him that giveth his neighbour drink, that putteth his *hchemah* (poison) to him.’ Is the subject of warning, the wine that is ‘a mocker’? The clear rule is—‘Look not upon the wine when it is red. At last it stingeth like a serpent and biteth like an adder.’ Is it a question of the victory of the spiritual over the brutal nature? The Christian law still is—‘Abstain from fleshly lusts that war against the soul.’ St. Paul fearlessly applied this doctrine to the Roman proconsul, when, preaching before him, he reasoned of ‘righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come.’ The logic of that discourse went home, and the sinner trembled, and was troubled at the truth.

‘Felix,’ says the admirable commentator Olahausen, on Acts xxiv. 24, 25, ‘had two wives of the same name: the first was a grand-daughter of Antony, by Cleopatra; the second, who is the one here referred to, was the daughter of Herod Agrippa. She had been married first to Prince Azizus of Emesa, but deserted him, and married the Roman pro-consul (Josephus, *Arch.* xx. 7, 1). The word *εγκρατεια* refers particularly to abstinence from sexual excesses, of which both of them, Felix as well as Drusilla, had been guilty.’

Abstinence, then, as determined by reason and revelation alike, is an essential and integral part of temperance in regard to whatever tends to evil; and the too current plan of contrasting temperance with abstinence, must be discarded as a vulgar and thoughtless paralogism.

Scientific experiment and popular experience—in other words, the induction of facts—can alone settle the question as to the actual nature and tendencies of alcohol. We have so frequently gone over the scientific evidence of late, that we shall on this occasion merely cite a single authority, but one of peculiar value—since from his pen, nearly ten years ago, issued one of the subtlest defences of alcohol as ‘diet’ to which the polemics of this subject has given rise.* We refer to the concessions of Dr. T. K. Chambers, given in a very remarkable work, entitled, ‘The Renewal of Life,’ the second edition of which has recently been published. We propose, very shortly, to bring the whole subject of alcohol as a medicine before our readers—indeed, to examine to its foundations the entire theories of physic and vital force—but we can here

* *Vide* ‘Works of Dr. Leca,’ vol. i., last Article.

merely present the conclusions to which Dr. Chambers has been slowly but inevitably driven :—

'The best guide to the effects to be expected from a re-agent on a diseased body, is the intelligent observation of its effects on a healthy body; and I think that alcohol is no exception, but that a knowledge of its physiological action leads directly to its therapeutical application. The experiments of Rudolf Masing, since repeated and confirmed by MM. Lallemand, Perrin, and Duroy, have taught us that alcohol passes through the body unaltered in chemical constitution, and does not, so far as we know, leave any of its substance behind.' (P. 406.)

The importance of this fact will be understood if the reader will recollect that, of the three possible kinds of food, there are three essential conditions to be predicated of their use. First, no food can 'warm' the body, except it be consumed, *i. e.* become decomposed, in the circulation of the blood by union with oxygen, just as no coal can warm a room or heat a boiler unless it be burnt, *i. e.* cease to be coal. Since alcohol, then, leaves the body *as* alcohol, it cannot warm. Second, no food can 'nourish' the tissues, except by being like them, and so assimilating with them. But alcohol is not like them, and, moreover, leaves the body the same thing it entered it. Third, the mineral elements of the blood, the salts and phosphates, needful to the due performance of the chemical processes and nutritive functions of the circulation, can only act where they are. But alcohol contains none of them, and if it did, does not stay in the system. 'Dr. Chambers' conclusion is therefore justified :—

'It is then not strictly an "aliment." But if it aids the appropriation of aliment —[there is much virtue, and sometimes vanity, in an *if*!]—it may be looked upon as an "accessory [to?] food" in health, and as a "medicine" in disease.

'What is the nature of the influence which it exerts? What is its action upon life? It is usually defined as "a stimulus to the nervous system;" and so long as stimulus is held to mean only "something which makes one feel comfortable," we may be satisfied with the explanation; while upon the nervous system all experimenters, from the first patriarch downwards [was Noah the first?], will agree that it acts. But if, led by the etymology, we infer that it directly *augments* the developed force of the nervous functions, we shall fall into the error of poor Dr. Brown.* (P. 406.)

'Let us be a little more particular in our inquiries, and then I do not think we shall be able to trace any *direct* increase of force to alcohol, even in the smallest doses, or for the minutest periods of time. Researches show, pretty clearly, that its continuous use (*i. e.* in small divided doses) *does not add power to vitality.*' (P. 407.)

That any intelligent person should ever have dreamed that alcohol, which contributes nothing to the creation of the fabric of

* 'Dr. Brown, the author of the Brunonian theory, persuaded himself that it was a panacea for all human ills, and a direct proloner of life; but, by dint of frequent experimenting, and lecturing with a bottle of brandy by his side, he soon succeeded in giving a practical refutation to his own words by ruining his health and shortening his existence.' (P. 405.) Dr. Brown is not by any means the only victim to his own theory of the medical virtue of alcohol. May not Dr. Todd and others be ranked as victims of their own treatment?

the body, but which obviously either depresses or excites its functions, could increase force, is an amazing example of intellectual credulity. It is precisely the same absurdity as expecting that the oxygen which converts a beam of oak into touchwood on its surface, or slowly rusts a pillar of iron, adds to the strength of the beam and pillar respectively. Is it not evident that that only which, in growth or art, adds to the cohesion and matter of the structure, can add at all to the strength or force of it? It is a shameful fact that at this time of day so little is known or taught of the correlation of force, that people can separate, in thought, matter from its properties, or force from the condition on which it is necessarily dependent. The mental state of a people who can believe that force can come without forms, or come from nothing, is a fit soil for the growth of every kind of quackery.

There are, however, some hopeful indications of an advancing intelligence in the medical profession itself. Dr. Edward Haughton, for example, in an essay on 'Vital Force,' published in the 'London Medical Review,' after comparing the human body to a locomotive steam-engine, insists upon the analogy between the fuel of the one and the food of the other, both fuel and food being equally, in their disintegration, the source and measure of the power evolved. 'All vital action depends upon power acting through an organism; and life is the condition which determines whether the external forces shall produce physical or vital changes.' In the steam-engine the organic force of the fuel is transformed into heat, the elastic force of steam, and mechanical power; in the human body its own living conditions enable it to translate, not only the respiratory food into animal heat, but the plastic matter of nutrition into the vital force of the muscular tissues, which constitute cohesion and irritability, and the peculiar force of the nerves, which enables us to feel and to will. Let the people but once master this great idea, and the notion of alcohol being in any sense a creator of force, falls into the limbo of exploded absurdities.

Dr. Chambers thus continues, the italics being his own:—

'In a series of experiments conducted with another object, Dr. Edward Smith has recorded very minutely the sensations experienced after brandy, by a temperate man, with a fasting stomach.* What are the effects noticed there? Increased life? Increased function? No; *lessened consciousness, lessened sensibility to light, to sound, and to touch.*' (P. 407.)

'Life and warmth are so closely connected together in scientific as well as in popular notions, that perhaps the most striking evidence of diminished vitality is the lessened capacity to generate heat. We have this evidence in the case of alcohol. MM. Dumeril and Demarquay published, in 1848, their observation that intoxicated dogs exhibited a great loss of temperature; and Dr. Böcker and Dr. Hammond find the same result from even moderate doses of spirits. This accords with and explains the experience of Dr. Rac, that alcoholic drinks give no satis-

* 'Transactions of the Royal Society,' 1859, p. 732.

faction to arctic voyagers, and of Dr. Hayes, surgeon and commander in the United States second Grinnell expedition, that they actually lessen the power of resisting cold. The "warming of the stomach," which tipplers speak of with delight, is in fact a mere fallacy of insensibility to external influences. We may, I think, fairly come to the conclusion that *alcohol is primarily and essentially a lessener of the power of the nervous system.*' (P. 409.)

Experience confirms the same truth. We might cite the triumphant statistics of temperance sick clubs and life assurance societies, which establish a health per-centage of 50 per cent. in favour of abstainers as compared with moderate drinkers; or we might refer to the remarkable fact of the enforced abstinence of the starving operatives in large districts of Lancashire being followed during many months by an improvement in the health of the people of nearly 25 per cent.; but we desire especially to note the experience of several eminent individuals, and the admissions of some other persons who are absolutely hostile to teetotalism. And let the reader mark, as he peruses these modern and almost extorted testimonies, how strictly they coincide with the Pauline and Augustinian point of view, as expressed in the following passages:—

'Pampering of the flesh,' says Olshausen, in his Comment on Eph. v. 17, 18, 'bears in itself all the rest of the moral errors, especially lust, because it invests the *σὰρξ* (flesh) with the government, and brings the *νοῦς* (mind) into a servile relation. . . . Therefore, according to the point of view of the Law, the Old Testament, in the institution of the Nazarites, *recommends abstinence* from wine and strong drinks, in order to preserve the soul free from all merely physico-spiritual influences, and by that means to make it more susceptible of the operations of the Holy Spirit.

"*Rarò vidi continentem quem non vidi abinentem,*" saith St. Austin. "You shall rarely see a man continent, that is not abstinent."

The eloquent preacher and laborious philanthropist, the Rev. Thomas Guthrie, D.D., in his speech at Belfast, Sept. 15, 1862, thus testified:—

'Some may ask, How did you feel when you quit drinking at first? Well, I will tell you how I felt. The first day I felt rather uncomfortable; the next day I still felt uncomfortable; the third day not so bad; and the fourth day I did not feel anything about it at all. Now, I am almost as much disgusted at seeing men drinking wine, as if I saw them drinking castor-oil. How can I sum up my experience? I have gained men, I have gained women, I have gained children, from the ways of evil to that which is good. But what have you gained *yourself*? it may be asked. I have gained all the satisfaction arising from the good effected. *My head is clearer, my health better, and my purse heavier, since I became a total abstainer.*'

Evidently Dr. Guthrie had been in the same case as the witty Sidney Smith, who, in a letter to Lady Holland, announcing his abandonment of wine and beer, declares that he now saw he had been ill all his life without knowing it! He had clearly Molière's M. Jourdain in his eye—"the city gentleman" who, as the reader may recollect, was amazed at discovering that he had been speaking prose all his life without knowing it!

The Rev. James Gibson, D.D., Professor in the Free Kirk of Scotland,

Scotland, in a pamphlet written against the views advocated by Dr. Nott and others, has the following suicidal admission:—

‘Our worthy father, Mr. Burns, with my own consent, publicly quoted me as a man who had some labour mentally, and perhaps bodily, and who declared, on his own experience, that *the less wine or spirits a man took, the better would he endure fatigue, the clearer and calmer would be his head*, either for thought or debate.’ (P. 12.)

But one of the most extraordinary concessions which ever emanated from the party which seeks for Bible sanction upon the use of intoxicants, is that of the Rev. T. J. Freeth, LL.D., Vicar of Fotherby, Lincolnshire; but which is given in all simplicity and good faith:—

‘Men not physically strong, are able to do more work with greater ease, and more evenness of temper and spirits, by abstinence, than when using wine or beer. Dr. Macaulay tells us that the exhilarating effects of wine are of the most insidious nature, and create a morbid craving for the repetition of the indulgence. The utmost vigilance will be necessary to prevent the formation of intemperate habits.’

Is not this a wise human comment upon the Divine declaration that ‘wine is a mocker,’ and that the simpleton is ‘deceived thereby’? Does it not teach the prudence, nay the duty of shunning temptation? Is not the Bible prescription ‘Look not upon the wine’ very plain in the light of these facts? Above all, is it not the very ground of Paul’s advice to the Thessalonians, ‘Let us watch and abstain (*νηφωμεν*); let us who are (sons) of the day, drink not (*νηφωμεν*).’ The word employed by Paul is the very word used by Josephus for the abstinence of the priests in the sanctuary.

That any kinds of wine essentially resembling the wines referred to in the preceding testimonies—wines, abstinence from which promotes strength of body and of mind, health and long life—wines, the use of which is injurious to the physical being, disturbing to the temper, seductive to the soul, and corrupting to the circumstances of men—that wines, so emphatically condemned by nature and providence, by experience and science, should even be thought to be commended by the Holy Spirit in the Scriptures, is one of those startling paradoxes which shocks at once our intellectual perceptions and moral feelings, and excites our profoundest astonishment.

The chief thesis of Dr. Nott in the work before us, is the conciliation of nature and Scripture on this subject. He maintains, with an earnest, soul-compelling eloquence, that there is a perfect and unbroken harmony between the word and works of God in regard to alcoholic wines; that, while abstinence is approved, the use of intoxicating drink is frequently and variously condemned. We are not about to enter into the details of the discussion; we desire only to specify the leading principles whereon it is based. And we may reasonably hope that the peculiar features of the time in relation to Biblical criticism—the unusual attention which,

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first, 'Essays and Reviews' and, secondly, the attack of Dr. Colenso upon the historical character of the Pentateuch, have attracted to the subject, with the numerous and often able defences which those works have called forth—will have prepared the public for a less prejudiced and more enlightened inquiry into the question of Bible temperance debated by Dr. Nott. It is a singular fact that the main fallacies of interpretation into which the bishop falls in his assaults upon the veracity of the Mosaic narrative, are precisely the same as those into which the drinker stumbles, who endeavours to wrest from the Holy Scriptures a sanction for the use of that polluting liquor which depraves the soul as surely as it defiles the body. The reader, for example, may know that Dr. Colenso has (1) a number of difficulties regarding the Israelites dwelling in 'tents' and also in 'booths,' the assumption being that those words are applicable respectively to but one sort of thing; and, by consequence, that the one excludes the other! So, in reference to the Passover, the bishop raises (2) a difficulty as to the procuring of so many lambs, assuming that the Hebrew *seh*, as it signifies 'lamb' in some texts, must signify lamb in all others, and nothing but lamb. So (3) in regard to the Israelites going out of the land of Egypt, 'armed,' other difficulties are raised, upon the assumption that no other meaning can be attached to the word, and that the sense of it in one text is the sense of it in all.

Now is not this the identical method of interpretation assumed by the drinker, when he resorts to Scripture for a sanction upon his habit? 'The wine,' says he, 'which made Noah drunk was intoxicating wine. When a word is the same, the thing is the same. The wine which the psalmist praises, was therefore intoxicating, since the word is the same.'—Q.E.D. Is it not clear, so far as the principle is concerned, that if the bibbler be right, the bishop cannot be wrong? We may, however, reasonably doubt the soundness of an assumption that is contradicted by words of daily use and constant recurrence. The word 'gun,' for instance, covers a variety of instruments, differing in shape, material, and calibre; from the ancient, powderless 'gun' of our forefathers, and the pop-gun of the nursery, through the blunderbuss, musket, fowling-piece, rifle, and field-piece, up to the 200-pounder of Whitworth or Armstrong. The word 'wife' is another example. 'A prudent wife is from the Lord,' is the declaration of the Hebrew sage; but an argument for the identity of the name in this case with the identity of the name in one of the frequent cases brought before Sir Cresswell Cresswell, would hardly satisfy an applicant for divorce that his wife was 'prudent'; and we suspect the judge would scarcely think of asking the jury to ignore the evidence in favour of the definition.

The solution of the difficulties of Dr. Colenso, it may be naturally

ally inferred, will bear a similar analogy to the solution of the difficulties started by the drinker. Professor McCaul, in his 'Examination of Bishop Colenso's Difficulties,' meets the three we have selected, as follows :—

1. '*Succah* expresses the genus of which "booth" and "tent" are only species; and the great festival is called "the feast of *Succoth*" (tabernacles), and could not be called "the feast of *Ohalim*" (tents), for then the booths of the poor would be excluded, and it would seem as if Israel had dwelt in "tents" only.' (P. 49, People's Edition.)
2. 'The Hebrew *Seh*, translated "lamb," means not only the young of a sheep, but includes also a kid of the goats.' (P. 60.)
3. 'As to the Hebrew word *Chamushim*, Dr. Colenso does not assert, much less does he attempt to prove, that the sense "armed" is the only true and certain meaning. The meaning "armed" does not suit the context of Exod. xiii. 18. Its suiting the three other places where the word occurs, cannot outweigh the fact that it does not suit here.' (Pp. 53, 54.)

In like manner that Dr. McCaul thus repudiates the critical assumptions of Bishop Colenso, the temperance critics in the volume before us discard the parallel assumptions of their opponents. They assert that as man, spirit, angel, wife, and other generic words do not express the special character of the subjects to which they are applied, and of course do not fuse and amalgamate the differences of men, spirits, angels, and wives; so the mere occurrence of the generic word 'wine' cannot determine the special nature and quality of the product referred to; that being, if at all, determinable solely by the context. Dr. Nott duly notes the fact that eight or nine distinct Hebrew terms are unfortunately represented in our common version by the one word 'wine'; but the stress of the argument is found to rest on the generic term *yayin*, of which *ausis*, *hhamar*, *sobhe*, and *hhomets* are species. It would seem that no word for fermented wine, as such, existed, the nature of the 'wine' being gatherable from the predication concerning it. Just as in English, when we say of a drunken man, 'He is in liquor,' we leave the nature of the 'liquor' to be inferred from the ascription of the effect; so in Hebrew the phrase 'Wine is a mocker,' or 'Look not upon the wine,' sufficiently indicates the kind of wine. In other words, the nature of the case carries the implication of quality. Now the position of President Nott is this, that where Divine commendation is attached to wine, there is nothing in the context indicative of intoxicating quality, but frequently the reverse; while, on the other hand, there are many texts wherein wine is distinctly condemned as an evil, and represented as the source of deception, impurity, and sin.

Dr. Nott is not so well known in this country as he deserves to be. In America he became famous so far back as 1804, by a splendid funeral oration on the patriot, General Hamilton. He has been one of the most successful preachers of the century, and for above sixty successive years the President of Union College.

we write, the sands of his pure and noble life are running low ; he has reached a patriarchal age, full of honours as of years. The lectures before us have hitherto appeared without the benefit of any careful and competent editorship, and, unfortunately, not as they were originally delivered in the winter of 1838-39. This has necessitated a laborious recension by the English editor, who believes that he has now reduced the lectures very much to their original shape and texture, and freed the work from many errors and anachronisms of the previous editions. The whole general field of temperance is covered by these discourses, which display great breadth of view, and a firm grasp of the subject. Though wisely avoiding the subtleties of science and criticism, the author has not entirely ignored the physiological aspects of the question. The social aspects of the temperance movement are eloquently advocated, while for the youth of his land Dr. Nott manifests the profoundest interest. The following passage is a fair specimen of his style of appeal :—

‘Ye children of moderate drinking parents ; children of so many hopes, solitudes, and prayers ; the sin of drunkenness apart, here are two classes of men, and *two plans of life*, each proffered to your approbation, and submitted for your choice : The one class use intoxicating liquor, moderately indeed, still they use intoxicating liquor in some of its forms ; the other class use it in none of them. The one class, in consequence of such use, furnish all the drunkenness,—three-fourths of all the pauperism,—five-sixths of all the crime under the accumulating weight of which our country groans—pay an annual tribute in muscle and sinew, in intellect and virtue, ay, in the souls of men,—a mighty tribute, embodied in the persons of inebriates taken from the ranks of “moderate” drinkers, and delivered over to the jail, the madhouse, the house of correction, and the house of silence.

‘The other class pay no such tribute ; not even a portion of it. Other burdens of the community they share indeed, in common with their brethren ; a portion of their earnings goes [unjustly] to provide and furnish those abodes of woe and death which intoxicating liquors crowd with inmates ; but the inmates themselves are all trained in the society, instructed in the maxims, moulded by the customs, and finally delivered up from the ranks of the opposite party, the drinkers.

‘Now, beloved youth, which of these two modes of life will you adopt ? To which of these two classes will you attach yourselves ? Which, think you, is the safest, most noble, patriotic, Christian ? In one word, which will insure the purest bliss on earth, and afford the fairest prospect of admission into heaven ?

‘For the mere privilege of using intoxicating liquors moderately, are you willing to contribute your proportion annually to people the poor-house, the hospital, and the prison ? For such a privilege, are you willing to give up to death, or even to delirium tremens, a parent this year, a wife, child, brother, or sister the next, and the year thereafter a friend or neighbour ? Are you willing to see also the beggar’s rag, the convict’s fetters, and those other and more hideous forms of guilt and misery, the product of intemperance, which liken men to demons and earth to hell ? That frightful outward desolation, apparent in the person and home of the inebriate, is but an emblem of the still more frightful inward desolation. The comfortless abode, the sorrow-stricken family, the tattered garments, the palsy tread, the ghastly countenance and loathsome aspect, of the habitual drunkard, fill us with abhorrence. We shun his presence, and shrink instinctively from his polluting touch. But what are all these sad items which affect the outer man only, in comparison with the blighted hopes, the withered intellect, the debased propensities, the brutal appetites, the demonic passions, the defiled conscience ; in one word, in comparison with the sadder moral items which complete the frightful spectacle of a soul in ruins ; a soul deserted of God, from which the last lineaments of its Maker’s image

image have been utterly effaced; a soul scathed and riven, and standing forth already, as it will hereafter stand forth, frightful amid its ruins, a monument of wrath, and a warning to the universe?

'Be not deceived, nor fear to take the dimensions of the evils that threaten, or to look that destroyer in the face, which you are about to arm against yourselves. Not the solid rock withstands for ever the touch of water even, much less the living fibre that of alcohol. The habitual use of such liquors in small quantities prepares the way for their use in larger and yet larger quantities progressively. Such is the constitution of nature; it is preposterous, therefore, to *calculate* upon exemption.

'In the view of these facts and arguments, make up your mind deliberately, and having done so, say whether you are willing to take along with the habitual use of intoxicating liquors, bought, sold, and drunk among us, *the appalling [risk of] consequences*? Are you willing to do this? and if you are not, *stop*,—stop while you may, and where you can. In this descent to Hades there is no half-way house, no central resting-place. The movement once commenced, is ever [tending] onward and downward. The thirst once *created* is quenchless; the appetite induced, insatiable. You may not live to complete the process—but this know, that *it is naturally progressive*, and that with every successive sip from that fatal cup, it advances, imperceptibly indeed, still it advances, towards completion. You demented sot, once a moderate drinker, occupied the very ground you occupy, and looked down upon former sots, as you, a moderate drinker, now look down on him; and as future moderate drinkers may yet look down on you, and wonder.

"Facilis descensus Averni."

'We are social beings. No man liveth to himself. On the contrary, grouped together in various ways, each acts on each. Now, as formerly, it is the nature of vice, as well as virtue, to extend and perpetuate itself. Now, as formerly, the existing generation is giving the impress of its character to the generation to follow it—and now, as formerly, parents are by their conduct and their counsel, either weaving crowns to signalize their offspring in the heavens, or forging chains to be worn by them in hell.'

Not less effective, and even more eloquent and practical, is the following splendid eulogium on woman, which we also extract from the tenth and last lecture.

'Under God, I owe my early education, nay, all that I have been, or am, to the counsel and tutelage of a pious mother. It was her monitory voice that first taught my young heart to feel that there was danger in the intoxicating cup, and that safety lay in abstinence. And as no one is more indebted than myself to the kind of influence in question, so no one more fully realizes how decisively it bears upon the destinies of others.

'Full well I know, that by woman came the apostacy of Adam, and by woman the recovery through Jesus. It was a woman that imbued the mind and formed the character of Moses, Israel's deliverer,—it was a woman that led the choir, and gave back the response, of that triumphal procession which went forth to celebrate with timbrels, on the banks of the Red Sea, the overthrow of Pharaoh,—it was a woman that put Sisera to flight, that composed the song of Deborah and Barak, the son of Abinoam, and judged in righteousness, for years, the tribes of Israel,—it was a woman that defeated the wicked counsels of Haman, delivered righteous Mordecai, and saved a whole people from utter desolation.

'And not now to speak of Semiramis at Babylon, of Catharine of Russia, or of those queens of England whose joyous reigns constitute the brightest periods of British history, or of her, the patron of learning and morals, who now adorns the throne of the sea-girt isles; not here to speak of these, there are others of more sacred character of whom it were admissible even now to speak.

'The sceptre of empire is not the sceptre that best befits the hand of woman; nor is the field of carnage her field of glory. Home, sweet home, is her theatre of action, her pedestal of beauty and throne of power. On its bosom she sits to best advantage when on errands of love, and wearing the garb of domesticity.

'It was not woman who slept during the agonies of the dying hero.

woman who denied her Lord at the palace of Caiaphas; it was not woman who deserted his cross on the hill of Calvary. But it was woman that dared to testify her respect for his corpse, that procured spices for embalming it, and that was found last at night, and first in the morning, at his sepulchre. Time has neither impaired her kindness, shaken her constancy, nor changed her character. Now, as formerly, she is most ready to enter, and most reluctant to leave, the abode of misery. Now, as formerly, it is her office, and well it has been sustained, to stay the fainting head, wipe from the dim eye the tear of anguish, and from the cold forehead the dew of death.

'This is not unmerited praise. I have too much respect for the character of woman, to use elsewhere the language of adulation, and too much self-respect to use such language here. I would not, if I could, persuade those of the sex who hear me, to become the public clamorous advocates of even temperance. It is the influence of their declared approbation; of their open, willing, visible example, enforced by that soft, persuasive, colloquial eloquence which, in some hallowed retirement and chosen moments, exerts such controlling influence over the hard, cold heart of man, especially over a husband's, a son's, or a brother's heart; it is this influence which we need;—an influence chiefly known by the gradual kindly transformation of character it produces, and which, in its benign effects, may be compared to the noiseless balmy influence of Spring, shedding, as it silently advances, renovation over every hill, and dale, and glen, and islet, and changing, throughout the whole range of animated nature, Winter's rugged and unsightly forms, into the forms of vernal loveliness and beauty.

'It is not yours to wield the club of Hercules or bend Achilles' bow. But though it is not, still you have a heaven-appointed armour, as well as a heaven-appointed theatre of action. The look of tenderness, the eye of compassion, the lip of entreaty, are yours; and yours, too, are the decisions of taste, yours the omnipotence of fashion. You can, therefore—I speak of those who have been the favourites of fortune, and who occupy the high places of society—you can change the terms of social intercourse and alter the current opinions of the community. You can remove, at once and for ever, temptation from the saloon, the drawing-room, the dining-table. This is your empire, the empire over which God and the usages of mankind have given you dominion. Here, within these limits, and without transgressing that modesty which is heaven's own gift and woman's brightest ornament, you may exert a benign, kindly, mighty influence. Here you have but to speak the word, and one chief source of the mother's, the wife's, and the widow's sorrows will, throughout the circle in which you move, be dried up for ever. Nor throughout that circle only. The families around you and beneath you will feel the influence of your example, descending on them in blessings like the dews of heaven that descend on the mountains of Zion; and drunkenness, loathsome drunkenness, driven by the moral power of your decision from all the abodes of reputable society, will be compelled to exist, if it exist at all, only among those vulgar and ragged wretches who, shunning the society of woman, herd together in the bar-room and the grogery.*

'Why, then, should less than this be achieved? To purify the conscience, to bind up the broken-hearted, to remove temptation from the young, to minister consolation to the aged, and kindle joy in every bosom throughout her appointed theatre of action, befits alike a woman's and a mother's agency—and since God has put it in your power to do so much, are you willing to be responsible for the consequences of leaving it undone?

With the editor of this pruned and corrected edition, we think that it is fitting that this work of Dr. Nott should find a place in the libraries of England. It will fill up a vacant niche in the literary and historical temple of temperance, and, we may hope, will result in much practical benefit to the public, both of conviction and confirmation.

* What a noble illustration of the power of woman to save even from these lowest recesses is given by the labours of our Wightmans, Baylys, and Marshes!

ART. VI.—FROM NEW YORK TO LONDON.

TO those to whom the sea is a source of dread and suffering it is impossible to convey an idea of the delight experienced on the ocean by one who comes of a race of sailors, and has never experienced the *mal de mer*. We are happiest when, with a gentle wind and a warm sun, we are in a latitude far enough southward to see the dolphins playing about the good ship ; it is then that we can appreciate the *dolce far niente*, and feel ourselves *en rapport* with the lazzaroni. Preparatory to embarking, we always project an immense amount of writing to be accomplished during the voyage, and as invariably, when it is completed, find that our stock of stationery is as stainless as when we embarked. It is a blessed provision that we cannot work on board a vessel, not on account of its motion, but because the hazy atmosphere, the constant change of interesting phenomena, and, above all, the sense of immunity from toil, make the voyage a holiday for the brain. It would be a good thing if all whose avocations compel them to think and write or speak, were occasionally obliged to spend a few weeks at sea ; provided, however, that they be able to overcome the nausea with which many are troubled, although generally but for a few hours. The expense of an Atlantic voyage is but little greater than that incurred by a sojourn at the seaside. We have been luxuriously fed and comfortably lodged in the cabin of a first-class packet-ship for thirty days at a cost of fifteen pounds, or ten shillings a day, including a transit of three thousand miles and an exemption from all the duties of correspondence, the excitement of public interests, and the routine of toil, which at times become irksome to the strongest and most enthusiastic. Nor is monotony to be feared ; the ocean teems with ever-changing forms of life and beauty ; its moods range from the grandeur of sublimity to the most soothing symbolism of peace. He who at night-time can watch the glittering phosphorescence in the wake of a vessel, making the sea look as though the ship were ploughing up diamonds, and have no rising of the beautiful in his soul, or the reverential in his heart, must be a dull and insensate animal indeed.

We have intimated that during a voyage the mind is pervaded with a sense of rest ; that the more active parts of the intellect, the tired and weary creative faculties of thought, seem to go to sleep ; but it by no means follows that observation must be dormant, or that there are not impressive lessons to be learned by the moralist. Indeed, from the newness of his position, the man who would ameliorate the condition of society will find a rich field for reflection, a stimulus for renewed exertion, and, it may be, a wholesome

repetition of the injunction, 'Be not weary in well-doing.' We may perhaps be permitted to offer, in a form partly that of narrative, some of the suggestions which have recently come to us in this way.

Time was of minor importance; we therefore waited in New York for the sailing of a vessel which we knew to be a good one. While thus delayed we had daily occasion—or, rather, having nothing else to do, took occasion—to visit the pier where the vessel was lying. In doing this we were compelled to pass through some of the worst portions of that astonishing city which, great in splendour, is also great in filth. Our route led us through the celebrated Five Points, which, notwithstanding the vast amount of good that has been accomplished there by earnest and devoted men, is still such a blot upon humanity as few cities are cursed with. Here were to be seen the lowest forms of vice in all their naked deformity. Within two minutes' walk of the marble palaces which adorn Broadway is a population squalid, reckless, hardened, and thoroughly brutalized. Herding together promiscuously in foul cellars are thieves, courtesans, and beggars. At midday, or midnight, may be heard the creaking of miserable violins, the stamping of feet, and the shouting of blasphemies from dancing-cellars—places below the level of the street, where you may buy a pennyworth of alcoholic poison; and then, by passing beyond a dirty curtain into an inner apartment, witness such scenes as might make Satan blush. In the streets were scores of children, ragged, dirty, and starved-looking; born in crime, reared in crime, and destined, many of them, to die in crime. And all this in Christian America! in spite of efforts, the number and extent of which are almost incredible; for we desire to bear testimony to the untiring efforts that are made to ameliorate the condition of these people. Large funds are always easily obtained for the work, and willing labourers are ever striving to perform it. Every year both adults and children are rescued from degradation, and every year fresh recruits fill their places. There is scarcely an able-bodied man who, reeling past you, belches forth horrid blasphemies, that might not, if disposed, earn wages which, to an English labouring man, would seem fabulous; or, better still, by emigrating to the western territories, might become entitled to forty acres of land, with the privilege of purchasing as much more as he pleased at the rate of six shillings and threepence per acre, and thus lay the foundation for a respectable family, instead of cursing society with a progeny of dissolute thieves and prostitutes. Is it necessary to add that most of this fearful amount of human misery and sin is produced by DRINK? New York is to America like a huge sieve, against which emigration is daily hurling thousands of human characters; the thrifty and sober, the finer particles, passing through it and finding

finding their way to the forests and prairies where they are useful; the vicious and the unwary, detained by its wires, obtain, in such places as we have described, either a renewal of the haunts they have frequented in the old world, or a temptation which, step by step, leads them down to the level of the lowest.

If the reader will pardon a little further digression, we will mention that on one of our visits to this locality, in one of its worst dens, where we should have feared to venture without a policeman, we found an old man, whose remnant of gentlemanly appearance impressed us very much; and upon inquiry we were informed that he had been educated in one of the leading institutions in England, that he was conversant with seven languages, and was a man of genius. When we saw him he was literally without a shirt, and wore a thin coat buttoned up; his eyes were inflamed, his limbs tottered, and it was evident he must soon fill a pauper's grave. We refer to this case because, since we have been in England, we have been to the place of learning he named, have examined the records, and find that at the date he gave, a person of the name he mentioned did graduate with honour.

From this huge nest of depravity we make our way to the piers, so called, for there are no docks in New York, the width and depth of the North and East Rivers being such as to permit the largest class of vessels to lie close to the streets which run along the bank of either river. Here we find the usual throng of riggers, stevedores, 'longshoremen,' drunken sailors, and land-sharks, until we are thankful to find ourselves at last in our quiet cabin, and to be informed that the ship is to be immediately 'hailed out into the stream,' supposing, in the innocence of our heart, that that process involves the immediate commencement of our voyage. Vain delusion! we had yet another page in the record of human wrong and misery to learn before we left New York.

For seven days the vessel remained in 'the stream.' At first we were disposed to think this was to enable us to study fortification, for we were near Fort Lafayette—a sullen, yellow building, in which political prisoners are confined; but we soon discovered that our captain had difficulty in procuring a crew, and in order to be sure of those he had obtained, he took this method of preventing their running away. This seemed surprising in view of the large wages which were offered—ten pounds for the voyage to Liverpool. Supposing the time occupied to be a month, this would be equivalent to 2*l.* 10*s.* a week, with board and lodging—a compensation, one would think, sufficiently tempting to insure plenty of applicants. Inquiry revealed the cause of the apparent dearth of seamen, and at the same time disclosed one of the most hideous results of the liquor-traffic.

Be it known to the philanthropic that there is in New York a regularly organized system of kidnapping, a thoroughly systematized traffic in white slaves. A similar iniquity exists in London and Liverpool.* Day after day we observed boats coming to the side of the vessel, generally with some strange-looking bundle of what seemed to be old clothing in the bottom of them; then a rope would be lowered, and the bundle being drawn up would prove to be a sailor in a state of drunken insensibility. To our inquiries we invariably received the reply, 'Oh! he has been *Shanghaied*'—an elucidation of the fact probably as intelligible to the reader as originally it was to us; but, although a slang phrase, containing matter for grave and sad consideration.

'The Shanghai trade' may be thus described:—As soon as a vessel from Europe arrives in the harbour of New York it is surrounded by boats containing 'runners,' (or agents,) for the boarding-houses, who press the hospitalities of their respective establishments upon the crew; the inducements held out are such as are most likely to allure an improvident seaman into the net of these human spiders—plenty of whiskey, a new suit of clothes, fiddling, dancing, and company of a kind that shall be nameless. Should the victim have chanced to have saved from the clutches of the Liverpool pirate a little money, this is soon disposed of; but the keeper of the boarding-house, with a generosity rare in these days, assures his marine friend that payment is of no consequence; and so for a day or two the poor fellow lives in riot, until his owner chooses to sell him; then he is either helplessly intoxicated or drugged, and in this condition is entered as a seaman on some outward-bound vessel. Now it must be understood that it is customary to give the sailor an advance note for a certain amount—in this case for 10*l*. The object of this is, that he may furnish himself with suitable clothing, and, if he have a family, that he may provide for them during his absence. This note, then, is the prize for which the boarding-house keeper contends, and which he usually obtains. When his victim is shipped, he gives him a few shillings' worth of clothing, and pockets the money the man has yet to earn. In one of the cases on this very ship a man was only two days in the boarding-house, and was mulcted of forty dollars (8*l*.). To conceive of the enormity of this system of plunder, and the risk to which it subjects merchants and underwriters—to say no more of its moral bearing—we must imagine a ship crossing the Atlantic in midwinter, when the sails and ropes are one mass of ice, and when it would be supposed that only the most experienced and well-provided mariners would be intrusted with the immense values comprised in ships and cargoes. On the contrary, it is not

* The note at the end of this article shows that these are not the only ports cursed by this dreadful custom.

uncommon for the crew to consist of a ragged company of landmen, with two or three practical seamen. Through ice, snow, storms, and fogs the vessel must grope her way to her distant port. Some of the crew are frozen, some are benumbed and fall overboard, and not unfrequently the ship is never heard of after her departure.

It would be wrong to suppose that no efforts have been made to abate this crime against society; indeed, its saddest aspect is borrowed from the fact that so much has been attempted and apparently so little accomplished. The merchant princes of the American metropolis have established sailors' homes, missions, Bethels, &c., without number; but vice has been a successful competitor with virtue, and there are hundreds of men constantly working on packet-ships whose only reward is a few days of riot in New York or Liverpool, as the case may be. They are, in consequence of their appetites, as truly the slaves of these boarding-house keepers as though their skin were black and they were in the Southern States of America. The merchants and underwriters are not unaware of this evil, as we have indicated, and, besides the ameliorating instrumentalities mentioned above, they have made several attempts to provide themselves with sober and efficient crews without the intervention of boarding and shipping-masters, but the combination of the latter has always proved too powerful. Rather than let the sailors reap the fruit of their toil, they have been known to keep numbers of them in a state of drunkenness for weeks, so as to cause a scarcity of men, and prevent the sailing of vessels until owners were forced to come to terms. Poor Jack! when will he learn wisdom enough to keep out of the jaws of the land-sharks? And yet, instead of being as low in the social scale as the enslaved African, he might, by the use of such prudence and economy as are adopted by men of other callings, be prosperous, and in time secure a competence. Indeed, many do this; for the sailor has this advantage, that in addition to good wages he has his board and lodging provided for him.

One remedy for 'The Shanghai Trade' seems to be feasible enough, and it is surprising that it has never been adopted. It is, to apply the same rule to the crew which obtains with regard to the emigrant passengers. Let there be a Government agent appointed, in whose presence the sailor must sign the ship's articles; let the advance note be deposited with this agent; and before the sailing of the ship make it compulsory for the boarding-master to exhibit a bill of items of his claim in the presence of the man. In this way the seaman would be protected from extortion, and it would be the duty of the official to see that the man was in a condition to comprehend what he was doing, while it would be impossible to evade this scrutiny, because the ship could not sail without its articles.

If we have lingered long at the port of departure, it has been because we suppose the readers of 'Meliora' are more interested in such reflection of facts as we have given, than in mere description of travel. At last we lose sight of land, and our first care is to ascertain the characteristics of the captain, the crew, and the passengers, for upon these depends our comfort for the coming month, and possibly our life. The captain claims the first consideration, for his courtesy or want of it may make us happy or miserable. His sobriety or drunkenness may determine our safety or danger. We can conceive of no more intolerable position than that of being penned up in the cabin of a ship with a coarse, vulgar, and brutal captain. In a thousand petty ways he can annoy those over whom, for the time being, he has despotic power. The best specimen of total depravity we have ever encountered was in the person of a captain of a Liverpool packet-ship, whose profanity and brutal treatment of his crew made his vessel a perfect pandemonium. He still lives to persecute passengers and tyrannise over the helpless men whom he may command. At another time we thought the great wheel of compensation had rewarded us for our thirty days of suffering in the proximity of this wretch, by placing us under the care of one of the most urbane and kindly-disposed of men, who was continually exerting himself for the comfort of his passengers, and always treated his sailors as if he regarded them as human beings. We have a very kindly remembrance of him, and a deep sympathy with the respectable family to which he belonged, over whom his ultimate fate cast a dark shadow, which after the lapse of years still lingers about their otherwise cheerful home. Like many other warmhearted, excellent men, he had one failing—he drank. Our voyage was outward bound, and owing to his negligence in consequence of his devotion to the bottle, we were saved from shipwreck as almost by a miracle. On the next voyage from Liverpool, owing to the same cause, his ship, one of the most beautiful we have ever seen, was lost on the Blackwater shoals, on the coast of Ireland, and himself and four hundred and eight passengers found a watery grave, thirteen of the crew only escaping. To an old Atlantic voyager, therefore, it becomes a matter of great importance to ascertain, if he can, whether the master of the vessel is a courteous and temperate man. Fortunately for us on this occasion we found no reason to doubt the existence of either of these qualifications, for to a most genial temperament Captain M—— added strict rectitude of moral conduct. Always merry himself, there was to a despondent invalid something so cheery in his laugh that he seemed to bring sunshine and health with him; while no woman could have been more tender or considerate for our wants, and more often than he can ever be aware of, his presence has banished from our state-room the grimmest

grimmiest of private skeletons. We next devoted our attention to the crew; and found the mate to be a warmhearted and intelligent soul, enclosed in a very rough casket. Instead of with curses and blows, he punished the misdoers amongst the crew with ridicule. Thus a sallow-complexioned native of the Azores who had displeased him was ever after known as 'the black and tan'; a spindle-legged boy for some offence was dubbed 'the pelican'; another, making his first voyage, having exhibited himself in a very bright yellow suit of oil clothing, at a time when the mate thought it effeminate to seek such protection from the elements, was strictly enjoined thereafter to answer to no name but that of 'canary bird.' But the fire of the mate's witticisms fell chiefly upon a poor lame Indian of the 'Gay-Head' tribe, who had been shipped as an able seaman by some trickery of the New York shipping agents, and who from his infirmity was of course of little use. This poor fellow received appellations innumerable, but was mostly known as 'The Gorilla,' 'Own brother to the What-is-it,' and was constantly incited to diligence by the objurgation—the nearest approach to profanity we ever heard from the lips of the officer in question—'The curse of Mahomet's black dog rest upon you;' a denunciation as original as it was unintelligible. Amongst the crew we found a full illustration of what we have stated about 'The Shanghai Trade,' for of twenty-two men only one man had actually received the money belonging to him; the others having all been put on board in a state of drunkenness, and being utterly unable to give any account of their ten pounds beyond the usual statement, 'I got on a spree, sir, and my boarding-house keeper shipped me and kept my advance note.' The man we have spoken of as an exception is a good illustration of what a common sailor may accomplish if sober and prudent. He had been 'following the sea' for many years as a common sailor, was totally illiterate, but had managed to obtain an education for a large family, and owned a farm in America. He was now making a few voyages in order to earn money for the purchase of more land, and in his own laconic way he said: 'You see, sir, I don't drink none of their rum; when I wants a ship I can always get a good berth, and am sure to be well treated, because I make my own bargain, and many of the skippers know old Lewis; and I tells all these fellows they might do the same, and have a good home to go to, instead of being treated worse than dogs in them New York and Liverpool cellars.—Lord, sir, I could spin you some queer yarns about the doings in them there places—but it's the drink what does it, that's it, it's the drink what does it;' and we thought old Lewis, who did afterwards spin us 'some queer yarns,' had uttered a volume of truth in his homely way.


Leaving the deck, we must now descend to the cabin. Our
experience

experience in the Atlantic steamers and packet-ships has settled our acceptance of a theory long since formed, that there are certain types of character one must always expect to find on board, the most prominent of which is formed by the invalids; some confirmed and incurable, wildly voyaging in search of the fabled fountain of health, wandering from country to country in quest of a miracle of healing, and often dying far from home and friends; others seeking to hasten the period of their transit from convalescence to restored health; and always one or more who excite both pity and annoyance by the dolorous repetition of their imaginary ailments. Then we must expect to meet the disappointed speculator outward bound from England in the cabin of a steamer, homeward bound in the steerage of a packet. He is of the class who imagine that all that is necessary is to present themselves in a new country and their fortune is made, and who return with a firm conviction that the whole system of emigration is an immense and well-organized fraud; forgetful that America, Canada, Australia, and the colonies require men of earnest purpose, of stout thews and sinews, and of steady industry, and that to such—and only such—the new countries offer a sure reward. Besides these, there are of course those whom the commerce of the two countries compels to make frequent trips, those who play the part of the busy shuttle in the loom of trade, wherein is woven that fabric of international interest which it is to be hoped may long protect and adorn the fair form of international peace.

On the voyage of which we are speaking, we encountered the inevitable hypochondriac. We have never crossed the Atlantic without having one of his tribe for a fellow-passenger; but of all we have ever met this specimen surpassed in absurdity the rest. He was a man who would make the fortune of any first-class humorist who should faithfully daguerreotype his eccentricities. His history, as told by himself, was briefly this: he had left his native Ireland some forty years ago, and had been for many years engaged in the high calling of a schoolmaster, in the western state of Indiana. Judging from the reckless manner wherewith he rejected the commonly received canons of English grammar, and the remarkable originality and boldness with which he controverted all the usually adopted teachings of natural philosophy, the education of that particular portion of the United States must be of a very peculiar kind. His principal disease seemed to be a chronic eruption of controversy. It mattered not what topic his unfortunate fellow-passengers happened to broach, he was always ready to dispute their statements. No reasoning could convince, and no citation of authorities silence him. If one spoke of the telescope, he maintained that the credit of that invention was due to Sir Humphrey Davis. When the extent of the atmosphere surrounding

ing the globe happened to be suggested, he insisted that it spread only three quarters of a mile above us. He held a long argument with the mate to convince the latter that he was quite wrong in supposing the parallels of longitude to run from north to south, and he declared his utter want of faith in 'Bowditch's Tables of the Sun's Polar Distance.' In short, he avowed a scepticism as to everything, except phrenology, hydropathy, vegetarianism, and his own miserable health, giving practical evidence of his devotion to the first, by describing hitherto unheard-of organs; to the second, by a scrupulous avoidance of the wash-basin; to the third, by a daily consumption of enormous quantities of fresh pork; and to the last by a steady devotion to a private bottle.

But what boots it to speak of the voyage, with the usual accompaniments of calms and gales; of transition from the fogs and rains of the banks of Newfoundland to the warm and sunny latitudes near the Azores; of the glorious sights of sunrising, and starlit nights, when heaven and ocean seemed to vie with each other in brilliancy; of the shipboard excitements produced by 'schools' of porpoises and dolphins; of the strange pleasure of greeting passing ships; of the joy when the first land is reported in sight, and the eager interest with which some old provincial paper, purchased at a fabulous price of a fisherman in the Channel, is perused; and of the strange sensation with which we once more set foot on the solid earth? We arrive; and passing through the gates of the London Docks we soon find ourselves in Ratcliffe Highway. But we feel as if we were dreaming, for here we see the same sights, and hear the same sounds, that thirty days ago we left behind in New York. Here are the same drunken sailors, bold-featured, outcast women, dirty, ragged, starved children; the same orgies with the same attendants are here in London that we witnessed in the Five Points. The whole Atlantic Ocean has not been wide enough to separate us from sin and crime. We grow despondent. Can it be that God has ordered all this? Are we to commiserate these foul beings, or ascribe their miseries to that stern governmental necessity whose iron wheel transports the prosperity of nations over the crushed forms of its agents? Are we to look at the world from a calm philosophic point of view, and regard it as a vast complex machine, whose ponderous beams and shafts, lubricated with human tears, go groaning on through successive generations? Must our palaces rest upon the bones of the toiling millions? Does the tremendous aggregate of wrong, suffering, and vice in this world, demonstrate that there are certain portions of the human race created only to labour and perish? Away with such thoughts! They are atheistic. Beneath all this foul mass of corruption the lineaments of a God-given humanity are somewhere hidden. Vice seems to be strong; but God is omnipotent.



Out of every one of these filthy cellars; out of the mouth of each of these brawlers; from every den of iniquity; from the fore-castle of every ship, comes to you as the echo of a God-message, 'Say not ye there are yet four months and then cometh harvest; behold I say unto you, Lift up your eyes and look upon the fields, for they are white already unto harvest.' Not despondency but courage is the lesson; that courage which succeeds because it ignores difficulties, echoing reverently the Almighty fiat, *Let it be made, and it is made*; so that out of the blackest chaos comes a new fair world, over which, as the sun gilds the hill-tops of a redeemed and exalted humanity, the angels sing together for joy.

NOTE.—The following letter, recently published in the 'Sunderland Herald,' gives further details of the frightful 'Shanghai' system described in the above article:—

'SIR,—Observing in your last week's paper a paragraph headed "Manning Ships at Liverpool," and attributing the loss of many outward-bound vessels to the drunkenness and incapacities of the crews, and the disgraceful manner in which many of the seamen are put on board, will you allow me just to make some remarks on the evil complained of for the benefit of all concerned, as I have long felt much upon the subject, and have been endeavouring in various ways for many years to put it down and to raise and benefit our seamen.

'The evil referred to is a trade, and a hellish system of human traffic carried on by low, unprincipled parties on account of the drinking propensities and improvident, debauched habits of many who call themselves sailors, and who are a disgrace to the profession, and to the sober, intelligent, and well-behaved mariner.

'The desertion of seamen from their vessels after having signed articles and obtained an advance note, and consequently the employment of "substitutes" just as the vessel is about to sail, appear now to have become a very serious and growing evil throughout the country; and no one can rightly estimate the vast amount of loss sustained not only by shipowners, but by sailors' homes and other boarding establishments that have to do with seamen.

'The villanous system, then, of "Shanghaiing" seamen has long been in operation in the American ports, and practised to a fearful extent at times, both in that country, England, and elsewhere, as many a sailor knows to his sorrow and ruin. Indeed it is considered that such is the difficulty to get certain vessels manned, that unless the system of "Shanghaiing" the men were resorted to they would not get manned at all. This work is done by low, unprincipled parties, who make it their business, or are employed, to obtain seamen under certain conditions, those being, generally, that they obtain one or two months' advance of wages for each sailor, which amounts frequently to a considerable sum. Here, then, is the temptation and the motive power by which the parties are urged on to such base and dishonourable acts towards seamen. This and other similar evils, then, are now being carried on not only in America, Liverpool, and elsewhere, but even in Sunderland.

'The traffic and villany alluded to are carried on in a variety of ways, from the homeward-bound sailor paid off with plenty of money, to the sailor hard up and in need of a ship. A few instances or facts will best illustrate the evil, and may be a warning to seamen.

¶ A young sailor not long since was decoyed and drugged in London by the crimps, on being paid off from a long voyage, even before he could reach his parents, who lived in the metropolis. He and a shipmate both became insensible. His shipmate died, and when at last he awoke he found himself wrapped in rags and straw, and his companion dead by his side. He arose and bent his way home, moneyless and almost lifeless, and when met in the passage and asked of his trouble, he lifted up his hands and said, "Don't speak to me now, I cannot bear it; speak to me to-morrow."

'A few

'A few years ago, a sailor belonging to an English barque at New York stepped on shore one day, and was accosted by a party, who got into conversation with him, and then invited him to partake of a glass. They went together into a public-house, and in a few hours he found himself on board of an American vessel bound for San Francisco, without a single article of clothing, except what he had on. The fact was that he was "Shanghaed" while the party obtained two months' advance for the job, being about twenty-four dollars.

'Some time since a Scotch vessel lay in Calais, and two of the sailors went on shore, and they were drugged and "Shanghaed" on board of an American vessel about to sail, but they came to their senses in time, and reasoned with the captain, and showed him their vessel at a distance, but all to no effect. The captain had paid the money down for his men, and he must keep them if possible. But Jack was not to be done in this way, and he made a desperate leap overboard and struck out for his own vessel, which he reached in safety, after which the other was rescued also.

'I could also give the particulars of some who have been "Shanghaed" in Sunderland, and put on board in a state of insensibility and by deception, knowing just nothing in reference to any transaction between them and the captain of the ship. It would be easy for me to fill pages with instances and tales of woe and sorrow similar to the above; but I fear that I have trespassed already too much, and will only add that surely the evils that exist, and are so detrimental to the sailor and ruinous to the shipowner, merchant, and others, ought to call forth all our energies to the right employment of all those agencies that are calculated to promote the improvement of seamen, and to secure their salvation.

'Yours, &c.,

'JAMES MILNE.

'*Sailors' Home, May 26, 1863.*'

ART. VII.—REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

Observations on Some of the Causes of Infanticide. By George Greaves, M.R.C.S. Manchester: Cave and Sever, Hunt's Bank.

Excessive Infant Mortality, How can it be Stayed? To which is added, *A Short Paper on Infant Alimentation, or Artificial Feeding as a substitute for Breast-milk, considered in its physical and social aspects.* By M. A. Baines. London: John Churchill and Sons, New Burlington Street.

WE have read, with gratitude to the writer, the thoughtful and soundly-based argument of Mr. Greaves. A grave, but, as we fear, a very true allegation, is that which he advances against the present generation in this country, that in forms not recognized as criminal by the law, or as immoral by public opinion, 'proicide prevails to a fearful extent, and society, by some of its customs, and still more by the want of sound principles, not very indirectly sanctions, and even instigates, the commission of the offences which it occasionally punishes with great severity.' Mr. Greaves, in fact, believes that there is, more or less per-

vading all ranks of society, by far too low an estimate of the sanctity of foetal and infantine life, and that, until a better tone of public feeling shall prevail, we shall in vain endeavour by penal enactments to prevent crimes which from time to time occur to the disgrace of humanity.

By the law of England, as it now stands, the killing of an unborn child is not murder; although if the child die after birth from injuries wilfully inflicted before or during birth, the crime may be treated as murder. But it must be proved that the child has been actually and fully born alive; and the fact of its having breathed is held to be no conclusive proof that it has been so born. There must be an independent circulation in the child before it can be accounted alive. The unscientific character of these dicta of the law is forcibly exposed by Mr. Greaves. He justly protests against the distinction set up between 'medical' (or rather, physiological) and legal life. 'In trying a case in which a child was found with its head nearly severed from its body, and in which the mother

cal evidence clearly proved that the child had respired, a learned judge directed the jury that, before they returned a verdict of guilty, they must be satisfied that the child was completely born, otherwise it might *medically* be a living child, but it was not one *legally*. The jury acquitted the prisoner. Mr. Greaves puts his conclusion very strongly. He says that it is thus shown that in the eye of the law of England it is no crime to strangle a child with a cord, to smash its skull with a hammer, or to cut its throat from ear to ear, the child being, in every sense of the word except the legal sense, fully alive, if only it be as yet not completely born! 'The *locus in quo* of a part of the victim constitutes the sole difference between an atrocious crime and an act to which no shade of criminality attaches.'

Of course one very certain result of this state of the law,—law being necessarily and inevitably a schoolmaster,—is that the public mind is silently impressed that the life of an unborn or partly born child is of no value, has no sanctity, and may be let slip or taken with impunity and almost without impropriety, 'provided that any injury inflicted be sufficient to at once destroy life. This last qualification is important. As has already been shown, if injuries be criminally inflicted on a child during birth, and the child be born alive, and afterwards die from the injuries so caused, the person who inflicted them is liable to punishment as a murderer. To insure impunity the deed must not be done by halves.'

The work of misinformation thus initiated by the lawyer is taken up by jurists, who commonly, by their verdicts, show a sad want of the feeling of the sacredness of infant life. The law, again, takes no cognizance of still-born children. No registration of these is provided for, no inquests are held upon them, and they are buried without funeral rites. Mr. Greaves says he has good reason to believe that facts lead to the suspicion that in certain districts of the metropolis an organized system of feticide is in operation, sheltered by the allegation of still-birth. 'It is said that a certain number of female practitioners, when engaged by a pregnant woman to attend her, inquire whether she wishes for a living child or not, adding that their fee for

the delivery of a living child is so much; for one still-born so much more. If an instance of the practice thus indicated were detected, it would, while the maxims of law already referred to continue in force, be impossible to punish the offender, provided she did her work effectually.'

The melancholy laxity of feeling on the part even of many ladies with regard to miscarriage, which is carelessly risked, and even courted by some, is also dwelt upon by Mr. Greaves. He admits, however, that for much of the disregard for foetal life of which he complains medical men are responsible. 'The too great readiness of some obstetric practitioners to resort, in difficult cases, to modes of treatment which involve the loss of the life of the child, rather than to those which give it a chance of life, must have reacted on society at large, and especially the female portion of it.' The efforts of Dr. Radford (of Manchester) to promote greater reverence for life in this matter are honourably mentioned.

On the topic of wet nursing Mr. Greaves speaks nobly, and we are so pleased with his remarks, that we must venture upon some rather long quotations. Let fathers and mothers read and ponder the following:—

'There is one other mode in which I regret to say that the influence, and even the direct teaching, of medical men have had, and still continue to have, a powerful effect in the direction in question. Whenever, from any cause, a mother in the middle or higher ranks of society is unable to nurse her child, or the child does not appear to thrive on the nutriment with which she supplies it, it is the almost universal custom to recommend the employment of a person who shall perform the mother's function,—in other words, to engage a wet-nurse. On the recommendation, and, too often, by the direct exertions of the medical attendant, a woman is found who, for a consideration, is willing to resign to others the care of her own child, and to become a vicarious mother to the child of her wealthy neighbour. The arrangement, in most instances, appears to be most successful. An infant, apparently at the brink of death, speedily becomes healthy and vigorous. The poor mother, almost worn out by her fruitless efforts to perform her duty, soon regains her strength, and the whole family are full of

of gratitude to the nurse, and, above all, to the doctor.

But there is another side of the picture. What has become of the wet-nurse's own babe? Let us follow its fortunes. In a miserable hovel, situated in a dark entry, in the worst part of some large town, a miserable infant lies on the knees of an old woman, who is cramming into its mouth, with a spoon, food of a kind which its stomach is utterly unable to digest. With the morbid appetite which its condition gives rise to, the child takes the food greedily, and then sinks into a half-torpid slumber, to wake again in an hour or two, screaming with the agonies of indigestion. It is either fed again, or most probably a soothing dose of some narcotic medicine is administered, which produces a much longer interval of torpor. From this the child wakes, unrefreshed, feverish, and thirsty. Its cries are silenced by more food, followed by another dose of physic. The effects of such treatment soon manifest themselves. The child, previously, perhaps, a very embodiment of health and vigour, begins to pine; its limbs waste, and its belly becomes protuberant. Diarrhoea sets in, convulsions follow; and after a longer or shorter period of suffering, it dies, a victim to the unwillingness of the parents of the child which has usurped its place to accept their providential lot.

Plainly and broadly stated, but without exaggeration, this is what is occurring continually around us. How frequently we see an advertisement for a wet-nurse. There is kept, at a certain place in a populous town which I shall not designate by name, a register of wet-nurses. I had, not many days since, an opportunity of examining that register, and found that, in the course of the last year, two hundred women had signified their readiness to desert their own offspring, for the care of that of others. That register has, to my knowledge, been open for the last twenty years, at least; it may have existed thirty, forty, or fifty years. Let us try to conceive the amount of misery and death which it has occasioned; the numbers of innocent babes who have been tortured into a premature grave. The women are, in an immense proportion of instances, unmarried. They have little or no maternal affection for the child which has caused them only suffering and sorrow and

anxiety for the future. They gladly see it consigned to the care of a stranger, concern themselves little with its welfare, and hear of its death with indifference. Not to dwell on the other evils of this system, is it possible to conceive of a method better calculated to impress the minds of the classes from which wet-nurses are taken with the utter worthlessness of the life of an illegitimate child? The law threatens, although it most rarely inflicts, its severest punishment for the destruction of a child by violence; but public opinion, which they regard far more than the law, sanctions and rewards the abandonment of a child to a fate which, though slower in its accomplishment, is almost equally sure.

Let it not be supposed, from what has now been said, that it is not possible by hand-feeding to succeed in rearing a child. If the child has a tolerably good constitution, it is not usually very difficult; but the ignorance pervading all ranks of society, and especially the [lower ranks, as to the proper modes of artificial feeding is so great, that the attempt usually fails. The Coroners' courts furnish us with melancholy, but unmistakeable, evidence on this head. In the course of the years 1859, 1860, and 1861, in the portion of the county of Lancaster which immediately surrounds Manchester, and which includes, besides the suburbs of Manchester, one or two considerable towns, and several large villages, inquests were held on 256 infants, aged one year and under. Of this number, 61 were ascertained to be illegitimate. But, of the remainder, 21 are described as "newly-born: parentage uncertain." It is perfectly fair to conclude that these also were the offspring of vice. Adding these, then, to the 61 ascertained to have been illegitimate, we are led to the conclusion that, of 256 infants on whom inquests were held in the years named, nearly one-third were born out of wedlock.

We learn, from the Registrar-General's Report for 1858, that in that year the illegitimate births in Lancashire were 6·9 per cent. Why, then, of the infants dying under suspicious circumstances, in this neighbourhood, is one in every three, instead of one in fourteen, illegitimate? The immense disproportion may, in part, be accounted for by the fact that, of the infants reported to have died suddenly, the

coroners

coroners hold inquests on all whose mothers are unmarried, while, in reference to those born in wedlock, they exercise some discretion. Still, making every allowance for the effect of this regulation, can we doubt that, in the excess of the illegitimate, we see the miserable result of the unnatural and immoral system which I wish, with all the force of language, to denounce,—the system which bribes the unwedded mother to desert her own child for the care of another's? These abandoned children are almost invariably dry-nursed. Improper feeding, the too early administration of farinaceous food, and the drugging which that involves, tell most fearfully against infant life, in the first six months of existence; and, as we have seen in the Table on a preceding page, far more than half of those on whom inquests are held perish before attaining their sixth month. The verdict, instead of "death from natural causes," or "convulsions," ought, in many of the instances, to be "poisoned by indigestible food," if not "died from the neglect of the mother."

'But granting artificial feeding to be as easy as, without special instructions, it is confessedly difficult, no sane person will pretend that it is equally safe—that it gives the child an equal chance of life. Now I maintain, that no man has the right to diminish, by ever so little, the chances for life of another infant, in order to add to those of his own. It has pleased the Almighty, by the death, or sickness, or feebleness of its mother, to deprive his child of its natural nutriment. Availing himself of all the resources of modern science, which his means may enable him to purchase, he must endeavour, by hand-feeding, to bring up his babe. He must not, if he would, escape a fearful amount of responsibility, employ his wealth to purchase that which is the birthright of another child.

'I say nothing of the guilt of the mothers who, from indolence or devotion to the pleasures of fashionable society, delegate to another the performance of their most solemn duty. In this neighbourhood I know that such mothers are but few; and I have reason to believe that in the metropolis, and in other abodes of gay society, they are becoming fewer. If, for the mother who cannot nurse her child, there is

some excuse if she employs a wet-nurse, there is none for her in whom not the ability, but the will, is wanting.

'It is not my purpose to comment upon the many incidental evils of the employment of fallen women as wet-nurses. One, which may be described as an almost direct result, I must dwell upon for a moment. The practice, besides being in itself a form of infanticide, as leading to the almost inevitable death of the nurse's child, leads to the commission of the crime by producing its victims. It is a direct incentive to unchastity. A young woman, whose ill-regulated passions and love of admiration tempt her to yield to the arts of a seducer, might yet be deterred by the fear of shame, or by the prospect of having to support herself and her possible offspring, when little fit for labour. The employment in question removes the ground of both these fears, and raises her to a position which, to her, is one of honour and of luxurious ease. She eats and drinks of the best; she is clothed in the cast-off finery of her mistress, and is her companion, both at home and in her daily drives. Should "dear baby" under her care grow fat and rosy, there is no limit to the gratitude of the family. It is greatly to be feared that any of the buds of moral reformation, which such a life may have produced, will be speedily nipped by the killing frosts of ordinary existence, when, her function performed, she has again to maintain herself by honest industry. Returning, wearied with daily toil, to her ill-furnished dwelling, she will remember the flesh-pots of Egypt; and the thought, how easy it would be again to qualify herself for her lost Elysium, will not fail to present itself.

'But, it may be said, she may become the wife of a man of her own station, whose home may be made brighter and more orderly by the training in domestic economy she will have had. I have heard a man, whose judgment in every particular, but this, was worthy of the highest respect, boast that he had been the means of restoring to a respectable station in society several young women, who, after having been employed in his family as wet-nurses, had left to be married to respectable tradesmen or mechanics. But had he made himself acquainted with the subsequent career of the women, of their sons, and especially of their daughters? I confess that,

that, did I feel much interested in the moral and social advancement of any young man, I should not advise him to marry a woman who, after a lapse from virtue, had given no better proof of reformation than that of the satisfactory performance of the duties of a wet-nurse, preceded, let it ever be remembered, by the dereliction of her most sacred duties as a mother. Besides, is it desirable to encourage that laxity of principle among the working classes of society, which makes the loss of virtue to a man her superior in rank, no bar to a young woman's union to a man of her own station? A little more wholesome shame would check the rapidly-increasing corruption of the masses.

'And, to return for a moment to the condition of the wet-nurse, what must be the influence on the other female domestics of a family, of such a spectacle of unchastity rewarded,—of vice petted, pampered, and triumphant? But I forbear. I cannot but believe that the fathers, and, above all, the mothers of England, when once the system is presented to them in all its enormity, will cease to sanction it.'

Mr. Greaves's 'Observations,' from which we have extensively quoted, were read before the Members of the Manchester Statistical Society early in the present year.

In the pamphlet by M. A. Baines, a protest is made against the habitual absence of mothers from home, whether at the call of fashion or of labour. This practice is shown to be fraught with much fatal result to infant life. Wet-nursing is also deprecated. On the subject of diet, the writer denounces over-feeding as the frequent cause of convulsions—a malady whereby 25,000 deaths were occasioned in this country in the year 1859 alone. Over-feeding is defined as including, not only feeding in excessive amount, but also feeding with unsuitable food. The disastrous effects of the excessive use of farinaceous food are alluded to; and the alarming frequency of still-births is properly regarded with very grave uneasiness and suspicion. The suggestion that some restrictive clauses should be added to the Burial Act touching the disposal of the bodies of 'still-born' children is an excellent one, and Parliament should look to it. In a footnote (page 14) the writer mentions the books of burial societies as likely to

furnish materials for the statistics of still-births; we are, however, not aware that any such society has unborn or still-born children on its books. Reverting to diet, the writer advocates the use of vegetable or farinaceous substances, in combination with cow's milk, as the proper food for infants unsuckled by their mothers. Her dissatisfaction with cow's milk *per se*, appears to be great, and is, to our certain knowledge, insufficiently grounded. We can refer to a child fed, and fed with admirable result, from the commencement of its fourth to the end of its eighteenth month on literally nothing else but cow's milk and water, sucked through a tube. The success of the feeding was acknowledged as unquestionably satisfactory by all to whom the infant was known. No child could be more fully nourished, and not a day's illness occurred. But the milk *was* milk. It was rich, and fully equal to what in many towns would be considered as cream; and the cows were country cows, and not stall-fed, except in the winter. We presume that it was *town* milk that in Mrs. Baines's experience proved so unsatisfactory.

Charlton Manor. A Temperance Tale. By Adeline, Author of 'Ernald,' 'Scenes in the West Indies,' &c. Second thousand. London: John Mason, 66, Paternoster Row.

THIS little work is sent forth 'to lift a voice, however feeble, against prevailing and increasing evil, and especially to impress young hearts with a sense of their personal responsibility, and their need of more than human aid in the work of self-conquest.' It is an interesting and instructive tale, well told, and being printed under Wesleyan Methodist Connexional auspices, will no doubt be read in circles upon which books published by temperance associations might call in vain.

The Book of Bible Prayers; containing all the Prayers recorded to have been offered in the Bible; with a short Introduction to each. By John B. Marsh, Manchester. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. Manchester: John Heywood.

THE prayers included in this little volume are such as are recorded in the Bible as having been offered by particular individuals. Those in the Book of Psalms, however, are not given. From

the prayer of Melchisedek, in Genesis, to the benediction of St. John, in the Revelation, all, with the above-named exception, are here; and a very nice little book is the result. The printing and binding are very neat. Mr. Marsh recently forwarded copies of these 'Bible Prayers,' handsomely bound, to Her Majesty and the Princess of Wales, and has been honoured with replies from Colonel Phipps and Mrs. Bruce, acquainting him with the acceptance of the gifts.

Willy Heath and the House Rent. By the Rev. Dr. Leask. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

It is not to be wondered at that Mr. Partridge, at the late International Exhibition, in Class XXVIII., Section C, obtained 'Honourable Mention' for illustrated books, for assuredly he deserves it. The works issued from his press, in the catalogue, supply a very interesting list of illustrated books suitable for presents and for free distribution. The engravings are always good, and often excellent, the binding is attractive, the paper superior, the printing clear and clean. Dr. Leask, in 'Willy Heath and the House Rent,' tells the story of one of that numerous class of people who are ensnared by public-house allurements, and who bring themselves and those who depend on them to the verge of ruin owing to the evil mastery of strong drink. How this poor slave was enfranchised, and what part his brave boy Willy played in the act of deliverance, the story tells; and although clouds and storms are over the commencement, the conclusion, thanks to the total abstinence pledge, and to other agencies of rescue and of prosperity, is under serene skies and amidst scenery that is in every way delightful.

A Selection of Hymns for Sunday Schools and Cottage Preaching. London: Job Caudwell; Manchester: John Heywood.

WITH the word 'evangelical' added to indicate the school, the title sufficiently describes this very cheap little volume.

Old Jonathan; or, the District and Parish Helper. London: W. H. Collingridge, 117 and 119 Aldersgate Street.

MAINTAINS its well-known character as an illustrated religious broadsheet.

The Life-Boat; or, Journal of the National Life-Boat Institution. Vol. V., No. 48.

THE proceedings of the excellent Royal National Life-Boat Institution for the Preservation of Life from Shipwreck, find ample exposition in this well-edited periodical. We read with pleasure that during the past year the Institution has placed fourteen new life-boats on the coast, and has now a total of 124 of these means of rescue stationed in Great Britain and Ireland. During the year 1862 the boats of the Institution saved 358 persons from wrecked ships, nearly the whole of them under circumstances of imminent peril, when no ordinary boats could have performed the service. On forty-eight other occasions in the same year the Society's boats went to the aid of vessels that appeared to be in danger, but where their services proved not to be requisite.

The Baptist Magazine, Vol. VII. London: Powtress Brothers, 4, Ave Maria Lane.

VIGOROUSLY conducted.

Little Jane; or, the Boat Accident. A True Story for the Young. By Alfred Mills. London: S. W. Partridge.

THE old tale of an intemperate husband and father, of the consequences of his vice, of the circumstances of his restoration to virtue, and of the happiness that followed thereupon, but told in English of no common excellence by one who is master of a pure and vigorous style. A pleasant tone of piety prevails throughout.

Domestic Addresses and Scraps of Experience. By George Moggridge. London: S. W. Partridge.

AN old friend ('Old Humphrey') with a new and very agreeable face, thanks to the taste and enterprise of Mr. Partridge. Those who have admired Old Humphrey's homely lucubrations in magazines will be glad to have this collection of some of the best of them.

Dick and his Donkey; or, How to Pay the Rent. By C. E. B. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

THE writer tells the tale of a brave boy who saved his mother from loss of house and probable destitution by earning money to pay the house rent. How he did this, amidst what hopes, fears, checks, disappointments, dangers, and rewards, is very agreeably narrated.

The

The results of a life willingly passed in bad company are, on the other hand, exposed in the history of Ben, one of Dick's playmates. The style is plain and unaffected. The book would be a favourite with most young people.

The Royal Marriage, and the Christian Kingdom. With Brief Reminiscences of the Prince of Wales. By the Rev. J. H. Wilson. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

We find in this little book, in the first place, a brief preface; in the next, a chapter on Solomon's reign, England's greatness, and the Christian kingdom; thirdly and fourthly, two other chapters, completing what is, in fact, an ordinary sermon on an extraordinary occasion; and, lastly, a chapter imparting some scanty crumbs of information about the Prince of Wales and tenants at Balmoral. On the whole we are not able to write enthusiastically of the contents.

The Magdalen's Friend, and Female Home Intelligencer. A Monthly Magazine. London: Wertheim, Macintosh, and Hunt, Paternoster Row.

We never open this little visitor without admiring it. If any Christian woman wants to work and sees no opportunity, we recommend her to take in this affecting little magazine, and her eyes, we venture to say, will at once be opened.

The Unpreached Gospel. An Embedded Truth. By the Author of 'The Study of the Bible.' London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

This little tract is issued partly to apprise the public of the existence of another and larger work, 'The Destiny of the Human Race: a Scriptural Inquiry,' by the same author. In both, the object appears to be to promote the discussion of a doctrine regarded by the author as being not so much expressed in Scripture as 'embedded' in it—a doctrine to be found, as he thinks, in the general tone and teaching of the Bible, although not given in any specific text. Revolving the old difficulty—the eternal destiny of the overwhelming majority of mankind, and, on the other hand, those large affirmations of Scripture which represent Christ as the Saviour of the world—the author has endeavoured to find relief in the thought that in the world to come happiness of an inferior quality will be given to such as have not been able to become disciples of the Cross whilst

here. It is obvious that of all mankind now upon this globe the bulk have never heard or read true Christian teaching; and even of those to whom the preacher has been sent, large numbers do not so much deliberately reject the Gospel as they fail to comprehend its terms or its claims, and so remain indifferent rather than hostile to its teachings. Staggered by the thought that these will, nevertheless, be lost, the author imagines that the instruction withheld from them here will be extended to them hereafter, and that in the next life they will be made recipients of a minor salvation. At first sight this appears to be the doctrine of universalism; but the author holds himself apart from those towards whose ground he most verges, by excepting from salvation the comparatively few by whom in this world the Word is heard, understood, and deliberately rejected. Unable, still, to avoid perceiving that in Scripture God is held out not simply as the Saviour of the world, but also specially of them that believe, the author considers that believers, by the profession they have made, have placed themselves in a very different position from that occupied by others, 'since they are, consciously or unconsciously, candidates for the highest honours God himself can bestow.' 'They are men who, unlike many others, are undergoing their entire probation now. They may rise to be actual partakers of the Divine nature; they may lose, through their negligence and carelessness, this their spiritual birthright; and after having preached to others, may themselves become cast-aways, i.e., be degraded, and set aside as unfit for the Divine service. Worst of all—for this, too, is possible—they may, by pride and unbelief, become altogether apostate, and irrecoverably perish in their sins.' But for such as remain faithful he thinks is reserved the delightful privilege of making known, in other states of existence, the Saviour's love to the myriads who here have neither comprehended nor appreciated its bearing on themselves.

We will not follow into further detail the new interpretations of this writer. They are often ingenious; they are always stimulative of thought, and in this property, we think, resides their value. Certainly, in order to obtain ease under the burden of concern for the fate of the foreign or domestic heathen, it is

not necessary to drag up, with this author, the doctrine of earthly probation by the roots, resetting a fragment and destroying the remainder. We may find all necessary comfort in the assurance that they who live ignorant of the Christian law will be judged without that law, and that the Judge of the whole earth will certainly do right. In the absence of the law of Christianity is there not a law written even in the dark consciences of the most heathen people? and will not all who dwell on the earth be judged by their faithfulness to the light given them whilst here, be it the actual splendour of the Sun of Righteousness, or be it a mere sickly phosphorescence hovering over moral corruption and decay?

The Gardener's Weekly Magazine and Floricultural Cabinet. London: E. W. Allen, 20, Warwick Lane, Paternoster Row.

AN excellent magazine for gardeners, with abundance of woodcuts and full of useful information. Mr. Shirley Hibberd is its editor.

Ought France to Worship the Buonapartes? By Ahriman I. London: Robert Hardwicke, 192, Piccadilly.

THE question proposed in the title of this pamphlet may be answered unhesitatingly in the negative, without the aid of the information supplied by the writer. The pamphlet is the work of 'a good hater,' who, having a favourable subject for vilification in a man who waded through slaughter and perjury to a throne, avails himself with gusto of the opportunity. The writer's style would gain greatly if he would resolutely resist his vexatious tendency to quotation.

The History of Modern Europe, for Schools and Private Students. By Thomas Bullock. Manchester: John Heywood. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

MR. BULLOCK has many of the qualifications of a good condenser of history. He knows how to compress the results of extensive reading into small compass, to be at once succinct yet clear, and to observe brevity without ceasing to be interesting. Although the volume before us contains no more than 824 small pages, it succeeds in supplying materials for a rapid but serviceable glance at the history of modern Europe, from the early part of the fifteenth cen-

tury to the present time, and this in a style sufficiently graphic and living to enable any ordinary reader to permeate the whole without being in the least danger of falling asleep. This is high praise. The writer, however, is not always impartial. He is a strong partisan. He is not invariably grammatical, and the construction of his sentences is sometimes ambiguous. His statements, besides, are not always correct. But whilst we name these faults, we lay no stress on any of them except the first. Mr. Bullock is strong in his antipathies, and his judgments are occasionally chargeable with injustice. On the whole, nevertheless, we know not where we could find a history of modern Europe in so small a compass superior to Mr. Bullock's, or even equal to it. It has many merits, and will, we doubt not, be extensively used.

The Nemesis of Drink. Passages in an Autobiography.—With a Preface by the Dean of Carlisle. London: Hatchard and Co., 187 Piccadilly.

THESE sad pages, as we learn from the interesting preface, are written and published 'in the hope that the public mind may be awakened to a sense of extreme moral danger, arising from a species of intemperance essentially different from the loud, vulgar, obtrusive intoxication of the gin-shop, which foams out its own shame.' They unfold the history of a mind of no mean order, schooled in one of our Universities, and intended for the church; but forced down by a degrading habit, sinking by degrees almost to social outlawry. Happily, the narrative leaves room for hope that the victim may yet be enabled to keep his foot from the snare that he has been so wonderfully set free from. How he fell, and by what enemy, the following extract will disclose:—

'Some ten years ago a youth, full of hope and good intentions, went up to one of our Universities. Life seemed very full of brightness and promise to a freshman's eyes; and on the summer evenings, as he took a solitary walk under the shadow of academic groves, or watched the lazy river rippled by the oars of the College "Eights," he would scale a Jacob's ladder of enthusiastic hopes, and build bright, dreamy castles, against the horizon of the Future. What smooth things were prophesied to him by the evening breeze! What noble spirits of old time seemed still to wander

wander among those fair glades and pleasant gardens! He would be a follower in their steps—he would be a credit to his College—he would win his way to honourable place and fame—he would prove for himself the truth of that verse of Longfellow:—

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

'Alas! he little dreamed of the footprints he would really leave on the sands of remembrance; and of how soon the Past would be freighted with disappointment and remorse.

'Among the first acquaintances I made at the University was a young clergyman, officially connected with an important College. His name was widely and favourably known in literary circles. His attainments were of the highest kind; and the best publishers were always willing to stake their chance of success upon the productions of his pen. Besides these mental endowments, he was a man of an affectionate and friendly disposition. Accident made me acquainted with the failing which was, ere long, to lay him in a dishonoured grave. I believe it was unsuspected, even by those who saw him daily. He was one of those—and they are not a few—in whom the poisoning process is slow, and who very rarely so misjudge the dose as to be visibly affected by it. With such, a cure is far more difficult than with the man who becomes sick, or imbecile, or violent from drink, because *shame*, unless he has parted altogether with self-respect, will have some power to stay him from again incurring the disgrace. Silently, however, and for years, had the vice been fastening upon him of whom I speak. Through terms and examinations—through the solemn ordeal of deacon's and priest's orders—in the preparation of sermons, and in their delivery from the pulpit—the demon of drinking, clad as an angel of light, asserting itself only as a divine medicine for weary brains and fainting hearts, was gaining daily, hourly, upon that unhappy victim—was mastering his whole nature, and seeming to mould it for an eternity of anguish, until it held him, body and soul, in its horrible embrace. On, through wind and storm—through cloud and sunshine—at altar or in pulpit—with morning and with evening—with the quiet Sabbath

and through the noisy week—in the street or in the closet—onward—ever onward—with silent step, came the Nemesis of Drink on that poor, lost one. Faster and faster did the serpent wind its coils around his manhood with an ever-tightening grasp. Never, on earth, was that poor captive's net to be broken, and he to be delivered—never, till death—and what a death! Bear witness you, now far away, who poured into my affrighted ears, as I sat, speechless, by your fireside in — College, the secrets of that dreadful deathbed. The spirits, whose accursed nature revels in human misery and eternal ruin, peopled that dark chamber. The dying saw and knew them; and the guests of hell were satisfied: they could ask no more.

'It may, and indeed must appear, unaccountable to those who are unaware of the insidious nature of this habit, that one who had seen even as much as this of its fatal effects should himself become a victim to it. It has often occurred to me, when conversing with medical men and others upon the subject, that whilst many persons study and understand the physiology of the Drink question, scarcely any one pays attention to the psychology of it. For my own part, making all allowance for the mutual action of the physical and immaterial parts of man's nature upon each other, I do not hesitate to distinguish drunkards under two main classes; viz. those with whom it is a physical, and those with whom it is a mental disease. With the former there is a morbid bodily appetite for drink; with the latter there is a morbid craving for mental excitement. With these the propensity is analogous to opium-eating, for which it cannot be pretended that there is any natural appetite. Or, again, it is similar to the use of tobacco, for which ninety-nine smokers out of every hundred will be found to allege mental and not physical reasons. Ask a man why he smokes, and you hear, "I find it enables me to think better;" or, "I find it has a soothing and tranquillising effect upon the mind." It is, therefore, quite a mistaken philosophy which would class all drunkards together, as though all were suffering from precisely the same disease. Drinking, in many instances, is not so much the disease itself as the outward expression of it. The causes must often times be sought deep down in the

chambers of the heart, and in such cases there is sometimes more need of Luke the Evangelist than of Luko the Physician. But indulged in, and yielded to through a course of years, drinking will, like some poisonous medicines, allay, and even destroy the original mental ailment, becoming itself a new malady, ever spreading further and striking deeper, and oftentimes proving fatal and incurable. For both of these classes there is one only effectual remedy—Total Abstinence; but the grounds on which that remedy must be urged upon each will be widely different. With the physical sufferer, who, through constitutional infirmity, hereditary or educational causes (for in this, as in all else, we are too often the mere creatures of example), is a drunkard, we must use the arguments of the physician, chiefly, though not exclusively; we must appeal to his own experience of the disastrous physical effects of drinking, and point to its sickening penalties in a bloated body and "rotteness in the bones." With the mental sufferer, on the other hand, we need rather the rhetoric of the evangelist and the philosopher. We must convince our friend that he is taking a deadly mental and moral poison to cure wounds of thought and feeling, which, if he would possess his soul in patience, would gradually heal of themselves, or with the simple remedies of prayers and tears. We must tell him, with all the earnestness of men trying to save a brother from a dreadful doom, of the fate that awaits him if he goes on; that he has summoned powers of darkness to his soul; that he has taken home into his nature seven unclean spirits to drive away one. Where no cause exists of a positive kind in the way we have indicated, but a mere craving for mental quickening, for happy moments of thought, for cheerful feelings is the motive, we must try and demonstrate to the man of intellect that inevitable law of compensation, by which he suffers in depression at one time as much as he gains in elation at another. And here, let us pause to remark, lies the secret of progressive and fatal drinking. When these times of depression come, they become daily more and more agonizing and difficult to bear. What will relieve the melancholy, depressed, life-wearied thinker? The same poison which induced the despondency can

alone effectually relieve it. The glass of brandy is poured out, and in five minutes all again is bright and cheerful. This habit in, alas! a very few years, will prostrate the strongest nerves, and madden or destroy the brightest intellect. For the nervous system and the brain being constantly in an abnormal state of excitement and stimulation, *delirium tremens* must, in time, ensue; and then, unless by one supreme effort of a God-appealing will he throw off the fetters at once and entirely, our victim's fate is sealed. He will not die a natural death. In all this I am writing down truthfully my own sad experiences. But many will answer me, as I have answered many an anxious friend in former days—"The fact is, it is all very well to talk about total abstinence; and, no doubt, societies and pledges are very useful things among the lower orders, where drinking is a mere bestial appetite, and where, to gratify it, a man starves his children and lets his wife go about in rags; but among scholars and gentlemen the case is different, and mine is really exceptional. The truth is, I am good for nothing without stimulants. I cannot read or write. I have no original veins of thought, no proper flow of language in which to clothe ideas." O heart of man, "deceitful above all things," since it can deceive itself! How would I now answer those inquirers—what should I now say if, like one of old, I made answer to myself? I should confess that such feelings were the delusive fancies of one whose brain and will had been led captive by the most debasing and deceitful of vices. A creature of stimulants, I fancied they were necessary to my mental health and vigour, because I judged of my mind's normal state by the periods of reaction. What induction could be more false than this? Having given up stimulants, I declare the utter falsehood and immorality of my former pleas for drinking. But, even admitting that one had to forfeit all reputation for ability, that our pen refused to move, and our ink dried up in disgust at our reformation, and that we were never more to drop anonymous sentiments and aspirations into "The Editor's Box;" better, a thousand times better for the present and for the future, for ourselves and for others, to live unnoticed as an inoffensive, dumb creature, than as that *hostis humani generis*, a drunkard;

a drunkard; yes, though brandy inspired him with all the knowledge, eloquence, and genius of the universe.

'I attribute the *principia* of drinking with me to a too sociable temperament; in other words, to excessive fondness for society. I do not by these terms intend the stereotyped gaieties of the *beau monde*; but I loved intercourse of a social kind with living, thinking men, better than acquaintance with book knowledge, or communion with myself. When the close of day came round, and the *circulus* of friends gathered round the cosy fire, it was then that I really seemed to live. The shrewd criticism, the impromptu hit, the well-aimed thrust, the genial witticism, the warm-hearted "sentiment," the happy illustration, the timely classical allusion, the too veracious portraiture of some eccentric Don, provoking the round of laughter that bore witness to its faithfulness;—these things, in those thoughtless times, filled the swift hours of evening and of night with mirth, and happiness, and gaiety for me. I loved to see the wine go round, and watch the dull eye become bright, and the taciturn mouth begin to play. Never was Anacreon or Horace more enthusiastic for the cup than I. "Let us fill our glasses round, my friends, and be merry," I would say; and in the words of Milton's "L'Allegro"—

"Hence, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn!"

'I need not describe these wine-parties further; but to that craving for social enjoyment and mental abandonment which they fed and gratified, I trace the first sowing of what was afterwards to ripen into so fatal a harvest.

'But there were times of solitude, and then it was my delight to try and be "good company" to myself. With sherry at my elbow, and a cigar in my mouth, I would sit for hours gazing into the fire and weaving labyrinths of thought, in which I lost myself in ecstasy, and dream, and fairyland. I was ever an enthusiastic admirer of our English Juvenal, Thackeray; and oftentimes some sarcastic line of his would start me on a strange ethereal voyage of philosophic musing. Then, again, I had that superstitious yet tender reverence for the great dead, which enables one almost to summon them from the canvas or the page, and hold communion with them. How

dearly as a boy had I loved old Samuel Johnson! how much more dearly as a man did I love the gentle, the pathetic, the graceful, and scholarly Addison! I mention these facts, because I can clearly see at this distance that the vice of drinking had something heroic in it to my mind. The paint and tinsel of the courtesan, passed with my young eyes for the fresh bloom of innocence and youth. I would argue—although I never distinctly held my thoughts up to the light in words—somewhat in this way:—"Wine is certainly one of heaven's greatest gifts to its afflicted children. Life would be a very prosaic, and sorry, and sepulchral affair without it. It seems to clear up the mystery of our being, and brings us to the conclusion of honest Tom Brown,—“After all, we were made to be happy!” In these days of long-faced, hypocritical pharisaism, there is not half the religion and sympathy for the wretched, and intellect and honest happiness, that there was in the times of Dean Swift and Addison, and all that jovial crew. The large drinkers were the great thinkers; and the men who carried two bottles under their waistcoats had room, nevertheless, for far larger hearts than the narrow-minded, sloppy divines and writers of our day. Did not Addison drink? and Dick Steele? and, more recently, Charles Lamb and Hartley Coleridge? Don't we all need something to clear the fog out of our brains, and make our depressing climate endurable? Clever men, who won't get inspiration out of genial wine, fly to opium, like Coleridge and De Quincey, and that is much worse. At all events, if it be a failing, it is one that "leans to virtue's side." Yet, at this time I never dreamed of extending this approval to dram-drinking. I looked upon brandy simply as a nauseous medicine; gin, as the special heritage of coalheavers and costermongers; and drunkenness, as distinguished from intellectual excitement, as the bestial vice of the uneducated and brutalized. For myself, a few glasses of good wine seemed a medicine for every ill. The dark veil of mystery that rested on creation seemed to pass away like summer mist from the meadows, or dark clouds from the sky. Man seemed no longer under a curse for sin. Sweet music filled the air, as though once more "the morning stars sang together." Nothing in things present was desolate or woful; nothing

in things to come looked anxious or terrible. The very thought of death became pleasant and cheering. The king of terrors was transformed into the kindest of doctors. "Death had no sting, the grave no bitterness." Felix trembling, as Paul spoke about those dreary moralities, was an instance of nervous weakness, very like the hysteria women contract at our modern "Bethels" and "Salems." A smile of gladness seemed to play over the face of universal Nature. It seemed a glorious thing to live, and think, and dream, even if life were destined to pass away into darkness, and there were no future at all. Everything was changed under the influence of wine:—"non cultus, non color unus,"—"their features changed, their aspect not the same." Such, painful as it is to write the atheism of the heart in words, were the musings and the feelings excited in me by what I considered the moderate use of stimulants. It was the siren Drink that thought and spoke in me; the siren, whose seductive tongue, set on fire of hell, has gone far to ruin me in body and in soul.

The years went by, and with their course the destroying habit gathered, by unperceived degrees, an ever-deepening sway over the spirit, the intellect, and the will. But as I became merged in the real business of the world, I had neither opportunity nor means to continue those wine-drinking reveries and pleasures which I had revelled in at college. The luxurious habit, therefore, had to be given up; but the vice was too firmly rooted not to seek an expedient in changing the method of its gratification. Want of leisure induced the further step in the *facilis descensus* of a glass at every interval; want of funds to procure good wine suggested the brandy I had once loathed as a substitute; and from this time I became, step by step, an habitual drunkard. If I remember, it was Lord Rochester, who confessed to Bishop Burnet that for years he had been constantly, more or less, under the influence of intoxicating drink. I shudder as I think how nearly my own experience approximates to his. Not that I was, at first, often perceptibly affected by it; for herein lies the special deceitfulness of drinking. Little by little a man acquires the power of taking an almost incredible quantity of the poison, without being detected. Sooner or later,

however, the Nemesis is upon him, and the day of retribution comes. The nerves become weaker and weaker; recourse to the brandy becomes more and more frequent; the victim feels it a necessity to take it; his depression is dreadful if he fails of a single dose. He has still bright intervals of mental sunshine and imaginative extasy under its influence, although a much stronger dose is needed this year than last to lift him to his heaven. But, oh! there are seasons when glass after glass is poured down his throat in vain. The clogged and fettered wings refuse their wonted flight. A strange darkness broods over the spirit; creeping terrors seize the trembling heart; strange voices vibrate on his ear; strange spectres pass before his eyes; nothing is firm; all is cloud beneath him: his feet seem to be sinking into hell, and to lay hold only of the chambers of death.

These horrors I have suffered; but I declare myself powerless to depict them in one-millionth part of their intensity. They are beyond all words; beyond, too, the possible conceptions of the imagination in its normal condition. If, beyond the grave, there are joys for the redeemed of God, "which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor heart of man conceived," sure I am that there are even now in operation powers of terror and of fire, which are no less incapable of being uttered and described, but which the spirit, when brought by drink to the gates of Hades and the borders of eternity, has felt, and seen, and known. Better—a thousand times better—had it been, rather than cross that black river of delirium and of wrath, that one had never been born.

One fearful night—a night never to be forgotten by me whilst life remains—was the immediate cause of my taking in the morning a solemn vow before God in private, which after a fortnight I renewed publicly by becoming a member of the "Church of England Total Abstinence Society." No words of mine can paint the anguish I endured, none occur to me as conveying even a faint notion of my meaning, unless I may adopt those mysterious ones of St. Paul, and say that I saw and heard things "which it is not lawful for a man to utter." They were indeed "unspeakable," both sights and sounds. I saw and conversed with the dead; their bodily forms were before me; they took my hand, and, with eyes that looked

looked unutterable reproach, and love, and entreaty, gazed stedfastly upon me, until the grey light of morning found me fainting and exhausted with agony, and they were gone. A friend, a minister of the church, between whom and myself at that moment the vast waters of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans were rolling, stood by my side that night, and on his bosom I seemed to lay my throbbing head, and into his ear I poured my wild plaint of woe, and begged his prayers to God for my pardon and deliverance. Nor were friends and saints my only visitants that night. Angels of darkness as well as of light were in that haunted room. Eyes glaring with a malevolence and guilty fire, that made my heart stop and labour, like a ship in tempest, in its dread, and my blood turn icy cold in my veins, pierced into my soul. Cold sweat poured from my brow. I was too weak to move or turn upon my bed: and had I buried my head in my pillow I should have felt more unearthly terror still, from the conviction that the demons were still there; and, perhaps, were drawing onward to me—nearer—nearer—till they would hold me in a grasp, never more to be loosened. I never closed my eyes; but looked on, unceasingly, and spoke, by name, to dead and living friends. The hours crept on, laden with ever-growing horrors, until, at length, the scene was changed, and I saw a coffin placed at the foot of the bed; and, amid whisperings, and groans, and tears, a sheeted corpse was placed in it. I recognised in face, in form, myself; yet with a look of more than human anguish on the face, which was pale, and cold, and rigid. The lid was then closed, and a black pall of velvet cast over the coffin: yet, ere I was "no more seen," one by one came the living and the dead—relatives, friends, schoolfellows, college friends—all who had in any way been connected with my life, and whom I had ever known, and took a parting look at me. And upon every face I read some moral, dreadful in its truth; some angury of everlasting shame, and loss, and woe. I realised that night somewhat of the anguish of accursed spirits in that world of shadows, which is so much more real than this world of substance. Memory, too, added no little to what I then endured. Every event of life seemed to pass before me in review. Every sin started out of obli-

vion with a terrible distinctness. Here was Nemesis indeed! I can but compare what I then felt and suffered to the fact I have often read and heard of with regard to persons nearly drowned. It is said that the whole life, in every incident, and detail, and thought, is recalled and represented in a moment of time. So it seemed with me. Oh, what would I have given to be delivered then from myself, to lose my own identity, and to forget the past, as the prayer of St. Austin burst, unbidden, from my heart, "*Libera me, a malo homine, a meipso!*"

'When morning came, I spoke to a dear friend of these scenes as realities; for they had been, and are, tremendous realities to me. The answer was, "You have been dreaming:" but I knew then, and know now, that I had never once closed my eyes. It was delirium caused by brandy, and for ten days after I was not free at night from a partial return of fantasies. I could, at the time, have sworn in a court of law that they were real, bodily forms, and not delusive appearances in my chamber that sad night. But reflection, and the gradual recovery of nervous and vital energy, convinced me this could not be; but I am not the less convinced, and never shall be to my dying day, that all that I then saw was real—real as the power of conscience, as the spirit-world, and as the voice of God. It is thus that the Eternal Marcy deals by spiritual sights, and sounds, and fears, with those who have turned a deaf ear to the teachings of hope, and light, and peace. The veil is withdrawn from eternity; the stone is rolled away from the sepulchre; the bodies of the saints who sleep, arise; the dark gates of hell unfold and show their ghastly habitants within; the prostrate sinner gazes on his own death, and shroud, and doom, that he may again rise from the dead, and go back to himself, that he may repent and warn his own spirit away from "the place of torment."

The Evangelic Theory; or, Christianity—not Theism—most in accordance with Moral Development. A Popular Appeal adapted to the Times. London: Henry James Tresidder, 17, Ave Maria Lane, Paternoster Row.

THE writer says in his preface:—'However men in authority may wish to the contrary, the times, beyond all doubt, demand the revision of old creeds; and the object of the author of

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this Address is to indicate the way in which, with the slightest modification of accustomed phraseology, we, Evangelicals, may bring up our theology to the level of our facts; strip it of the fictitious; clothe it with the real; present it, for intellectual investigation, in a form challenging criticism; and, if one may use so high-sounding a word, give to orthodoxy a "philosophy" by reducing it into conformity with the moral laws which govern God's universe, and with which the cultured conscience of humanity is in ever-advancing accord.' This extract sufficiently shows the largeness of the ambition of the writer's aim. To analyze his book, and to compare its positions with our own, is a tempting task, but were it for nothing else but want of space, we must forbear. We will only add that the theological doctrine of Substitution finds, in this writer, perhaps its most ingenious advocate.

Nora, the Lost and the Redeemed. By Mrs. L. N. Fowler. London: W. Tweedie, 337, Strand.

THIS is another added to a large list of remarkably low-priced publications issued of late from the Temperance press. Considering its special character, the amount of matter—two hundred and twenty pages in close type, and board cover, for eighteenpence—it is not easy to suppose that the writer can look for any adequate pecuniary reward for the labour she has gone through in the composition of this tale. Her motive is, no doubt, to a large extent, purely philanthropic. The book, she says, has been written with an earnest desire that it might arrest the attention of some who are vacillating on the verge of a precipice; and she will no doubt feel amply rewarded if it should prove to be 'the means of averting from one child that withering blight which furrows the brow of childhood—the experience of a drunkard's child; or from one woman that direst of all curses that blanch the cheek of womanhood—the experience of a drunkard's wife.'

Close criticism of a work produced under such circumstances would be somewhat ungracious. Were the author simply a candidate for literary honours, it would be necessary to point out some, at least, of the blemishes of her style. We should, for instance, have

to protest against a judgment that could venture to collocate Liebig, Hitchcock, Locke, Milton, Carpenter, Gall (p. 26);—borrow bodily from some anatomical work a whole page describing the features of the sphenoid bone, (pp. 148–49);—or say, of a woman, that 'she was not only a rose, but a new grace—the moss was shed upon her by the spirit of the flowers!' (p. 98). We should express our astonishment at the taste which could permit a lady to speak of medicine as a charm or amulet to be bound 'around the peristaltic folds or convolutions of the stomach and alimentary canal' (p. 92); and our surprise at the scientific discovery that opaque glasses 'do not reflect the rays of light,' and that transparent glass throws back every beam' (p. 42). We should pause before the grammatical construction of a sentence like this:—'There is often a feeling of secret shame, when one is half conscious of the iniquitous acts they commit' (p. 49); and should inquire what we are to understand that woman to have done who *laid* awake all night (p. 65); or how we are to admit that 'every high-toned person' 'should rally around the polls,' (p. 76), a task impracticable by any one, except the man who declared that he had taken three men into custody by surrounding them. In short, as our readers must perceive, it is very difficult for us to withhold the caustic in this case; and in order to put a stop to criticism of this character, we deem it best to hurry to a close our notice of this well-intended publication.

Hints on Self-Help for Young Women. By Jessie Boucherett. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

THE object of this little work is to convey instruction to young women on the conditions of Industrial Success in an easy and popular manner. This is a matter, the author justly observes, of which women generally have little knowledge, and the ill effects of this ignorance are shown in the large number of those who, when compelled to try to maintain themselves, fail in the attempt. The utility of such a book—written, as this is, by a lady quite competent to give information and advice—must be very great. The author has executed her task with success. After traversing the whole field of available female employment,

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she gives, in an appendix, the address of several institutions where girls and young women may be taught useful occupations, suitable to different ranks and degrees of education. The addresses of several emigration offices, and some hints as to the descriptions of persons required in the colonies, are appended. The writer has endeavoured to write a useful and readable book, and has fully succeeded.

The Evangelical Magazine and Missionary Chronicle. No. 49. New Series. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

AN odd number of this denominational magazine has reached us. It contains a portrait of the Rev. Dr. Andrew Thomson, and a series of articles of the usual character. The profits of the work are devoted to the benefit of widows of Evangelical ministers.

The Harbinger. The Magazine of the Countess of Huntingdon's Connection; or, the Free Church of England. London: Robert S. Stacy, 170, Shoreditch.

Memories of New Zealand Life. By Edwin Hodder. Second Edition. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder, 27, Paternoster Row.

MR. HODDER so skilfully recalls his memories of life in New Zealand, that, in spite of the disappointments and sufferings recounted, he produces on the mind of the reader a very pleasing impression of that far-distant land. In his company we enjoy all that he invites us to witness, for he describes with considerable ability, and his lively and genial style adds a charm to every page. Any one fully intending to emigrate to New Zealand would do well, before starting, to let Mr. Hodder talk with him for awhile through the medium of this agreeable volume. It might possibly be not so wise for any one to do so *before* making up his mind.

The Customs of the Dissenters. Being Seven Papers revised and reprinted from the 'Christian Spectator.' London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

*NOTWITHSTANDING the many limiting and qualifying phrases contained in these papers, they form as a whole that which may be taken for a tissue of unfavourable criticism on modern Non-

conformity.' The author, nevertheless, is a Nonconformist, not faintly, but with all his heart; and with his head also, for he recognizes no sufficient reason for separating from the Church of England, unless that churches may be established 'more apostolic than herself in doctrine, in constitution, and in discipline.' Modern independency, upon which branch of dissent his strictures chiefly touch, 'does not,' he says, 'wholly represent apostolic Christianity, but incorporates a number of ecclesiastical superstitions which have grown up during the last three hundred years of persecution and distress.' 'The object here is to promote a return to the example and authority of the apostles of God; under the belief that nothing less powerful than a church conformed to the word of the Eternal can effectually encounter the ecclesiastical corruptions of the modern world.' We have not space to follow the author in detail through his examination of the peculiar principles of church government espoused by him, in contrast with the customs of the Independent churches. He discusses his subject with ability, and some of his conclusions have the charm of novelty.

The Transportation of Criminals. Being a Report of a Discussion at a Special Meeting of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, held at Burlington House, Feb. 17th, 1863. Edited by J. R. Fowler and Martin Ware, Jun. Printed by order of the Council. London: Emily Faithfull, Victoria Press, 83A, Farringdon Street.

THIS report, from short-hand notes, is printed in accordance with a resolution passed by the Council; and we are glad to have thus placed within our reach the various arguments adduced from several sides of the question of the transportation of criminals. Mr. G. W. Hastings spoke, we find, at considerable length, in advocacy of a resolution condemning the system of transportation, and preferring well-regulated convict establishments at home. Lord Alfred Churchill, M.P. led the opposition, advocating the sending of criminals to Western Australia. Lord Lyttelton, Mr. Adderley, M.P., Sir Walter Crofton, and other gentlemen familiar with the convict question, joined in the discussion; and although

although an amendment was moved, the original resolution was carried by a large majority.

Sunday on the Line; or, Plain Facts for Working Men.

Live and Let Live! A Plea for Publicans and their Servants.

Slavery in England. A Vision of the Night. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

WE have seen no tracts more wisely adapted than these for the diffusion of a prudent jealousy of encroachments on that periodical day of rest which has such undoubted social and sanitary, as well as religious value. The tracts are nicely illustrated.

The Teaching of a Silent Preacher. London; Bell and Daldy, 186, Fleet Street.

AN impressive religious discourse, founded on the celebrated picture, 'The Finding of Christ in the Temple.'

Peace the Sole Chance now left for Reunion. A Letter to Professor S. F. B. Moore, LL.D., from John L. O'Sullivan, late Minister of the United States to Portugal. London; William Brown and Co., 40 and 41, Old Broad Street.

THE writer of this pamphlet would be classed in the Northern States as a 'Copperhead,' in this country he would find himself most at home amongst the admirers of 'The Times.'

The Christian Treasury. A Family Miscellany. Edinburgh: Johnstone Hunter and Co. London: Groombridge and Sons, 5, Paternoster Row.

WHILST somewhat reminding us of 'Good Words,' especially in its style of illustration, this 'Treasury' has good distinctive features of its own; and contains, on the whole, a well-selected miscellany of articles and extracts, chiefly religious.

Five Hundred Plans of Sermons. By the Rev. George Brooks, (Johnstone). Edinburgh: Wm. Oliphant and Co.

THE reverend author of the plans before us professes to have been wont in their preparation first, to exhaust his own thoughts on the text, and then to consult all the helps within his reach. If he found, as often he did, that what they suggested was better than his

own inventions, he 'did not suffer himself to be deterred from appropriating what was theirs by the probability that ignorant or ill-natured critics would insinuate that he had not honestly exercised his own thoughts at all.' Accordingly, whilst some of the plans before us are his own, others have been transcribed from books; but by far the greater proportion are the fruits of thinking and reading combined. Mr. Brooks, in return, is quite willing that others should do to him as they have been done by. He wishes them to use these plans as suggesting other plans, which, if not better in themselves, may be better adapted to their own habits of thought and composition. The plans he has compiled, as far as we have observed, are highly 'orthodox,' and generally indicate care and thought in the preparation. They are, however, the mere skeletons; a collection of lessons in sermon-osteology; and will only be of value to those who can add to them the tissues and integuments and the flesh and blood.

Preachers and Preaching. A Critique. With Practical Hints. By a 'Dear Hearer.' Second edition. London: William Freeman, 102, Fleet Street.

THE 'Dear Hearer' who has ventured to send this pamphlet into the world is by no means too full of reverence for the office of the cleric, as now commonly fulfilled. He complains that 'preachers, as a class, have been degenerating, or, to speak more correctly, have failed to keep pace with the general advancement around them.' He looks around, and thinks he sees only 'an enfeebled pulpit, occupied by *nice* rather than *strong* good men.' The general effect of pulpit ministrations he represents to be this;—'that the intellect does not expand to take in higher, wider, juster views of God and his government; the Bible is mainly coned to select verses to nourish the prevalent emotion; there is little active intelligent sympathy with aught outside the condition of the individual soul; the habits which repose upon such sympathy are not built up; and thus the so-called Christian life, instead of being a thing of beauty and of power, is too often merely a repulsive caricature, being nothing but another form of human selfishness under the guise of a deep and

and devout spirituality of mind.' With reference to the young men who offer themselves as candidates for Holy Orders in the Establishment, or for the ministry of other churches, he thinks that, 'as a class, they would strike any intelligent man who might mix with them as weak. They are tame; they speak in affected tones, and with unnatural cadences. There is a general lack of muscular power. Every earnest impulse seems to have been frightened out of them. The lines of a severe propriety have been drawn so closely round them that they are almost afraid to move lest they should place a trespass-foot beyond the given limits. Even the expression of the face, in many instances, is artificial; the very gait is unnatural and constrained, and the whole visible character and demeanour are such that men of common sense and earnest purpose in any other walk of life would hold as worthy almost of contempt. They know little of the outside world; they scarcely ever look at a newspaper, except for professional items; they have little interest in public questions, such as popular education, social science, or that large mixed class which we denominate politics; with other great, solemn secular interests.'

For the remedies which he prescribes for these alleged maladies we must refer to his pamphlet those of our readers who care to follow this bold impugner. The brief quotations we have made will suffice for most; and we should not have extracted them, had it not been evident that there is at the bottom a real and earnest desire on the part of the writer that the pulpit should be made to fulfil to the utmost its momentous function.

Education and Manufactures. Scientific and Art Education in Relation to Progress in Manufactures. Education in England. Foreign Schools. By Alfred Tylor, Deputy Chairman and Reporter of Class XXXI. London: Longman, Green, and Co.

THIS pamphlet is a reprint from the Jury Report of Class XXXI., and contains the second part of it only. It consists of a treatise wherein the writer has delivered his soul upon several interesting topics, and especially upon education in connexion with government aid. The writer discredits alto-

gether the value of Government aid to education, except only in the granting of charters and legal privileges to educational bodies. Indeed, at almost all points he shows himself hostile to the interference of the legislature with art, science, or manufactures; and he supports himself in this hostility by a skilfully connected series of politico-economic arguments, not free, as we believe, from some serious mistakes.

The Thirty-Eighth Annual Report of the Directors of the Liverpool Institute, and Proceedings of the Annual Meeting, including the Address of John Towne Danson, Esq., President.

Liverpool Institute: Proceedings of the Public Meeting for the Presentation of Prizes, held October 27, 1862. Liverpool: Printed by D. Marples, 50 n, Lord Street.

The Western Morning News. Plymouth.

EARLY in May, a series of articles on what has of late been termed 'The Social Evil,' appeared in the leading columns of the 'Western Morning News.' Their claim to notice here is founded partly on the singular fearlessness of their tone, and the plain-speaking which did not scruple to charge men in authority with a disgraceful complicity. The evil thus dealt with is, unfortunately, not peculiar to Plymouth; and the strictures which, appearing in the pages of the leading daily paper in the southern counties, provoked much remark, and led to a considerable display of feeling in the Plymouth town council and elsewhere, are unhappily not less truly applicable to other populous places. On this account, we make rather large reference to the affair, in the hope that the honourable regard for the moral condition of the community, and the undaunted spirit in provoking the displeasure of indifferent, if not of conning public bodies, displayed by the editor of the 'Western Morning News,' may be followed in other towns where similar out-spokenness is required.

In the first of his articles on this topic, the editor of the 'Western Morning News' remarked that 'it is a singular anomaly that the authorities who are appointed for the purpose of executing the laws of the land, attempt to enforce only such of those laws as it

may

may be convenient to them to carry out. Pickpockets and prostitutes are both obnoxious in the eyes of the law, and yet our policemen are evidently expected to prosecute the former, and make themselves agreeable to the latter. For a long time it was contended by the Plymouth authorities that the law gave them no power to punish the moral offences which were being hourly perpetrated under their nose; but two years since an active chief magistrate of the borough tested the validity of this objection, and it was found untenable. A house, by no means the worst in the town, has been legally closed for permitting prostitutes to assemble. This interpretation of the law was obtained, and doubly confirmed by the pertinacious resistance to the decision which caused it to be fully tested. After all the trouble and expense had been incurred, and the efficacy of magisterial authority completely established, the power is allowed to remain dormant, and no further proceedings are taken.

'It is not because this result involves an absolute injustice to the solitary victim who has been offered up for the experiment that we now call attention to the subject. But we refer to this unpleasant theme in order to rescue, if possible, the borough of Plymouth, and her municipal authorities, from the stigma which now rests upon them. In spite of legal discussions, in the face of what is actually done elsewhere, the town of Plymouth still remains notorious, throughout the length and breadth of the land, for the shameless manner in which its streets and houses are given over to harlots. For this result, we hold the municipal authorities directly responsible. We cannot admit that such a deplorable and disgraceful state is acceptable to the majority of the inhabitants, who would willingly support the magistrates in the course of rectification which was ably commenced by the successful prosecution of the Queen's Hotel. We know that it is not easy to oppose a traffic, however vile, which brings to its supporters fifty thousand pounds per annum, and the stoppage of which would lessen the incomes of a large number of our Magistrates and Town Councillors. The banishment of prostitutes involves closed tap-rooms, and diminished profit to brewers, distillers, and publicans. It is therefore no wonder that we have

brought before us the usual cant by which every vice and crime, since the days of Adam, has been defended. It will be a matter of surprise to some that an acknowledged evil should be boldly defended upon its merits, and that its continuance should be urged on behalf of those who are by common consent acknowledged to be "unfortunate." Vice, the cause of poverty and poor-rates, is recommended as a means of lessening our poor-rates, and this transparent fallacy goes down with many who are guided by that temporary and apparent expediency which has too much prevailed in the municipal councils of the borough. It is an unfortunate circumstance that such arguments prevail in the Plymouth Watch Committee, by whom the regulations of the police are directed, and it is to this circumstance that we owe the entire absence of action on the part of the police force. It is probably owing to the fact that a large proportion of our authorities are connected with the drink-traffic, that we find that evil-doers have anything but a fear of policemen before their eyes; and these blue-coated gentlemen sanction the breakage of the law by their unprotesting presence, or actual participation, rather than tend in any degree to check these abuses. It is useless to make laws for the regulation of public-houses, and then intrust the execution of these laws to those who are interested in the traffic. The Lord Chancellor has decided that no brewer or publican is eligible for the office of magistrate, and if the rule is right in one case it ought to be applied to those who are appointed by the people themselves to guard the people's rights.

'It would, however, be a mistake to suppose that those interested in the traffic are the only advocates of immorality. The Plymouth Town Council contains many other persons who lend all their influence to stopping any effort which may be contemplated for the lessening of these public disorders. In fact, the vice to which we refer has taken so firm a hold, and has so long been allowed to be paramount, that no small effort will be required to restore order and decency. For our own part, we have long been silent on this subject, trusting that enough had been said to induce action on the part of the authorities. This action has not been taken, and it is necessary for us again to

to refer to the topic. So long as we are called 'upon to pay rates for the support of a police force, without an effort being made to carry out the laws which they are instituted to maintain, so long will we continue to call attention to the fact.'

This spirited protest occasioned the production of an animated correspondence in the local press. On the one hand, endeavours were made to impugn the correctness of the allegations advanced by the editor. On the other, he was warmly commended by writers who bore witness to the accuracy of his statements, and thanked him for the courageous onslaught he had made. A few days afterwards he returned to the charge. He wrote:—'We are indebted to one of our correspondents for a singular confirmation of the correctness of the views which we expressed in our article of Friday last, upon the social evil in Plymouth. This gentleman, who tells us that he is a Town Councillor engaged in the liquor-traffic, and one who would gladly put down prostitution, denounces us in no measured terms for our attempt to call the attention of the authorities to the evil of which we complain. What clearer proof than this could we have, that the sellers of liquor oppose the measures proposed for the reduction of the evil? "A Town Councillor" is probably not ignorant of the fact that a large proportion of the persons licensed to sell liquor in Plymouth do harbour prostitutes, in direct violation of their licence, and yet these breaches of the law are allowed to continue without any interference on the part of the police. To this fact we have repeatedly called the attention of the authorities, as "A Town Councillor" would have us to do. It is, however, evident that the absence of action in this matter does not arise from ignorance of the evil on their part. They know it, and the publicans and public generally are aware that they know it. Under these circumstances, inaction becomes a sanction of the crime. It is not, therefore, surprising that harlotry is rampant, that it occupies our best streets in broad daylight, that it joins our public ceremonies, and gaily flaunts in the line of the procession formed to do honour to the marriage of the Prince of Wales, where it occupied a conspicuous carriage, and took care to call attention to itself. When all this, and

more than this, is allowed, without an attempt to check this rampant evil, we should like to know what, in the opinion of a "A Town Councillor," is "fair and honest language" respecting it. If there has been any dishonesty in the matter, it is in saying too little, and in saying that little too mildly, rather than in speaking too much or too strongly. "A Town Councillor" calls our special attention to the fact that we have ten or twelve thousand soldiers in Plymouth, and to them he attributes the extent of the evil of which we complain. If he is correct in this inference, the fact tells in favour of our argument. Surely, the police are not justified in doing nothing, because we have here a class of persons, many of whom are disposed to break the law. If a number of pickpockets were to arrive from London, would the police retire and leave the public to their depredations? It is equally absurd to justify the non-interference of the police with brothels, on the ground that we have in Plymouth a number of male prostitutes. The evil is, however, by no means chiefly due to the presence of soldiers, nor is it confined to unmarried men. A good deal of attention has been given to this subject of late, and it is now pretty well known who are the visitors to our brothels, and by whom the trade in women is chiefly supported; and it is evident that the attempt to charge the demoralization of the town upon the military, is often merely a screen for those who ought, from their position, to pay more respect to law and decency. The correspondence which is poured in upon us on this subject shows most unmistakeably what is the feeling of the respectable portion of the inhabitants; and that expression of opinion will leave the authorities without excuse if they continue to hold the laws in abeyance, and to allow immorality to be practised with impunity.'

At a meeting of the Town Council of Plymouth held soon afterwards, much displeasure was expressed, and efforts were made to show that the local authorities had used some endeavours to diminish the evil of which the 'Western Morning News' complained. The comments in the Council drew from the editor the following reply:—'It would be an unfortunate circumstance for the borough of Plymouth if the inhabitants generally
approved

approved of the manifestation of petulance which was displayed at the Town Council, on Wednesday last, in reference to our remarks upon the disorderly state of the town. The correspondence which has been showered upon us shows unmistakably on the part of the public an earnest desire that a change should take place. It is to be regretted that such frequent attempts are made to treat questions of public importance as personal matters. For ourselves, we have nothing whatever to do with personalities, we deal with the question on public grounds, we refer only to facts of public interest; and no amount of provocation will induce us to notice these contemptible personalities which have been dragged into this subject. Our statements were by no means ambiguous, and if incorrect could have been easily refuted. But after the well-organized and elaborate attack from parties who did not hesitate to avail themselves of any means at their command, we find that no attempt was made to disprove our assertions or controvert our statements. It would, indeed, have been impossible to do so. That prostitution is rampant in Plymouth is notorious to all who pass our streets or witness our public processions. That half our public-houses harbour prostitutes has long been known to all whose duties bring them in any way in contact with these houses. That such harbouring is contrary to law is evident from the result of proceedings commenced two years since. That the law has not been enforced is manifest from the fact that the indignant orators of Wednesday could refer to one case only, in which it had been of late carried out, while the offences and offenders are numbered by thousands.

'We have referred to a particular trade as being intimately connected with prostitution, and some members of the trade are restive under the imputation. Their indignation is natural and commendable; but we submit that the vials of their wrath should be poured out, not upon ourselves, but upon those who have degraded the business with which they are connected. When a late Mayor of Plymouth endeavoured to check the violation of License Laws, he was opposed, not by individual publicans, but by the Licensed Victuallers' Association, who, in opposition to the advice of the

solicitors lately employed by them, undertook the defence of the Queen's Hotel, and thus implicated the whole body of publicans in the question. Under these circumstances we should have been neglecting our duty if we did not call attention to the fact, that gentlemen interested in a traffic which is so intimately connected with breaches of the law are thereby disqualified from undertaking the administration of the law. If the laws have been duly administered, our warning and complaint might be looked upon as unreasonable and unnecessary, but what are the facts of the case? On this point one of our correspondents writes us so suitably that we do not hesitate to introduce his observation. He says: "We hold that no one will be bold enough to deny the accuracy of this statement—that in a majority of beerhouses, and in a very considerable number of houses licensed by the borough justices, the evils of prostitution are notoriously paraded, as if a woman in her saddest and most debased aspect formed a part of the stock-in-trade, a portion of the very plant of those who carry on their destructive occupation. We know this must remain undisputed. With this knowledge we may be permitted to inquire if the magistrates do all in their power to lessen the evils of a state of things offensive to every well-regulated mind? Do they visit with suitable condemnation those who disregard the conditions on which their license has been granted? We fear not. The record of the doings in the Guildhall shows that there is constantly near us a system which can afford to despise penalties. The infliction of an occasional fine of a few shillings is nothing to the offender. His business will bear a weekly drawback on profit to the extent of the penalty that is usually meted out as punishment. The legislature contemplated a different state of things. Having decided that the wants and convenience of the public were entitled to consideration, it became necessary to guard against the violation of laws which had been framed for the proper management of a trade peculiarly liable to maladministration. Hence the penalties of 5*l.*, 10*l.*, and 50*l.*, for first, second, and third offences. Again, for the especial object of guarding the public against the callous indifference which marks the conduct of too many of those who keep public-houses,

public-houses, there is the necessity in the one case of applying every year to the bench of justices for a renewal of license; and in respect of beer-houses, there exists the power on the part of the magistrates to serve notice on the Excise, so that the beer-house shall be closed for two years on the third conviction of its occupier. With these facts before us, can it be said that the legislature has been indifferent to the cause of temperance and order? We say the penalties have not been enforced as they should have been; the Permissive "may," which suggests a mitigative sentence, has been sadly abused; and too often has there been evident a consideration for the offender, who has been cautioned by a few dull words of reproof, and the *minimum* fine, instead of being made to feel that he has justly incurred a suitable pecuniary penalty, the recollection of which would survive any number of wordy admonitions. We ask attention to this subject in no spirit of disrespect to the magistrates. We believe that Plymouth is under very considerable obligations to the gentlemen who week after week devote their time to the discharge of magisterial duties; but we cannot ignore the extent of the evil we have denounced; and we have a right to expect that whilst the free habits of Englishmen demand certain concessions in respect of the traffic in liquors, there shall at least be something like regularity of conduct on the part of those who derive profits from an occupation which enjoys privileges not conceded to any other trade. We ask, in short, for no more than a faithful adherence to the terms of the license, and with less we shall not be satisfied."

"Those who desire to reduce disorder to a minimum will rejoice to find that public opinion has been so unmistakably manifested in favour of a vigorous administration of the law, and we trust that the authorities will not be slow to act in accordance with this manifestation. If, however, such a course should be entered upon, it will arouse the most determined energies of those who are interested in the traffic, and every means will be used to perpetuate the traffic in women, from which many persons derive unholy profits at the expense of their fellow-creatures.

"It will, therefore, be essential that those who desire to relieve themselves,

and the borough, and the unhappy victims of prostitution, from the incubus which now rests upon all, should exert themselves in giving assistance to those who are attempting to bring about a better state of things than that which now prevails.

"We are glad to notice that at the Guildhall yesterday the Mayor gave instructions to the Superintendent of Police to obtain evidence with a view to further proceedings in a case where a young girl, who had been apprehended for stealing, was found to have been living in a brothel with her mother. We may hope to see a manifest improvement in the state of the town if the authorities will vigorously exercise the power which is placed in their hands."

In the course of another article the editor admitted that at the Council meeting, 'there *was* one argument, one fact, one statistic brought forward. It was alleged in the Council that the authorities had done their duty in attempting to eradicate the evil whose existence not one of the speakers denied, inasmuch as "one case" of prosecution by the police of a disorderly house had recently occurred. "One case," be it observed—one case in eighteen months or longer—since the prosecution of the Queen's Hotel took place! But we admit it, we give the authorities the full benefit of their statement. And we assert that this "one case," occurring under such circumstances, is a virtual sustainment of our own allegations. It proves the necessity of prosecution to exist; it proves also the Watch Committee's very culpable negligence. We should like to ask the latter body how many cases of the same kind—cases publicly prosecuted in court, or carried out in private by the watchful vigilance of the police—have, during the same period, occurred in a neighbouring borough? At any rate, let us for ourselves take this opportunity of congratulating the officials of Devonport on their many very successful raids in the cause of virtue and temperance, and against immorality. It is rather hard, though, that the vice which is driven out, successfully driven out, from one place, should be allowed, by the supineness of those in power, to settle quietly in another. For any weight of argument which may be attached to the statement above quoted,

we may, perhaps, best leave it to be "bracketed" with others made by the gentleman and councillor, whose sole notion of the character of the public journalist, appears to be that his zeal for truth, for virtue, for sacred things, is only simulated, and that his wish to see salutary reforms introduced only proceeds from his desire to "make his paper pay."

'Before we conclude our remarks for the present moment, let us distinctly disavow any intention of "attacking" individuals. The Right Worshipful the Mayor was pleased to characterise our articles upon this topic as "mean and cowardly." We are content to take issue with him upon that point. Into a definition, indeed, of what those epithets may mean when so applied, we will not now enter. But we will say this much—that we hold it is in no sense "mean" to feel interested, as we confess we do feel, in the social well-being of the rising generation, and certainly not "cowardly" to bring forward an "accusation," if the Town Council choose so to consider it, publicly and in the columns of a daily newspaper. Let us add, too, that we shall not be deterred from doing our duty in this matter by any language, however strong, that any individual, any corporate body, may see fit to use against us. If such corporate body *does* complain, if it is *not* willing to lie under the suspicion of conniving, though only, as we said, through its remissness, in the perpetration of a great misery and the continuance of a great wrong, let it look to it that it take some useful and decided action, and that without delay. For so surely as it does not, so surely shall we, and all other persons interested in the preservation of that social morality which is more to be prized and more sacred than all other considerations, such as the lightening of local taxation, or the prospect of any worldly, and, therefore, temporary gain, again and again lift up our voices in condemnation of the sin and by way of incitement to its removal.'

Gertrude Winn; or, Our Nation's Curse. How it works in Homes. A Story from Real Life. By Nelsie Brook. London: Wm. Tweedie, 337, Strand.

THE faults in this book are faults of inexperience; and there is hope for the writer in this, because time will mend them. We shall please our own readers

most, if we forbear to criticise and proceed to quote. At once, therefore, we beg to introduce them to Mrs. Skillin—a worthy old creature, to whose care a little girl, the heroine's sister, is confided for awhile:—

'Mrs. Skillin had lived in Mrs. Winn's mother's service some seven or eight years after the marriage of the latter, and had nursed Mrs. Winn in her childhood. She had proved a warmhearted and trusty servant, and nothing would have induced her to leave Mrs. Ellis but the express wish of her aged parents, who lived in Somersetshire, in the pretty village of R—. They were growing weak and infirm, and needed the presence and kindness of their only daughter.

'After their death, which occurred two or three years later, she entered the family of a gentleman whose residence was near her native village; and thence was married to Samuel Skillin, a well-to-do, and, as all thought, a steady stone-cutter, and they inhabited, to Mrs. Skillin's great delight, the home which for many years had been her mother's. Mrs. Skillin ever cherished a remarkable affection for Mrs. Winn, always calling her "her dear young lady," and when she heard of her great loss in the death of her mother, she made a special visit to Bristol on purpose to give her a "bit o' comfort."

'To her now Mrs. Winn wrote, and by return of post received a letter promising the warmest reception to little May. The poor woman had sad news to tell. Her youngest son, Jem, had been neglecting his work for some time, and idling in and about the village public-houses. His father, a harsh, passionate man, had found him half-intoxicated and skittle-playing at one of his haunts, and had inflicted upon him a sound horsewhipping—he being at the time anything but sober himself. "Then," wrote the poor mother, "he went right off, and I never heard no more of him for six weeks, when one day I got a scrap of paper which he had posted to tell me he was 'listed, and very likely I should never see him again. O, Mrs. Winn, my heart is fit to break!"

'When Mrs. Winn read that she hesitated about sending May. "I fear she will be a burden to her in her trouble, Gertrude."

"Say rather a comfort, mamma."

'After considerable weighing of matters, it was decided she should go.'

Meliora.

ART. I.—THE PHILOSOPHY OF AMUSEMENT.

MAN has been formed with a large capacity for enjoyment. This merciful endowment has been, like many other blessings, perverted and abused ; and society groans under the perverse ingenuity with which men seek to gratify this ‘hunger and thirst’ of their nature. ‘Sensationalism’ is no new craving in man. It is as old as the racers in heavy armour (ὀπλιτοδρόμοι), the boxers (πυγμάχοι), and the wrestlers (παλαίσται), in the Grecian games, and as the gladiatorial shows, in which men armed with deadly weapons fought till one or both had been

‘Butchered to make a Roman holiday.’

The same unrefined taste was afterwards gilded and polished into the tournament, and blackguardized into the prize-ring fight. Voltigeurs, tight-rope dancers, posturists, formers of *tableaux vivans*, of man-buildings, &c., have been popular for ages in the circus ; and our recent more audacious exhibitions are only not improvements on, but modifications of, the self-same style of excitement adapted to the humour of the age ; for it is the fatal tendency of all sensational stimulants that they pall by repetition, and demand a continual heightening. The ‘daring feats’ of the funambulist became at first attractive from the exhibition of courage and scorn of danger which they seemed to display ; and, without increasing the real or apparent difficulty of the task, the caterer for the greedy eye and yearning heart of the nation whose appetite for such scenes was exhausted, saw no means of pursuing his vocation. Men can seldom be contented to sip, or even to sup moderately, of animal pleasures ; they must ‘sup full,’ especially ‘of horrors.’ And of late, indeed, this has been much the case. The ‘sensation drama’ is full of ‘hair-breadth’ escapes from the imminent deadly fall, or dash, or crash ; the ‘sensational novel’ is crammed with bigamy and loathsome crime ; and the successful hypocrisies of a lifetime of wealth, station, ‘honour, love, obedience, troops of friends’

enjoyed upon the very edge of hell. The ancients set a skeleton at their banquets, as it is fabled, to admonish them that 'in the midst of life we are in death.' But we invite Death himself to be one of our parties of pleasure, make merry with him, smile in his grim face, poke jokes at his fleshlessness, make a game of jinking his scythe and dart, and leave 'the Dance of Death' no longer as a subject for Holbein's magic pencil or Goethe's brilliant quill, but an everyday piece of amusement, of which we can get a shilling's worth at any time—unless, indeed, some 'fatal accident' intervene, and then we can only get newspaper sensation paragraphs descriptive of the event, in language made piquant by use *dans les coulisses du théâtre*, behind the scenes and in the green-room, or with the strong vernacularity of the streets and slums. The 'spectacular' drama errs in the same fashion. Plain Shakespeare will not take; and it is now necessary, 'with wasteful and ridiculous excess,' to 'gild (the) refined gold, to paint the lily, and add fresh perfume to the violet' of his supreme genius. Ordinary—or rather let us say, just now, fashionable—life is subject to the same malady; 'fast' life is in the ascendant; and even the frequenters of Rotten Row have stooped to take lessons in sensationalism from their wretched sisters *du pavé*. In doing which, let us interject, we opine they are profoundly mistaken; for few men knew better about the real charmingness of womankind than Horace—the most gentlemanly rake of antiquity—and he has given the force and currency of a proverb to the highest grace of female manners and costume in the famous words, '*simplex munditiis*,' simple in elegancies. This sensational life is penetrating into and permeating every habit of men and women, so that we have marriages, sports, robberies, suicides, murders, &c., all done in the sensational style. Why is this? Is it because amusement is in itself wrong or sinful, or that it naturally and necessarily tends to exhaust itself, and lead to crime? We cannot think so. The power of enjoyment has been linked to every faculty of soul and sense. The very movement of the muscles, the mere exercise of the nerves, the ordinary ongoings of life in the frame are in themselves delights. Health is pleasure. Labour brings happiness. The performance of duty is a source of sincere and intense gratification. Knowledge is not only power and profit, but also 'a joy for ever,' or, as Bacon has it, 'Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament is in discourse, and for ability is in the judgement and disposition of business.' We believe in the lawfulness of amusement; and feel assured, with Owen Felltham, 'that God would never have instigated the appetite of pleasure, and the faculties of enjoying it, so strongly in man, if he had not meant that in decency he should make use of them.' We are no advocates for that soul-chilling asceticism

asceticism which grieves over play as a folly, relaxation as self-indulgence, fun as a crime, recreation as sinful, and amusement as a post-chaise to destruction. We 'like those pleasures well which are on all sides legitimated by the bounty of heaven; after which no private gripe nor fancied goblin comes to upbraid conscience for using them; but such as may with equal pleasure be again dreamed over, and not disturb our sleep. This is to take off the parchings of the summer sun by bathing in a pure and crystal fountain.' Equally sinless and equally pleasing we believe every amusement might become, or be made, if the true nature of amusement were properly understood, and its relation to human life rightly comprehended. We intend in the sequel to explain and exemplify the following statement:—'Pleasure is lawful, and God did at first ordain it for use; and if we take it as it was at first provided for us, we take it without a sting; but when, in the measure or the manner, we exceed, we pollute the pure stream, or else, like beasts in heat, we drink to our destruction.'

To *amuse* is to think deeply and with close attention, and may be regarded as a generic term expressive of close, serious, abstracting personal activity. To *amuse* is to cast aside the restraint and constraint of care and application, to open up and distract the mind, to unchain it from serious absorption, to give play to the professional faculties, and to afford opportunity for the exercise of those not engaged in the daily employments of our lives. Amusement, therefore, is a word of wide significance. To those whose efforts and exertions are, for a long time at once, employed in severe and tense labour, whether of body or of mind, mere relaxation may be amusement, though if they make use of any means of occupying their energies it would be called recreation. To those whose lives are burdened with leisure, or on whose hands the hours hang heavily, so as to make them wish for something to beguile the tedium out of their day or holiday, it will become a pastime. If recreation is found, or pastime is sought in activity or change, such as attendance at fairs, races, fêtes, shows, exhibitions, &c., it is called diversion; and if we set ourselves to take part in the amusement, as, for instance, in games of chance or skill, racing, cricket, dancing, hunting, shooting, and so forth, it constitutes sport. Should we more passively seek a change from occupation, and attend a concert, the theatre, panorama, &c., we supply ourselves with entertainment. In company we may find amusement, enjoyment, or delight; but not in company alone, for nature or books can afford us all these and many higher gratifications, ranging from solace to enlivenment. It is not, therefore, for lack of variety of gladness that men have pursued sensationalism to its utmost verge, and so over-stimulated life, that dullness and semi-idiotcy have become enticing, and the rush of thousands awaits

the advent, and rewards the arrival of Lord Dundreary. From playful frolic and droll prank, jocose romp and merry gambol, to the pic-nic junket, the holiday festival, the summer fête, and the many forms which our rejoicings take, there is ample scope for innocent amusement; from the concert to the theatre, from the private party to the public dinner, from the haymaking merriment to the Christmas feast, from the heyday of life at a wedding to the jubilee of a great movement, there is an ample range of possible good cheer. In the twofold chat by river bank, up mountain side, or along the meadow, and the learned or brilliant *conversazione*; in the solitary botanical or geological ramble, and the naturalist's excursion; in the simple game of mere chance, or in the skill-demanding contest of chess; in the riddle-reading romp of home, or the science-exploring meetings of the British Association; in the gala of a friend's 'coming of age,' or in the Shakespeare tercentenary celebration—there lies, when all the interspaces are duly filled, an abundant choice of means of pleasure, even when we stop far short of the masquerade, the jollification, or the carnival; while

'Just and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles,
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.'

may be enjoyed as 'unreproved pleasures,' in the company of 'heart-easing mirth,' so long as we do not purchase repentance along with amusement. 'Pleasure that impairs our abilities, that brings detriment or sorrow afterwards, was laughed at by Epicurus himself; but a lawful pleasure, lawfully used, is an emanation of the goodness of the Deity to man.' 'A wise man will not venture on that for a little present pleasure which must involve him in future danger, no way compensable by the short delight he receives. Whatever we do, we ought, before we act, to examine the sequel: if that be clear, the present enjoyment will be ease and content. But to rush inconsiderately upon pleasure that must end in sadness suits not with the prudence we ought to be endued with. It is a folly of a bigger bulk than ordinary that makes a man overrate his pleasure, and undervalue his vexation' in gaining it.

The insatiate work of our day is not that holy bread-getting and family-providing care for 'those of one's own household,' which is at once a duty and a worship to the Father of all. It is a 'race for riches,' a haste after wealth, station, consideration, and gain, though we call it devotion—devotion to business.

Far be it from us to undignify work, to class it among the contemptibilities of our age. It is the tenant-fee of life. To shirk it is dishonesty alike to God and society. It is a duty, but it is only one among many, and one in absorption or devotion to which we too

too often find an excuse for the neglect of others. Labour in its right place is good, wholesome, right, and holy. It is God's ordinance that by it we shall live, and do our proper part as men on his earth. But to make a religion of it, instead of keeping it, as we ought, as a part of our religion, is plainly a mistake. The end of work is to sustain life and to maintain comfort, or, as Aristotle has it, 'the aim of work is to secure joy.' Enjoyment is the natural outcome of every right use of any faculty. But man's is a large nature. Within it are stored all the capacities of sensation, imagination, thought, memory, and hope. In the fine fabric of the nerves there lies a receptive power of taking in millions of delights. Within the tiny circle of the eyeball we have an apparatus which constructs for us a constant series of panoramic pictures, the full worth of which we can only—and even then inadequately—estimate by their negation, as given in the stately lament of Milton:—

' With the year
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But clouds instead, and ever-during dark
Surround me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off; and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of Nature's works, to me expunged and razed,
And Wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.'

Within the shell-curved hollow of the ear how many sounds are brought to exhilarate the spirit, to animate, to soothe, or satisfy it, from the hum of a summer insect to the roar and dash of ocean on its winding shore, and the reverberant diapason of the thunder; from the whispered 'good-night' of a lisping child—or Love's discourse, it may be, 'trivial yet not dull,' to the utterance of the rapt and visionary seer who brings a message from the space-careering stars for us, or tells the secrets of the heart of God for our encouragement to repentance and our comfort. Sheathed in the delicate web-work of the skin, the whole mechanism of tactile delight and skill perform their minute and unceasing round of pleasing labours; the whole complexity of our nervous system is susceptible of the most exquisite gratifications or the most fearful pains; and even the muscular fibres vibrate with the delight of effort, and riot in the sweets of unfatiguing exercise. We need not mention the 'odours of the open field,' and the perfumes that regale the sense of smell with their cheering fragrance; or the innumerable sapid bodies which have been provided for the delectation of the sense of taste, in addition to their power of appeasing the appetite, whose function it is to claim new matter to supply the changing frame—so pleasant, as often to tempt the heart to and the palate to hunger beyond our bodily

play of the lungs in a suitable atmosphere, the mere equable beating of the heart in health, the proper performance of its duty by the stomach, and the unfluctuating course of

‘The purple stream which through man’s fabric glides’

are in themselves felt pleasures, which combined produce the extacy of health. Now, of all these we say, that ‘He who has lavished upon us so many means of delight, as to make it impossible for us, in the ordinary circumstances of life, not to be *sensitively* happy in some greater or less degree, has not made nature so full of beauty that we should not admire it. He has not poured fragrance and music around us, and strewed with flowers the very turf on which we tread, that our heart may not rejoice as we move along through this world of loveliness with the same dull eye and indifferent soul with which we should have traversed unvaried scenes, without a colour, or an odour, or a song.’ Far otherwise. Our senses were granted to us, not as the means of intellectual life and instruments of labour only, but as good and generously-given agencies of joy.

Similar results would follow from an analysis of imagination. The arts of poetry, painting, sculpture, and design depend upon it. The idea is imaged in the mind before it is ‘bodied forth’ in words, on canvas, in marble, or in textile or fictile tissues. The human imagination is an ample theatre, in which the shadows of the perceptions of sense reappear in new forms, arrangements, and combinations, under the government of taste, or subject to the rule of genius. Out of it spring the song, the epic, and the drama; the sketch, the engraving, and the picture; the statue, the monument, and the temple; the mosaic, the mould, and the pattern—alike the imitative and the creative, or rather re-creative arts.

Of the wide empire of thought as a means of delight it is impossible to note even the most salient items. The chemist’s laboratory, the astronomer’s ‘optic tube,’ the electrician’s marvellous wires, the geologist’s cabinets, the botanist’s *vascula*, the mathematician’s calculus, the machinist’s models, the traveller’s note-book, the historian’s multifarious tomes, the novelist’s quill, the orator’s words, the thinker’s researches, and the conversationist’s remarks—must have revealed all their secrets to us, and given us the keys of all their repositories before we could know all the pleasures of thought, as an agency for human happiness.

Memory and hope, associating us with the past and with the future, are powerful auxiliaries to man in his search for happiness.

‘From the dark shadows of overwhelming years’

our life is rescued by either. The former is the great Keeper, or Master of the Rolls, of the soul—a power that can make amends for the speed of Time, by causing him to leave behind him those

those things which else he would so carry away as if they had not been: the latter is the torch with whose aid we peer into the gloom of futurity, and endeavour to cast a light upon the path we are about to tread. That light throws its rays of beauty over all; for 'it is a vain journey whose end affords less pleasure than the way.'

If such is the vastness of the capacity of man, is it right in him to stoop from the dignity of his nature, and to pinion himself down to the mere money-getting pursuit of his daily toil, nor have a thought beyond? To exhaust all energy and effort in business, to blot out of the soul all but the work-round of life, to converge and fix each faculty and feeling upon the mere means of life, is neither wise nor good, nor devoted in any true sense. Yet the whole tendency of modern existence is to intensify and quicken, and settle upon the soul this style of business as a habit. This anxious, eager on-hurry, this restless and resistless haste after wealth, trade, connexions, and respectability is producing such evil results as might have been anticipated from so flagrant a violation of the express law of variety carefully impressed upon human nature. Hence these jaundiced, dyspeptic, jaded, emaciated, rheumatic, neuralgic, paralytic pill-boxes and boluses, ruins of men, who crowd the streets of mercantile and manufacturing cities, occupy counting-houses, and stand at 'Change. Hence the early deaths or the daily dying lives of so large a proportion of students and clerks, overseers and managers, partners of firms and agents for large concerns. Hence the increase of lunacy, the multiplication of idiotcy, the frequency of sudden deaths. The machinery of life is too 'go-ahead,' it is plied with too much steam on, and the gearing of human faculty and fibre is not pliant enough to bear the strain and to wear well under it. Health, like a chain, is only as strong as its weakest part. We use, and rub, and file, and wear, and work away with some one or two faculties of the body or mind; we tug at, and strain, and stent them; we augment the pressure and increase the speed; we hound on and spur up the overlaboured faculties, and are startled after all that a sudden snap, or a terrible wrench, or an instant collapse, or a long tough struggle with death should come as the end of it all. Sometimes, too, we try to drug down the warning pain which Mercy sends, with a message advising us to desist. We smoke the brain, the nerves, and muscles into dullness; we intoxicate the frame into deceptive power, or still more deceptive stupefaction and forgetfulness; we search out some keen stimulant for our outworn sensations, or set on edge and sharpen our blunted sensibilities by vice, soothe them with spectacularity, glaze them over with joviality, and dose them with the opiates of vanity, avarice, ambition, respectability, or success in our career.

We know, of course, that political economy has settled the question.

question of division of labour—that work, either in the mechanical, the commercial, or the intellectual professions, cannot be done in our days except by the uniform training, development, exercise, and application of single (or at least a very few) faculties; that excellence and success can only be obtained by fixing and keeping the mind attent upon single and simple processes; and that even a pin can only be made, to suit our present markets, by a subdivision of labour and singleness of aim, purpose, and endeavour in each person employed in its production, which demands that that small article should receive the undivided energies of ten or more individuals. We admit that only thus can the great and magnificent results of modern commerce and manufactures be attained; and that the system which applies and employs persons of different capacities in fixed proportions, suitable to the nature of the operations to be performed, so that there shall be the least possible waste of faculty or time, is that which affords the surest profits and the best returns. To this we do not demur: we have no quarrel with political economy as a science, or with its teachings upon this point. All that we have to say is, that political economy is not the ‘sole science’ which concerns human life.

We wish, however, to point out, that in proportion as the division of labour is carried into the ramifications of trade and business, there is so much the more need for some countervailing agency which shall to some extent restore the balance of life, give rest to the one or two overworked faculties, and a chance of activity to those which are placed under the suppressive rein of labour, and are held in quiescence during the work hours of the day. We maintain that the more pressing, engrossing, and minute labour, business, or work becomes, so much more needful is a well-varied, easily attainable, really enjoyable range of recreative amusement. If we coil, we must allow and arrange for the recoil; if we compress and repress air sternly, we must prepare either for its healthy and wholesome re-expansion or for a detrimental resistance and enforced release. So also will the mind cry out, ‘Unhand me, gentlemen!’ if we endeavour, with inconsiderate thoughtlessness or still less justifiable obstinacy, to sum up the whole life of ourselves or others in the single syllable—‘work.’ The swiftness, the impatience, the irrepressibility of thought must have provision made for it. The stupefaction of overwork is too often succeeded by the stolid and joyless besotment of vice not to teach us this lesson solemnly, seriously, affectingly, and assure us that the good old maxim of the good old people of good old England is the true philosophy of everyday life:—

‘Work while you work; play while you play,
That is the way to be happy and gay.’

As no contemners of work, therefore, as no despisers of the holiness
of

of industry, diligence, and fervency in business, and the bread-getting pursuits of life, do we lay down one word before our readers; but, as true friends of social life, humanity, and civilization, we crave a few moments' calm and serious consideration of the question of amusements.

'Man,' says Dr. Isaac Barrow, 'is a very busy and active creature, who cannot live and do nothing—whose thoughts are ever in restless motion, whose desires are ever stretching at somewhat, who will perpetually be working either good or evil to himself.' Many good and true men base upon this admitted fact an argument against recreation. They not only admire the policy of labour as a means of engaging the energies of man innocently to himself and hurtlessly to others, but they also look upon the intensest drudgery as justifiable if it be used as a safeguard against crime, and that they think it must be, if the hours are unremittingly employed, until the very exhaustion of nature makes even vice impossible. But such thinkers are little aware of the sophistry of the heart, and the cunning by which indulgence is gratified, at the expense of far more moral evil than if labour had not been used as a policeman. The passions then, like the winds in the cave of Æolus, fret and fume and rebel: they acquire the intensity of madness, and a sudden leap often dashes the whole policy of restraint into shivers; or a long-continued series of dodges are employed to find covert indulgence. The licentiousness of monks, and the singular epidemics of insanity among nuns, are extreme instances of the danger of narrowing too much the freedom of action in man. Fuller was right when he said, 'Recreation is a second creation, when weariness hath almost annihilated one's spirits. It is the breathing of the soul, which otherwise would be stifled with continual business.' Let us then consent to a little unharnessing from the go-carts of life; let the true labourer also have a little true amusement; let us be moderate in our worship of work, and in our restraints on man's nature. Harmless entertainment, as being conducive to health and cheerfulness, is certainly promotive of fidelity to labour and trustworthiness in service.

Many who admit all that we have advanced to be 'good in theory,' yet resist from allowing the practice of recreative amusement to be good. Not to mention that Immanuel Kant has given it as his opinion, that 'it is to the scandal of all philosophy that we hear it not seldom alledged that what is abstractly right in theory cannot be made available in practice,' we may say that, as every right theory is only a series of deductions from the facts of experience, if any seeming contrariety exists between theory and practice, it must be because the theory has been wrongfully deduced from experience, and therefore demands the formation of a better, because more consistent theory; but if we admit the theory to be
good,

good, we cannot logically hold ourselves free from the consequent, that the practice must be right. Hence those who fear the levity and criminality of recreation must labour under some latent sophistication obscuring their perception of the actual state of the argument—which may be briefly stated thus. Man was made to be happy. The *desire* for happiness, implanted by God, exists in man; the *capacity* for happiness, by the express endowment of the Deity, has been conferred on man; the *means* of happiness, by the beneficent arrangement of the Creator, lie all around us. The desire without the capacity would have given a raging fever to our souls, and the capacity without the means would have left an aching void in every spirit. But the united gift of all three, from Him 'who openeth his hand and satisfieth the desire of every living thing,' is unmistakeable evidence of the intention that man should be happy. There can be no misconception here. Misapprehension, if misapprehension there is, must lie elsewhere. And we do not doubt that it is to be found hiding itself in the word we employ to denote the exercise or means by which we express, or in which we find justifiable joy. That word may be pleasure, delight, enjoyment, recreation, amusement, or happiness; but unless we mean the same thing by the word when we use it in connexion with this subject, we cannot come to a fair conclusion upon it. Some men, unfortunately, find pleasure in sensuality, ferocity, orgy, and license—

'Gaiety that fills the bones with pain,
'The mouth with blasphemy, the heart with woe.'

Like Demosthenes, when enticed by the courtesan Laïs, we would have men to resolve 'not to buy repentance at a price too great;' and this assuredly they do who seek happiness in these fashions. But though these are the amusements of some men, and must unfortunately be classed under that term in many minds, we cannot regard amusement as absolutely ill in itself, or inseparable from ill, or necessarily the companion of evil. Properly understood, we think much may, *must* be said in its favour; but, properly understood or not, it is too often at once decried and practised. It is exactly because it is so difficult to keep it within due bounds, and so easy to suffer it to trespass, that a necessity arises for some better and more thorough comprehension of the philosophy of amusement.

It is to be admitted, then, that amusement is a necessity of human life—a necessity all the more potent and irrepressible, because of the intensity of modern labour. We may now be asked, What is amusement? We reply, The gratification of man's inborn and inbred desire for enjoyment by legitimate and appropriate objects, by fit and adequate means, at seasonable periods, and under enlightened moral (i. e. personally conscientious) control.

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This is the strict and true meaning of amusement, including all true delight, and excluding no possible healthy and wholesome minister to or means of enjoyment. It exactly accords and harmonizes with the right exegetical sense of Solomon's hymnic exhortation: 'Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know that for all these things God will bring thee to judgment'—(Eccles. xi. 9)—which legitimates enjoyment as an ordinance of the Father, when bounded and regulated by the Divine law. It may be briefly styled refreshment after toil; relief from the presence of care, anxiety, or sorrow; relaxation from severe duties, diversion from absorbing pursuits, recreation after fatigue, amusement in the intervals of work-day toil, pastime in the hour of leisure—in all of which

'Pleasure is nought but Virtue's gayer name.'

When, however, with 'the sophistry of hell,' such words, and those more endearing ones—enjoyment, delight, bliss, felicity, transport, happiness—are used to denote the gratification, or the pampering of debasing, polluting, fleshly, and gross animal tastes, or vicious, impure, pernicious propensities, they are misused and misappropriated; and we may well imitate Solomon in this case, who 'said of laughter, it is mad; and of mirth, what doeth it?' These things afford neither true amusement, recreation, nor gaiety. 'The innocent alone are gay.'

Amusement, to be legitimate, wholesome, innocent, must be *useful*, in refitting the body or the mind for its duty, by relaxing whatever is overstrained, by exercising what has been pinched of its activity, by refreshing and invigorating the whole nature; it must be *agreeable* to the taste of the person who enjoys, the persons who share with him in the enjoyment, and the agents through whom the delight is gained; *refining* to the tastes, the temper, or the skill of all the parties concerned in it; and at least *innocent*, i.e., hurtless to the fortune, family, fame, and welfare of those who receive or those who supply the entertainment. If our pleasures are such that we can predicate these things, at least, of them, we may consider them safe and permissible; but if they fail in any one of these prerequisites, we fear they must be regarded as unwarrantable and inexpedient, illegitimate and unjustifiable. The amiable Francis Quarles lays down a good rule: 'Let thy recreation be manly, moderate, seasonable, lawful; if thy life be sedentary, more tending to the exercise of the body; if active, more to the refreshing of the mind. The use of recreation is to strengthen thy labour and sweeten thy rest.'

In the olden time the lord of the manor and the serf took part in the same national festivities; the hall and the kitchen, the
castle

castle and the hut rejoiced together, and common ties of familiarity joined all parties in a parish. The tournament, and the royal progress, the village festival or the holytide entertainment, the coming of age, the bridal and the birth, brought all the people to rejoice together, and when death came they all mourned in common. Masters and men, farmers and servants, at Shrovetide or Yule, at May-day or Martinmas, at market and fair, partook of the same jollity and junketing. When, however, the upper classes who could give dinner, tea, wine, card, or music parties, withdrew from the common mixture of society, and began to provide recreations for themselves by themselves, they took away not only their encouragement from public entertainments, but the restraint of their presence from them. So that now we have concerts degraded to mere negro mouthings, or so-called comic singings, where the very utmost margin line between prudence and prurience is scarcely kept clear; the drama scenic, spectacular, and sensational; fêtes full of mummary, tomfoolery, and sin; dancing gardens and casinos, where instead of the sprightly and harmless activity of the blood and muscles, and elegant carriage and decent comportment, we have lasciviousness scarcely veiled, obscenity tricked out in all the allurements of the tempter, carnality incorporate, debauchery glorified, smut for smartness, and salacity for wit, in one section of society; while in the other we have the *soirée musicale*, *thé dansante*, private theatricals and pic-nics, all, like game, strictly preserved, and hemmed round with impenetrable *chevaux de frise* of etiquette; showing that similar tastes prevail in all, and that the popular amusements are in essence the same in all classes. The parallel might be drawn more closely if we were to compare pitch and toss in the public-house tap, or the ongoings in the skittle-alley or the tavern parlour with the whist and card tables of the wealthy, or rouge et noir and billiards in the fashionable hells. But from this we forbear, lest we should be hurried into other comparisons, which prove the common kith and kin of high and low in the vices of their recreations as truly as from many sources we could prove the similarity of the glow of virtue in the parish hind and in the peer's heart. Our statements are carried far enough if they show that the amusements of men are essentially similar; that therefore the abuses lie more in their accidents and adjuncts than in themselves; and that these evil accretions are in certain proportions due to those who might have curbed their excess, as well as to those who unfortunately must take their pleasures in the gross, with all their ills, or want them because they have neither culture, skill, means, time, nor opportunity to provide themselves with them at home, in private, in a pure state.

Crimination is not an exercise pleasant to our spirits, and we cannot stoop

stoop to indulge in vituperation either of the selfishness of this *cordon* of excommunication between class and class, or of the sensualism into which, through whatever cause, our popular amusements have fallen. We speak of each 'much more in sorrow than in anger.' We are lovers of peace—

'Sobriety and order and chaste love,
And honest dealing and untainted speech,
And pure good-will and hospitable cheer ;'

and we are anxious to see these domestic blessings and comforts spread wider and more widely. We can see no chance of this unless we can diswed vice and amusement. And we have little hope of this until the opinion of all classes of the public shall be changed somewhat from its present state. Till the intellectual and refined circles show sympathy with the rougher and ruder sports of ordinary people, the fashionable world abate somewhat of its rigidity on matters of form in its connection with the recreations of the poor, the wealthy and the proud cease to shut themselves up in the recluse egotism of superiority, and learn to consort with the Commonalty as friends, and to open up to them the storied hall, the historic landscape, the broad park, the statue's noble stateliness, the picture's unsunned beauty, with trust and frankness, the religious forsake some of their asceticism, and the labouring classes abate their jealousy, envy, sullenness, and pride, resentful of kindness proffered by superiors, which they miscall a scorn of patronage,—we cannot hope for the long-wished '*meliora*' better things—in amusements which we think might come. Shakespeare, the true and genial observer of men, and the most common-sense of moral philosophers, exactly expresses the evils of a life unsunned by joy in '*The Comedy of Errors*,' where he says—

'Sweet Recreation barred, what doth ensue
But moody and dull Melancholy
(Kinsman to grim and comfortless Despair),
And at his heels a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life ?'

We wish to have these evils defeated and their opposites multiplied. We believe days of delight are possible to the hard-working men of these islands. We have anxiously looked, though long discouraged in our search, for signs of improvement and of hopefulness ; and now we fancy we see the streaks of dawn in our day of expectancy. The public parks of Manchester, the Cloughton Park at Birkenhead, the Crossley Park at Halifax, the Locke Park at Barnsley, the Baxter Park near Dundee, the Aston Park at Birmingham (in spite of its recent and lamentable, we hope temporary, disgrace), the Crystal Palace, with some faults, and Muswell Hill—no, the Alexandra Park—are tokens for good. The Manchester and Salford Free Libraries, the Brown Library in

Liverpool, 4

Liverpool, the People's College in Sheffield, the Midland Institute, Birmingham, and similar associations and schemes elsewhere, are also hopeful elements. More recently, too, the formation of 'The Working Men's Club and Institute Union,' and its report of a year's success, are favourable auguries. We hear of them all gladly. The United Kingdom Alliance and Temperance Leagues employ their associated efforts in the same elevating and improving direction. The Society of Arts, with its system of examinations; our mechanics' institutes and schools of arts, with their classes, libraries, museums, &c.; our London, Oxford, and Cambridge University examinations, open to men endowed with a rising ambition; young men's self-improvement associations everywhere; penny post and savings banks; freehold building and benefit societies; temperance meetings and bands of hope and bonds of brotherhood, are all working towards the same desirable end—the intellectual and moral elevation of the people. A thousand other Christian and philanthropic agencies are afoot with a like object. Living and vigorous Christian effort in Dorcas and clothing societies, mothers' associations, ladies' benevolent visiting societies; in Sunday and evening schools, in mutual aid funds, in home missions, street and district house-to-house evangelism and Bible reading. If to these and many more we add Sunday-school treats and fêtes, parish library lectures and readings, popular and people's concerts, half-holiday excursions, working men's festivals, &c., the multiplicity of agencies begins to appear astounding. We recognise, as we have said, all as good, and working to good ends; but we think that in this, as in much else,

'Wisdom is oftentimes nearer when we stoop
Than when we soar.'

Hence we desiderate less charity and more kindness, less almsgiving aid than assistance towards self-help, less leading-string philanthropy and more confiding love, less patronage and more sympathy, less commiseration and more fellow-feeling—either in joy or sorrow. A more Christ-like seeking to do good, not to show goodness, is required to nourish the working bee of humanity, and not to conserve the indolent drone. If we could employ the leisure, improve the recreation, save the waste expenditure, and still more the wasted health and home-influence of our working classes, we should do a Christ-like service, even though it should necessitate our going, as He did, into the company of publicans and sinners, to the market-places, the streets, and the feasts, as well as to the Synagogue and the Temple. To do this effectually, however, we must begin at the level of the working classes; we must take them where we find them, and make that the standing-point and fulcrum of our efforts at elevation. It is needless for us
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to say to a man, 'Friend, go thou up higher,' until he feels the need and the desire; but if we admit him to our amusements on equal terms, or share his in the same way, we shall soon find that refinement, intelligence, decency, order, sobriety, and virtue, hold a warmer corner in a workman's heart, and are more welcome to a workman's hearth, than we are often inclined to credit. Many of the instincts and desires, and much of the ambition of our working men is on the right side; and it is not only the strength of the temptation even to which the labouring classes are exposed, but also the apparent impossibility of finding recreation unflavoured by sin, untainted by vice, apart from the agencies which lead to agonies of shame, repentance, and remorse, that drags them down to the sot's portion or the drunkard's doom; to become the dupes of vice, the abettors or perpetrators of lewdness, baseness, treachery to home, infidelity to friendship, dishonesty in business, or criminality in action. We rejoice, therefore, at the idea of working men's clubs, drinkless, of course—for drink is society's bane. We relish the thought of the cricket-field apart from the pot-house barrel; the skittle-alley disjoined from the beer-cellar and seller; draughts, backgammon, and chess, out of sight of the gin bottle; bowling, and quoits, and gymnastics, walking feats, leaping competitions, running contentions, where the ale jugs are out of reach; a lounge, a news-room, and chat accommodation, where Boniface sheds abroad no disenchantment; a place where a tramp could get a rest, an apprentice hear a good song, a workman settle a little business, or do a little reading up without 'going to pot' for his pleasure; where a 'fine' night could be spent without ending in a fine carouse; where benefit societies could meet, and men of a trade could say, hail fellow! and help one another to a job, or at any other good turn, without spoiling brain and character, or misspending money 'for the good of the house.' All these things the working man's club might be made useful for. It might be a house of call, a bank branch, an exchange for working men's tools, a general resort for news and talk, a store of information about work, wages, and wants in the neighbourhood, a centre for half-holiday excursion parties, a safe place for a little fun at a fair, a common rendezvous for clothing clubs, Christmas parties, or funeral association committees. Out of it there might go botanical, geological, ornithological, and entomological excursion parties, and they might make it their museum; classes might be formed at it, concerts held in it—a free and easy might even be allowed—and lectures could be delivered to its members. It might be made not only a place of resort for moral recreation, but a perfect home mission of good works. It commends itself to our thoughts as being adapted to supply one of the great pressing wants of the age, if care be taken to keep it as far from injuring

the bonds and influences of home, as from being a halfway house to the tavern or the tap.

We need scarcely now occupy space with details of the recreations which might legitimately be used as a variation and a relaxation from the dull, monotonous routine of commonplace, but requisite and holy duty. We have not been specially advocating the higher and nobler recreations, though we are far from ignoring them: a taste for the works of nature, for the acquisition of knowledge, afford enduring delights. 'How numberless are those volumes which men have written of arts, of tongues! How endless is that volume which God hath written of the world, wherein every creature is a letter, every day a new page! Who can be weary of either of these? To find wit in poetry, in philosophy profoundness, in mathematics acuteness, in history wonder of events, in oratory sweet eloquence, in divinity supernatural delight and holy devotion, as so many rich metals in their proper mines, whom would it not ravish with delight? . . . To delve in the mines, to scorch in the fire for the getting, for the fining of gold is a slavish toil; the comfort is in the wedge—to the owner, not the labourers; whereas the very search for knowledge is delightful.' It is not immediately for these high and noble pleasures we are now the advocates, though 'study itself is our life, from which we would not be debarred for a world.' It is for the lighter, vainer, more frivolous, the mind-resting and heart-easing amusements; for we are now in no wish to become *advocati diaboli*—desirous of ranking as the maintainers and promoters of evil; and we crave attention to a summary of our views upon the permissible and the unjustifiable amusements of our age and country.

The more active out-of-door exercises and games—as running, leaping, cricket, and all the other games at or with the ball, throwing the hammer, quoits, bowling, skittles, golf where it is played, shinty, or croquet—have fallen far too much out of use. These and gymnastic training ought to be more encouraged and practised, because of their innocent muscularity and generally exhilarative character, and the amusement they create for on-lookers as well as players. Swimming and boating, where opportunity is to be had, wrestling, quarterstick, and military drill might, under good direction, be made much more useful, agreeable, and improving than they are now.

In-door games, if kept free from gambling, betting, and high stakes, might be much more employed as amusements; but more especially draughts, backgammon, chess, bagatelle, billiards, could be incorporated into the repertoire of home or club games. Dice, dominoes, and games of mere chance, as distinct from those of skill, because they are more liable to abuse, may be less fittingly made portion of the popular pastimes of village or town.

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Of entertainments proper, the concert can be easily freed from ill associations, and made widely useful, especially if brief elocutionary readings are combined with singing. Village bands, choirs, harmonic and glee clubs, elocution classes, under careful management, may readily be fitted in to the recreations of any place. At the club, a 'free and easy,' more especially if some respectably-positioned person led the way and helped, could be got up with little trouble and great advantage. Exhibitions of various sorts of curiosities, paintings or engravings, specimens in geology, mineralogy, of birds living or stuffed, of panoramas, and even of the magic lantern, can be made entertaining, instructive, and attractive; and there are few villages where, if the gentry around were to lend what they possess for a night or two, a fairish museum could not be got up for the nonce on a holiday. The drama is more involved in difficulty; but in towns, gentlemen of known character could take the regulation and management of the cheap theatres, and gradually raise and refine the tastes of the people. Most of the dramas of Shakespeare, Jerrold, Talfourd, Knowles, Milman, Bulwer, &c., and many of those of Foote, Macklin, Inchbald, Coleman, Massinger, Fielding, Otway, Rowe, Garrick, Maturin, &c., may be used without detriment to morals among the people. In villages, private theatricals, if simply got up, would be found highly gratifying as an occasional amusement, and could be made conducive to study and improvement. Dancing, either in hall or on green, is also a difficult matter to deal with. If parties for that purpose were under the stewardship of gentlemen and ladies of station, who would conduct them with decorum, and insist pleasantly, but strictly, on the etiquette of the ball-room, not over finically, they might be permitted, but they ought not to be continued till a late hour.

Of prize, dog, and cock fights, of rat or hadger baiting, of Blondinism or Leotardism, of wagers to drink, of climbing greased poles, or hunting buttered pigs, bets about gluttony, female conjuring and acting as the Lion Queen, &c., we have no word of favour to say. They are vile in bone, sinew, marrow, and heart, and ought to be eschewed.

Of hunting, shooting, angling, &c., it is not necessary to say much, for these can never become in reality popular amusements. As sports, however, they may be regarded as permissible, and yet they require little or no encouragement.

Races of any description, as at present conducted, can scarcely receive commendation. They are not now so much sports as professions, betting and swindling schools. Fairs, and fêtes in general, require much improvement, and well-considered effort; but if these were undertaken, and given by men of sympathetic and Christian mind, our people's holidays would certainly be made

much more truly merry and recreative. There is here a large field for judicious philanthropic activity, into which we would fain see a large retinue of labourers enter, as a vineyard requiring and likely to reward their endeavours. Flower-shows, gardening prizes, excursion parties by river or rail, waggon or walk, unless altogether recklessly and regardlessly gone about, we approve of heartily.

One woeful ingredient enters so largely into every enjoyment of a public nature, that we must distinctly denounce it as no true amusement or aid to it. Drink destroys the geniality and sociality of man at almost all our public amusements. The excitement it produces, added to the natural excitement of recreation, overcomes both mind and body, and makes a day's amusement too frequently synonymous with a day's debauch. Every one has felt, seen, and deplored this. Let it be distinctly understood that relaxation is the natural medicine of a frame or spirit overjaded and fatigued; but that drink is bale, poison, ruin to both. As Quarles says: 'Where drunkenness reigns there reason is an exile, virtue a stranger, God an enemy, blasphemy is wit, oaths are rhetoric, and secrets are proclamations.' 'He that is a drunkard is qualified for all vice.' Let us therefore in all our recreations, at home or abroad, avoid that which produces such 'loathsome and stinking weeds as brawling, chiding, blasphemy, slander, perjury, and such-like bad works of drunkenness and darkness,' and 'be sober, be vigilant' against sin. We do not seek to decry popular amusements, nor to lessen their frequency, nor to decrease their attractiveness. We wish rather to destroy the disease of which recreation is dying, and we aim at doing that to save the patient. If we could sever the singing saloon, the exhibition, the excursion, the public game, and the volunteers' drill from the vicious drinking usages with which they have no natural connection, we should then be enabled to have amusements consistent with social life, in harmony with religion, subject to good government, beneficial to communities, wholesome for individuals, blissful for home; for we should then know and act upon the true philosophy of amusement.

It is high time that this matter should be viewed in its proper light; and that, if a remedy be possible for our prevailing animalism and sensationalism, it should be adopted. If evil can be cured and it is not done, or if more than the lowest unavoidable minimum be allowed to afflict the social and national life of England, the blame must lie with those who know the evil and possess the means of change and betterment. Let Christian effort be given to the task; for Christianity spreads itself over all human life in healing, and specially commands us so to 'love one another' as to 'rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.' If this be done, Success will smile on Endeavour.

ART. II.—TRANSPORTATION AND PENAL
SERVITUDE.

Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Operations of the Acts (16 & 17 Vict. c. 99, and 20 & 21 Vict. c. 3) relating to Transportation and Penal Servitude.

PENAL discipline, as practised in the Irish convict prisons, and known to the public as the Irish convict system (although, perhaps, it would be more correctly termed the convict system in Ireland), was described some few years since in 'Meliora.' More recently, in a review of a little work narrating a visit to the convict prisons in Ireland, by Mr. Wheatley Balme, who, with three of his brother justices of the West Riding, made, in the autumn of 1861, a special journey for the purpose of inspecting those establishments for themselves, we drew a contrast between the management of convicts in that country and in our own. We showed that in the latter, through lack of discipline and mistaken indulgence in prison, the convicts were discharged unfitted to be again at large, and that no sooner were the doors of their gaol open, than the conditions on which they received their liberty were set entirely aside, consequently that they were perfectly free to resume their former occupations of pillaging and maltreating their unfortunate fellow-citizens. We also showed that, at the same time, in Ireland, the convicts were carefully and gradually trained to receive again their forfeited liberty; that they could only earn their discharge prior to the expiration of their sentence by genuine industry and good conduct; that when set at liberty, so long as the law permitted, they were kept under strict supervision; and that if they infringed the conditions of their license in even the most trifling degree, they were immediately returned to prison. These measures carried into effect in their integrity, had given to the Irish people so great a sense of protection against the depredations of ticket-of-leave men, or license-holders, that it was no longer difficult to find employment for these persons, and that the great majority of discharged convicts became honest and respectable members of society. On the other hand, in England, so great was the fear they inspired, that the term 'ticket-of-leave man' had become synonymous with 'burglar' or 'highwayman'; and from all the evidence which could be collected, it appeared that quite half the number of persons, who were released from our convict prisons relapsed into crime.

The terrible outbreak of garotting which occurred last winter is fresh in the memory of us all. So great a sensation did it create in the public mind, that the Government were called upon to take measures for putting an end to the disgraceful state of insurrection.

and to devise a plan for preventing its recurrence. To many persons it appeared that the shortest and most effectual way of attaining the desired end would have been to place our convicts under the treatment which was so eminently successful in Ireland, its principles and its practice having been before not only the English public, but also our prison authorities, for some years. The Government did not, however, adopt this course. They preferred to ask her Majesty to appoint a Royal Commission to inquire into the working of the Acts relating to transportation and penal servitude, with a view to their amendment, if, after examination, it should be deemed necessary. This commission has now completed its task. It has conducted its inquiries and issued its report—a document which, notwithstanding its many shortcomings, will be read with satisfaction by those who advocate sound principles of punishment. For although it does not cordially accept the Irish convict system as successful, and it does recommend a continuance of transportation to Western Australia, accompanied by certain modifications, at the same time it emphatically endorses the great principle on which the Irish system is founded, *i.e.*, that a remission of punishment is not to be claimed as a right on the completion of a certain period of imprisonment, but is to be earned as a reward by long continuance in well-doing. The commission further recommend that several amendments be introduced into the English mode of convict discipline which are either in practice in Ireland, or have been repeatedly suggested by the directors of convict prisons in that country.

The absence of a hearty acknowledgment of the merits of the Irish system on the part of the commission is not astonishing when we reflect that but few of the members were friendly to its principles, while others, from their position, must have been absolutely opposed to it; and yet, such is the force of truth, that notwithstanding all prejudice and animosity, the commission have been compelled to recognize the excellence of the system, though they give but scant measure of justice to its founders. This, however, is a small evil. To those who have spent their time and their health in organizing the Irish system there needs be no greater triumph than this—that it has resisted all the attacks of its enemies; that its principles, after careful inquiry and much deliberation, are pronounced sound by what may be fairly entitled a hostile jury, and are recommended for adoption into this country. Indeed, the treatment the Irish system has received in England is curious. Its organization and development proceeded very quietly for some few years. When, however, it had been investigated, its results tested, and its adoption advocated by prison reformers in this country, then certain of the English authorities were nothing loth to claim it as their own. Such claim, however, being proved ground-

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less, the poor Irish system was subjected to the most inconsistent vicissitudes. Sometimes it was declared to be altogether bad, and its alleged results were rejected. At others, parts of it were admitted to be good ; but then these parts were no longer Irish, they were purely and simply English. This ground of attack becoming untenable, it was maintained that, although admirably adapted to Ireland and the Irish nature, the system would not succeed at all in England ; but as even this forlorn hope could not be carried, we are sorry to say that some of the opponents of the system, as a last resort, were not ashamed to make a personal attack on Sir Walter Crofton. The report, however, of the commission of 1863 places this system on a firm basis, and effectually precludes any recurrence of the groundless attacks to which it has been subjected.

'The Acts of 1853 and 1857 apply to Ireland as well as to England, and the law with reference to penal servitude is precisely the same in both countries. The mode in which it is administered is also in most respects the same, but with some important differences.'

The law is certainly the same with respect to both countries, and the practice has outwardly considerable resemblance, but there the likeness ceases. As the report says, there are 'important differences ;' they strike us as strongly resembling that between a good substantial cake and one of those hollow imitations which economical housewives sometimes place on their dessert-tables. Outwardly examined they look very much alike ; but when cut into the one will be found to be a genuine edible, the other a dry and hollow crust, good for nothing but to be thrown to the rubbish-heap.

There is an 'important difference' in the treatment of the convict with regard to the period of separate confinement with which the punishment of penal servitude begins. In Ireland the convict is confined in his cell for nine months. By exemplary conduct he may reduce the number to eight ; and if he behave ill, he will prolong his stay in the separate cell. Here we recognize a fixed principle. The Irish convict knows from the first that he can better his condition by good behaviour, and worsen it by an opposite course. But the English convict, though nominally committed to the separate cell for nine months, learns that without any effort of his own he may quit it at the end of seven. The 'exigencies* of the service,' 'the claims of the public works prisons, of Bermuda, Gibraltar, and Western Australia,' oblige [?] the authorities to take convicts out of the separate cells before their allotted time has expired, although they state that in their opinion those nine months of separate confinement form the most salutary

* Evidence of Sir Joshua Jebb. Minutes of Eyre.

period of the whole punishment. The English convict therefore learns that it is not his own conduct which will determine his stay in the separate cell, but that a beneficent fairy, in the shape of 'exigencies of the service,' by a tap of her wand, will in all probability open its doors. The first principle to be instilled into the prisoner's mind is, that he must *earn* his liberty; but when the 'exigencies of the service,' whatever that phrase may mean, are allowed to set this principle at nought, can we wonder that the criminal will trust to chance for liberation from his cell, and take no pains about the matter himself? We should have thought that prisons were established for the sake of the convicts, and not that the convicts were put into them to satisfy the 'claims' of the prisons. The commissioners recommend that this uncertainty as to the time of separation shall cease; but, considering the enormous absurdity of the practice, in much milder terms than it deserves.

'The separate confinement to which convicts sentenced to penal servitude are, in the first instance, subjected, seems to be regarded with great dislike by most of them, and especially by those who are criminals by profession. It appears that owing to the want of room in the prisons for separate confinement, and the demand for labour on public works at Portland and Chatham, the period of separate confinement, during the last year, has fallen so short of the nine months prescribed by the regulations, that the average has been only seven months and twenty days. Arrangements ought at once to be made for remedying this. We are of opinion that convicts ought to be kept in separate confinement for the full period of nine months, except in the case of prisoners who are found unable to undergo it so long without serious injury to their bodily or mental health. No considerations of expense, whether connected with the necessity for additional buildings, or with the loss of the labour of the convicts, ought to be allowed to prevent this stage of punishment from being continued for the time prescribed by the regulations. We think, too, that though separate confinement, even under the present system, is, as has been said, extremely distasteful to convicts, this wholesome effect on their minds might be increased. It has been already mentioned that in Ireland the diet is lower during the first four months; and that no work is given to the prisoners for the first three months, except such as is of a simple and monotonous character, in which they require little or no instruction. This practice has been adopted because it has been found, that by far the greater number of convicts have no knowledge of any trade, and when first taught one, must necessarily be constantly visited by their instructor, whose visits tend to mitigate the irksomeness of separate confinement. There appears to us to be much force in the reasons which induced the directors of the Irish convict prisons to adopt these means for rendering separate imprisonment more formidable, and we recommend that attempts should be made, with due caution, to give a more deterrent character to separate imprisonment in the English prisons.'

We wish that the commissioners had recommended the full adoption of the Irish practice; that is, of allowing the prisoner by exemplary conduct to shorten his stay in the cell, and to prolong it by an opposite course.

Another 'important difference' is thus condemned by the commission:—

'There are, however, some points connected with the labour of convicts, in which we think alterations might be introduced with advantage. The principal defect in the existing system [in England] is the discretion allowed to the warders in recording the industry of prisoners, considered in connection with the practice
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of making the pay of the former depend upon gratuities, given for the efficiency with which they enforce labour. The evidence is conflicting as to whether the warders are subject to any bias in the performance of their duty, by fear of the convicts under them, or by the impression, that by not being very strict in their reports as to deficiencies in the labour done, they are more sure of obtaining their gratuities. On the whole, it appears probable that the warders seldom knowingly yield to the influence of such motives; but, on the other hand, we feel bound to say, that the mode of keeping the record of the conduct of the convicts, and of paying gratuities to the warders, exposes those officers to an undue temptation. We therefore consider it desirable that the warders should cease to receive gratuities, their salaries being proportionately increased.' * * *

'The want of sufficient efficacy in the present system of punishment does not seem to arise from any error in its principles, or from its general arrangements being injudicious, but to be mainly attributable to the shortness of the punishment generally inflicted upon convicts; and, in a minor degree, to defects in the discipline to which they are subject.'

There appears to us to be a fallacy involved in this passage. No doubt short sentences do present great obstacles in the way of reformation, because they do not allow sufficient time for weaning habitual criminals (the class from which convicts are chiefly derived) from their evil courses; and it is very important, as the report states, that the law in this respect should be altered. But there is no reason why the English authorities should not have availed themselves of the means which their Irish *collaborateurs* have rendered so efficacious in identifying old offenders, and in laying their antecedents before the judge who is to try them, in order that though the specific offence for which they are at any one time brought to justice may be trifling, yet as the law, even as it now stands, awards severe punishment for repeated infractions, though each may be slight in itself, the judge may be enabled to inflict on them the severest penalty in his power. It not seldom happens to be a sentence sufficiently long to admit of the discipline under which the criminal is placed having its reasonable effect; and even if the sentence does not secure his reformation, it yet teaches the habitual offender that he cannot turn crime into a profitable calling. These measures have been quite as much at the disposal of the English as of the Irish directors; and the latter authorities might have diminished, through them, the evils inflicted by the short sentences, which have caused the 'want of efficacy in the present system of punishment.' They therefore cannot escape blame, as the report would lead us to infer, for the evils which they might to a great extent have prevented.

'There is,' says the report, 'in the metropolis, and other large towns, a class of persons who are so inveterately addicted to dishonesty, and so averse to labour, that there is no chance of their ceasing to seek their existence by depredations on the public, unless they are compulsorily withdrawn, for a very considerable time, from their accustomed haunts. Such persons may sometimes be guilty of only minor offences, yet by the continual repetition of such offences they may inflict more loss upon the public, while they are also much less likely to become reformed, than men who under great temptation commit a grave but single crime. The law already recognizes the propriety of awarding heavier punishment to criminals on a second conviction; but this principle requires to be more fully acted upon. Many old

old offenders are brought to trial without being recognized as such, and more effectual means should be adopted for ascertaining any previous convictions incurred by a prisoner, and bringing them under the consideration of the court before which he may be tried for a fresh offence. We consider it to be beyond our province to enter into the inquiry as to how this object might be accomplished; but we have no hesitation in expressing our opinion, that it is one to which the attention of the Government should be directed.

We trust that the Government will not fail to act upon this important recommendation.

We rejoice that the commissioners censure the recent rule, that convicts sentenced to a second term of penal servitude are disqualified from receiving tickets-of-leave. They say that if remission is to be given in any case, they do not think it desirable that this distinction should be made. The object which the rule aims at will, they think, 'be better attained by passing longer sentences on re-convicted prisoners than by removing their chief inducement to industry and good conduct, whilst they are undergoing their punishment.' Such a regulation shows very plainly that the prison authorities are quite ignorant of the real purpose for which a remission of punishment should be given. They evidently consider it a *right* belonging to the convict to which, by its abuse, he has forfeited all future claim, instead of a *reward* he must earn. Surely a reward may be earned twice, as well as once, though the second period of probation should be considerably prolonged, because the convict has shown by his conduct that the first had not been long enough. At the same time, it is but fair to say that the liability to abuse the liberty conferred by the ticket-of-leave will be much diminished when the English convict really does earn his licence, instead of, according to present custom, receiving it as a right at the termination of a certain period of imprisonment.

'The experience, both of this and of other countries, has demonstrated that it is impossible to compel convicts to work hard by mere coercion, the attempt to do so having invariably failed, while it has produced a brutalizing effect on their minds, and increased their previous aversion to labour. On this ground, the late Capt. Maconochie, many years ago, recommended that the punishment to be inflicted upon criminals should be measured, not by time, but by the amount of labour they should be compelled to perform before regaining their freedom, and he devised an ingenious mode of recording their daily industry by marks, for the purpose of determining when they should have a right to their discharge. This proposal met with so much approval from the government of the day, that Capt. Maconochie was sent to Norfolk Island, for the purpose of trying the system he had recommended in the management of the convicts detained there. The experiment did not succeed, for reasons which were sufficiently obvious, but into which we need not now enter. The failure, however, did not afford any reason for condemning the principle on which the scheme was founded; and, in fact, that principle has been adopted, to a greater or less extent, in all the various schemes of penal discipline which have been tried in the last twenty-five years. The result has been to establish the conclusion, that the hope of earning some remission of their punishment is the most powerful incentive to good conduct and industry which can be brought to act upon the minds of prisoners.'

We are sincerely glad that justice—at least partial justice—is done to the late Captain Maconochie, whose long and self-sacrificing

ficing labours have been already recorded in 'Meliora.' The principle he first reduced to practice, and which forms the cornerstone of the Irish system, Sir Walter Crofton has repeatedly stated he derived from that great philanthropist.

'We have stated, that in Western Australia a system has been introduced of allowing convicts to earn, by each day's labour, a number of marks depending upon their industry, with the right of obtaining tickets-of-leave when their total earnings reach an amount calculated according to the length of their sentence. No credit is given to them for good conduct, but they are liable to forfeit the marks they have earned by fines imposed upon them for misconduct. The papers laid before Parliament, and the evidence we have obtained, concur in representing this system as having proved very successful in practice, and we are of opinion that it might with advantage be introduced into this country, with some modifications. We would suggest, that the convict should be allowed to earn daily one, two, or three marks by a greater or less degree of industry. No marks should be allowed for days in which a convict only worked hard enough to escape punishment for idleness, but any exertion beyond this should have its proportionate reward. The marks earned by industry ought also, as in Western Australia, to be liable to forfeiture by fines for misconduct. Instead of debiting the convict with a certain number of marks, to be earned before he obtained his discharge, it would be better to take one day off the time for which under his sentence he would be subject to coercion, for so many marks earned by him. By the former system, if the convict had not been industrious during the earlier part of his punishment, or if he had incurred a large forfeiture of marks by misconduct, he would have no motive for exertion towards the close of his sentence, since he would have no chance, before it expired, of earning the amount placed to his debit; but if for every six, or some other number of marks earned by him, a day were taken off his punishment, the motive to exertion would continue in full force to the end. The amount of remission which a convict would be enabled to earn by industry, would be determined by the number of marks required to gain a day. If three marks were the maximum given for the best day's work, and also the number required to earn one day's remission, a convict who gained the maximum credit every day, from the beginning to the end of his sentence, and never incurred a single fine for misconduct, would abridge his punishment by one-half. He would shorten it only by one-third, or one-fourth if six, or nine marks were required to earn a day's time.'

This plan appears to be merely another way of doing what has been done, and done well, in Ireland.

'Both in England and Ireland, we think it also wrong that credit should be given for general good conduct, as well as for industry; good conduct in a prison (apart from industry) can consist only in abstaining from misconduct, which gives no just claim to reward. We likewise object to the Irish practice of giving marks for diligence in school.'

We must entirely dissent from the opinion that 'no marks should be given for general good conduct as well as for industry, because good conduct apart from industry can only consist in abstaining from misconduct.' Surely this is as complete a truism as to say that industry consists in abstaining from idleness. Should there be no difference made between the convict who behaves in a quiet orderly manner, and is obedient to the word of command, and respectful to the officers, and him who is noisy and disobedient, or who uses bad language, and insults his superiors? Both may be equally industrious, and yet we should have little difficulty in deciding, when the time of discharge arrived, which of the two

were the fitter for liberty, or which we would ourselves rather employ. It requires as much self-control in the convict, considering what his previous life has been, to be quiet, orderly, and respectful inside the prison as to abstain from committing a crime outside. Nor can we see why good marks should not be given for industry and attention in school. The qualities essential to good behaviour beyond the prison walls may be exercised in the school-room just as well as in any other part of the establishment. The industry required for learning, and the self-control necessary for attacking a distasteful task (for to adults who are past the age when learning is easy, elementary study is not attractive), are virtues the convict must acquire before he is fit to regain his liberty. Why then should the stimulus to their exercise be withdrawn in the schoolroom more than in any other part of the gaol?

The commission consider that the early release of convicts on ticket-of-leave after short periods of detention consequent on the three years' sentences to penal servitude authorized by the Act of 1857, coupled with the non-enforcing of the conditions on which these releases were granted, are the causes of the unpopularity of the ticket-of-leave system.

'The great majority of the convicts recently released at home under licence, have been sentenced to penal servitude for periods of three or of four years, consequently, under the existing regulations, they cannot have obtained this indulgence more than six months, in the one case, or nine months in the other, earlier than they would have been entitled to their unconditional discharge by the expiration of their sentences. Their detention for so short an additional time could have made but little difference in the protection afforded to society, and would have been dearly purchased by the deterioration of the discipline of the convict prisons, which must have resulted from depriving the prisoners of the prospect of earning any mitigation of their punishment.'

Why should these short-sentenced men be deprived of the 'prospect of earning any mitigation of punishment?' Here, there seems to be another fallacy. Let us suppose them to be placed under the Irish system. Submitted to those regulations, if they did not earn their mitigation, they would, as a matter of course, remain in prison until their sentences had expired; but that would cause no deterioration of discipline, because the men would know that they had only themselves to thank for their detention. It is because our English authorities have so long granted remissions as a natural result of imprisonment, that it would have been dangerous to keep convicts in prison during the whole of their sentence. It is absurd to maintain that there is any necessity for releasing unreformed convicts six or nine months before the law requires their discharge, in order to prevent deterioration of discipline in the prisons; and the admission that there was any danger of injuring it is a melancholy revelation of the incompetency of those under whose direction our convict prisons are governed. The following extracts

extracts from Sir Walter Crofton's evidence before the commission will attest the truth of the argument here put forth :—

' 3217. * * * I have had men come home from Bermuda who have been accustomed to a high rate of gratuity, to a better class of dietary, and who had the idea, because they had come home with English convict prisoners who had told them so, that they would receive their liberty because their time was up. They met with a lower dietary and small gratuities, instead of the large gratuities that they had received at Bermuda; and the intelligence that, notwithstanding their time being up, if they could not prove by their conduct that they were fit to be liberated, and to pass through the intermediate prisons, they would not go out on ticket-of-leave. I say that these are causes that would naturally generate a mutiny in an establishment; but because our convicts are, as I believe, more subdivided, better classified, and specially dealt with, such people would meet no sympathy in a general way, as they might in a very large prison where all are mixed indiscriminately together. I consider that this is an improvement of system, and I think it necessary to call attention to it, in order to show that by getting these people more divided in the different stages, it would be very difficult to overturn the discipline of an establishment.'*

' We cannot doubt,' say the commissioners, ' that less injury is likely to result to society, from discharging convicts sentenced to three years' penal servitude at the end of two years and a half, if they made good their claim to this indulgence by industry and good conduct, than from the discharge of the same men six months later, after having worked out their whole sentences under a system of discipline maintained by mere coercion.'

In this we entirely agree, 'if they made good their claim;' a claim, however, to be judged not by the English, but by the Irish standard.

The commission appear fully to have recognized the injury to the public consequent on the neglect of the Government in not exercising supervision over ticket-of-leave men, and still further from their directing the police systematically to ignore these persons in whatever company they might discover them.

The following is from the evidence of Sir Richard Mayne :—

' 1622. (*Mr. Waddington.*) With reference to the question of supervision by the police in the metropolis, have you considered that very carefully?—Yes, especially within the last four or five months; until then no steps had been taken for the purpose, and no arrangements made.

' 1623. Neither with respect to the old transportation convicts, nor the modern penal servitude convicts, they have never in any respect been placed under your control?—In no degree whatever.

' 1624. While the punishment of transportation still continued, you are probably aware that many were pardoned after a little more than half of their sentences had expired; were any of those ever placed under your supervision?—Not in any way; but there was this difference as to the observation of the police being incidentally kept upon them, that with regard to those who were released on ticket-of-leave, the police were directed not to notice them, as they were looked upon as persons who must be considered reformed, and therefore the police were not to notice them, lest it might make them known, and interfere with their getting employment.

' 1625. That was the hypothesis, that they were persons who had received a remission for such good conduct, that you might presume in them a certain degree of reformation?—That was the opinion and ground upon which the police were directed to act; therefore, with regard to the enforcement of the provisions of the Public Houses' Act, the police were directed, while they noticed the old convicts, not to notice or point out the ticket-of-leave or license-holders.

* Minutes of Evidence, p. 263.

' 1626.

' 1626. (*Mr. Walpole.*) What do you mean by noticing or pointing out?—There is a provision under the Act I have referred to, making it penal to harbour known thieves and prostitutes, and the police constantly visit the houses these persons are known to frequent, and they point them out, but the ticket-of-leave men they do not point out.

' 1627. (*The O'Conor Don.*) Is that practice still persevered in?—Yes.

' 1628. (*Sir J. Pakington.*) Who points them out?—The police officers; there is a certain number in each division, having a special knowledge of such persons, and they are directed to visit the public-houses; they are usually accompanied by a superior officer, and he tells the publican or the refreshment-house keeper—"You are committing an offence;" he says, "I do not know these persons;"—the policeman points out—"That person is a thief," and so on, but the ticket-of-leave men they do not point out.

' 1629. (*Mr. Waddington.*) That is for harbouring known thieves?—Yes.

' 1630. The object is that the publican may have no defence before the magistrate, and the police therefore inform him?—Yes, as he says, I do not know them.*

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' 1790. I think you say that under the existing system, it is what may be called the reverse of supervision, that not only are persons holding these licences not under the inspection of the police, but the police are actually directed not to interfere with them?—That is so except in some cases; they are distinctly forbidden to interfere with them without my directions. I have given such directions, but in very few cases, when the previous circumstances, and the nature of the crime of which he had been convicted, and the employment he was then in, made me consider it my duty to let the party who was employing him know the previous character; but that has been very rarely acted upon.

' 1791. I think you stated that that principle is carried out so far that even in the case of the ticket-of-leave men frequenting suspected houses haunted by thieves, when the police see them and also thieves in the house, they may warn the keeper of the house against the thieves, but they are not allowed to point out the ticket-of-leave men?—There is a distinct order given to the police to that effect; it was given by me, believing that was the view the legislature and the authorities desired should be carried out.

' 1792. What, in your opinion, is the natural tendency and effect of such a system upon those men who are holders of tickets-of-leave, and who are frequenters of these houses?—The natural effect is to give them opportunities to commit crime which they might otherwise not have.†

The commissioners advise that all convicts discharged on licence should be placed under supervision. They anticipate some difficulties in carrying this measure into effect, but considering its importance, they urge that it should be attempted. The difficulties are, however, rather imaginary than real. None have been found in Ireland. But, whether any arise in England or not, effective supervision must be brought to bear on licence-holders. Surely after the revelations of Sir Richard Mayne the Government will no longer dare to attempt its evasion.

We wish that the commissioners had directly urged the adoption of the intermediate prison. In it, those Irish convicts who have earned this privilege pass the latter part of their sentence. The restrictions are few, and the discipline is maintained by moral force alone—bad conduct, of course, relegating the convict at once to a lower stage. The Irish directors consider it as most important that the convict should reach his full liberty by small degrees; and

* Minutes of Evidence, pp. 130, 131.

† Ibid., pp. 147, 148.

we may fairly conclude that this principle is sound, when we learn that, since the establishment of the intermediate prisons, little more than 10 per cent. of convicts discharged in Ireland have relapsed into crime. At one meeting the commissioners agreed to place a paragraph in the report, proposed by Lord Naas, recommending the adoption of the intermediate prison in England. But at a subsequent meeting, on the motion of the Recorder of London, this paragraph was cancelled, and the recommendation unfortunately was lost. Still, notwithstanding the rejection of intermediate prisons by name, the principle involved in these institutions is, to a certain extent, adopted. When discussing the best mode of managing convicts in Western Australia, the commissioners recommend the increase of 'road parties.'

'These "road parties" consist of from twenty to fifty men, under the care, generally, of only one, and never of more than two warders. The convicts thus employed are managed on much the same plan as those in the intermediate prisons in Ireland. The men put up their own huts, so that little or no expense is incurred for building, and when they have finished their work in one place they remove to another. Much useful work has been done in this way, and acts of violence or insubordination have been extremely rare.'

If the principle of an intermediate stage be good in Western Australia, where, according to the report, discharged convicts will be more easily able to obtain employment than they are here, and consequently less tempted to relapse into crime, why is this preparation to liberty requisite there, and yet not necessary in England? It is true that the 'road parties' are recommended, not because they form an intermediate stage, but because they will afford a means of accommodating in the colony a larger number of convicts than there is now room for, without incurring the expense of building new prisons. But even this reason holds just as good in England. In all probability we shall require more accommodation. Why cannot the convicts be sent to make harbours of refuge, and to reclaim waste lands, in this country, where they can build their own huts, and thereby save the expense of erecting new prisons? One important part of the intermediate treatment, however, the report does recommend:—

'Convicts in the Irish intermediate prisons, and in the road parties in Western Australia, are allowed to spend a weekly portion of their earnings in procuring for themselves certain indulgences; we approve of this regulation, as it affords additional encouragement for good conduct.'

The commissioners reject the idea of forming new penal colonies. Such settlements would only be prisons at a remote distance, and these establishments are much more efficiently and less expensively managed at home. They advise a modified continuance of transportation to Western Australia—to that especial colony, perforce, as none other will receive convicts; nor would that one, could it induce free emigrants to settle in it. It is

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not that Western Australia has any penchant for convicts, but that it can obtain immigrants on no other terms. The commission consider that as labour is in greater demand in a thinly-peopled colony than it is here where so much competition exists, it will be advisable that all male convicts whose health of body and mind permit, and whose crimes do not render them unfit for transportation, should, at the expiration of a certain period of imprisonment, be sent to Western Australia, there to receive, after probation, a ticket-of-leave. They are also of opinion that about one thousand a year might be at present absorbed, and that the demand will increase as the cultivation of land is extended. Transportation continued under these and other restrictions, and supported by the adjunct of free emigrants sent out at the expense of the mother-country, will, the commissioners believe, benefit both the convicts and the colony: at least, they try hard to believe it; but a careful perusal of the report will show that they are not without misgivings on the subject. Among other recommendations, they strongly urge the sending out of a sufficient number of free emigrants to balance that of the convicts, forgetting or ignoring the fact that we cannot compel the free emigrants to stay in Western Australia. In all the other colonies land is better and wages are higher; consequently, all those who can, do leave the barren and unprofitable settlement of Swan River, which is chiefly supported at the expense of the home Government. If the convicts were withdrawn, it would soon collapse, and become a mere station at which ships might call for fresh provisions. Is it worth while, for the sake of an outlet for our best convicts alone—those most easily disposed of at home—to keep up at an enormous expense a colony the natural productions of which will not support it? Besides, the commissioners altogether ignore the unpopularity, nay, hatred, with which transportation is regarded by our other Australian colonies—a hatred sufficiently attested by the anti-convict Acts passed by the legislatures of most, if not all,—Acts which render illegal the landing of a convict on their shores.

This hatred of convicts will, we hope, prevent any long continuance of transportation. The sooner we learn that the crime engendered in England must be also dealt with in England the better. For as long as we can banish the monster evil to Australia, so long shall we neglect the means at our command for restraining it within the narrowest limits at home. We hail the opposition with which the 'Times' regards transportation as a sound augury of its speedy extinction. The leading journal always tries to take the winning side, and its present tone indicates that as all our Australian colonies (Western Australia excepted) will no longer permit transportation even in a modified form to any part of their continent, our Home Government will be compelled to yield.

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This conviction tends to diminish the deep regret with which we should otherwise regard this recommendation of the commission.

The report cordially approves of encouraging voluntary emigration among discharged convicts, effected at their own expense. To this there can be no objection. No doubt, as the report avers, there is less temptation to dishonesty in a colony than in our thickly-populated country, where it is so difficult to wipe off the stain of the prison; and the more of this class of convicts who go at their own cost the better—an entirely different thing from their being sent out at the expense of others. To this the colonies could not reasonably object. Moreover, emigration of this kind would make a natural classification, keeping all those at home who were unfitted for colonial life. The emigrants would land as free men, without costing a farthing either to the colony or the mother country. Our worst criminals we *must* deal with at home. But when we shall have a good system of prison discipline, accompanied by long sentences and strict supervision over ticket-of-leave holders, there will be no reason to fear but that we may gradually reduce the crime of this country to a manageable amount.

It must not be supposed that in the above review we have exhausted this report. Want of space precludes our even alluding to many points on which we might well touch. For instance, we are compelled to pass over the remarks of the commission with respect to female convicts. It justly regards this subject as one beset with difficulties. But with the full knowledge before them of the success attained in the Irish female convict prisons, assuredly the commissioners need not have adopted the almost hopeless tone in which they speak of possible amendments.

The commission of 1863 has paved the way for the introduction of a better system of convict discipline. If we do not profit by its labours, the fault will be our own. Let us lose no time in insisting on the adoption of those ameliorations which need no change in the law; and for those requiring the interference of the legislature let us apply to Parliament as soon as the next session commences. Let no one shield himself under the belief that the attainment of a good system of convict discipline is not his affair. It is because the general public has not cared to understand the matter, that we have so long suffered under the natural consequences of our deplorable mismanagement.*

* We earnestly recommend the careful perusal of the Report itself, together with the Minutes of Evidence. These may be obtained, price respectively 1s. 6d. and 3s. 6d., of Mr. Newman, Parliamentary Bookseller, High Holborn.

ART. III.—THE EMPLOYMENT OF CHILDREN.

Children's Employment Commission (1862). *First Report of the Commissioners, with Appendix.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament, by command of Her Majesty. London, 1863.

WHILST the children of the upper and middle ranks, well fed, well clad, are dividing their waking hours between school and play—and whilst to poor children employed in the fields at least health and strength are possible, and to those who work in factories some serviceable modicum both of school training and of leisure for recreation is secured—there exist tens of thousands of little people not so happy by a wide degree as the least favoured of these, and entitled to look with innocent envy alike on the crow-scaring youngster who is the hermit of the corn-field, and on the juvenile operative to whose hair adheres daily the ‘flue’ of the cotton-mill. Into the occupations and manner of life of some of these less fortunate children, a Royal Commission has recently been, and is still, inquiring; and we are about to invite our readers to travel with us through the Commissioners’ First Report, recently issued, in order to see what, in the cases of thousands of children, are some of the oppressive penalties attached by that free-trade demon commonly known as *laissez-faire*, to the privilege of existence.

In London, Manchester, Over Darwen, Blackburn, Leeds, Hull, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Plymouth, about eleven hundred and fifty children and young persons earn their livelihood in the manufacture of paper-hangings. Of the ‘children’ under 13 years of age, 559 are returned as males, and 84 as females; of the ‘young persons,’ 395 males and 112 females. Of the boys, 4 are reported as being under 8 years of age, 23 as under 9, and 55 as under 10; all the girls, except 3, are over 10 years of age.

‘Paper-staining’ is effected in two ways: in the north, principally by printing from rollers in the printing-machine; in the south, mainly by printing from blocks, without the aid of machinery. The block process is carried on by men, each aided by one or two boys: of the boys, one is ‘teering,’ or spreading the colour on a square sieve; the other, if there be two, from time to time is drawing away the paper as the man prints it, lifting it on a crutch, and hanging it in festoons on moveable rods laid across a framework of beams fixed in the roof.

On the other hand, in machine-printing, the duty of the children consists in most cases in laying or ‘plaiting’ down the paper in certain lengths as it comes from the drying-rooms; in rolling up the printed paper; occasionally, in helping the printer to remove and wash out the colour-boxes, the felts, and the rollers, when the machine is at rest; in fetching the colour and paper,
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when these are required; or in taking care that the paper passes smoothly under the rollers. The children who assist in marbling and graining paper, fill in the clouded colour when the marbler has pencilled out the veining, then draw the marbled piece from the table and hang it up to dry. In making 'flock' paper, the printed paper, whilst the pattern on it is still moist, is placed in an oblong trough, called a drum. The flock dust—finely-powdered cloth, coloured by vegetable dye—is scattered thickly over the paper, and kept continually shaken by the under portion of the drum being beaten with a rod. To help him, the flock-printer usually has two children at least, one of whom, with face all over colour-dust, beats the drum, whilst the other 'teers' the colour, and hangs up the paper to dry. Then after the paper is dried it requires to be rolled up for convenience of transport. In block-printing works, this also is accomplished by the hands of children. Where machine-printing is done, the paper is either carried from the printing-room to the rolling-up room, or passes directly from the drying flues through the floor of the latter to the rolling-machine. The 'rolling-up' boy or girl attaches one end of the paper to a steel rod, which revolves swiftly, wrapping the paper around it. As each length of twelve yards is rolled, the child cuts or tears the paper, and detaching the roll from the rod, lays it on one side in a rack, to be stamped with a number by the marker, generally a younger child.

The services of these children, whether 'teerers' or 'hangers-up' for the block-printer, or 'plaiters-down' for the machine, are alike indispensable; and the child is never idle whilst the man is at work, except, perhaps, whilst the pattern is being changed, or fresh work is being prepared. In rolling-up, whether by hand or machine, each child works independently, there being generally but one adult, an 'overlooker,' for the whole room in which a number of children and young persons are so employed. The work done by the children is not laborious; and in this respect there would be nothing to complain of in it, were it not for its excessive demand on the time.

The block-printers are usually paid by the piece, and hire and pay their own teerers. These leave off work at meal times, having an hour at mid-day for dinner, and half an hour for another meal, or, in some cases, two half-hours for two others. In those works in Lancashire where the printing is chiefly done by machine, there is no stoppage for meals, but all, adults and children alike, have to eat their food in the work-room, whilst watching the machine in motion, and this, no matter what be the extent of overtime. In London, however, as a rule, and in Lancashire wherever the work is chiefly manual, a stoppage for dinner is commonly allowed.

The worst of it is, that paper-staining spreads itself very un-

equally through the year. In summer fewer hands are employed, and short time is frequent. Several months between the beginning of October and the end of April, generally constitute the busy season. It is then that overtime makes so dreadful a tax upon the strength of the children. They come at six o'clock in the morning; they work on, frequently in the north, till nine or ten at night, for several days together, without any regular cessation for meals or relaxation; and even in London, where overtime is less prevalent, the long hours draw seriously on the store of strength which children should be laying up to meet the toil of after years. In block-printing, the usual twelve hours of labour are not exceeded so often, nor so far. It is worthy of note that much of the overtime which is made is attributable as much to the irregular habits of the men as to any real requirements of trade. Thus we find that the proprietor of works at Pendleton complained that his men were very irregular; one he had, worked a week and drank a week alternately for ten weeks, and was then dismissed; and 'It is a regular thing,' says this gentleman, 'for the men to take the Monday as a holiday.' Also the foreman of works in Southwark remarked that 'Many of the fathers drink, and the sons, of course, suffer for it.'

Of the bad effect of these long hours of work there is no lack of evidence. One witness stated that last winter six out of nineteen girls were away at one time from ill-health occasioned by overwork. After the overtime was the most, the girls were away the longest. He had had to bawl at them to keep them awake at such times (p. 123). Another had seen when the children could none of them keep their eyes open for the work; indeed, none of the workpeople could (p. 124). A boy of thirteen years reports that he used to cry with sore feet through long standing every night last winter (p. 124). A father says: 'That boy of mine, too, he used to work at the brushing-machine there till I got something else to put him to. When he was seven years old I used to carry him on my back to and fro through the snow, and he used to have sixteen hours a day. He is about fourteen now. I have often knelt down to feed him as he stood by the machine, for he couldn't leave it or stop' (p. 125). Another witness observes: 'We can't get them to go to school, even on Sunday, when they are overworked in the week, for they lie abed all day to rest' (p. 124).

Other causes of complaint are the great heat in which some of the children are required to work, and the use of arsenical and other noxious colours. Heat, closeness, and dirt, appear to be the general characteristics of the shops wherein the printing is done by steam machinery. When the brushing process is done by machine, a fine powder of French chalk or China clay is scattered upon the

the paper, to enable the brushes to move easily over the coloured surface without detaching any colouring matter. This powder is apt to rise and to fill the brushing rooms with a cloud of white dust, causing a painful sensation of choking, and is very generally complained of as being not only unpleasant, but unhealthy, to such a degree that in places where the arrangements for ventilation are not extraordinarily perfect, the men and boys are frequently absent from illness, or have to be changed or relieved after a few hours' work.

The bright-green papers are coloured with emerald green, a preparation of arsenic. If the colour is well made, and well mixed—if the children do not work long in it—if they keep themselves clean—if they happen, besides, not to have constitutions readily affectable by this noxious mineral—little or no mischief may be produced. But these conditions are not always fulfilled; and several instances of disease induced by it are adduced in the evidence. Dr. Letheby relates the significant case of a child who was poisoned through merely playing in a room covered with paper thus coloured (p. 46). To work in colouring the paper must then, of course, be injurious.

The percussion-cap manufacture is a small affair, there being but six manufactories in the kingdom, exclusive of the government factory at Woolwich. Of these, two are in or near London, and four at Birmingham. It is carried on mainly by female labour, including that of many young girls, and is perhaps, in one sense, the most dangerous of all general manufactures. The total number of persons engaged in the private establishments is 665, of whom 566 are females, and about 150 are 'children' and 'young persons.' The great danger is from explosion. Five or six serious accidents have occurred in Birmingham alone: in one, about three years ago, nineteen lives were sacrificed; the greater part of the victims were young people. Another took place only three days after the visit of the commissioner, and nine lives were lost by it. Except at the government arsenal, the working rooms are nearly all cramped, low, and ill-ventilated, and without other suitable provision for the comfort of those employed.

In the hosiery manufacture, of which Nottingham, Leicester, and a number of small towns and villages in Notts, Derbyshire, and Leicestershire, are the seat, the employment of children is not quite so extensive as it once was. However, a large amount of labour, chiefly needlework, is required, in mending, in joining edges or 'seaming,' in stitching gloves, turning 'welts,' hemming, and sewing on bands and buttons. The 'winding' of bobbins employs many boys. Owing partly to the lateness of orders, and of the supply of materials by the warehouses or intermediate employers, partly to the general habit the men have of 'slacking,' or

idling, in the early part of the week, an excessive pressure of work is thrown periodically upon very young children, some of whom are employed almost whilst babes. The assistant-commissioner was told by a manufacturer that his father worked as a seamer at two years of age, and in a frame at so early an age as to distort his fingers by the constant grasp of the iron. Some instances are given of children beginning to work at three and a half and four, and many at five years of age. The labour of the girls who seam is far more protracted than that of the boys who wind; but boys often seam, and sometimes have to do it after completing their winding. It is common for girls to sit up at work all Friday night, and for young children to be kept up some time past midnight. One witness, a young woman, 'Dares say that she was six before she began to work till midnight, and worked in a frame all through the night before she was twelve years old.' Evidence is given by parents of their own child, a girl of eight, having worked the whole night through when five or six years of age; and this sort of thing is said to be 'general.' Many of the parents seem to regard the fact of their children working thus as nothing remarkable or unreasonable. Others regret it, but view it as an evil for which there is but small blame anywhere, and no possible remedy.

As a rule, the small shops, as well as the houses, are unfit as places of work for the young; cramped, close, dirty, often squalid, to an extreme; and in many all the meals are cooked and eaten in rooms crowded with furniture, frames, and human beings, and noisy with the rattle of machines and the nursing of babies. The scanty light by which poverty often compels the seamers to work, adds much to the strain upon the eyes in the night watches, so that weak sight is common amongst seamers, and young girls are found wearing spectacles—one eleven years old had worn them for two or three years. The appearance of the inmates corresponds to that of their abode. The parents, particularly the mothers, look oppressed and haggard with want, and worn with hard work and care. The children are stunted, heavy, and without animation. The ignorance of children and adults is almost alike extreme in many cases. The general impression left on the mind of the assistant-commissioner is, of severe labour and suffering in persons of all ages, and of much oppression of body and neglect of mind in the young.

Manchester abounds with 'finishers' and 'makers-up' of cotton cloths, who employ a large number of boys, when trade is ordinarily good. These boys are seldom much under twelve years of age, and seventeen years is usually the other extreme. They are required to 'tent,' or attend to, that is, watch the machines employed in stiffening and putting a nap on manufactured moleskins, fustians, and other heavy goods; also in calendering, hot-pressing,
and

and otherwise perfecting goods of a lighter description. Besides 'tenting' from time to time, the lads have also to carry the pieces (often heavy) of goods from one part of the premises to another; to 'wire' or fasten the end of one piece to another to make these pass continuously through the machine; and then again to 'unwire.' About 2,300 boys, when the trade is at its average, are 'hookers' for 'makers-up,' finishers, or warehousemen in Manchester. Making-up, we may explain, is disposing the cloth into proper lengths for the market. Hooking is a sort of rough folding of the piece of goods, incidental and preparatory to making-up, and is done wholly by hand labour. The boy stands before a hooking-frame, which consists of two uprights with a graduated bar between them, at one of which is a fixed hook; a second hook slides along the bar, that it may be adjusted to the width to which the piece is to be folded. The frame can be raised or lowered to suit the height of the boy, who hooks the piece by its upper edge with his right hand, folding it rapidly to and fro upon the hooks. In doing this, he is liable to cut his hand between the thumb and forefinger with the edge of the cloth; though by care, or by wearing a guard, this may be avoided. Twelve to thirteen hours' labour per day are usual, including an hour and a half allowed for breakfast and dinner; but the hours of work are liable to be exceeded to the extent of two or three more, or even beyond these, at times of pressure for perhaps two or three months out of the twelve.

The branch of finishing most noxious to health, includes the class of moleskins called, as to their colour, 'selfs,' or 'natives,' from their not being dyed. These are dried by being passed through hot cylinders, and many lads are employed in 'tenting' them. So far, there is nothing especially deleterious, beyond the heat, which gives the children a pale and sickly appearance. The next process is called 'raising' and 'perching.' A nap or pile is produced on the cloth by passing it through a machine fitted with wire 'cards' on revolving rollers; this scratching sort of process, if performed on the face or front of the cloth, is called 'raising;' but it is termed 'perching,' if done on the back. In raising, much cotton dust and 'flue' or fluff is set free; and in perching there is still more, because then the warp, which are the heavier threads, are scratched up, and these have been stiffened with size-flour, or China clay, or some such material. The business of the lad who 'tents' here, is chiefly to see that the piece runs straight through the machine. Lads have also to superintend the next, or stiffening process; and after that, in the case of moleskins, re-raising and shearing are requisite, and constitute by far the worst part of the affair, for much more dust is liberated. 'It hangs in the room almost like a fog sometimes' (p. 154). Hooking 'grey' cloths is also injurious, through the dust, which fills all the place,

so that the rooms must be swept four or five times a day, and a man by merely passing through them becomes as dusty as a miller. With some sorts of goods, the 'size' or stiffening of which is of a particular kind, the hooking boys 'are always running to get a drink of water.' The hooking is all done standing, and the lads' feet must often be sore, and their legs and backs strained, with the maintenance of this posture through so many hours. 'It is very bad,' says one witness, 'for young growing children to be in the hot rooms where the stiffening goes on; they are sleepy all day with the steam and heat when they have to work so young' (p. 156). In the finishing of fustians, the machinery is sometimes dangerous. The case is mentioned of a young man who lost some of his fingers by it (p. 150). In the shearing of moleskins a portion of the nap that has been 'raised' is taken off. There is nothing prejudicial to health in this process, but a boy will be sure to get 'a nip of his fingers,' more or less severe, before he has been very long at it; 'for through curiosity or carelessness,' says one witness, with grim humour, 'a boy will always get some damage if he can' (p. 148).

It is said that there has been a great improvement in the class of hooking boys of late years. Mr. Barton, a maker-up, says: 'My father used to say that a calenderer's was the worst school you could put a boy to, and I can recollect the hookers when they were far more ignorant and ill-mannered, and bad too, than they are now. They used to be allowed their drink with the men, and got often quite fuddled with it.' Money is now given in place of beer (p. 155). Drink is, however, still a great enemy to the finishers. *'I can't quite say what the cause is,'* says Mr. James Bentley, calenderer, *'but I am sure that drink is the cause of half the troubles of Lancashire. I am no temperance advocate or total abolitionist, but I am convinced that a Maine liquor-law would be the greatest blessing that could befall the Lancashire operative. When we are on full time half our hands will be away all Monday, and on the Tuesday will come in late, with "I had a drop too much overnight, and thought I should not do anything if I came yesterday"'* (p. 149).

Within a twenty-mile circle around Manchester, and in a few outlying villages and hamlets in Cheshire and Lancashire, about 500 children under thirteen years of age, and 1,055 young persons between thirteen and eighteen, are employed as 'fustian-cutters.' Females preponderate.

Besides fustians, these labourers cut other products of the loom, whether of silk or cotton—velvets, velveteens, and 'cords,' the pile of which is raised by cutting the weft threads of the woven cloth.

The cutting is thus performed: a steel rod, some two feet long, tapering,

tapering, and extremely flexible and sharp towards the point, is laid in a metal sheath or guide about four inches long, so that the knife's point is covered, but allowing the edge of the knife to rise through a length of one and a half inches, to the height of one-eighth of an inch above the sides of the guide. The cutter stands with the frame upon his right hand, and inserts the point of the guide under the web which covers the first warp line; then, holding in his right hand the handle of the knife, he pushes it rapidly along the warp to the other end, severing the web threads. In so doing, his body is thrown forward with an inclination to the right, and the left shoulder is brought up and round, the weight being at the same time transferred from the right leg to the left, striding sideways, and the balance maintained by placing the left hand upon the side beam. This movement, in the case of a young or undersized child, becomes almost a bound, the body being flung across the frame, the right leg tossed into a position nearly parallel with the side beam, and the left arm acting as a supernumerary leg by checking the forward fall, and recovering the upright position by a push back from the top of the bar on which the hand comes down. In many cases the child has to stand upon a board, raised at one end, sometimes at both ends, by a brick or two, in order to be high enough to reach across and along the frame, and sometimes his knees knock and are hurt against a bar.

The age at which this labour is usually begun, varies from seven years to nine or ten. The hours during which it is protracted average fourteen a day in most places, deducting uncertain intervals for irregular meals. The work-places are almost always confined and ill-ventilated, often very foul. Amongst the unwholesome incidents of the labour, is the raising of thick dust from the stuff whilst being cut. Of all these causes, the evil results are commonly very visible. Many of the children are pale and diminutive. A defect of figure is very prevalent and conspicuous. The right knee is apt to be distorted inwards. A 'high shoulder' is produced by the yielding of the figure to the weight of the body resting too heavily on one arm. Bronchial affections are common, and are attributed to the lime dust and 'flue' in the atmosphere of the work-places, and to the very damp state of many of these.

The increased employment of children in fustian-cutting is largely owing to the adult cutters, who have, by their irregular habits, brought in, to their own loss, these young competitors. Drink, too, as usual, holds the faces of the young to the grindstone. An assistant-commissioner says: 'I was informed of one drunken father who forced his little girl to continue cutting for him until the spine disease, of the existence of which he had repeated assurances from surgeons and others, absolutely prevented her

her from standing to her frame. Such a case is probably an isolated one ; but the intemperance and improvidence which were the sources of it are vices among adult fustian-cutters, at all events, too common and too fatal to admit of any general reliance on home influence and parental solicitude for the protection and instruction of the young, even where the child's earnings do not, as they often do, form a material contribution towards the support of the family.'

'Saint Monday' is largely observed by the fustian-cutters. 'It is a habit now, as it seems, inveterate amongst cutters, to make "play days" more or less of the Monday and Tuesday in each week, and to work up the arrears in days of eighteen and twenty hours at the week's end; in not a few instances working the whole of the Friday night. The journey-hands do this from preference; . . . the children, even when apprentices, or otherwise more under the control of their master than journey-hands, are often either suffered, through the absence of any control, or forced for want of help to sharpen their knives and fix their pieces in their frames, to waste the beginning of the week, and to get two days' work into each one at the end' (p. 161).

Of this mischievous irregularity, drink is, of course, one very active cause. We read of a man who employed several children in cutting, and whose habit was systematically to drink hard for three weeks out of money advanced upon the tickets which are given with and represent the pieces to be cut. During these three weeks he would pay his 'hands' from time to time just enough to keep them ready, but would not once appear in his shop; then in the fourth week he would work them night after night without cessation, to get up the arrears (p. 162). 'We have a penny savings' bank,' says the rector of Lymm, 'but it is seldom that a cutter puts money in it: we have an institute and a reading-room, the weekly subscription to which is a penny, but no cutters' pence ever come there as a rule; now, it is true, they have none to spare [through the cotton famine]; but, in prosperous times the alehouse has them all' (p. 167).

'Much of their frequent distress,' Dr. Simpson, of Lymm, says, 'is due to the too generally prevalent habits of intemperance among them. This, of course, has various causes;—amongst which, however, the drink traffic, the greatest, is not mentioned;—'their employment is monotonous, and they crave for the excitement of drinking; most of their houses are dirty and uncomfortable, their children dirty and ill-brought up, and their food badly cooked and served up in a slovenly and dirty manner. All this is in a great measure due to the almost total ignorance of household management in which the women are reared. At eight or nine years of age they are put to cutting for the whole of the day, and
grow

grow up without any proper knowledge of the simplest cooking or the plainest sewing; for instance, a lady lately gave half a pound of arrowroot to a woman who was quite as well brought up as the average; instead of using it in the ordinary way, she made the whole of it into something she called a pudding.' 'Dirt, discomfort, and consequent ill-temper combine to drive the husband to the beerhouse, where many spend a large portion of their earnings. A drunken husband is often the cause of drinking in the wife; then, of course, all sorts of evil follow; the children are badly clothed and badly fed; pale dirty little wretches with the painful look of premature old age' (p. 166). A Warrington witness gives similar testimony: 'I know of one or two children, nearer a dozen, indeed, now working for me, whose mothers are waiting for their money to take off to the alehouses at once' (p. 179).

Fustian-cutting children have little opportunity for schooling of any useful kind; few can read at all, scarcely one to any purpose. They grow up ignorant, and often grossly immoral.

In the Staffordshire Potteries—that is to say, in the towns of Longton, Fenton, Stoke-on-Trent, Hanley (with Shelton and Etruria), Burslem (with Cobridge and Longport) and Tunstall—about eleven thousand 'children' under thirteen years of age, and 'young persons' under eighteen, are employed in the manufacture of fine earthenware and porcelain. Four thousand five hundred is something like the number of children alone. For the most part, these are the fags of the 'flat-pressers'—the makers of dishes, plates, saucers, cups, and bowls. For these, early in the morning, in anticipation of their arrival, they are generally expected to light the fires; and, in the evening, to sweep out the shops and stoves after the journeymen have retired. Between eighteen and nineteen hundred boys are either 'mould-runners' or 'jigger-turners,' and hard-working and long-suffering little fellows they are obliged to be. The mould-runner is so styled because his chief task is to run with moulds filled with clay from the man who fills them into the very hot stove, where they receive their hardening by fire. Not merely to, but into the stove—a huge hollow conical fabric of brick—does each mould-runner carry from thirty to fifty dozens of filled moulds in a day. Clad in trousers and shirt—shoes and stockings, waistcoat and coat, dispensed with—the lad travels backwards and forwards, from the stove to the man, and from the man to the stove. The burden borne, the ground traversed, the long continuance of the labour, all tell; but worst of all stand on record the great heat of the stove, and the rapid changes of temperature to which these children, generally under twelve years of age, are commonly exposed. The stove is, in plain language, an oven, heated at from 110 to as many possibly as 150 of Fahrenheit's
degrees;

degrees ; a Turkish bath, in fact, in which the boy is made to perspire most freely, with all the subsequent peril of rapid exposure at meal times to the colder, perhaps the freezing, air of the street. At certain times the mould-runner has also to 'wedge' the clay, a laborious and trying occupation, consisting in beating or throwing the clay to clear it of the air which a previous process has left in it. The plate-maker works at a whirling disk which he calls a jigger ; that it rotates, is due to the muscular action of a boy whom he pays for the purpose, and 'jigger-turning' thus comes to be the name of the boy's labour. The jigger-turner is usually one of the youngest of the lads, for the work, *per se*, is not hard ; what makes it laborious is its protracted continuance throughout many hours in the day. Mr. Scriven describes the 'jiggers' and 'mould-runners' as being, by the very nature of their work, rendered pale, weak, diminutive, and unhealthy. Their hours are from half-past five in the morning to six at night ; but in numberless instances they are required to labour on till eight, nine, or ten, and this in an atmosphere varying from 100 to 120 degrees, or still higher. The worst feature of the case—and yet one of the best, because it is a wrong which a little conscientiousness would suffice to cure—is the fact, that the overtime thus taken out of the boys is necessitated, not by any inevitable urgency of circumstances, but by the sheer fault of the men. 'Nine times out of ten,' Mr. Scriven says, 'the extra hours of work are occasioned by the selfishness or irregularities of their unworthy taskmasters.' The men work 'by the piece,' but however much there may be on hand to accomplish, they seldom or never do anything at it after noon on Saturday, and often not before the following Tuesday or Wednesday morning. Idly and unprofitably they spend the hard earnings of the previous days ; when these are gone, then they again buckle to, and work 'like horses,' or 'like Turks.' When they work, their little slaves, the mould-runners and the jiggers, must work also ; and thus it happens that in the Potteries, as well as amongst the fustian-cutters of Lancashire, the idleness and folly of the journeyman becomes the oppression and the bane of the child.

Of this irregularity, and of its most availing cause, we get frequent glimpses in the Report before us. A terrible tale it tells, the moral of which will have to be read not by this only, but by succeeding generations. The fathers play with the serpent, and the children suffer from its fangs. The Rev. W. Ford, of Longton, says : 'There are plenty of schools in the place, but they are not properly attended. I attribute this to the children being sent to work too soon. The beershops have multiplied fivefold since I have been here. It is in these places the parents spend the money which they otherwise might use for the benefit of their children' (p. 28).

(p. 28). 'There is,' says the master of Hanley National School, 'a great deal of drinking among the young potters. I attribute this to the want of more rational amusement after their long hours of confinement, and to the competition among the beerhouses, which are so numerous, and which vie with each other in offering temptations.' The clerk to the Wolstanton and Burslem Union thinks that in many cases the earnings of the children are absorbed by the improvidence and extravagance of their parents (p. 30). The manager of a manufactory at Stoke, says: 'Men often work after six on their own account. Cupmakers, for instance, will be off drinking, and then work their children almost to death.' Again: 'Very few parents would send their children to this work if they could help it. Drunken parents do' (p. 11). 'I am of opinion,' says a manufacturer, 'that the number of beer-houses is the curse of the neighbourhood. Were it not for the number of beer-houses, many parents who now waste their money in drink would have plenty of money to keep their children at home and at school, without having to send them to work. Children now from childhood are accustomed to going to the beer-houses by being sent by the workmen. Formerly boys were ashamed of going to beer-houses. There is much more drinking in Fenton and in the pottery towns now than there was.*' 'I think,' says Mr. J. Brown, another Fenton manufacturer, 'children are in many cases employed much too young, and that they are much injured thereby in mind and body. As a rule they are the children of extravagant parents, who force their children to work too soon.' 'There is not so much paying wages at public-houses now as there was, but still it is done.' 'I have often seen the wives of the men standing outside a public-house, while their husbands are waiting inside for their wages' (p. 18). 'When times are good,' says Mr. Webberly, a china manufacturer at Longton, 'there is a good deal of drinking: though not more drunkenness in the streets,' he jealously adds, 'than would be seen in other large manufacturing towns.' 'When the boy's master is not strictly honest, or is addicted to intemperance,' says a physician of Shelton, 'the boy sometimes loses a portion or even the whole of his wages. In these and similar cases I have often noticed these thinly-clad and ragged lads going about the town to beg bread during the meal hours when they were regularly at work' (p. 23). Thus it is that the fathers having partaken of sour grapes, or, rather, of spoiled grain, the children's teeth are set on edge.

The arduous and fatiguing nature of the work of the mould-runners is admitted on all hands. Mr. Scriven, in his report, states that a good workman can, and frequently does, make eight

* Evidence of Mr. J. Edwards, china and earthenware manufacturer, Fenton (p. 17).

score dozen saucers a week, reckoning (oddly enough) thirty-six pieces to the dozen. Each piece is carried twice to and fro, and weighs (mould and bat) 2 lbs.; but as two pieces are carried at the same time, they will count but as one, and as 4 lbs. on every trip. The result of his calculation, then, is a total of 3,840 lbs. per day of twelve hours, without deducting the nominal one hour and a half for meals, which is never fully realized.

So much for the weight that our brave little mould-runner carries. Now for the distance. The average interval between the 'whirler' to the centre of the stove is an honest 7 yards; the same back will make 14 yards; fourteen times 5,760 yards gives 80,640, or 45 miles and 1,440 yards in a week; which, divided by six, gives 7 miles and 1,120 yards per diem. Besides this, the mould-runner has to mount one, two, or perhaps three steps, to place the pieces upon the shelves. As if all this were not enough, the master, whilst taking his pipe or his pot, requires his fag to 'wedge' the clay in the yard, and to collect the half-dried pieces from the shelves; in addition to coming half an hour or more before him in the morning, to get coals in and ashes out, and to sweep the room and make all ready for him, besides other little jobs which he occasionally requires to be done. It must, moreover, be considered, that the boy very probably lives a mile away from his work, which distance he must walk, and re-traverse again, before and after his long day's mould-running. Mr. Scriven adds:—

'If the master's propensities prompt him to loiter away the earlier days of the week, he works the extra hours on middle days to make up his losses; thus the child—the almost infant child—is taxed with three or four hours' increased exertion, and this without the least remuneration, as in every case his wages are the same, whether he makes the twelve hours or sixteen. The evil is lamented by the honest workman, by the children, by the parents, and universally by the manufacturers, who acknowledge their inability to correct it themselves without incurring the risk of exciting tumult, and thereby occasioning some delay in the execution of their orders, as the processes are so linked in with each other, that by losing one set of men the others are rendered useless.'

That mould-running is abundantly prejudicial to the health of the young potters is too clearly proved. Mr. Elijah Jones, valuer, of Hanley, a well-known philanthropist, whose experience has been very great in the district, and who gave evidence, as the commissioners remark, 'of considerable weight and importance,' speaks on this point as follows:—

'The chief evil affecting the working potters, both children and adults, is the want of proper arrangements in the workshops, and an effectual ventilation of the same. There is an unnecessary exposure to high temperatures in close drying-stoves and dusty rooms. I see sometimes a number of human beings pent up together, and unfortunately they themselves unconscious of the great damage it is doing them; thus are produced asthma and other diseases in early life, and the poor sufferers may even in some cases linger on a number of years, groaning under a burden of pain and sorrow. The present race of working potters is, in my judgment, much deteriorated and very short-lived; and were it not for frequent
importations

importations from country districts, these effects would be still more visible, and the race, if not thus recruited, would become extinct. Both the men and women seem quite afraid of the atmosphere; and I often see cases where ventilation has to some extent been provided, but vents provided for the escape of foul air have been stopped up from a mistaken idea of the workmen themselves. I often see a father of a family, a plate or saucer-maker, have with him several of his children, girls as well as boys, from eight to ten years old, running in and out of the burning stoves until the sweat literally pours down their bodies, and the poor things become emaciated and enfeebled for life. These stoves have been endured too long: what numbers they have sent to an early grave! They are a disgrace to the district and the present age' (pp. 30, 31).

Unhappily, besides mould-running and jiggering, there are other forms of work in the Potteries by which children and young persons irremediably injure their constitutions. Nearly a thousand children in the Staffordshire potteries assist in the dipping-house, or are 'handlers,' warehouse, packing, or errand boys, or otherwise occupied in forwarding the manufacture and sale. There are, too, 1,100 children classed as 'paintresses and burnishers,' and 600 as 'paper-cutters, &c.' Of 'young persons' between the ages of thirteen and eighteen, there are 650 devoted to mould-running, 2,850 who assist in dipping, warehousing, firing, &c., and 3,000 apprentice paintresses, burnishers, transferers, assistants to throwers and turners, warehouse girls, &c. The operation of 'dipping' the ware is particularly injurious, chiefly because of the lead which is largely used as an ingredient in the glaze. Very young lads are employed in carrying the ware to the dipper, and are thus forced to spend much of their time in the poisoned atmosphere of the dipping-house. The injurious effects of the dipping process are well known. Few dippers continue many years at their work without suffering from paralysis, or from painters' colic—an inveterate, painful, and often fatal form of bowel disease. Boys of about fourteen or fifteen years of age are employed to 'gather' the ware from the dipper; and these, of course, are brought still more into contact with the poisonous material than the other boys. 'Nearly all the boys,' says Mr. F. D. Longe, who conducted the inquiry for the commissioners as far as concerns the pottery manufacture, 'whom I found engaged in this work had felt its effects more or less; some had suffered very seriously.' The commonest form of paralysis induced by the poisoning of lead, is known as 'hand-dropping;' familiar, unhappily, to all who are much engaged in the manipulation of the Saturnian metal. The hands cease to be instruments obeying the will; they 'drop' almost helpless lumps hanging from the ends of the arms.

'Ovenmen,' 'firemen,' and 'placers,' are employed in 'firing' or baking the ware in the ovens; and they are generally assisted by boys of fifteen years of age and upwards, in keeping up the fires and in other work connected with the kilns. Twice or thrice in the week these lads are required to be up all night in this hot and unhealthy occupation.

'Paper-cutters' are generally very young; many of them begin to work at eight years of age. The patterns on common ware are frequently not painted, but transferred. Impressions from copper-plate engravings are printed on paper, and the paper so covered is first cut into proper-sized slips, and is then placed, print downwards, on the 'biscuit'—the baked but unglazed ware, to which the pattern is thus transferred. The 'paper-cutters,' who with the scissors perform, on the copper-plate compound impressions, the requisite analysis, are generally very young. Many of them begin to work at eight years of age. The printers' rooms are commonly very hot and ill-ventilated. Small and low, they will yet, in many instances, contain two or three of the hot stoves used by the printers.

Large numbers of little girls of nine or ten years of age are employed in painting cheap earthenware. Their occupation is for the most part refined and agreeable, and not necessarily injurious to health. 'The children and young persons of different sexes,' says Mr. Longe, 'generally work in different rooms, under the superintendence of respectable overlookers, or of the adults who are engaged in the same employment. I have entered several painters' rooms in different manufactories, and always found them well dressed, well behaved, and apparently enjoying their occupation. Medical evidence, however, shows that they are liable to be seriously injured by being kept for so many hours at this sedentary work in crowded and badly-ventilated rooms.' He goes on to explain that in the better class of manufactories the painting-rooms are long and spacious, and in some cases lofty and well built for ventilation; but in many manufactories they are low and small. The girls work at long tables placed under the windows. These they might open, but for the draughts which, blowing directly upon them, would give them ventilation at the cost of a catarrh. Children and young persons thus employed are sometimes liable to be detained considerably beyond the regular hours of work; but this only at periods of brisk trade.

There are also potteries in or near Glasgow, Greenock, and on the Forth; Newcastle-on-Tyne and North Shields; Sunderland and Stockton; Middleborough, Leeds, Sheffield, Worcester, and Coalport; but in none of these places are they many or large, as in Staffordshire. The general system of employment is nearly the same in all. Everywhere the potters are reputed to be a short-lived class. The inhalation of mineral and metallic dust, the absorption of lead or arsenic, vicissitudes of heat and cold, hard work in hot and badly-ventilated workshops, and drinking habits, are the causes to which the early decay of the potter's constitution is attributed.

In the lace trade, besides large numbers employed in factories, many thousands of female children and young persons—the exact number

number unknown—earn their livelihood by ‘finishing’ machine-made lace, chiefly in Nottingham and its vicinity. In general, the children under nine or ten years of age work, not in ‘warehouses,’ but in private houses under ‘second-hand mistresses,’ where the usual age for beginning is about eight, though in many cases girls begin earlier—in some even as young as five, the work itself being very light. The ordinary hours are from eight to eight, but these are frequently exceeded. The processes vary with each kind of lace, and with the different practices of manufacture; to describe them would require too much space. It is impossible to do the work except in a heated atmosphere, usually as high as 80° to 100°. Heat and moisture from the evaporation of the ‘dress,’ or body-giving mixture, are sometimes very oppressive.

The people much employed in these rooms have almost invariably a pale, bloodless complexion; many of them are in constant perspiration, ‘sweat awful,’ become languid and enervated, and many sometimes faint away during work hours. They suffer much from exposure to cold air when not at work, especially on leaving; consumption from this cause is very common amongst them. ‘When girls leave such rooms and go into a place only moderately warm, they are so “nesh” (sensitive) that they shiver like leaves sometimes’ (p. 199). The heat unduly stimulates female functions, and leads to injurious consequences, not only physical, but moral. *Tic doreux* is common. Headaches are almost universal. In many rooms there is no space even for sitting down, and the legs have no rest, and sometimes swell. In some rooms the girls must sit without shoes, lest the lace should be soiled; and this on floors made, not of wood, but of plaster. A witness, who herself went out to work before she was five years old, tells of ‘a strong big girl’ who ‘became a cripple from sitting so long on a short stool, which made her spread her feet out sideways till they began to grow in that way. She went to the union and died, and her sister is now very stunted, owing, as witness thinks, to the hard work’ (p. 223). The work is usually very trying to the eyes. Shortness, dimness, and other defects of sight are almost always induced after a few years of it. One process, ‘gauffring,’ fills the room with burnt gas, and requires the workers to hold their heads over gas that is burning. The remarks of the commissioner, appended to the evidence of many of the witnesses, are strongly illustrative of the injurious effects of the bad air, confinement, and other disadvantages. We quote a few specimens. ‘This girl has no colour at all in her cheeks’ (p. 187). Another ‘is very pale and thin; looks ill fed’ (p. 188). One ‘has colour, but of a flushing kind’ (p. 190). Another attracted notice ‘by the remarkable fact of her having a healthy complexion’ (p. 190). Another, eleven years of age, ‘after being some time in a cool place with me, was wiping the perspira-

tion from her forehead. Small red veins showed over the surface of her skin, a large part of her neck and breast being left bare through her ragged clothes. Her eyes were bloodshot' (p. 192). One young woman of twenty-four, 'is not healthy looking, and is wasted and old looking' for her age (p. 193). Another 'looks unhealthy and pinched.' 'A very pale, poverty-stricken looking girl' is spoken of further on, who, having managed to spell slowly the words 'larks in a nest,' was asked what larks were, and replied, 'games in the street.' Had not heard of larks singing, and had never been out in the country! (p. 195). Another witness 'looks very delicate;' but the next 'looked much healthier than the others,' being an errand girl in a warehouse, and the errand girls generally having 'some healthy colour, which others who are never out seldom have.' Of one witness Mr. White remarks: 'This girl has what seems a settled cough, and looks weak in the chest' (p. 205); of another, 'This girl looked wretchedly ill, and unable to hold herself upright' (p. 206); of a third, 'This girl was very pale, and had her throat wrapped round, as had some of the others also' (p. 207); of a fourth, 'A very pale, weakly girl' (p. 209); a fifth had 'pale face and weak eyes, from which she had more than once to wipe the water, as well as a weak cough' (p. 222); a sixth 'sat during the whole time facing me, at a distance of about seven feet;' the lights were shining full on the assistant commissioner's face, but she could not see his features plainly at that distance; and, 'though a comparatively young woman (about thirty, though looking nearly fifty), she looked utterly worn out, her face wrinkled as with age, and her eyes glazed and watery'—perhaps, in part, from distress, from want of work, as well as from the exhaustion of former overwork (p. 222). In fact, most of the witnesses have health seriously impaired, and many of them irreparably. They are pale, or have a sick headache, or a cough; are rheumatic, or hysteric, or asthmatic, or ophthalmic, or phthisical. Yet they work on with resolution to the last. 'The Nottingham girls,' says one witness, 'will do any amount of work, and endure anything. Most of them will half pine themselves for their clothes. They are so fond of dress' (p. 202). 'The worn and carly-aged faces, and frequently the failing sight of those who have left warehouses, and depend on taking work at their own houses or employing children,' says the assistant commissioner (p. 186), 'show unmistakable marks of the labour that they have gone through, and the anxiety which they still suffer from the alternations of high pressure and absolute want of work. Even the children work with a closeness of attention and a quickness which are astonishing, scarcely ever allowing their fingers to rest, or even move less quickly, or taking their eyes off from their work when questioned, for fear of losing a moment. Even the youngest often beg to work over-hours, as that gives

gives them the only money which, as a rule, they ever get for themselves. One little girl of nine works so hard as even to frighten her mistress for her health, and "till she has to stop to rest her little head." Yet a hope has reached many even of these little ones, as I am informed, and as their smiles when met by me in streets or schools would seem to show, that their work hours may one day be shortened.'

Pillow-lace making is carried on chiefly in two rural districts: one, the Honiton district, running along the eastern portion of the south coast of Devonshire for twenty or thirty miles and a few miles inland, including also a few places in North Devon; the other, over the greater part of Bucks, Bedfordshire, Northamptonshire, and the adjoining parts of Oxfordshire and Huntingdonshire. Pillow lace is also made in Ireland, but not on a large scale. The number of persons employed is very great. One single manufacturer, although not the only one of the same rank, employs 3,000 persons. The work requires great manual dexterity, but very little muscular strength; children are therefore sent to learn it at a very early age, six being thought the best by some teachers, but many begin at five, and even still earlier! For this purpose they usually go to work at a 'school,' kept by a woman in her cottage, in a small room with stopped-up fireplace, or without one at all, and with no ventilation except by door and window, the latter not often open, or able to be. The crowding in these rooms, and the foulness of the air, are sometimes extreme. Imperfect drains with sinks, and smells, are common near these workrooms. Too often the children are deprived of all 'educational' opportunities. Then after leaving these 'schools,' which the children commonly do between the ages of twelve and fifteen, they work at home, or congregate in neighbours' houses for the sake of company and mutual aid and to save light, working during what hours they please, often very late, sometimes all night through. Their employment is often made more injurious to the eyesight by the scantiness of the light in which they work, or by its being transmitted through bottles of water. The younger the lace-makers are, the closer do they sit around the same supply of light—eight, or even a dozen sometimes working by one dip candle!

In some of the poorest and most densely-peopled parts of London—as Bethnal Green and Whitechapel—and in a few of the largest provincial cities and towns—as Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, Bristol, Norwich, Newcastle, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and Belfast—children and young persons, about 1,800 in all, are employed in the making of phosphorus matches. The major part of them spend their working hours in elaborately placing matches, not yet dipped, into 'frames,' 'clamps,' or 'sets.' The tops of the matches are afterwards dipped in a composition of phosphorus,

glue, and other ingredients. Little boys are often employed to stir this composition: their faces are apt for a long time to be near or actually over it, and they often get splashes of it on their hands and clothes. In preparing the composition for dipping, heat is used; and the dipping is done whilst the composition is spread out evenly upon a heated stone slab or iron plate. The vapour of phosphorus is continually being given forth, often in dense fumes, both in the dipping process, and in the drying and subsequent cutting. Cutting is necessary, because the matches are usually dipped whilst of double length, and are cut in two across the middle, still damp and fuming. Whilst being cut and boxed, the matches frequently ignite, causing suffocation and coughing. In most of the manufactories, proper means, as sand or a wet cloth, not being provided for putting out the fire, the naked hand is pressed upon the flame for several moments, to 'smother' it; hence frequent burns, sometimes severe. 'As he was cutting the bundle,' writes an eye-witness, 'the friction frequently ignited it; I saw it do so three times running, and many times besides. He extinguished this by pressing his hand on the flame for some moments: this is the only way in which these bundles are put out in these smaller places. The boys say it does not hurt them, but on examining their hands I have found the palms quite horny and split in consequence' (p. 51). During the boxing the vapour of phosphorus may be seen, even in broad daylight, rising over the benches. The result is that a strong smell of phosphorus pervades not only the dipping-room, but the whole premises. On his first visit to a match manufactory—an airy place not in a town—Mr. J. E. White, who conducted the inquiry into this branch of children's employment, could perceive this smell on merely entering the yard, at a distance of 100 to 200 feet from the match-shops then in use, although not so far as that from the store-room. The smell near the dipping-places when in use, and the drying-rooms when heated, was so strong and disagreeable, and the air so oppressive, that at first he could hardly bear to stand near them, and once or twice after leaving bad places he had a feeling of sickness, probably caused by the smell. In this, as in the case of all other evils, whether moral or physical, the power to judge is blunted and lost by frequent exposure to the evil atmosphere. Mr. White notes that the sense of smell and the feeling of oppression on entering even close places, which at one time would have rendered needless almost every other source of information, became gradually less keen, and after a time he had to turn his attention especially to the point to enable him to judge at all of the state of the air, and even then probably he did not succeed. It is thus that the workpeople come at length to be unconscious of the fact that the air they breathe is vitiated. And yet so impure is it, that a visitor, spending

spending only a short time in the workshops, and being much in the air, and travelling often long distances between place and place, found that everything in gold or silver, whether exposed or covered in pockets or elsewhere, became entirely discoloured, the silver, for instance, turning nearly black. This effect was due, not to the phosphorus but to the sulphur used to prime the matches before the phosphorus is superadded. That so much floating sulphur must be noxious to health who can doubt? That the vapour of phosphorus is—and terribly so—almost every match manufacturer knows to his sorrow.

In the year 1845 the attention of medical men was invited for the first time to a painful and loathsome disease, observed by a surgeon in an infirmary at Vienna as occurring amongst the workpeople in match manufactories. Commencing as toothache or faceache, it causes marked and, when fully established, great and almost intolerable pain, rendering sleep almost impossible, for months, and often for years. The gums and face swell, the teeth ultimately perish, or fall out. As the disease progresses, the swelling of the face grows larger, and extends to the neighbouring glands; the gums, spongy and red, give forth, at frequent openings, a most offensively-smelling matter; abscesses form over the jaw, and break, whence issues the same sort of corrupt discharge; sinuses are established, and the livid gums shrink and retire from the bone, which thus becomes exposed, and is found, on probing, to be rough and diseased; portions of bone scale off, and then, either the disease becomes checked, and the mutilated patient recovers, or, more frequently, the whole jaw becomes involved, the patient's strength gives way, he pines, becomes subject to diarrhoea and to low fever, and after lingering for a longer time than would be thought possible under such an affliction, is at length worn out and dies.

Surgeons who attend the workpeople at a match manufactory at Stratford, describe caries and necrosis of the teeth as affecting *the majority* of those who have been engaged in that particular establishment for a considerable time. Necrosis, or death, of the jaw-bones, has occurred in two instances. 'One of these,' they say, 'lately passed from our care to the London Hospital. This is a very serious case, and, we believe, hopeless. We do not think it possible for the patient to live long. His appearance is very painful; the whole lower part of the face is a mass of disease, and running sores of a kind most offensive to all near. He is utterly incapable of mastication.'

A few more instances we will cull, before we drop the curtain. Mr. John Pegge, surgeon, of Newton, Manchester, says: 'Without any thought I can name half a dozen cases, three men and three females, one a girl, all coming from the same manufactory. Three of these cases ended fatally, one of the men dying before

the disease had run its course, apparently from exhaustion brought on by the continued and intense pain.' 'The sufferings of a patient in the earlier stage of the disease, and until it has run itself out, leaving the bone quite dead and exposed, are intolerable. He will then take almost any amount of narcotics with comparatively little effect.' 'When the disease is once begun, it seems so firmly established that it cannot be arrested.' 'The disease, I believe, generally takes a long time to run its course. All my cases lasted, I should say, two or three years.'

John Bell, a victim examined by Mr. White, gave the following evidence: 'Has lost the whole of his lower jaw. Lost it eight or nine years ago. It was bad eight or nine years first. It was very painful. No one can describe it if they don't know it; it's like everlasting pain. Used to get hardly any sleep or ease of it. Has been in several hospitals—St. Thomas's, Guy's, Bartholomew's. His jaw was taken out at the last hospital. The doctors said he ought to have meat, but he could not eat it. Afterwards he used to have his food cut up very small and suck it. He cannot bite at all, even now. The doctor says there is a bit of new bone. One doctor would not take out his jaw, because he said there was a new one coming. Other doctors afterwards took it out, and the new one came along with it. The last time, he took a piece of it out himself, and cured himself with cold water. Since then has been in fair health, but not strong;—oh, no! never shall be again. For the last six weeks has had pain in his upper jaw.' This witness's articulation Mr. White describes as being much impaired. The upper teeth were almost entirely gone; anything left was decayed; the gums were swollen and shapeless, with little pits where the teeth had been, showing angry red flesh through (p. 49).

John Day, a patient in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, twenty years of age, informed Mr. White that he had worked for four years in a large match factory in Whitechapel. For some time the work suited him, although at the dipping-place, and in the drying-room, the phosphorus used to get down his throat and 'choke' him, and make him cough and sneeze. It made him short of breath, rather, but most so when the matches caught fire and 'went off.' At first, when he went home at night he smelt so strongly of phosphorus that he could not sleep; afterwards he did not notice it, but his mother did. In the dark, his clothes looked all bright. After awhile his teeth became affected; there was amongst them a general aching, and this was followed by a swelling of the face, and after awhile he went to the London Hospital. There the doctors 'felt inside his mouth and pulled out a tooth,' and by-and-by a piece of bone 'grewed' out of the hole. The pain was intermittent, but it often prevented him from sleeping. Then the
doctors

doctors came and took out a piece of his jaw. His teeth had been so loose before this, that he used to pull them out with his own fingers. The doctors took out a piece of his jaw several times, and sometimes he himself pulled out a piece. The operation on the jaw, Mr. White remarks, was performed by cutting the chin in two and drawing out the bone from each side.

Mrs. Simlich, wife of a manufacturer of 'vesuvians' on a small scale in Bethnal Green Road, stated that her husband had found match-making to be injurious to his health; 'Of course it hurts all of us; it takes a great effect of us all.' This applies to the making, not of 'vesuvians,' but of common matches. She would rather earn just a living at vesuvians than double at matches, which, she said, 'are dreadful work;' and she does not think there is any business over the whole world worse for a man's health than matches. 'It's so bad for the chest; that is where it takes her.' After she had been at work, she lay down and could not fetch her breath, and had to be propped up with pillows. Now that she makes only vesuvians, she is much better. Her husband said, only the day before, that he could mention eight who died in the hospital of the jaw disease. Their jaws came out. On seeing one of these victims, she used to say, 'Oh! don't let that man come in, I can't bear to look at him.' Two or three of them used to come and work for her husband without jaws.

Mr. White met with a patient in the Newcastle Infirmary whom he describes as having a face bloodless and hollow; beneath his left eye a plaster covered a hole through which a piece of the jaw had been extracted, with festering matter around. The eye was drawn in, and the red inside of the eyelid was everted. On the mouth being opened, the sight was horrible; the upper teeth nearly all gone; the lower going; the palate flat and colourless; the gums entirely gone from the upper jaw, 'leaving the bare bone grinning out, a living death's head,' with a most offensive smell (p. 83).

We have now at least sufficiently indicated the character of this dreadful disease to which match-makers are so liable. The dippers, being most exposed to the fumes, are in most danger; but even children who merely put the lids on the boxes, occasionally suffer from this dreadful malady. The danger is great or small, as the works are well or ill ventilated and managed. Varieties of matches differ in their degrees of noxiousness. 'Silent lights,' and those having most phosphorus, including all the cheapest kinds, are the worst. In the making of wax matches there is comparatively little danger. Were 'amorphous phosphorus' substituted for the usual kind, there would be no danger at all, but manufacturers find no sale for matches so made, as they are a trifle dearer. The matches of Messrs. Bryant and May
deserve

deserve their name of 'safety matches,' for they will not ignite except upon the box, and the phosphorus disease is not amongst the possible incidents of their manufacture. The factory of this firm is described by the commissioners as being 'remarkable for the excellence of most of its arrangements for the health and comfort of the workpeople' (p. 21). Besides the phosphorus disease many other less serious effects upon the health of the workpeople, such as languor, affections of the throat, chest, and internal organs, have been observed to be abnormally common amongst people engaged in match factories. In their moral condition, the children and young persons are described as usually 'the lowest of the low;' and shocking proofs of the ignorance and wretchedness of many of them are given by the commissioners.

In the course of their inquiries, the commissioners have learnt that the law regulating the employment of climbing chimney-sweeps is extensively evaded. It has become apparent that the provisions of the law are inoperative in most parts of England, the metropolis and some other towns excepted; that great and unnecessary suffering is thereby inflicted on a large number of boys, many being mere children of tender age; that the practice of using climbing boys, notwithstanding efforts to enforce the law made by philanthropic individuals, is very much on the increase; in short, that all the evils which it was the object of the legislature to suppress, are reappearing in their worst form.

Householders who permit, and too often prompt, or even insist upon the violation of the law which forbids the use of climbing boys, should consider well what it is they are doing. In learning to climb, a master sweep states that no one knows the cruelty which a boy has to undergo. The flesh must be hardened, by rubbing it, chiefly on the elbows and knees, with the strongest brine, close by a hot fire. 'You must stand over them with a cane, or coax them with the promise of a halfpenny, &c., if they will stand a few more rubs. At first they will come back from their work with their arms and knees streaming with blood, and the knees looking as if the caps had been pulled off; then they must be rubbed with brine again.' This account was amply confirmed by persons engaged in the business in almost all parts of the country. Mr. Clark, a master sweep, says: 'If, as often happens, a boy is gloomy or sleepy, or anywise "linty," and you have other jobs on at the same time, though I should be as kind as I could, you must ill-treat him somehow, either with the hand, or brush, or something.' Another master sweep, Mr. Stransfield, says: 'In learning a child you must use violence; I shudder now when I think of it. I have gone to bed with my knee and elbow scabbed and raw, and the inside of my thighs all scarified.' Mr. Elton, a chimney-sweeper at Basingstoke, says: 'Some boys are more awkward,

ward, and suffer more ; but all are scarred and wounded.' A journeyman at Winchester says : 'Some chimneys are rough, and of course that skins you on the elbows and back ; some put pads on the knees if you are very bad ; saltpetre, what they call brine, is the only way of getting over it ; I remember very well having that rubbed on every morning and night.' 'The boys,' says Mr. Clarke, a Nottingham master sweep, 'must go barefoot even on the coldest winter mornings, as early, may be, as four o'clock, or the soot would shake from their trousers into their boots, and gall and fester their feet.' 'I found a boy of about eight in the market who had run away from some place of correction, and offered himself to me. Part of his kneecaps got torn off [with sweeping], the gristle all showed white, and the guiders [tendons] all around were like white string, or an imitation of white cotton ; his back was covered with sores all the way up. To harden his knees, a lotion, made of old "netting" [urine], simmered with hot cinders, was put on them, and to make him hold his knees straight the while, he had a brush tail tied up and down his back, and something else like it in front, and he was made to walk in this way twenty, forty, or fifty times up and down the room. He counted each time once up and down the room, "one" ' (p. 299).

In some cases children have been seriously burnt in consequence of having been forced to ascend fiery flues. In Ashton-under-Lyne last December a child only seven years old was badly injured in this way ; and at Preston, in another case, a boy was severely flogged by his master for refusing to go a second time into a hot boiler flue. The coroner for Nottingham reports two inquests held on boys who died in flues. One of these was choked, and had to be got out dead, through a hole broken in the wall for the purpose. In the other case, the master lighted straw under the chimney in order to bring down the boy, who, it was supposed, was asleep ; in reality he was dead ! In the west end of London, not two years ago, a child stuck fast in a chimney and died there. Mr. Herries, of Leicester, is reported to have collected details of twenty-three cases of boys who have been killed in chimneys by being stifled since 1840.

Sweeps are liable to a most painful and fatal complaint—'chimney-sweepers' cancer'—from exposure to soot. The danger is increased in those cases, which are common, where the boys 'sleep black' in their dirty clothes. Some sweeps never change their shirts until they are worn out. Others wash only once a week, or not so often. The assistant-commissioner, in one case, gives the following statement :—

'On a subsequent night, at about 10½ p.m., I accompanied the witnesses Simpson and Stransfield to some cellars, where they thought we might find some boys "sleeping black ;" so far as the boys were concerned our visit was unsuccessful : my companions said that my inquiries had been heard of, and the "birds had flown."

flown;" in one place, however, I saw what they informed me was a specimen of the habits of the ordinary journey-sweep, and at the same time an illustration of the practice, for instances of which I was in search, though it happened to be an adult and not a child in the present case.

'I followed Stransfield down some broken stone steps into a dirty and ill-drained area in a district of Manchester, where a dense population is closely packed in small and crowded dwellings. He entered a door, and after some delay returned and took me in with him to a low-pitched unsavoury cellar, the only occupants of which appeared at first to be a woman and two little girls in ragged clothes. After some little time I discovered by the firelight, there being no candle, a small bedstead, which, with two or three wooden three-legged stools and a table, constituted all the furniture of the place; on it was a mattress, and on the mattress a black heap, which ultimately proved to be a young man who was sleeping underneath the blanket which he used to catch the soot in his trade of chimney-sweeping; he and his blanket were both quite black, and that blanket I was told was the only bed-covering for his wife and two daughters, who were then preparing to join him. I certainly could see no other.'

It is startling to learn, that, as in former times, so even now, boys in England are bought and sold! It is stated that in the country young children are still in request for this purpose: they are bargained for by their parents and master sweeps: they are bought and sold, and the more tender their age the more valuable they are considered. A magistrate of Leicester is satisfied that 'great numbers of these children are regularly bought and sold.' Mr. Peacock, of Burslem, says: 'I have bought lads myself. I used to give the parents so much a year for them. Sometimes they got 3*l.*, sometimes 50*s.*, and sometimes they let you have them for nothing at all. In Liverpool, where there are lots of bad women, you can get any quantity you want. The last lad we had here I got from Stockport; he was six years old. No children could be got in the Potteries. I do know, however, of three cases at Tunstall. There were two women, not married, who sold their boys to a sweep here.' Mr. Simpson, of Manchester, says he knows two sweeps there who have sold their own sons for a pound a year to a master sweep at Retford. Mr. Clarke also says, that parents go hawking their children about; that boys are 'trafficked' about from one master to another, 10*s.* or so being given; and whether the boy ever gets back again often depends on whether he has a parent to intercede for him (p. 299.) 'As regards selling, it is worse. I hear from sweeps who come from other parts, that this is still the regular thing to this day.' 'I am confident that if a stop is not put to keeping boys, before long it will be quite the same as it was every way.' 'It is as bad as the negro slavery, only it is not known.'

The moral and intellectual training of the unhappy children who illegally sweep chimneys is of the worst sort. 'Generally speaking, they are brought up in gross ignorance and vice' (p. 296). In most cases, the lads, when they grow up, being too big to be of use, must leave the trade, but find none other open to them. No one will apprentice a sweep, or take him into his
warehouse

warehouse or shop. Thus it is that 'more than half the climbing boys find their way to prison.' 'The chimney is, indeed, a hot-bed for the gaol' (p. 297).

'The use of boys in climbing is totally unnecessary. Practical men aver that difficult chimneys can be adapted for machine-sweeping at trifling expense; and statistics seem to show that chimneys swept by machine are less liable to take fire than those swept by hand,—in spite of the vulgar impression to the contrary (p. xci.). 'The commissioners say they 'are satisfied that all fears of the increased risk of fire from the abolition of climbing boys are entirely without foundation.'

It ought to be generally known that master sweeps are tempted to employ children to ascend chimneys, because the work is done less slowly than by machine; more chimneys can be swept in a given time, and therefore more money earned. Then to obtain the connivance of householders, they use the machine inefficiently on purpose, in order to prove that a boy is necessary. On the other hand, it is sad to learn, that even when masters are sincerely desirous, as some benevolently are, to sweep by machine alone, many householders insist on having their chimneys swept by boys: thus one sweep testifies: 'I have been sent away even from magistrates' houses, and in some cases even by ladies who have professed to pity the boys, for refusing to use them' (p. 297). Magistrates, knowing how their own chimneys are swept, often refuse to convict offenders, whom benevolent persons bring before them. Mr. Wm. Wood, of Bowden, a gentleman who has nobly distinguished himself by pleading the cause of the oppressed climbing boys, told the assistant commissioner that only two years ago he called on a gentleman living not very far away from Chester, and very respectfully told him that, as his chimney then was arranged, it must be swept by a boy; but that the outlay of 10s. would obviate the necessity; 'Preposterous,' was the gentleman's reply; and he curtly bowed Mr. Wood out of his house. 'The chimney

was in this shape ; it was 14 inches by 19 inches

wide, and 10 yards in horizontal length; and along the whole of those yards, the boy would have to work his way on his stomach, sweeping as well as he could. At the upper bend the point of the angle would press hard on his back; 'So their backs get broken at times, and in such places they have stuck and died.' Seventeen months after his visit, Mr. Wood learned that the gentleman's chimney was still unaltered!

The legislative and other remedies suggested by the commissioners, it is not our design to examine in this article. It is, however, comforting to report that in almost all the oppressive or
noxious

noxious occupations above described, there is a possibility of enforcing considerable ameliorations. The 'cry of the children,' to which the Royal Commissioners have lent and are lending both ear and extension, will surely not be suffered to go up unheeded. We shall look for some useful legislation in this direction in the very next session of parliament, and we trust we shall not look for it in vain.

ART. IV.—HANNAH MORE.

1. *Life of Hannah More.* Cadell. London, 1838.
2. *Women of Worth.* Hogg and Sons. London, 1860.

THE appropriateness of a notice of Hannah More in these pages will, we think, not be disputed, if we regard her simply as a popular author, who sought to promote by her writings the welfare of mankind. But when we consider her in the nobler character of a practical philanthropist and social reformer; when we bear in mind the comparatively humble position in which she was born, the frequent bodily ailments with which she had to contend, and the unremitting labour necessary at first for self-support, and at a later period for the prosecution of the important enterprises in which she engaged; when we recall her unflagging personal exertions to improve the condition of the poor, her unflinching courage in attacking the vices of the rich—whose standard of morality was in her day very far below that which it is now—her conscientious adherence at all costs to what she held to be the truth; when, further, we reflect upon the brilliant success which rewarded her efforts—such success as is never granted to the undeserving—we cannot but regard her as holding a prominent position among those who have striven to make things better than they found them, and to a record of whose labours therefore a little space in 'Meliora' may most justly be allotted.

Hannah was the fourth of the five children, all daughters, of Mr. Jacob More, 'a man of piety and learning,' as she herself described him. He had been brought up as the future owner of a good estate in Suffolk: the property, however, was contested at law; and, the decision being against him, Mr. More found himself in a peculiarly painful position, deprived of the resources he had been taught to expect, and unprovided with any trade or profession. He obtained a supervisorship of excise at Bristol; but shortly afterwards was appointed to the humble, though more congenial office of master of a small free-school at Fishponds, near Stapleton, in Gloucestershire, about four miles from Bristol. The endowment amounted only to 15*l.* a year; but the school-house contained a comfortable residence for the master, and he derived some further emolument

emolument from the small fee paid by each pupil. The decent maintenance of a family of seven persons upon means so limited must have involved the strictest economy and frugality; and when one of the daughters, in conversation with Dr. Johnson, narrating the early history of her sisters and herself, told him 'how we were born with more desires than guineas, and how, as years increased, our appetites increased also, the cupboard at home being too small to gratify them; and how with a bottle of water, a bed, and a blanket, we set out to seek our fortune,' she no doubt spoke almost the literal truth.

Fishponds has changed its character since the time of Mr. Jacob More. The quaint little school-house, with the smooth green before it, and a very few substantial houses scattered around, constituted the 'hamlet' of which we read in the biographies of Hannah More. The surrounding district was common land; but upon this, within the present century, long rows, and even streets of cottages have sprung up, entirely altering the aspect of the neighbourhood, and affording shelter to some thousands of inhabitants of so poor and ignorant a class, that were their celebrated predecessor to return to life she would find more than sufficient occupation for even her extraordinary powers of body and mind in the improvement of their moral and physical condition.

The school-house however remains, to all appearance, in the same condition as when Hannah More was born there in February, 1745. She early displayed remarkable intellectual powers, and no less ambition that they should be worthily employed. It was one of her childish amusements to ride upon a chair announcing that she was 'going to London to see booksellers and bishops,' a declaration which might be regarded almost as prophetic, so exactly was it realized in after life.

Her parents devoted much time and care to the education of their children, who, while yet young girls, by their natural gifts and attainments attracted the attention of many distinguished literary persons in the neighbourhood. By the aid and advice of these friends, the elder sisters opened at Bristol a school for girls of the upper classes. Here, when twelve years old, Hannah More became a pupil, and a few years later was associated with her sisters in the management. The school aimed at providing instruction very superior in quantity and quality to that which had hitherto been thought sufficient for young ladies. Rising rapidly in public estimation, it soon became the most celebrated of its class in the kingdom, and the higher tone it helped to give to female education was the commencement of the reform in this important department which Hannah More laboured unremittingly to achieve.

An interesting proof of this school's valuable operation has lately

lately come to light. Miss Mills, afterwards the wife of Zachary Macaulay, and mother of the historian, was educated here, and to Hannah More's care and influence may be partly attributed the admirable qualities which enabled Mrs. Macaulay to conduct with so much success—as we are told she did—the early education of her illustrious son. Both herself and her husband were accustomed to consult her former schoolmistress upon the course to be pursued in the instruction and training of their child; and the affectionate interest which Hannah More felt in the son of her favourite pupil, and the insight into character which led her to predict for him a brilliant career, are revealed in two letters, recently published, addressed by her to his father.* Macaulay returned her affection; and took an opportunity in the House of Commons (in his speech upon copyright, on February 5th, 1841) to express his appreciation of her moral and intellectual excellence.

While yet a child, Hannah acquired the Latin, French, Spanish, and Italian languages, besides the ordinary branches of instruction. Her conversation must have been already singularly fascinating, for it is related that her physician, an eminent scholar, on one occasion was so absorbed by it, that he lost all recollection of the object of his visit, and had left her apartment, when, suddenly recollecting himself, he exclaimed, 'Bless me, I forgot to ask the girl how she is!'

When in her seventeenth year she composed her first published literary production, 'The Search after Happiness,' which passed quickly through three editions. It is dramatic in form, and was written for her pupils, her desire being to supplant with moral and refined compositions the plays, often of a very opposite character, which it was then the fashion for school-girls to perform. One of the first uses to which the sisters applied their earnings, was that of amply providing for the comfortable maintenance of their father. Their mother was, we believe, at that time dead.

In her twenty-second year, Hannah, with one of her sisters, visited London, and through their friendship with Garrick became acquainted with the most distinguished personages of the day. Among these was Dr. Johnson, who in conversation with one of them, exclaimed enthusiastically, 'I love you both; I love you all five. I never was at Bristol. I will come on purpose to see you. What! five women live happily together! I have spent a happy evening—I am glad I came. God for ever bless you! You live to shame duchesses.'

Hannah's pen had been constantly employed since her first composition, chiefly upon poems, for which she was beginning to receive liberal prices from the booksellers.

* 'Macmillan's Magazine,' February, 1860.

Her intimacy with Garrick turned her thoughts again to the drama, and she wrote in rapid succession several pieces for the stage, which met with a brilliant reception alike in the provinces and in London. One of them, 'Percy,' was translated into French and German. As an instance of her perseverance in labour, when suffering under severe bodily affliction, we may mention that it was while deprived of the use of her limbs, and with perpetual blisters on each side of her head, that she composed the epilogue for one of her plays. These added much to her fame, bringing her a large acquaintance both in the literary and fashionable worlds, all tending to augment the extraordinary influence she acquired, and which she used for the noblest purposes. In producing these works, however, she was actuated by a higher motive than love of celebrity. She sought to raise the character of the stage—a vast and important enterprise. But a change took place in her convictions, and, abandoning the task of improvement, in obedience to her conscience she renounced the theatre both as spectator and author.

In 1782, Hannah More published her 'Sacred Dramas,' founded upon Scripture narratives, and written principally for young persons. Contributions from her pen, each aiming to promote social improvement, continued from time to time to increase her popularity, and she appears now to have felt that the talent thus intrusted to her, demanded the entire dedication of her powers to the advancement of the welfare of her fellow-creatures. In 1785 she withdrew from the brilliant society of which she had been the favourite and the ornament, and took up her abode at Cowslip Green, near Wrington, in Somersetshire, a place so secluded at that time that no post visited it even from Bristol.* Here she resolved upon no less an enterprise than a national reformation—the rich she would reach with her pen, while the poor she would act upon as far as should be possible by direct personal communication. In 1788 she published her 'Thoughts on the Importance of the Manners of the Great to General Society,' in which (paraphrasing a passage in Cicero) she remarks: 'Reformation *must* begin with the great, or it will never be effectual. *Their* example is the fountain whence the vulgar draw their habits, actions, and characters. To expect to reform the poor while the opulent are corrupt, is to throw odours into the stream while the springs are poisoned.' Of this work seven large editions were sold in a few months, one going off in *four hours*: it had a practical effect upon the women of the upper classes, Queen Charlotte being the first to yield to its influence. This

* Wrington is celebrated as the birthplace of the great Locke. The house and even chamber in which he was born, on the 29th of August, 1632, are still shown.

was followed by an 'Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World,' the two Essays forming a complete work.

A closer intimacy at this period with Mr. Wilberforce enlisted the sympathies and the influential pen of *Mrs. More* (as she now called herself), in his great enterprise—the Abolition of the Slave Trade. In return, she owed to him the direction of her efforts to the improvement of the then wild district around Cheddar—the commencement of an educational reform with which her name will always be associated. During a visit at Cowslip Green from Mr. Wilberforce, an expedition was made to the celebrated Cheddar Cliffs. His hostess (who has related the incident in her journal), upon his return eagerly inquired how he liked them. 'He replied, "They were very fine, but the poverty and distress of the people was dreadful." This was all that passed. He retired to his apartment and dismissed even his reader.' Returning at supper time, the 'servant at his desire was dismissed, and immediately he began—"Miss Hannah More, something must be done for Cheddar!" He then proceeded to a particular account of his day, and of the inquiries he had made respecting the poor. There was no resident minister; no manufactory; nor did there appear any dawn of comfort, either temporal or spiritual. The method or possibility of assisting them was discussed till a late hour. It was at length decided in a few words by Mr. W.'s exclaiming, "If you will be at the trouble, I will be at the expense!" Something commonly called an impulse crossed my heart that told me it was God's work, and it would succeed * * * Mr. Wilberforce and his sister left us in a day or two afterwards. We turned many schemes in our heads every possible way; at length those measures were adopted which led to the foundation of the different schools.' The 'we' here used includes *Mrs. More's* sisters. They had retired from their school upon a competency, and cordially aided Hannah in her labours.

It is possible that the Sunday schools, and week-day industrial schools already established in the neighbourhood of London by *Mrs. Trimmer* suggested to *Mrs. More* her course of procedure. 'The first thing to be done,' however, 'was to disarm the hostility of the petty landholders; and this our heroine, as she may be most strictly called, now set out to do in person, although weak and delicate in health, and the autumn far advanced.' The first to whom she applied 'resisted her to the utmost. He would never encourage religion among the poor; it spoiled them and made them idle and discontented. Nothing daunted, however, by this rebuff, *Mrs. More* returned to Cheddar, sleeping at a little inn on the road * * * She proceeded to attack others less influential, but not unimportant to her success. While arguing with one of these, a friend * * * suggested to her adversary that the children could

could not rob orchards and attend Sunday schools at the same time,' an argument which was found to be unanswerable, and was thenceforth constantly employed. The parents had yet to be won over. 'Some would not send their children unless they were paid; a condition which Mrs. More refused at once; others were apprehensive that attendance at the school would afford her a legal control over the children of which she would take advantage to export them for slaves.*' The opposition of the parents was in time also overcome.

'Mrs. More now took up her quarters at a little inn in Cheddar, while arrangements were making for opening her campaign. A cottage was immediately hired for a school-house; and, that she might cut off all temptations to retreat, she engaged it for seven years, and at a high rent. A religious and respectable woman was found to undertake the sabbath duties.

'On the opening of the school in person, nearly 200 children and young persons attended, some of the latter distinguished for profligacy, and not unknown to the criminal jurisdiction of their country. Before the expiration of the year great numbers of these could repeat the Catechism, read the New Testament, and answer plain questions on the great truths of the gospel. * * * After a short interval, a master and mistress were procured to instruct the children in the week. With instruction, industry was also combined. Useful work, especially sewing, knitting, and spinning, was taught, and the profits given to the children. To procure information and material for the last of these employments, Mrs. More actually visited most of the principal towns of Somersetshire. The parents began to see that there was something after all in Christian education, and prejudice and opposition gave way. They now came themselves for instruction in spinning, and soon took interest and pleasure in attending the devotional exercises also. The mistress and her daughter were supplied with medicines, and occasional sums of money, for distribution among the sick and needy; and they were instructed by Mrs. More to make their charitable visits spiritually beneficial, by teaching the ignorant and awakening the thoughtless, and bringing them to the school and to the church. So faithfully was this duty discharged, that, a few years afterwards, almost the whole parish attended to the grave the remains of the schoolmistress, in whom all felt that they had lost their best of friends; the first who had aroused them to provide for that world on which she had entered, and the first who had made the nature of the provision comprehensible to their minds. For though in strictness Hannah More was the prime instrument of this happy work, her representative, resident and diligent, would naturally engross the prominent position in the eyes of the poor.'

From Cheddar Mrs. More extended her labours to the neighbouring parishes, in nine of which her system of schools was before long established. Moreover, she did not confine her attention to the labouring class, but finding that the yeomanry were no less ignorant and depraved, she encouraged them also to send their

* Traditions linger among the poor after they have been forgotten by the rich, whose interests had not been affected by the abuses the memory of which they hand down. We learn from Roger North's life of his brother, the Lord Chancellor Guildford, that in the reign of James II., a custom prevailed at Bristol, and probably at other places, of selling petty offenders to persons by whom they were transported as slaves to our American colonies, now the United States. It can hardly be doubted that false accusations would be resorted to for the lucre of gain. Among the few good actions recorded of the infamous Judge Jeffreys, is his commanding the mayor of Bristol, when sitting on the bench beside him at the assizes, to take his place in the dock among the criminals for having become implicated in this nefarious traffic.

children (with whom some payment was made) to her schools. The small farmers willingly availed themselves of this privilege—additional instruction being imparted suited to the higher position in life of these pupils. The practice thus originated, and which closely resembles the system established with much success at King's Sombourne by the present Dean of Hereford, has now become common in the Mendip districts, where almost every national school derives a part of its support from the contributions of the farmers, who possess, by virtue of their subscriptions, the privilege of presenting their own children, and of obtaining for them a superior kind of education.

The physical exertions of our heroine at this period claim our admiration.

'When the delicate frame and precarious health of Mrs. More are taken into account, her personal labours at this time are almost incredible. While resident at Cowslip Green, or afterwards at Barley Wood, which was the greatest part of every year, she visited in participation with her sisters, three parishes every Sunday, performing a circuit of from ten to thirty miles, usually being out about thirteen hours, and frequently passing the night in some of the villages. This was continued, with intermissions occasioned by sickness, for upwards of twenty years.'

Her schools being in active operation, she established, in connection with them, benefit societies for the mothers of her pupils; and to render them efficient in promoting good moral conduct as well as provident habits, she instituted an anniversary festival, at which, after attending service at their respective parish churches, their members repaired to the prettily-decorated schoolroom. Here they took tea, being served by Mrs. More and her sisters, who were generally accompanied by a large number of guests, many of them persons of rank and distinction. The accounts of the society were then examined, and the journal was read aloud in which was recorded every particular connected with it and its members; and thus it became a matter of anxious care with the latter so to conduct themselves during the year, as to stand well on this public occasion.

The school-children had also their annual fête, when for want of a room large enough to contain them, they were accustomed to assemble on the summit of one of the Mendip hills, a spot which affords a grand panoramic view of some of the most fertile and picturesque scenery in the south of England.

Mrs. More continued to extend her efforts from parish to parish, but even these labours did not reach the limit of her exertions. She was meanwhile vigorously using her pen. The French Revolution had convulsed Europe to its centre. In its early days, Hannah More, with Burke, Romilly, and other liberal minds, had augured from it happy results. But liberty, which had been its watchword, soon degenerated into license, and the lovers
of

of Freedom stood aghast at the atrocities committed in her name.

The worst doctrines then rampant in France were being disseminated by wily and active emissaries among the uneducated classes in England. Mrs. More was besought to exert her powers to counteract their evil effects, and at the urgent request of her friend, Dr. Porteous, Bishop of London, she wrote 'Village Politics; by Will Chip, a Country Carpenter,' a dialogue 'in which by plain and irresistible arguments expressed in language pure but universally intelligible,' says the Rev. Henry Thompson, 'she exposes the folly and atrocity of the revolutionary doctrines.' This was followed by 'Remarks' upon an atheistic speech, delivered December, 1792, in the French National Assembly, by Jacob Dupont. The 'Remarks' were prefaced by an 'Address to the Ladies of Great Britain, in behalf of the French Emigrant Clergy,' from which we extract the following beautiful passage: 'Christian charity is of no party. We plead not for their faith, but for their wants. And let the more scrupulous who look for desert as well as distress in the objects of their bounty, bear in mind that if these men could have sacrificed their conscience to their convenience, they had not now been in this country. Let us show them the purity of our religion by the beneficence of our actions.' The work was sold for the benefit of the exiled clergy, and produced the large sum of 240*l*.

In 1795 appeared the first number of the 'Cheap Repository,' a publication suggested by the success of 'Village Politics,' and also undertaken by Mrs. More at the request of Bishop Porteous. With the liberal aid of her sisters, she engaged to produce a number monthly, each to contain a tale, a ballad, and a tract; and this she continued to do until 1798, when want of strength compelled her to relinquish the task. The series included many charming sketches chiefly founded on fact, and amongst them the celebrated 'Shepherd of Salisbury Plain.' The book was translated into almost every written language; while, at home, it won the suffrages of all classes and all parties, one of its warm admirers being William Cobbett. 'Mrs. More's habit,' we are told, 'was always to work to the extent of her powers, both of body and mind; and her abandonment of the "Cheap Repository" was a sufficient reason to all who knew her for apprehending that her health had been more seriously affected by her multifarious and incessant labours than she was disposed to allow. The effects of these combined exertions on her frame had been indeed very injurious. She sometimes suffered for whole successive days and nights the most terrific spasms in the head. On one occasion she was found by her sisters lying on her face, with her head against the wall of the apartment, bleeding and apparently dead.'

had become insensible from the violence of the paroxysm, and had fallen from her seat.'

In spite of these sufferings however, in 1799, her great work, 'Strictures on the Modern System of Female Education, with a View to the Principles and Conduct prevalent among Women of Rank and Fortune,' issued from the press. It met with the most flattering reception; seven editions were printed within the year of its publication; the Duchess (afterwards Queen) of Würtemberg, George III.'s eldest daughter, adopted it as a guide in the education of the duke's daughters, and it, together with the 'Cheap Repository,' received the unusual honour of a high encomium in an episcopal charge.

A little subsequent to this period a distressing controversy arose at Blagdon, in Somersetshire, respecting the conduct of the master of the school founded in that parish some years previously by Mrs. More at the earnest solicitation of the curate, Mr. Bere. This gentleman's opinions and character were unjustifiably attacked by the schoolmaster. Party spirit on other topics ran high in the district, and this fresh cause of dissension increased the acrimony of the disputants. The clergyman, and Mrs. More as patroness of the school, had each their warm partisans; and though it would appear that she earnestly endeavoured to ascertain where the truth lay, and at length closed the school rather than carry it on without the full approbation of the resident clergyman, she was visited with much harsh reproach, involving a charge against the sincerity of her adherence to the established form of religion, and even against her chastity! To so stanch a member of the Church, but still more to the pure and sensitive woman, such accusations caused excruciating anguish of mind, while they so seriously aggravated her bodily maladies that at one time her friends feared for her life. She made no public answer to her assailants, but addressed an able and dignified explanation of her conduct to Dr. Beadon on his becoming Bishop of Bath and Wells.* In his answer to this appeal, the bishop treated the imputations levelled at her with deserved contempt, and promised her his protection for her schools.

In 1801 Hannah More and her sisters took possession of Barley Wood, a more commodious residence than Cowslip Green, but in the same beautiful locality. Here she wrote, at the request of

* In this document she gives the following illustration of the groundless accusations brought against her: 'When I first established my school, poor women used to send crying infants of two or three years old, to the great disturbance of the rest, while they kept at home children of a fitter age to learn. This led us to make it one of the rules not to receive any under six years old. I told the mothers "ours was a school, not a nursery." On this simple circumstance has been built the astonishing charge that I did not want to instruct children, but to pervert grown people.'

Dr. Gray (afterwards Bishop of Bristol), her 'Hints for the Education of a Princess,' which having obtained the warm approbation of the king and queen, and the Prince and Princess of Wales, were received as a guide by the instructors of the Princess Charlotte, then regarded as the future monarch of the British empire, and for whose benefit the book had been composed. So favourably did this work impress the royal family, that the Duchess of Gloucester gave a grand public breakfast, at which she introduced the authoress to her other guests; and the queen desiring further advice concerning her granddaughter's education, proposed a conference upon the subject at Weymouth—an invitation which, however, the state of Mrs. More's health obliged her to decline. A little incident, arising from the friendship and esteem with which Mrs. More was henceforth regarded by the royal family, is interesting as illustrative of the advance of feeling as regards social rights since the period of which we have been writing. Arrangements being in progress to remove the Exeter and Bristol mail from the Wrington road, the secretary to the post office received a charge from the palace to ascertain if such a change would be inconvenient to Mrs. More, in which case it was not to be made. Mrs. More, however, very properly declined any arrangement for her benefit which involved injury to the public. At the present day such a proposal, praiseworthy as might be the feelings of personal kindness towards an individual which dictated it, would be regarded as monstrous. Let us contrast with it the voluntary relinquishment by Queen Victoria, on the introduction of penny postage, of her privilege of franking, so that by her own desire postage labels must be affixed to her letters as to those of the humblest of her subjects.

During an illness of nearly two years' duration, Mrs. More arranged the plan of one of her most successful works, 'Cœlebs in Search of a Wife.' This is an essay, thrown into narrative form, upon female education, with especial reference to married life. It contains skilful delineations of character, and an abundance of keen observation and sound sense. Regarded, however, as a work of fiction, it is, to most readers, tedious and uninteresting; and it is difficult to account for the extraordinary favour and large sale it met with immediately on its appearance upon any other supposition than that the authoress's attempt to avoid discovery signally failed, and that to her reputation its brilliant success was due. This work was followed by her essays, entitled, 'Practical Piety' and 'Christian Morals,' and, in 1815, by her 'Essay on the Character and Practical Writings of St. Paul.' Whilst the latter was in progress, an accident occurred which might have for ever prevented its completion. In a letter to a friend, Mrs. More writes:—

'I was standing in my room alone about noon, near some books, with one side to the fire. I was, providentially, wrapt in three shawls for a bad cold. I heard a sort of roaring behind me, which I concluded was the wind in the chimney, and did not look round till I saw the flames dancing on the ceiling over my head. I then found my clothes were on fire. In vain I tried to extinguish it. Against my custom I had locked the door; this caused a little delay. I did not attempt to run down stairs, thinking it would fan the flame, but stood at the top calling for help. When I saw them coming up, I walked back to my room. I was become, behind, one sheet of flame. A dear, generous friend, Miss Roberts, took me up as if I had been a child, laid me on the floor, and thrusting both hands into the flames, tore off my clothes; of one shawl not a thread was left; another was reduced nearly to ashes; my other clothes much burned. Only my arm and shoulder were much scorched; but my deliverer's hands were so terribly scorched that she could not feed herself for some weeks. Thanks to a merciful God we are both quite recovered. Another minute and nothing could have saved me.'

Her sister Martha, describing Mrs. More's demeanour, says:—

'My sister's composure during the whole exceeds credibility; not a scream or the least agitation of feature. Upon my mentioning this to her afterwards, she replied she thought all was over: making a bustle would answer no end, and she was striving to turn her thoughts another way.'

Mrs. More suffered the melancholy penalty which inevitably attaches to long life—the loss of almost all the friends of her youth. Her closing years were saddened by the death, at brief intervals, of all her four sisters. In their mutual attachment, their early struggles, their literary tastes, and active sympathy in the labours of each, they remind us of another group of remarkable sisters—the Brontës; and peculiar characteristics are not wanting to render the resemblance still more striking. Thus in Mary More, the eldest of the family, and the first to depart, who has been described as partaking of the 'Roman modification of stoicism,' who 'never made the smallest concessions to self-indulgence,' and whose 'spirit of steady endurance and perseverance prevailed in all she did,' we recognize a likeness to Emily Brontë; while in contemplating the gentle disposition of Anne Brontë we recal traits of Elizabeth More. The splendid genius of the authoress of 'Jane Eyre' doubtless eclipses the mental powers of Hannah More, while, on the other hand, in practical philanthropy Hannah More obtained results at which Charlotte Brontë never even aimed; yet different as were their natural gifts, and wide asunder the paths in which each laboured for the benefit of her kind, this assuredly was alike the object of both, and pursued with equal diligence and self-devotion.

Notwithstanding the distressing events of her latter years, and her own increasing infirmities, Mrs. More continued to be actively employed upon various topics, though chiefly such as the sick-room and death-bed would naturally suggest. A little poem, however, written in a less serious tone, entitled the 'Feast of Freedom,' resulted from the information communicated to her in 1818 by Sir Alexander Johnstone, Chief Justice of Ceylon, that her 'Sacred Dramas' had been translated into Cingalese; which he accompanied by

by a copy of the translation written upon palm leaves. In a visit to her, paid shortly afterwards, he explained the measures by which he had effected the extinction of slavery in Ceylon:—

‘ Having obtained for the native freemen, among other immunities, the privilege of sitting as jurors on trials, he asked in return the emancipation of all slave-children born after the 12th August, 1816, the anniversary of the regent’s birthday, a concession cheerfully and gratefully made. The proprietors also gave their slaves a holiday on the return of that day; and on such occasions it is customary in Ceylon to rejoice in choral and rudely dramatic celebrations. Sir Alexander therefore requested Mrs. More to write a little poem in this style, tending to improve the morals of the people, to be sung by the Cingalese at those meetings. Such was the origin of the “Feast of Freedom.”’

Further proof of her world-wide reputation reached her in the intelligence that engravings of Barley Wood were on sale in New York for the benefit of a female missionary school in Ceylon!

In 1824 Mrs. More published her last work—a selection from former compositions of passages on prayer. The first edition was sold while in the press, and has been followed by many others.

Having at last resigned the pen, Mrs. More occupied in manufacturing little articles for sale such leisure as the crowds of visitors from abroad as well as from all parts of England—often total strangers, who resorted to Barley Wood for the privilege of conversing with her—left at her disposal; the proceeds were devoted to charitable purposes, one object for which especially she loved to labour being negro emancipation. Her schools and benevolent societies too never lacked her care, and the large amounts laid up by the clubs she had instituted still demonstrated the success with which she had instructed the poor in the art of economizing their means.

A humiliating phase of human nature must be revealed to explain her removal from her beloved residence at Barley Wood to Clifton in 1828. It is painful to record that she was compelled to this step by the ingratitude, dishonesty, and profligacy of her servants, at whose mercy, in that remoteness from friends, her age and infirmity placed her. Happily such baseness is not often paralleled. Where the employer has done his part to call forth trustworthiness he rarely fails to obtain a response.

At Clifton Mrs. More spent the last four years of her life, still receiving many visitors when her strength allowed; at other times solaced by the unremitting attentions of her more intimate friends. In the early part of 1832 her mind gave symptoms of decay, and she gradually declined until the autumn. On the 7th of September she expired, so tranquilly that the change from life to death was scarcely perceptible.

It had been her wish that her funeral should be private, but rich and poor alike could not be restrained from following her to the grave, and the shops in Bristol were closed, while the bells of the

many churches tolled as the funeral procession passed through the city on its way to Wrington. There it was joined by great numbers from the neighbouring districts, including the children of the schools Mrs. More had established. Surrounded by mourners of every rank, the coffin of their friend and benefactress was lowered into the grave which had already received the remains of her sisters. A plain stone, bearing a simple inscription, marks the spot where lies the dust of these five noble-hearted women, by death reunited for ever.

Starting in life with brave reliance upon their talents, industry, and good principles, they had, long before old age overtook them, achieved a handsome independence. Hannah, by her pen alone, had earned 30,000*l.*; and inheriting from her sisters the greater part of their property, she died possessed of considerable wealth. Much of it was bequeathed to public institutions, of which no fewer than sixty-seven received legacies under her will. The residue of her estate was appropriated in aid of the endowment of a new church in the parish of St. Philip and St. Jacob in Bristol, the poorest in the city; and a surplus, remaining from a public subscription raised for the purpose of erecting a tablet to her memory in Wrington church, was devoted to the establishment of schools in the same district of Bristol. The schoolhouse faces the church, being divided from it by the road to Fishponds, the place of Hannah More's birth. Opened in 1840, these schools at the present time number many hundred pupils; and in the excellence of the instruction they afford, and the improvement they have wrought in their neighbourhood, have become a noble monument to the pious labourer in the cause of education whose name it is their privilege to perpetuate.

ART. V.—EFFIE FORRESTER ; OR, THE PAUPER'S LOVE.

‘COME here, Bella; you ask me sometimes to tell you a real love-story: I have just thought of a true one which I know will please you. Come and sit down beside me with your work, and we will wile away an hour, not unprofitably, since it is a tale of a woman's beautiful devotion which might be well imitated, especially in these days, when a love of flirtation is what too many young girls cultivate in their hearts.’ Bella at once drew near: Auntie's tales never tired her young nieces and nephews, because they were always suited to their tastes and capabilities—the true secret, this, of good story-telling.

‘In a pretty town in the south of Devon,’ the lady began, ‘a young

young girl lived with her father, keeping his house. It was just such a home as you would have admired; roses and honeysuckles crept over the porch, large myrtle-trees, laden in summer with their fragrant flowers, grew outside the windows; and far in the distance the blue sea shone like silver in the morning sun; while nearer, gentle slopes and woody eminences formed as lovely a picture as even lovely Devon herself can present. Here lived Effie Forrester, and in this sweet home she was the "fairest of the fair," the "pet one of the hearth." Her father doted on her with a blind fondness, for she was the sole survivor of the happy circle he had once called his children; but all of whom, save her, had drooped and died, one by one joining their mother in the better land. Had it not been for the remembrance of so much grief in her childhood, and her father's somewhat sad temperament, Effie would have been an unusually happy girl. Blessed with a sweet temper, a lively imagination, and a playful wit, she seemed destined to fill a useful place in the circle in which she moved, and to be a blessing to all around her. Her father, who had been a captain in the navy, lived on his pension, and a small income from a few cottages. Their means were but limited, yet a true woman's taste beautified their home. With neatness and skill in the arrangement of furniture, and a free use of beautiful flowers, the smallest, most insignificant house can be made cheerful and pleasant to the eye. Effie's chief delight was in painting. She took the beautiful sprays of clematis and the sweet wild-rose, and copied them with such exactness, that, especially in the winter when you could no longer look at the realities, it was indeed pleasant to have a peep at Effie's portfolio. Effie was my dearest friend. She was some years older than I, and I prized her friendship perhaps the more on that account. All she did seemed to me so wonderful, so exquisite. I seem to see her yet, bending over her flowers in the garden, or arranging them with their native elegance, ere her pencil sketched their graceful forms.

'About twenty years before the time I have been speaking of, there was a family called Ashley settled at a small village in North Devon. This little place was most picturesquely situated amongst the hills, which so closely encircled it that the traveller on Dartmoor, wandering over bleak, moorland wastes—rough, and rugged, and barren, save for the bright, golden furze, and the beautiful heath, with its tiny, purple flowers—was amazed to discover, embosomed in a valley, the few rustic cottages, the small parsonage—and higher up, on a gentle slope, the tall spire of the lovely village of Stoneybrook. A rocky river foamed and dashed its clear water in its passage through the vale, bringing the cool freshness of its spring amongst the hills, to fertilize the valley, bubbling and splashing, and forming exquisite little cataracts of foam,

foam, whenever the rain (and this happened not unfrequently) caused it to overflow its banks. Near the river stood the mill, with its great wheel, the marvel of the village children, ever turning in its unrestful usefulness. Across on the opposite bank, in what we Devonians call a "coombe," stood a large farmhouse.

' Farmer Ashley had two sons. Active, healthy lads they grew : now climbing up the tors, now following the plough, now helping their mother in the dairy. George, the eldest, was destined to take his father's farm. Fred, the younger brother, might be what he chose when the time for choosing came ; anything, that is, that would only take about forty or fifty pounds ; for the farmer was far from rich, and ready money was by no means plentiful with him. For the present, both the brothers went to school to the clergyman, whose income from his living was so small, that he gladly increased it by educating a few respectable lads in the neighbourhood. George, however, never cared for his books ; he thought that, as a farmer, he should want little learning to make his way in the world. Fred, on the contrary, was studious and thoughtful, and withal an amiable boy, and folks said he was the parson's pet. However that may have been, it is certain that he took many a walk with him, listening with profit to the good man's words, often standing with him beside the sick beds of his parishioners, or in the little churchyard by the new-made grave. Years passed on, and Fred must make his choice of a business. Crops had failed, and the farmer was scrupulous about the money he could spare. At length a friend of the miller's, with whom the family were acquainted, knowing the lad was well brought up, recommended him to a banker in the town where Effie lived, who was in want of a junior clerk. The good clergyman wrote an excellent account of Fred's abilities and character. The farmer brought Fred to see the gentleman ; and it was arranged that he should come for the first year without any salary, after which he was to receive a gradually-increasing income, year by year, until, if he continued steady and industrious, he would have as much as the other clerks. You may imagine, Bella, what a grief it was to poor Mrs. Ashley to part with her youngest son ; and what an event it was to his old playmates and schoolfellows at Stoneybrook when he bade them good-bye, and quitted his former companions and his favourite haunts. Especially was it a grief to him to part from his mother, and Mr. Fair, the clergyman. Ah ! if they could have foreseen the future of one for whom they both cherished such high hopes, how would their loving hearts have been grieved ! Yet Fred's parents never thought that the taste they had created in him so long ago, when, a little lad on his father's knee, he sipped the "toddy" from his glass, and when, a few years later in his life, he shared in the bountiful supply of cider, and in the hay-field

field and harvest-home, that this liking for the excitement of stimulating liquors would eventually prove his ruin. So far from imagining this, his mother, a good pious woman, at the same time that she packed a new and handsome Bible and Prayer-book in his trunk, with her best blessing, had also ordered for him a small barrel of sweet cider, that "he mighn't want for a glass" in the hot summer-time approaching. It was like setting him out, and appointing an angel of light to guard him on one side, and an angel of darkness on the other. But this, you know, Bella, was many years ago, before our "glorious Temperance Reformation," and our "Grand Alliance" had taught the people what they now know so well of the injurious effects of strong drink, and it was still regarded as almost a *necessary* of life, so we must not be too harsh in our judgment of Mrs. Ashley.'

'It does seem so strange, Auntie, doesn't it?' said Bella, 'that people ever generally believed that it was necessary to drink.'

'I daresay it does, to you, dear child; but I well remember how your grandpapa was abused for daring to think and say otherwise. But, to go on: Fred Ashley reached his new home. A strange feeling of loneliness and dulness crept over him at first; for though he had lived in so secluded a spot, and led what many would call a very dull life, seeing few people; hearing little news; and he was now in a place many degrees larger, and with something like bustle on the market-day, with several shops, and a newspaper, 'The Times,' daily left at the bank, for the worthy banker's perusal, a privilege also enjoyed by every one of the clerks; yet knowing nobody, and having no associates, Fred, for the first month, often wished himself back in his own home. But when he grew acquainted with the other clerks, and accustomed to his work—above all, when he began to feel interested in the doings of the little world around him, he ceased to sigh for Stoneybrook; and joined with eagerness in the various pursuits of his class and age. These, in summer evenings, included fishing expeditions, and boating on the narrow arm of the sea which ran close up to the town; and in winter, various games, chess and backgammon; and, among the more studious, Shakespearian readings were much the fashion. All these things, were, of course, harmless and useful; but, by degrees, during the second and third winter of his residence, Fred accustomed himself to passing an occasional evening at the hotel, where, being lively, and well-informed, and a good chess-player, he was welcomed by young men of superior position, and far larger means than he himself possessed. Still it was only occasionally as yet, and he cherished a love for home, had a warm affection for his mother, read his Bible reverently, and Sunday after Sunday took his prayer-book in his hand, and walked to church, attending the

gospel with the serious air with which he had been accustomed to listen, years ago, to his good, kind friend, the parson of Stoneybrook.

'It was on one of these sweet sabbath mornings, when he was about twenty-one years old, and in the fourth year of his residence in Seaton, that Fred, coming as usual to church, in good time, found his seat occupied by some strangers. The clerk, with much kindness, knowing him well, beckoned him to another seat, and leaning over to ask permission of the old naval officer who sat there, placed Fred Ashley in the Forresters' pew, and close to sweet Effie. It was the first time he had so fully noticed the young girl, though he had heard the clerks admiring her, and sometimes through the past winter, her increasing loveliness had been the subject of silly jests and foolish talk amongst Fred's young gentlemen friends at "The Buller Arms." Now that he found himself thus strangely seated beside her, before the service began, he had ample opportunity, which he did not neglect, of observing the pretty face he had heard so much of, and of noticing the graceful contour of her well-developed figure, the playful expression, that, do what she would, she could not drive away from her sweet blue eyes; her fair ringlets, golden and soft, shading the clear pink and white of her complexion; and the small hands that rested on the well-worn prayer-book on her lap. Fred Ashley felt himself strangely fascinated and bewildered, as many another young man has done at the near sight and presence of a beautiful woman. Effie at this time was just twenty, a year younger than her present admirer. She had often seen him, and knew him well as one of Mr. Broadwood's clerks, from whom, altogether, she was accustomed to receive more open and undisguised admiration than was quite agreeable to a modest and perfectly unaffected girl. Something of this feeling, a dread lest he should make her attire and her every action common property in the bank on the morrow, caused her to draw back from the attentions he tried to show her, and thus she unconsciously piqued his pride, and only attracted him the more. Her sweet voice rose clear and full in the hymns; and the young man forgot to join in them himself, that he might the better listen. From that hour, as he afterwards told Effie, his destiny was fixed, and so, alas! was the poor girl's.'

'Why poor, Auntie?' said Bella, who had been listening with flushed cheeks and eager eyes.

'I forgot myself, dear; I don't like giving hints at all. Well, the next evening, Fred Ashley, dressed in his best suit, proceeded to the Forresters' cottage. He had managed to find out that day that the old gentleman, Effie's father, had a taste for fishing, and was acquainted with a fine trout-stream unknown to himself. He gladly made his liking for the fish a screen for this visit to Effie. The young girl was herself at the window when he came up to the porch

porch. Unfortunately, there was a seat in this old-fashioned doorway; and the old captain, who was smoking a pipe, partly, as he said, "for the sake of Effie's flowers," and partly for his own gratification, instead of asking him in-doors, bade him be seated on the bench, under the clematis lattice. There was no alternative for Fred, though he longed again to behold the beautiful maiden, and to hear her melodious voice. Still he tried to make himself agreeable to the old man; for, as he wisely thought, if he could but open the doors of the captain's heart, he should find the doors of his house open as well. He chatted of many things, refusing the pipe that was offered to him, for he never smoked—unlike the young men of this time, who have turned themselves into universal tobacco consumers, and whose noxious breath would, if I were a girl, effectually keep me at a respectable distance.

'I do believe you are right there,' laughed Bella. 'I am sure (as I think it is Miss Muloch who says) "no one would ever dream of the Apollo Belvidere with a cigar in his mouth;" and yet some of our finest young men in other respects adopt this disgusting habit, and puff away the smoke as if there were manliness in it. Of course it is not so bad as drinking; but—

"Though he come till he's tired, and he woo on his knee,
If he will not leave smoking, he shall not have me."

But I beg your pardon, Auntie—do go on.'

'Fred Ashley succeeded in awakening the old captain's sincere liking; he listened and admired his stories of Nelson, and took the greatest interest in the curious pipe which he smoked through, and which had once belonged to the Admiral himself. After a while, when, having obtained all the information he desired, he could no longer find an excuse for staying, he rose from his seat and held out his hand to the old man—"No, no, sir, you won't be going yet; Effie!" he called. "Yes, father," came from the sweet voice. "Have you got anything for supper?" "Yes, father," was the ready answer. "Then get it now, my dear; this young gentleman is coming in to take a bit with us presently." A light step was heard; and turning round, Fred saw the pretty figure step from the little parlour, along the passage, and opening a door, retreat into the kitchen, whence she soon came again, holding a white cloth on her arm, and a tray in her hands laden with plates, and spoons, and glasses. She passed several times in this manner across the passage, and each time Fred's eyes followed her eagerly: it was not unnoticed by the old man. "Do you know my daughter?" he said at length. Fred blushed confusedly beneath the searching eye of the old captain. "No, only by sight." "Well, well," said Captain Forrester, and sided into silence. At last Effie came to call the supper was ready. Then the old man took

smilingly said : "This, my dear, is Mr. Frederic Ashley." Effie held out her other hand to him, with the utmost frankness, and blushed as she noticed the feeling that shone out from his dark eyes. She ceased to regard him as one of those disagreeable clerks ; and went in with a strange new life in her heart, to help the currant pie, and the sweet junket her fair hands had made. Then the captain told Effie to bring glasses, and mix some "grog" for himself and his visitor. But little of this could Fred drink. He was intoxicated with a purer stimulant, his admiration now fast deepening into love for Effie Forrester. When he left, he received a cordial invitation from the old man to come again soon, which you may be quite sure he was only too willing to do. From that time he was a frequent visitor at the cottage, and it was only a month or two before he asked Effie if she would one day become his wife. Effie liked him very much ; but she did not promise to do this until their acquaintanceship had been much more close—until she had learnt something of his character and temper. Waiting only increased his eagerness. He sometimes complained bitterly of her "cruelty" it is true, but he secretly admired her more and more for her good sense, as well as her lovely face. But the probationary time at length passed away, and Effie Forrester became, with her father's blessing, the affianced bride of Fred Ashley. Their happiness daily seemed to increase : the only drawback, if so it could be called, was in the fact that Fred must wait at least a year or two, before he could provide a sufficiently comfortable home for Effie ; but the young girl declared it was all the better—she was in no hurry to change her name. The captain was failing fast at the time of Effie's engagement, and a change inland was prescribed for him by the doctors ; so the Ashleys sent a kind invitation to them to come to Stoneybrook, where, finding after a few weeks that he seemed much invigorated, Effie took lodgings, and there they stayed till the cold autumn winds, sweeping round the hills, drove them back again to their sheltered nook in Seaton.

'When Fred met them there was an expression on his face that displeased Effie. He looked like a man who had made himself pale by late hours and much drink. She shuddered at the downcast expression of his fine face, and tried in vain to read his thoughts, for his eyes avoided hers in a strange, unaccountable way. "What could Fred have been doing all the many weeks, even months, they had been away, to change him so?" Again and again she asked herself the sad question, and only found her mind perplexed in trying to answer it. Her father was too ill to be consulted on the subject. She must take counsel of her own heart, and at once, as soon as possible, seek an explanation from Fred himself. The opportunity for this did not arrive

arrive so soon as she had expected. Her lover seemed to avoid her presence, and when with her, talked so busily on other subjects, that she could not introduce the one uppermost in her thoughts. At length, one evening, a week after their return, she had helped her father to retire (for the old man was excessively feeble, and required her aid in almost everything), and coming down into the parlour, found Fred awaiting her. She met him with more than her usual affection, and stirred up the fire preparatory to sitting down beside him for a long chat. "Dear Fred," she began, as he kissed repeatedly the white forehead that rested on his shoulder, and played caressingly with her soft golden ringlets, "I have been so concerned about you since we came back, you are looking so ill!" "Nonsense, darling, your absence was enough to make me look dismal, but I am as well as possible."—"And you have been doing nothing that you want to hide from your Effie?" The young girl turned her head, and the blue eyes looked full into his face. They were not merry now. A sad light had taken the place of their once sparkling gaiety, and tears filled them when she noticed the hard, determined look he wore—a look which seemed to forbid questioning, and to block up her hitherto open door to his heart. "You must not get fidgety and particular, Effie," he said; "you are not going to be an old maid: you know, I have done nothing, so you need not cry."—"Then what is it, dearest Fred?" and Effie's small hand was laid on his own: "I know there is something wrong; I guessed you were hiding something by your last letter; and when I saw your face again, I felt sure of it: don't be angry with me, Fred—your own little Effie!" and she put up her rosy lips to his for a kiss. It was not in Fred's nature, whatever roughness he had momentarily assumed, to withstand Effie's loving ways, and she drew the truth from him. He had been led to drink, much more than ever before, and once or twice been helped home from the hotel quite tipsy. It cost him a great deal to make this confession; but when he had made it in deep confusion, and Effie's sweet words of forgiveness stole softly in tenderest whispers on his ear, he felt that he was happier than he had been for all that sad month during which he had allowed himself to keep her in entire ignorance of the facts. "But, dearest Fred," said Effie, "it is not enough that you have asked my forgiveness. All sin that we ever commit is more against God than any earthly creature; do not forget to ask Him." And so the lovers, more closely bound by this evening's conversation than they had been before—Effie full of the soft sweet lovingness with which she tried to make him forget his trouble, and Fred feeling that his confidence would never be abused—found the time pass too quickly away; and they parted for the night under the celestial porch, with the silver moon throwing the shadow of the lovers

the garden across the path, and casting a reflection of fair brilliancy on each little cluster of the white flowers around them. "My guardian angel, my Effie, good-night," whispered the young man, in parting. "You have a better Guardian than I could ever be, dearest Fred," she answered ; and then she watched his retreating figure, waved a last adieu, and coming back into the house, shut it up for the night, and went immediately to her room. There, standing at the open window, with the silver light shining on her golden hair, and her meek face lifted heavenwards, she breathed a prayer for her lover, looking not unlike what he in his parting words had called her. Do I tire you, Bella ?

'Please, don't stop, Auntie !' said Bella, with quickened breath, and entirely lost in her aunt's tale.

'I seem to linger over this time, because I did so love Effie myself, though I knew more of her after this when I was able better to understand her feelings, and sympathise in her troubles : I was about sixteen at that time. We lived very near the Forresters, and that night I was awakened from my sleep by Effie's voice calling hurriedly beneath my window. She had knocked at our door, and that had first aroused me ; but it was not directly answered, for we were all in bed, and I heard her say to my mother, whose room was next mine, "I fear he is dying : do come, please, Mrs. Woodley."—"Go home again, dear child ; we will be with you in a few minutes." My mother and father were soon dressed, and then they called my eldest brother—your uncle Sam, who died at sea, Bella—and bade him go at once for the doctor. I got up from my bed and opened the door as mother passed. "What is the matter, mamma ?" I asked. "Captain Forrester is dying, I fear, Isabel," she said ; "you must see to the breakfast if we are not back, and give it to the children ; don't stop me, dear." She kissed me, and passed on. I lay awake for some while, thinking of poor Effie, and wondering if Mr. Ashley had come to her in her trouble ; and then I fell asleep again with my arms round your dear mamma, Bella—then my pet little sister, seven years old. The old captain died that night : he had a seizure, and only lived an hour or two after being attacked ; during which time Fred arrived, as your grandmamma afterwards told me, and did all he possibly could to comfort the old man and Effie. The last words of the Captain were an injunction to be kind to his darling child, who knelt sobbing beside him ; and when Fred promised a willing obedience, I feel sure that he fully intended to fulfil this promise.'

'And did he not ? oh, Auntie !' said Bella.

'You shall soon know, dear child,' said Auntie. 'Through all the sad circumstances—the funeral, and the winding up of the old man's affairs—Fred was ever at Effie's side. Some wondered that
he

he did not at once marry her, and we thought it would have been the best plan; but grandmamma and I did not then know, what Effie afterwards told me, that she had required him for at least a year to keep from intoxication, before she could venture to become his wife. If kindness could have given him stability, poor Fred would have had it. He was unwearied on her behalf—doing all her bidding with the utmost readiness. The captain's pension was, of course, stopped; and when all was arranged, there only remained the small income of about 20*l.* a-year, from the house property that had belonged to him, and now was settled on his daughter. Of course, it was necessary she should leave the pretty cottage home, so endeared to her by recollections of her lost parents and brothers and sisters, and by the happy hours she had spent in it with Fred. My parents offered to receive her as a lodger: we could not afford to have her as a guest; but she only paid 12*l.* a-year—a less sum than she could have obtained a home for with any other gentlefolks, and she very gladly accepted the proposal. Her remaining money would, of course, only suffice for her necessary clothing, and even that you would call a small allowance, Bella.'

'Yes, indeed, Auntie; but then there were no hoops in those days, and the skirts were narrow.'

'It was, however, rather bare; and Effie began to seek for something which might add a few pounds yearly to her income. She painted some of her beautiful groups of flowers; but there were few in the neighbourhood who much appreciated art, and with them, unfortunately, water-colour paintings were not in fashion. During the first year of her residence with us, she taught me to paint, and gave us many an hour's instruction in fine work and several other things, for which her skilful fingers peculiarly fitted her. Fred was with her almost daily; but we did not always see him. Through the summer they took long rambles in the beautiful evenings, and in winter they sat in our little parlour, whilst we were in the large kitchen and round the great fire on the hearth.

'About a year after her father died, Effie came in from her walk with Fred in great trouble. I had noticed some time before that she was growing sadder; and I afterwards learnt that he had not kept true to his determination, but had been seen by one of my brothers in a state of intoxication. He had told Effie; and when she had spoken to the poor young man, he could not deny it. She then gave him another year. He had begged her not to wait for that; but she refused to yield, dreading the consequences. I have often wondered since at her firmness then. It was such a sore temptation to so lovely and so loving a nature to accept the proffered protection of an affectionate heart; but ~~unlike~~

been entire abstinence that she recommended, it was rather a hopeless prospect for them both. It was extremely improbable that he would always restrain himself from undue indulgence, while he at all tampered with his enemy ; and looking back with my teetotal eyes, I pity Fred nearly as much as poor dear Effie. In the night of which I am speaking, he had told her his intention of going to London. He had heard of a situation in which the salary given was nearly twice as much as his present one ; and he told her he could far better give up old practices and commence afresh amongst new friends than with old. "But London, Fred," Effie had pleaded, with her country fears of our modern Babylon—"such a wicked great place for you to be in, so full of temptations to drink, and all kinds of bad places." "Nonsense, dearest," said Fred, "I shall be too busy to think of those things. I am going to live without company ; I shall choose what places I will take you to see when you come ; and if I only go to the picture galleries, and museums, and places like that when I want amusement, even you could not find fault." "If, dearest Fred,"—Effie paused. "You can't trust me, darling, but you may ; I shall indeed try to deserve your trust :"—and so won by his promises, and by the hope of soon having a house of her own, Effie yielded her consent ; and Fred gave notice to his employer. The banker was very sorry to part with the young man. Fred had never allowed his evening habits to interfere with business ; so Mr. Broadwood even offered to increase his salary. But the mind of the young clerk was set on London : and to the great city in the early spring time, after a sad, wretched parting from Effie, he went. The last evening they were together—it was the 15th of March, I remember so well, she came into my room to borrow a shawl, for the night air was cold ; and they started immediately after tea for a place called Violet Bank. They did not return till the twilight was fast changing to darkness ; and one of Effie's hands carried a bunch of sweet white and blue violets, scenting the air with their fragrance as she stepped inside the house. But Effie's cheeks were very pale, and she looked cold and sad. My father offered her his seat by the warm fire, and they both drew near ; and Effie gave her out-door things to little Alice, your mamma, who volunteered to carry them to her room. "There is a nice fire and a cosy little supper for you two in the other room," said my kind mother, at length, when the bright colour had come back to the young girl's face ; and Fred and Effie both thanking her, immediately retreated from us. We were, doubtless, too merry a party for such sad hearts.

'The next morning Effie was up early, and taking a little parcel in her hand, which I afterwards heard contained some books she had marked for his most serious perusal, she started to meet him,
and

and have a few more parting words, before the coach which passed through from the large sea-port town of P——, at ten o'clock, should be come. Effie did not come back to us till late in the afternoon : it was a beautiful spring day, and we were not surprised at her preferring to be alone with nature ; the sympathy of the wild-wood birds, the loving eyes of the flowrets, are often more soothing to the sad and sorrowful than the words even of loving friends.

‘Effie looked very pale, but quite calm, when she came in to tea. She spoke but little during the evening ; but there was a gentle uncomplaining sweetness in her behaviour which subdued our gaiety, and made each one of us try what we could do to soften her grief. As the days passed on, and she received long, closely-written sheets from Fred, giving her bright and animated accounts of all he saw, and constantly referring to their union, she recovered something of her old manner, and would laugh and talk with the children, and read and work with your grandmamma and myself. So the time passed quietly on, unmarked in our simple little town by any very important events for many months ; and then Fred’s letters grew less frequent and less satisfactory, and the anxious, troubled look came back to the brow of Effie. “Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.” The year was nearly expired, when, if Fred could honestly say he had kept his promise, he might come to claim his own. Effie understood, too well, the silence and the absence. She wrote to him and begged him to confess all, and again be forgiven. He did so. His good resolutions had melted away before the increased allurements in his path ; he had again become entangled with a bad set of young men, many of whom were his fellow-clerks, and he felt he must leave his present situation if he would break free from them. Effie wrote to tell him to do this at once, and come to Devonshire. He arrived in May, after fourteen months’ absence, and our dear young lodger grew very excited as the time grew near. Again her sweet voice was heard singing over the house ; her step was again light and buoyant ; it was not in her nature, loving Fred as she did, to be otherwise than happy at the thought of seeing him. He came in the evening, and she went to the coach-office to meet him. He had brought us all some little token of regard, and for his darling Effie several pretty little presents, not expensive, but tasteful and elegant, suiting her fancy exactly. The days passed pleasantly away, and would have been so happy had not Effie’s heart ever mourned in secret over the want of firmness in her beloved Fred. Yet, knowing the character of intoxicants as I now do—knowing how many gifted ones have also fallen—I cannot wonder so much at the sadly blighted hopes of my poor friend. After some while, including a visit home to Stoneybrook, where he stayed for three or four months, he again went to London—a foolish step, from which

both Effie and my father tried to dissuade him ; but the higher salary tempted him, and he again started for his journey. At that time Effie seemed sadly discouraged. Though, whilst in the west, Fred's conduct had been tolerably steady, yet I suppose she felt as she may well have done, that Fred, needlessly going back to London, was putting himself in the jaws of the lion that he might be devoured.

'Time passed over : Fred paid her one more visit, and their correspondence was still frequent and regular ; but he could not give the desired assurance, and therefore, of what use was it to talk of marriage ? About this time Effie fell dangerously ill, and I wrote a letter to Mr. Ashley to tell him of it, at her request. It was returned from the Dead Letter Office, after a week or two of silence, during which time the unhappy girl had been fortunately unconscious of all that had transpired. It was piteous to hear her calling for Fred in the height of her delirium, and talking again and again of the violets they had gathered before he first went to London. My mother nursed her as if she had been her own child ; and when she recovered, Effie was full of gratitude and love. For a long time she asked no questions ; but one day, when the disease had entirely left her, and only extreme weakness troubled her, as she sat by the window in an easy-chair, wrapped in a loose dressing-gown, she asked me if I had written the letter to Fred ; I could but answer, " Yes, dear Effie."—" And has he not written to me ?" she asked eagerly. I explained all ; she said nothing, but leaned back in her chair and fainted. I lifted her again into bed, and called my mother. Effie never said anything more about him for weeks ; at last she said : " I must go to London, when I am stronger." " Dear Effie," said my mother, " that could do no good ; it will be a long time before you could bear the fatigue of walking about London, and who knows where to look ?"—" Who, indeed ?" she answered, sadly ; " but dear Mrs. Woodley, I can't rest—I must go. Oh ! that I had never let him go alone, but I meant to do right !" and she burst into an hysterical fit of weeping. " My poor Effie," said my mother, gently soothing the sorrowing girl, " you don't know what has happened. You don't know that any one could have helped him." " Don't, Mrs. Woodley ; you must not speak as if you thought he were dead—he shall not be dead !" she exclaimed. We both did all in our power to comfort her, but she seemed as one who would not be comforted. It was a weary and tardy recovery. There was no stimulus, save dry duty, to renewed exertion ; and continued silence on the part of Fred made her almost believe, at last, that my mother was right. " For," she said, " whatever he has done, I could have forgiven him, and he surely would not have feared to try me. He surely would have written. He has probably

bably left his lodgings, and got into debt and had nothing to pay; I will write and ask the woman." She did so, and a bill of 10*l*. came for poor Effie to settle, and an ungracious message that they believed Mr. Ashley was gone to No. 19 Paradise Row, Islington. Vague as the hope was, Effie wrote to the woman, thanking her; and promising the debt should be paid if time were given. Then she sent a note to the address given, stating the fact of her severe illness, and begging Fred to write immediately; promising him forgiveness for all offences, if he would but let her hear of him. Fred answered at once, in person. He had feared to call at his old lodgings for letters, lest he should be arrested for debt, and he had been ashamed to confess to her his falling away so many times. He had thought, he said, that if he kept away, perhaps in time Effie might forget him, for he was not worthy of her love. In his humiliation he had deeply wronged the strength of her attachment to himself, and this his devoted Effie soon showed him. The return of Fred did more towards her recovery than any former remedy, and though still pale and weak, Fred and she enjoyed many sweet walks in their old haunts. Strength came again at last, but she never regained her beautiful colour, nor the brilliant lustre of her eyes. The young man tried to obtain employment, but repeatedly failed. Effie gradually paid, as she had promised, what was to her a heavy sum, though she dressed shabbily for several months to be able to do so.

'But I can't imagine why he didn't act more manfully,' said Bella; 'it seemed so cowardly to allow Effie to stint herself for him.'

'I believe,' said Auntie, 'that the love of strong drink, which was now deeply engrafted on Fred, will induce a man to suffer any amount of self-sacrifice in others that he may gratify it. Once or twice during this visit my father expostulated with him, reasoned with him on his ungrateful conduct to the faithful young girl. He admitted it all, but said he was no longer master of himself; he could not give up what was become to him a perfect necessity. "Then," said your grandpapa, "I must advise Effie to give you up."—"Don't; oh! don't do that, Mr. Woodley!" said poor Fred, in alarm. But my father declared that after this confession he could do no other. Effie heard him with tears, but she said, firmly, "No, sir, I can never give him up; he is ever dear to me; and whenever he can tell me of a year's freedom from intoxication, I will marry him. I thank you for your kindness very much, but I feel that were I to give him up it would be like sealing his death-warrant. God is merciful, and he may yet save my poor Fred. I will never lose hope."

'Not being able to obtain a situation, the young man again left Seaton, and went back to London. Five years had now passed

away since Fred and Effie had first met in our parish church ; four of them weary years of waiting to the poor girl. Nothing that causes the complete union of two loving hearts and lives to be delayed, is so painful to the one who must bear it, as the knowledge that some self-gratification is the sole cause of such delay. We can bear almost anything better than to know that strong drink alone separates us from a happy home and a fond heart.'

'It does puzzle me so, Aunt, to imagine how Fred could love wine better than such a sweet creature as Effie.'

'He would not have believed it himself, Bella, and yet such was the fact. When they parted for his third trial of London life, Effie seemed more disconsolate than ever before : I suppose she felt less hope of his redeeming his promise. Just at this time the old mistress of the post-office died, and Effie applied for the situation. Some friends, interested in her, forwarded her cause, and she obtained the appointment at a salary of 30*l.* a year, with a little house, rent-free. A gleam of her old joyousness animated her sweet features when she heard of her success. "Now," she said, "I can help him more effectually." She asked and obtained permission of my parents for me to stay with her for some months, and she removed, at once, to her new home. It was in the main street of the town—a neat little place, containing four rooms, and a small garden before the house, in which was a lovely myrtle-tree. She always liked the place, because of that tree, it so reminded her of her first joy and peace with her beloved Frederic. Here she dwelt peacefully enough, admired and respected in her new position, as she had been all through her life, and hence she sent many small remittances to poor Fred, who was frequently writing ; now in prosperity, with plenty of money ; now out of a situation, in the deepest poverty. Three years thus passed ; and though not yet thirty, many white hairs were to be seen, like threads of silver, amongst Effie's golden locks. After this time she ceased to hear from him. She made a great many inquiries, but it was all useless, and two years more passed away in weary, sad hopelessness. Then a friend of ours going up from Seaton to London, whom Effie had begged to try and find him out (as she did all her acquaintance who journeyed to the great city), accidentally recognized him in the garb of a beggar, as he accosted him for alms ; and for the sake of the gentle post-mistress, whose meek sorrow and enduring charity had been a lesson to all our town's folk, he made himself known to the wretched man, followed him to his gloomy dwelling, and learnt how strong drink had made him the abject being he now beheld him. "I am very ill," said poor Fred ; "I cannot live long, I think. And you say my angel still cares about me ? What a fool I have been ! I would give worlds, sir, to care nothing for this bottle," he added, drawing a black bottle

of

of gin from his pocket; "but I can't give it up. For it, I have sacrificed her. She has generously sent me money, and I have bought with it the enemy that has destroyed our peace. You are ashamed of me? And I was ashamed of myself. I felt that I would not, could not, so use her hard-earned money, and yet I knew if I received it, so it would go. I also knew if she discovered where I was she would be sure to send me remittances, and that, sir, is the only reason why I failed to write." The gentleman was much touched by this confession. He was glad to find that, bad as the young man had become, a perfect wreck at thirty-two, he was not quite dead to right feeling. "You must go home," he said; "it is better for you to be in the workhouse than here." "I am willing enough, if they will let me keep my bottle," he said. The gentleman sighed, procured him a few comforts, which were, doubtless, soon pawned for drink, and then returned to Seaton with the sad news.'

'Poor, poor Effie!' said Bella, her work still lying idly in her hands, and her eyes intent on her Aunt's face.

'Effie seemed better satisfied even with this dreadful account than when she knew nothing of him. I was with her on a visit at the time, and she confided to me a good deal of her trouble. She used every possible means to have Fred at once conveyed to the parish to which he belonged. She would gladly have had him with her, but on many accounts it was impracticable.'

'How was it he did not go to his father?' said Bella.

'I forgot to mention the death of both his parents some time before. His mother did not long survive the knowledge that her youngest and best-beloved son was a confirmed drunkard; and his father had died suddenly, just before the gentleman had found him in London. George was married, and had several children, and though well-to-do in his position, could not offer a home to such a brother. He promised, however, on being written to, to supply him with a weekly allowance, which should add to his comfort in the workhouse. That establishment being now done away with at Stoneybrook, in accordance with the new Act of Parliament, he was sent to the union in an adjoining parish. In this town your grand-papa's brother lived, and through him Effie heard of her lover, and remitted to him many proofs of her ever-constant forgiveness and love. For some weeks after his removal he was in a state of utter weakness and idiocy, hardly noticing what passed, and careless alike of friend or stranger. It must have been a pitiable condition to see so fine a young man reduced so low, one who, had he used his talents aright, and consecrated himself to his Maker, might have been so largely useful to his fellow-creatures, and so rich a blessing to his own happy home and beloved wife. Effie wrote to him weekly, and when he was unable to read or comprehend her letters, they

they were reserved for him till a gleam of more intelligence should arrive. She had not yet seen him. She seemed to shrink from the thought of a senseless stare in those beloved eyes.

‘He had now been in the union about twelvemonths, every week or two receiving some love-token from dear Effie, through her friends, but unable to write, or take any special notice of her little gifts beyond the comparatively-valueless pleasure that the gratification of his fickle appetite caused him.’

‘What a wretched life, Auntie !’

‘Wretched, indeed, dear Bella ; and how sad to think that instead of Fred Ashley being the only one on whom the curse of strong drink has rested with so withering a blight, he is but the type of thousands and hundreds of thousands who have sunk from as high a position of moral excellence and physical beauty to as low a depth of destitution in both mind and body. But to return : When, as I said, he had been just a year in the union, my father received a letter from his brother, mentioning the fact that poor Fred’s strength was fast decreasing, but that his intellect had lately seemed clearer. Effie rejoiced at the news. “Then I will go to him,” she said, when the letter was read to her. She appointed me as her deputy at the post-office, for though young, I was well acquainted with the routine of the business, and she set out with my father for Milton, the town where he now resided. They called for my uncle, who was one of the guardians, and, escorted by him, proceeded at once to visit poor Fred. What must have been Effie’s feelings as she marked the kind of residence to which Fred’s one terrible failing had reduced him. How she must have recalled the different home, where she had once thought to have been the honoured mistress, and he the honoured master. Poor Effie ! I could not rid myself of the thought of her : during her absence she was constantly before me as I had seen her, years ago, in her joyous merriment, and as I had seen her leave me the day or two before, prematurely old, and thin, and pale. Every kindness and attention were shown to her by the master and mistress of the union, who had been made acquainted with some particulars of the sad tale ; and, indeed, Effie’s own gentle dignity would have won her respect in any circumstances. Having entered the hospital department, she was led along the large bare entrance-room through the different wards, till, at length, was reached that one in which her poor Fred lay stretched on the narrow pallet, death written on every line of his emaciated face, and on his glassy eyes. He looked up at the visitors, and when he saw his love, the beautiful devotedness of whose life must often have cut him to the heart, he uttered a low cry of joy—a cry which to hear once more from his dear lips, she afterwards said, she would have travelled hundreds of miles. He rose up in his bed to meet her, held out his

his arms once more to clasp her to himself, and then, exhausted by so great an effort, laid his head on her bosom as she sat beside him, Effie the while kissing the pale brow and pallid lips, and pouring out on him, once again, the tender expressions of a love too deep, too full for words. My father and uncle, much moved, stood together at a window. Fortunately the ward was not full, and the sublime devotion of dear Effie silenced all remark. All understood, as by instinct, the wasted life of the poor invalid—the pitying forgiveness, and the almost Divine charity of the woman beside him. A few whispered words of unchanging affection, a few injunctions to turn now, whilst there was hope, to the compassionate mediator between God and man; a prayer, simple and sweet, to the merciful Father who was calling his wanderer to himself, were uttered by Effie in the ears of the dying man as he lay quietly in her arms, his own thrown around her waist with feeble eagerness. He spoke of his great sin, of his need of pardon from God above, and from herself; tried to thank her for her loving fidelity—tried to make confession of his various wanderings. “Fred, dearest,” she said, “don’t trouble about that now; whatever you may have done, it has long since been forgiven; don’t grieve about me now—keep your thoughts simply fixed on Jesus, the friend of repentant sinners.” So she talked, gently and lovingly, and the pauper still lay calmly and peacefully in her fond embrace. Tears came into the eyes of the bystanders; tears, too, filled poor Fred’s, but Effie did not weep. Tender as the tenderest of mothers, caressing as the fondest of women, was the pauper’s love; but her faith, her hope for him even in this eleventh hour, seemed to have already given her an insight into that home where “God will wipe away the tears from off all faces.”

‘At length, after some hours, she once more laid her lips on his brow. Its clammy coldness startled her; she looked into his eyes, and he once more raised them towards her; and then the head sank more heavily on its resting-place, and he was dead. Effie kissed again the beloved face, so marvellously like, in death, to its former self, closed the dear eyes, and then burst into an uncontrollable fit of anguish, so piteous in its wild agony—the agony of a broken heart—that your grandpapa and my uncle were entirely overcome. They sent for the mistress, who had her gently removed to her own apartments, and who treated her in the kindest possible manner. After a little while, she, in some measure, recovered herself, and sank once more into the quiet sweetness of manner that had marked her for years. The various preparations for the funeral were made in a few days. With her money a neat coffin and hearse were provided, and in a mourning-coach, accompanied by my father, uncle, and the mistress of the union, she followed him

him to the grave, staying at Milton, in my uncle's family, till the day of the funeral.'

'And where was he buried, Auntie?'

'Beside his mother, dear Bella, in Stoneybrook churchyard, by the good old clergyman, Mr. Fair, who had been so fond of him when a boy. It was a pretty spot on the hill side, and Effie planted many little shrubs and flowers, especially violets, on his grave. On the headstone she caused to be engraved, under his name and age, these beautiful words:—

"THERE IS FORGIVENESS WITH THEE, THAT THOU MAYEST BE FEARED,"

"A BROKEN AND A CONTRITE HEART, O GOD, THOU WILT NOT DEEMISE."

'And then she came back with my father to Seaton, and settled down in her old home, quietly and unostentatiously, suffering no word of reproach towards her love to be uttered in her hearing, and fondly cherishing every taste which, in his better days, had pleased him. Abounding, too, in deeds of mercy, she said once, "As I used to put away the money for dear Fred, I think I shall do it now for the poor." And until her health entirely failed she continued to make this her practice, relieving the wants of those around her in a truly beautiful manner. If any one expostulated on her giving so much away, and advised her to keep it for her own wants in the future, she would answer, quietly, "I shall hardly live to be old, dear friend, and 'Inasmuch as ye have not done it to one of the least of these, ye have not done it unto me.'"

Auntie stopped; and Bella, after waiting a few minutes, asked, gently,—

'And how long did dear Effie live, Auntie?'

'Only a few years, my child; and then, calmly, after some months of severe suffering in consumption, she shut her eyes on a world so full of trouble to her sweet soul, to open them again where all her sorrows, heavy as they were, will be viewed as "light afflictions, which were but for a moment," compared with the "eternal weight of glory." Now that is all my story, dear Bella,' concluded Auntie, again wiping her spectacles; 'and does it not show you, all that I promised you—a woman's noble devotion, and also the curse—the heavy curse—which comes to the fairest and best through strong drink?'

'It does, indeed; and how strange it was that poor Mr. Ashley should have said that, about Effie's never being an old maid, and yet she was, and for his sake, too.'

'It was strange: it shows how little he had measured the strength of that appetite which would deprive my sweet friend of a happy home and an honoured position as a beloved wife: and, like many another, he would have scorned to believe he could ever have
acted

acted so cruelly to one whom, I feel sure, he did tenderly and fondly love.'

'How long before mamma was married did all this happen?' asked Bella.

'About four or five years, dear child. Your dear mamma and I were Effie's most constant companions and nurses during her illness, and she died, sitting in her easy-chair, holding a hand of each of us. Every morning Alice brought her a fresh nosegay of her beautiful myrtle. She always held it in her hand for some time, scenting its fragrance, and then kept it in sight all the day. We laid a spray, covered with the white and fragrant blossoms, beside her in her coffin, and in her hand we placed a white moss-rose, fit emblem of the life so hidden, and yet so conspicuously pure; so full of love, and so abounding in forgiveness of injuries.'

Just as Auntie said these words, a servant came to announce the evening meal; and putting away their work, Bella linked her arm in that of her Aunt, kissed the kind face, and thanking her for her story, promised never to forget dear Effie and poor Fred.

ART. VI.—REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

Blind Amos and his Velvet Principles.

A Book of Proverbs and Parables for Young Folk. By the Rev. Paxton Hood, Brighton. New Edition. London: S. W. Partridge, 9 Paternoster Row.

OLD Amos Blake is represented as living in a cottage on the edge of Warley Common, with his cheerful, bright-eyed, and bright-hearted granddaughter Melly. He is blind; but, on the other hand, has a truly wonderful sense of touch, knows persons again by the feel, and has a queer habit of sitting and rubbing his fingers over a piece of silk velvet, for the sheer sensuous delight of so doing. Velvet, in fact, we are told, 'became in his mind his mode of judgment of men and things;' the softness of his favourite substance harmonized well with the gentleness of his own mind; it was only his mode of expressing his love to God when speaking of His goodness to him,—he said, 'Yes, He has placed me in a beautiful velvet world.'

This velvet conceit seems, at first sight, somewhat far-fetched; but the way in which the velvet is worked up by the author is so felicitous, that the reader soon more than forgives him for its introduction. Blind Amos, in fact,

becomes a great favourite; and we follow him about from page to page of this charming little volume, well pleased to observe his sayings and doings. He is a God-fearing, man-loving old Amos, never approving of kicking except with velvet shoes, nor of angry messages not put up in velvet, nor of whipping save with a velvet whip that breaks no bones, nor of wheels unless they run upon velvet and make no noise. A happy and most genial old man, sunshiny in his natural disposition, and although poor and blind, yet firmly settled on a centre of tranquillity and contentment, by the steadily sought and faithfully obeyed operation of God's Holy Spirit.

Not the best chapter in the book, but, for our purpose, the most quotable as a whole, is the one which we append. It shows how Amos succeeded in rescuing from a felon's fate a youth who lived to become a useful member of society, and demonstrates the superiority of 'velvet' even to 'red-hot iron.'

'The worst family we had in our village, as a whole, was the family of the Gibboses. There were in the village more daring, and perhaps more hardened sinners, but this family was the

the worst. The father was dead. The mother was living with some of the remnants of a better time—when she was respected and respectable—about her. The young men were poachers. The girls had come to no good. They were a ruined family, and they were rapidly sinking down the steep of vice into the blacker gulf of crime. How they lived was a matter of surmise. It was very well known their life could not be honest; they never did a day's work, and yet they had money for drink and gambling. Words would be only thrown away on them. They were very near the end of their tether. Well, one morning our village was not a little alarmed by the report of a great robbery at Farmer Purton's. There was money, plate, and a variety of things gone. The question now was, who could be the robbers? and there seemed to be a very general idea that there was one family not unlikely to be implicated pretty deeply. Farmer Purton himself stepped along to the house of the Gibbsons. The girls had left and gone to a town at no great distance some time since. But the young men were not to be seen. The old woman, with a tearful sincerity—about which there could be no doubt—declared *her* innocence. No one suspected her, but when she began to avouch the innocence of her boys, it was felt that the ground was more doubtful. A rather dark case was soon made out against them, and a warrant taken for their apprehension. There were two young men, and a young lad of not more than twelve or fourteen years; the lad was not included in the warrant, although he, too, had disappeared with his brothers. Before the day was out he made his appearance again. He had only been to the early morning market of the large town near, but shrewd eyes noticed that he had more money in his pocket than could be picked up night and day in a market.

‘That night he started away again—his feet were carefully tracked—he was followed to a field, in a corner of which he began to dig—and just as he had laid bare the greater part of Farmer Purton's plate, from behind the hedge a dark lantern gleamed, and a rude hand was laid on his shoulder: before the morning he and his brothers were all safely lodged in custody. They were in hiding, at no great distance from the spot. We have little to do

with them—the evidence was so clear that they were instantly carried to the county gaol.

‘Little sympathy was felt with them through the village, and little was felt with the poor mother either. But amidst all the ruin wrought by sin and its overthrow, it was impossible altogether to forget that in one household, by the corner of one emberless fireside, a broken or breaking heart might be found sitting. So by her miserable hearth sat poor widow Gibbons, lonely and desolate: gossips visited her to inquire, but none visited her to comfort; the neighbours wondered what she would do—how she could live—where she would go—when she would leave the village—whether she would go to the workhouse. In some kinds of distress the kindness shown by the poor to the poor is most exemplary and full-hearted; but in some others, and especially in distress like this, they exhibit to each other a degree of coarse and unsympathising hardness truly distressing to see. As to the poor widow, she sat and rocked herself to and fro on a little stool by the fireplace; all her hope seemed to be entirely cut off; she had no earthly rest or trust; disgrace had fallen like a plague on her, and her whole family. She had forgotten God for many years—although once she had been amongst His people. Thus it seemed as if she had no friend either on earth or in heaven. So she sat and said scarcely a word, after replying to the first inquisitive questions, during the whole day. Towards the evening, Amos heard of her and her distress; so he took his old companions (his walking stick and Melly's arm) and started off to see if he could comfort her. She needed comfort, but where was it to come from? She sat the picture of stolid, dumb despair in her miserable room. It was hard, poor old creature! She might have said, “I have nursed my children and they have rebelled against me.” The arms that ought to have been her support and security, were the cause of her fall and ruin, and misery in her weary old age. Amos and Melly went in; she did not look up, however, for some time, till Amos spoke in his kindest and most soothing tones, “How is it with you, now, my poor old friend?” Then she lifted her eyes for the first time for many hours, “I be all the better for seeing you, Mr. Blake, anyhow,” she said;

said; "I thought of you several times to-day, and wondered whether you would come to see me." Amos laid his hand on her, and after Melly had spoken some kind words to her, he said, "Have you prayed to-day, Betty?—I fancy you will have forgotten that. Now I want to talk with you, but it's always best to pray first and talk afterwards, and especially now. Prayer is good at all times; but prayer is always best at the worst times." And then they knelt down, and old Amos, after some moments of deep and impressive silence, with his hand laid on the cold hand of the poor widow, poured out his heart before God for her and hers; it was a stream of deep, holy, quiet talk with heaven; the simple heart of Amos expressed all the widow's woes in all his and in all her simplicity too. How blessed prayer is at such moments none can know but those who have tried its power. The poor, stricken, bereft old creature felt the words, they unlocked her soul, and she burst into tears—tears which freshened and soothed awhile. Old Amos sat after prayer by the old woman, Melly bustled about, and looked a little after the desolate cottage. "I dare say," said Amos, before he left home, "we shall find her in a sad state; take up two or three little things, Melly, to make her comfortable." So, while the old couple talked as I said, Melly gathered some sticks and brightened and swept up the hearth, and set the kettle on the fire, and looked into the miserable room where old Betty slept, and shook up her bed, and made it, I promise you, more comfortable than it had been for many a day. Then she came down stairs, and found old Betty's tea apparatus, and from her little basket which she had brought on her arm, she took two or three little comforts, which she hoped would tempt the poor old creature to break her fast, before she went to her sad and weary bed. Dear Melly! nobody heard her step as she moved about, but before she had been in the house many moments, she had effected such a change! She had put this thing into a corner, she had hung this old shawl on a nail—and what with a little dusting and sweeping, a bright gleam from the fireplace, and a kettle beginning to sing, the whole room looked, I can tell you, as it had not looked for many and many a day, ay, and month too.

'And Amos was playing his part;

he knew what he thought, and what he hoped in the midst of the widow's sorrows; but he did not utter many of his thoughts, nor express, as yet, many of his hopes, except in a very general way. The prayer he had offered had opened the widow's lips. She was able to talk, and she had found a friend to talk to, and a friend universally beloved, and honoured, and respected in the village, although in the scale of rank not very much above herself; and thus her tongue was liberated, and she began to talk away freely—and Amos performed the part of a listener, only throwing in an occasional yes! or no! or eh? or ah! Do we not all know how it eases the heart sometimes to be allowed to talk? Talk is like tears, it helps us to get rid of our sorrows. And the poor especially love a good listener—one who, without replying, will just pay attention to them, and take in all their tales and all their grief without interruption.

'But Amos wanted to be a true comforter, and people in the circumstances of Betty are apt to be dissatisfied unless you hold out to them false hopes. She began to talk of getting the boys off. She hoped they would come back again—she could not think they were guilty. No, there was Tom Forbes, and Bill May, and a host of Toms and Bills who were to blame; but she could not see that her poor lads were so bad. They might have shot a hare or a partridge; but to break into a house to steal, she could not believe that. They would be acquitted—they certainly would—and would come back and lead different lives, and be honest, and steady, and sober.

'Amos was a sound-hearted and real man, and he never could hold out or encourage any false hopes; and he had no mock philanthropy about him—he had no sentimental sympathy with crime. He did not approve of all, or of most of man's methods of punishment; but he believed that punishment for sin was a Divine law; and although he did not regard the punishment of revenge as at all Divine, or as man's province, yet he did see clearly that sin deserves, and must receive punishment. For poor Widow Gibbons he had hearty sympathy. For the two young men, I am afraid he was so hardhearted as to be very glad they were stopped. And I believe he was farther so hardhearted as to wish that they might be found guilty

guilty on their trial, as beyond all doubt they would be. For the lad, again, he had sympathy; and for the last two or three hours he had been revolving in his mind whether there were no means of saving him. And the question still was, How could it be done? He did not say one word of all this to the unfortunate old mother—he thought he saw in his own mind how this affliction might turn out greatly to the advantage of old Betty; but he said very little to her; he satisfied himself for the present with simply holding his peace and conveying no false hopes. He knew that conviction was certain: so at last he said, "I must go now, Betty; I must just tell you again, that you have forgotten God too long. *'He hath smitten, He can bind up.'* You are no stranger to these things—you know who said, *'When my heart is overwhelmed within me, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.'* It is quite true all God's waves and billows have gone over you, but I believe *'He will command His loving-kindness in the day-time.'* *'Pour out your heart before Him.'* *'God is a refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble!'*" All these words were so gently said and impressively, that Betty not only heard, she felt every syllable. "And now," said Amos, "before I go, and I must go at once, I mean to know you have drunk this cup of tea, and eaten this little bit of toast; and then I shall think that you'll have another cup, and eat another piece after I am gone." The poor old thing declared she could not touch it; but Amos knew that although she could not have eaten when he went into the cottage, she had refreshed herself by talking; and Melly brought her a pan of cold water and made her refresh her hands and face; for the greater part of the night and all day she had sat rocking herself to and fro by her miserable fireplace. And so the cup of tea was drunk, and the bit of toast was eaten; and when Amos rose to leave, "Don't forget to pray," said he, with his fingers on the latch. "No," said she, "and when I do pray, you may depend on it I shall pray for blessings to rest on you."

That night, in the cottage of the blind man, the widow was not forgotten; nor the prisoners either. The thought of their condition mingled with the prayers of the night. The recollection of their condition mingled with the

earliest prayers of the morning, too, and Amos wondered what could be done. A year or two since, and the punishment for this offence would have been death, and it was certain that in this case the punishment would be transportation, and for a very long term of years. And Amos did not wish to avert the punishment from the heads of the two elder brothers. But he thought of the lonely, desolate old woman, with no one to live for, no one to love, no one to cherish, and he did long to save her youngest for her. But how could it be done? As to Farmer Purton—in whose house the burglary had been committed—he was inflexible because he was stolid; he had acute feeling for all the lower animal wants and gratifications, but none for the more Divine and holy instincts of our nature. He was a surly, purse-proud farmer, alive to all the necessity of revenge, but not to the sacred blessedness of forgiveness; ordinarily he was like iron, cold and unbending. His passion made him like iron, red-hot; and in such a state he had committed many acts of petty cruelty, which were not forgotten in the village when his name was mentioned. It did not seem as though there was much to be expected from his sympathy, and yet Amos had had the daring to believe that he could enlist him, in some measure, in the widow's cause, for the farmer was not a bad man; he was a hard man, one of those men who are to be managed with a very gentle bit, principally by letting them have their own way. He had pride—self-will—and vanity too—an awkward mixture to manage; but, like all animal natures, he had, too, a considerable timidity when brought into contact with a mind of superior strength.

And Amos determined on seeing and laying his hand on this bar of red-hot iron. So, very soon after breakfast, he seized his stick, and started along on his cheerful, thoughtful, lonely, although lightless way. He was a privileged person, was Amos; he did not presume on this, but no one thought of treating him with less respect than the clergyman, or the dissenting minister. He was, indeed, usually called Amos, but the respect was a great deal more substantial than in mere verbal compliments—it was shown in regard to his opinions, and deference to his character. He walked into the house at Southfield, and sat down: the farmer little thought

of

of the purpose of his visit, and received him very graciously, and the farmer's wife brought out her bottle of gooseberry wine and made him take a glass, with a slice of bread and butter. We must come to it at last, thought Amos; the sooner the better. "This robbery is a bad business," said he; but Amos made a false move. The farmer went off into a tantrum as if he had been shot. "Ay, it is a bad business—the rascals—the villains! The only satisfaction I have in the matter is, that they'll all be hung—they'll be hung if there's a law in England." And the farmer, his face getting more and more red with the excitement of passion, moved his fingers to and fro as if he would like to officiate as Jack Ketch. Amos said they were certainly very bad fellows, but he could not wish them to be hung: a good number of rather sarcastic proverbs came to his tongue, but he commanded them back again. "I've seen poor Widow Gibbons," said Amos; "she is in a wretched way." "Poor Widow Gibbons, indeed! I'm afraid, Blake, you've been going there and coming here with some of your velvet rubbish. I hope not, I hope not, for if so the sooner you leave off talking the better." "Well, farmer," said Amos, "I have come to see if anything could be done for the widow, and I do think if anything is done you must have a very considerable hand in doing it." "It's all a precious heap of rubbish, Amos; it's all your velvet rubbish; I won't listen to a word of it—not a word of it! I'm very glad to see you here—always glad to see you and Melly to tea or anything any day, but I won't hear anything about this infernal pack of robbers and burglars. What is law made for, I should like to know, if they are not to be punished? Who's to be safe in their beds? As to the old woman, she's as bad as they are: will anybody persuade me that this has all been going on and she know nothing about it? Nonsense; I ought to have had a warrant out for her too, and give her a taste of prison life. Besides, all the things are not found, and I don't know whether I shall get them back. As to my money, that's gone—gone for good and all; and I suppose you are coming canting here to persuade me not to prosecute—no, no, Mr. Amos—no, no!" And the farmer having worked himself up into a high state of passion, put his hands in his pockets

and began to stride to and fro through the room.

"You very much mistake the object of my visit," said Amos; "you have not allowed me to say why I have called on you, but I will say at once, if I could save the young men from transportation I would not do it." "I'm glad to hear you say that much," said the farmer. "I don't want to know of their being near the village again," said Amos. "I believe they need to learn some severe lessons, which a prison only can teach them, and I hope that when transported they may have an opportunity of being what they never will be here." "I tell you," roared the farmer, "they shall not be transported; I'll have them hung!—I'll have them hung, sir!" "Well, I don't believe you would if you had your will, in two or three days; but if you do have them hung, it will not be a nice thing to dream about, Farmer Purton; it will not be a very pleasant thought for your fireside on a winter's night, and on your death-bed; in your last prayers, it will not be a very happy thing to be able to say, Lord, I come to Thee for mercy; I have done little good in the world, but I can boast that I got some creatures, made in Thine image, hung! But I know you better, Farmer Purton, and I believe you would rather save than hang them." "Hang me if I would," said the farmer. "I know better," said Amos. The farmer walked away from the room.

"It was between eleven and twelve in the day: the farmer's wife, a notable old English body, continued bustling about the room in farm-house work; she stopped short and said, "Amos, I must say, although I don't wish harm to a creature under the sun, I am not sorry these vagabonds are caught." "The way of transgressors is hard," said Amos; "they deserve their punishment, but how few of us meet with our deserts."

"But," said the farmer's wife, "I do not like the thought of sending the lad out of the country; he might mend; there's no knowing, he might mend." "Why," said Amos, thankfully, "that is the very thing I want to talk to the farmer about; I don't want to say a word for the young men; but the lad, the lad—now I should like to give him one more chance to help his poor old mother. But when the trial comes

supposing the lad should escape, who will employ him—what is to be done?" "I'll tell you what, Amos; when the farmer comes back he'll be quite different to what he was when he went out, and you must stick up to him, and tell him that he must recommend the lad to mercy, and promise judge and jury to take him into his house and employment. I've seen the lad—there's something to be made of him; you work that screw, and if you don't find me help you now, I will after you are gone, never fear." "Why, the Lord of heaven bless you in your basket and your store," said Amos; "that's the very thing I wanted to propose myself; it's the only way to save the lad, but I've been afraid to speak it." "Never fear," said the farmer's wife, "it will be done." The farmer came back again, and sat in the chimney-corner. He took up his pipe, which was a good sign. He asked Amos to take a pipe with him, and Amos did not say nay. "Now," said the farmer, "it's no use saying anything more about that affair; I'll never recommend those vagabonds to mercy; it would not be right." "I don't think it would," said Amos; "I don't want you to do it." "Then what do you want me to do?" "I want you to help to save the lad." "The lad's as bad as the rest of them. I know they could not have got into the house but for him—they pitched him over the wall like a kitten—he crept into the house through a hole in the cheese-loft—he's as bad as the rest of them; they all deserve hanging together." Amos was afraid to reply; a single word might set the whole place in a flame again. But he said, "He's had a bad training, farmer; those wild lads might frighten him to anything. Suppose little Bobby, who used to sit on my knee, had been a brother of theirs, they might have made him do as they made the lad do." Little Bobby was in heaven; but he was a great pet of the farmer his father, so that although he pretended to be taking something out of his eye, I don't think there was anything in it but a tear that had somehow wandered to that rocky place; and I am sure you won't be surprised that the corner of the apron was in requisition by the farmer's wife for the same purpose. But Amos did not see all this, of course; he continued smoking his pipe, but the sly old gentleman knew that he had touched a tender chord, and that it

had served his cause. "So, farmer," said Amos, "you will recommend the lad warmly to mercy; you'll do it as you can do a thing when you determine that it shall be done; and if those reprobate fellows are away, we will try and do something with him. I have been anxious about this, because the trial comes on the week after next. But there's something else I want to say; what is to be done with the lad after—who is to take him?" "I don't know," said the farmer; "that's your look out, Mr. Blake." But the farmer knew what was coming, and when a man like the farmer does a thing it is generally not done by halves. "*Forgiveness is sweet wine*," and when a man takes one glass, he generally smacks his lips after a second. "Farmer Purton," said Amos, "tell the judge and jury next week that you recommend the lad to mercy, because he is the last child of his widowed mother, and she must not be left destitute. Say that you believe, as you most truly may, that he was not so much led to do it as compelled by his elder brothers; and wind up all by saying you will take him, if they liberate him, to your farm and employ him."

"Some men, who never step out of the way of life to perform a single good deed or charitable office, are fairly surprised into a good deed. I believe it was so with Farmer Purton this morning. "I'll do it," said he; "Amos. I'll give you my word I'll do it; but upon my word you've been cutting out your yards of velvet, as you call it, this morning."

"The trial came on, the elder lads were transported, they went abroad, and I have heard they both did well. The little lad came to Farmer Purton's, and Mrs. Purton watched him like a mother: he grew up a true, high-hearted English labourer, and is now a small farmer. The old Widow Gibbons found happiness in her old days. Amos begged washing for her, and she did very well with it, and made the happiest home she had known for years. And Amos blessed God for the success which had attended him in the working of his velvet principle."

The British Controversialist and Literary Magazine. Devoted to the Impartial and Deliberate Discussion of Important Questions in Religion, Philosophy, History, Politics, Social Economy,

Economy, &c., and to the Promotion of Self-culture and General Education. London: Houlston and Wright.

THE index to the volume just completed abounds with the titles of essays, debates, critiques, and inquiries on most of the stirring topics of the times. The Relief of the Cotton Districts by Private Alms or by National Bounty; The Connection of the Colonies with the Mother Country; The Pentateuch, its authorship and historical truth; Bands of Hope, their utility; The Ticket-of-Leave System and Transportation; Gibraltar, its Cession or Non-Cession to Spain; The Sale of Intoxicating Liquors on Sundays; The Worthy or Unworthy Character of the Rejoicings on the Royal Marriage; Sir George Grey's Prison Minister's Bill;—these are some of the questions debated in the volume before us. The discussion is always conducted with perfect freedom, both of thought and from rancour; no question, on the one hand, is regarded as too high, profound, or sacred for discussion; on the other, we observe no ill-will provoked, no 'hard names' applied, no undue heat manifested. The tendency of the 'British Controversialist,' thus conducted, must be not only to stimulate the intellectual powers of its readers, but to promote the formation of a sound judicial habit of mind; and the aid rendered to the healthy development of opinion cannot but be great wherever the 'Controversialist' finds its way.

Twelve Reasons in Favour of Arbitration as a Substitute for War in the Settlement of International Disputes. By John Noble, jun. London: Henry James Tresidder, 17 Ave Maria Lane.

THESE 'Reasons' are printed as part of a four-paged leaflet, to be enclosed with letters, or to be distributed as a tract. They occupy the first of the four pages, and are followed, on page 2, with directions 'How to Substitute Arbitration for War,' and on page 3, with answers to certain possible objections. Subsequently we find the following proposal for the formation of an 'International Arbitration Society':

'It has been thought desirable by several friends of the principle of Arbitration that a society should be established for the purpose of advocating its adoption, there being no existing body exclusively engaged in this work.

'The object of such a society would be, to unite in one body all friends of the principle, whatever might be their abstract notions upon War, and to create a public opinion in favour of its adoption by the publication of Pamphlets, Essays, and Tracts, the delivery of Lectures, Sermons, and the holding of Public Meetings.

'It would also seek, by communications addressed to leading statesmen in every country, to urge upon them the adoption of so beneficent a mode of action.

'Until its great object were effected by the creation of an International Tribunal, it would aim at securing a pacific settlement of all disputes that might arise, and seek so to moderate the tone and temper of the public mind, as to preserve, as far as possible, peaceful relations among all nations.

'It would also advocate such alterations in International Law, as would tend to render War less frequent, and ultimately secure its extinction.

'To carry out these important objects, and to form the nucleus of a society, it is respectfully requested that all who are friendly to the maintenance of Peace will signify their willingness to co-operate in the movement, to the Author of the Essay advertised herewith, who has consented to act as Secretary *pro tem*.

'Communications will be thankfully received, and suggestions of a practical nature carefully considered, if forwarded to Mr. John Noble, jun. (Alliance National Land and Building Society), 156, Strand, London, W.C.'

Report of the Moslem Mission Society for the Year of our Lord 1863. Second Edition. London: Rivingtons, Waterloo Place.

THE Moslem Mission Society, conducted under Church of England auspices, has at least one remarkable feature—it admits of no home expenses. It uses borrowed offices, and has no paid agency of any kind in this country, all the business being carried on by persons who give themselves freely to this good work. The same principle of voluntary labour is partially adopted by some of the agents of the society abroad. 'The Council was first led, from considerations of economy, to employ native agency under immediate local European superintendence; and it is a cause of deep gratitude that in every case they

they have reason to believe that they have secured men who are fit for their work, and willing to take upon themselves the yoke of Christian self-denial. Hence with a very small amount of means, the society has been enabled to enter upon a great work.' The report says pithily, 'Our friends as yet are few, our work great, our means small, and our claims many.'

Prayers for the Sick and Sorrowful, framed out of the Psalms. By John B. Marsh. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. Manchester: John Heywood.

MR. MARSH, in his preface, explains that his wish has been to frame out of the Book of Psalms a series of prayers, suitable for the use of that great section of the human family coming under the designation of the sick and the sorrowful. Persons will find a prayer in this book suited to them, whether they be broken-hearted on account of sin, or full-hearted with gratitude for some mercy. Mr. Marsh adds that he has made no fanciful changes in the text, but has, as carefully and judiciously as possible, adapted the language of the Psalms to suit the feelings and circumstances of those for whom this book is specially intended. We are, however, not sure that others will agree that no fanciful changes have been made. The authorized version is frequently departed from. The alterations, we find, are often identical with those made by Dr. Conquest in an edition of the Bible 'with twenty thousand emendations,' published some twenty years ago. Whilst noting this, we can speak very favourably of this latest result of Mr. Marsh's editorial labours. In beautiful type, and on excellent paper, he gives us a collection of inimitable prayers from the Hebrew Psalms, well fitted, in conjunction with his previous selection from other books of Scripture, to be a favourite manual of devotion.

The Sick Room and its Secret. By Mrs. Geldart. London: S. W. Partridge, 9 Paternoster Row.

MUCH very useful information on 'common things,' especially those pertaining to sick-room management, is skilfully and happily conveyed by the authoress of this nicely-illustrated little book, in the form of a tale. Fresh air, pure water, light, cleanliness, and total absti-

nence from the drunkard's drinks, are well and forcibly recommended.

The Case of Ireland. Being an Examination of the Treaty of Union between Great Britain and Ireland; and an Inquiry into the Manner in which it has been carried out; together with some Letters on the Excessive Taxation of Ireland. By Joseph Fisher, author of 'How Ireland may be Saved,' &c. &c. London: Ridgway, Piccadilly.

MR. FISHER argues that the taxation of Ireland should always be in the same proportion to that of Great Britain as it stood in at the passing of the Act of Union; and he shows, by figures elaborately set forth, that this principle has of late years been seriously infringed upon, and that Mr. Gladstone's policy especially has been essentially unjust to Ireland. 'During the past five years,' he says, 'Ireland has paid more by nearly eighteen per cent. than she did in those ending in 1816, while Great Britain has paid less by nearly ten per cent. than she did in that period, thus showing how essentially unfair has been the recent policy.' To this derangement of the balance he attributes the present declining state of Ireland; and he endeavours to arouse his countrymen to seek a redress of the grievance.

Euclid's Plane Geometry, Practically Applied. Book I.: The Geometry of Plane Triangles, founded on Simson's Text; with Explanatory Notes, showing the Uses of the Propositions, &c. By Henry Green, M.A. Manchester: John Heywood, 143, Deansgate.

THE first book of Euclid, illustrated with diagrams more abundant than usual, and enriched with notes adding much to its acceptability with students, is here published on sufficiently good paper, and in a stiff cloth cover, for sixpence. We can cordially recommend it.

The Standard Arithmetic. Parts I., II., III., and IV. Being a Collection of Questions on the Simple and Compound Rules. By Ebenezer L. Jones. Manchester: John Heywood, 143, Deansgate.

AN arithmetic in four penny parts, with all the usual rules to duodecimals, and sufficiently numerous and varied examples, is a novelty, for which we are indebted to Mr. Jones and his publisher. The four parts complete, and nicely bound in cloth, are to be had for sixpence!

Meliora.

ART. I.—THE MORAL UNITY OF HUMANITY.

OUR object in this article is to develop the idea of mankind's moral unity. With the questions of the origin and antiquity of the race we do not intermeddle. All we require to have admitted to us is, that ever since the commencement of history mankind have been, and are now, a distinct, well-defined species, possessing, among other distinctive features, moral agency and responsibility; and that the world is under moral government. Let our readers grant this, and then take issue, if they will, upon the question whether the only kind of moral responsibility existing is that which is personal to each man; or whether, besides that, there does not also exist, as we affirm there does, a corporate responsibility of entire humanity.

There are two modes of working out this problem. The one is by the inductive process—collecting facts and evolving thereout the principle they embody. The other is to assume the principle and test its truth by inquiring how far it accords with life's actual phenomena. We will adopt the latter method; both because it is the approved method of conveying that which induction has already been made use of to discover, and because it allows of greater concentration of thought—a condition which the brief space allotted to us renders necessary.

Our hypothesis then is:—That humanity stands to God in a relation of corporate responsibility, and is capable of corporate merit or demerit, and of its conscientious conviction: and that the happiness or misery of the world, as a whole, is determined by its corporate moral character. The antagonist proposition is:—That each human being is responsible for himself only, and that to hold him responsible, in any way, for the voluntary acts of another would be palpably unjust and at variance with our primary moral convictions. We hope to be able to demonstrate that the latter portion of this adverse statement is as unsupported as its commencement; but we may here remark, in passing, that although the intuitive conviction we have of our individual responsibility may be admitted as one fact, it is inaccurate and untrue

to say that this intuition exists in us in so exclusive a form as to militate against our sense of responsibility for acts which, although the voluntary acts of others, have been, however remotely, contributed to by ourselves.

I. It would help us to a ready demonstration of our theme were we permitted to assume it to be a law of humanity that virtue and happiness are indissolubly associated. For that they are not indissolubly associated in individual examples is too clear for argument; consequently, it is not in the individual example that this law of humanity is exhibited. Where else, then, are we to seek it, except in the corporate relations of aggregates—the relations between God and the race?

Such would be our argument, if the indissoluble connection of virtue and happiness were conceded to exist in the mind as an intuitive conviction. But as all psychologists will not yield this to us, and as we are not dependent upon the concession, we prefer seeking a basis of argument in external facts. Now no fact can be more certain than that, in individual cases, virtue and present happiness are frequently dissevered. If, however, the principle we have laid down be a sound one, it will follow from it that in proportion as we deal with masses, instead of with individuals, we shall approach nearer and nearer to a constancy of relation between happiness and virtue; until at length, by eliminating disturbing influences, we reach a sufficient aggregate whereby to demonstrate their coexistence as a universal law. Let us refer, by way of illustration, to the law which regulates the earth's irrigation. We know that the earth is as much dependent upon the rain for its vitality as upon the heat of the sun, and that these must be supplied in proportionate degrees; and we know also that the moisture drawn up by evaporation from our rivers, lakes, and oceans is in proportion to the application of the solar heat—demand and supply being thus made self-regulative. Yet this general law, which, in its aggregate operation, is strict as any mathematical corollary, becomes in the distribution of its results apparently most capricious—the shower often descending on soil already saturated, while, elsewhere, the parched ground gasps for it in vain. In like manner while it may be quite true that, as a general law, moral evil is the cause of physical evil, and that the world's miseries in the aggregate are in accordance with its moral condition, it may be equally true that heaven's blessings or curses descend upon the just and unjust with as apparently little relation to their individual object as in the case of the capriciously-descending shower.

This, then, being a state of things warranted by our principle, to what extent does it coincide with actually existing phenomena? Is there anything to justify the conclusion that although, as we
well

well know, prosperity does not always follow in the wake of individual moral worth, the companionship of these two is more and more constant in proportion as we deal with increasing aggregates?

In order to obtain a satisfactory answer to this question, we have but to ascend from the individual example of suffering virtue to the condition of virtuous men *as a class*. What is the universal testimony of the civilized world with regard to the relation between happiness and virtue? Do not all human laws, all religious teaching, all our untainted literature, our novels, our dramas, as well as the graver pages of avowed moralists, affirm without a dissentient voice that, however it may be with individuals, virtue as a rule produces happiness, and vice leads as certainly to woe?

Again: is it not the fact that nations have ever become great, powerful, glorious, and free in proportion as they have maintained truth and justice, and repressed crime? It is needless to burden our pages with historic examples, for unless the world's history have forced this fact upon the attention of every ordinary student it will be useless to dwell upon it. We want evidences so clear as to be indisputable; and we apprehend that the one we now adduce is of that description. All history demonstrates that, however virtue may suffer in the cases of individuals and of small communities, or as a temporary exceptional incident, there is an indissoluble conjunction observable between national morality and the national weal.

But if such be the general rule, how are we to account for the exceptions? If virtue and happiness be invariably combined in aggregates, why not also in individuals?

We answer: because each individual is not, to the extent commonly supposed, a microcosm—a little world in himself, embodying in his own limited experience all the principles found in operation in the world at large. The relation between humanity and God, out of which arises the unvarying union of virtue and happiness, is not a relation made up—like a bundle of equal-sized rods—of a number of similar individual relations. Humanity is not an arithmetical addition of integers, but a body constituted, after the fashion of the human body, of adapted members. Hence the law applicable to humanity as a whole is true in its rigid strictness in relation only to entire humanity, and but partially true when applied to sections; gradually dwindling into inappropriateness when applied to individuals. As applied to individuals, it is like a shivered mirror sparkling brilliantly in some of its fragments on which the light fortuitously falls, but in others deprived of all reflective power. The consequence of this difference is that between the parts of the whole in their relation to the whole.

to each other, new laws come into operation. Let us look, for illustration, to the incidents of an Alpine tour. As between the tourist and general laws, the exercise and scenery produce ecstatic enjoyment. But this is true only of the man as a whole: how does the case stand in reference to particular parts of him after a few hard days' toil? His feet are sore, his joints ache, his face is blistered, his eyes are inflamed. So, while in relation to humanity as a whole the law immutably prevails that virtue and joy walk hand in hand, yet, inasmuch as it is to the whole only that this law is applicable and not to its detached parts, it is quite compatible with our general proposition that, as in the case of the fatigued pedestrian, there coexists with exalted general joy very much of particular sorrow.

Remarkable is it that in the writings of ancient sages passages oft occur which show extraordinary depth of thought, and make us wonder that these have not ere this become household words, instead of being buried still in musty volumes unnoticed and but little known. Of this description is the following quotation from the stoic Epictetus, which, although a very free translation, does nothing more than convey the meaning of the original:—

'A man,' says Epictetus, 'is a part of a commonwealth; what, then, doth the character of a good citizen promise? It promises to hold no private interest adverse to the general good; but to do as would the hand or foot, which, if they were possessed of reason, and could comprehend the constitution of nature, would never act as members of the body except with a reference to the whole. If the members of the body are to be considered as so many unconnected individuals, I will allow it to be natural for the foot to assert its right to be always clean; but if you regard it as a foot, and not as an unconnected agent, circumstances require that it should walk in the dirt, tread upon the thorns, and sometimes even be cut off, for the good of the whole. So, if you were an unconnected individual, completely severed from human society, it might be natural that you should live to old age, and be ever healthy and happy; but if you are to be regarded as a component part of social humanity, then it is fit and natural that you should, for the sake of the whole, be at one time sick; at another, take a voyage to sea and encounter the storm; at another, suffer hunger and thirst, or endure adversity and insult, and probably, at last, die before your time.'

The man that could write thus must have had in his mind the entire hypothesis we are now seeking to unfold: so that, instead of being novel, as some might imagine, it may boast an origin coeval at least with the first century of the Christian era. While modern thought looks upon the sufferings of virtue as an anomaly, a mystery, something to be reconciled with justice only on the supposition of a future recompense, the sage, with a wider range of vision, more correctly regarded it as a natural and necessary result of man's social and moral unity in a world in which virtue has to do battle with evil. Nor were Christianity's earliest propagators less decidedly of the same opinion. Did it lie within our present range of discussion, it would require but little effort to prove that the most subtle and sublime doctrines which St. Paul enunciates

enunciates are spontaneous evolutions of his cardinal maxim, that 'we are members one of another.'

II. Again : were it to be granted that all the events that happen in the world, including the voluntary acts of moral agents, are evolved one out of the other, and so mutually dependent as to become in effect a continuous chain of necessary sequences, the result of course would be that a unity would be established which could not fail to render humanity one great responsible whole. But a concession so extensive as this we do not require. The acts of voluntary agents, it may be said, introduce new elements into the series—forces which may operate either in accordance with or adverse to the original direct force. The stream glides on, but not between banks that exclude the access of foreign waters : at frequent intervals quiet streamlets from the neighbouring plains, and now and then gurgling mountain torrents, pour their liquid treasures into the mighty reservoir, and on it goes with these additions, rushing, foaming, sometimes between a narrowing deeper channel, then widening into a vast shallow estuary. But notwithstanding all those vicissitudes, does not the stream still continue one ? So, humanity is not less one because at every new birth, and on the putting forth of every self-determined volition, there is added a new element of strength. However independent the new element may have been in its origin, it no sooner mixes with the flowing tide than its independence ceases. Thenceforth it is hurried on or retarded, lifted or submerged, according to the exigencies wherewith it has become conditioned.

Few are the sins, if in truth there are any, which are the exclusive product of an individual mind, and which have been in no way contributed to by others. There are, first, in the catalogue of contributory causes those hereditary tendencies for which parents and no doubt more remote ancestors are responsible. Then there are habits formed in early life ; and for these not only parents, but other members also of the domestic circle, including nurses and governesses, are more or less accountable. Then there is the instruction received in youth ; and here is brought in the mighty power exerted over the youthful mind by schoolmasters and schoolmistresses : to all which are to be added the influence of juvenile associations, and the inducement and pressure of ten thousand varying circumstances, leading onward to the particular act complained of, as their all but necessary climax. Hence there is no denying that every man's moral character is modified, if not absolutely formed, by his associations. And as little therefore can it be denied that no moral action, good or bad, is the sole product of one mind. But if this be so—if every voluntary act of every individual be more or less contributed to by others, how can it possibly be maintained that responsibility is ever individual only.

and never corporate? On the contrary, what action is there that is not corporate? Does the murderer in the dead hour of night steal into the quiet chamber of his sleeping victim, and, prompted by the greed of gain, stab to the heart the unconscious father, and rob his orphan children of their only means of support? Ask where that villain was born, in what den of infamy he first drew breath, where he was educated, and by what steps he has been matured into the hardened criminal you now witness? We may find that his grandsire was a clergyman; that his father, strictly educated in childhood, rushed in youth into the vortex of prodigality; that his mother was a ruined beauty; that, untrained to industry, he began life as a timid pilferer, but that, rendered bold by successful thieving, he dared the law, was caught in its meshes, and was converted by imprisonment among felons into a reckless ruffian. We see thus how many acts of many individuals have contributed to give existence to the character we now contemplate, and, by creating the agent, to produce his crime. It would be mere evasion to say that the crime is only the crime of him who premeditates it, and that the unintentional contributors thereto have no share in its guilt. That may be so for purposes of punitive justice before an earthly tribunal; but our present inquiry has reference to the proceedings before a divine tribunal. Even human laws attribute to offenders the criminality of results in which their conduct necessarily terminates—holding that every man must intend that which is the inevitable consequence of his actions. We ask no more than that this well-settled principle be ceded to us. However untraceable for practical ends, there has been in the case supposed a slow but sure progress from act to act through at least three generations of voluntary agents tending directly to terminate as it has done. But are the immediate actors the only culpable parties? What are we to say respecting the more remote events by which they in their turn were influenced and determined? What do we see but a series of concentric circles spreading wider and wider over the troubled waters—as when a projected stone having disturbed the centre, thence to the far-distant shore not a drop remains unmoved by the eddying wave.

To make this point clearer, we will again review the case of any great criminal:—how has that man been made a criminal? He was born in abject poverty; and his early days were spent in familiarity with scenes of brutal sensuality. Whose fault was that? Surely not his: he could not help the circumstances of his birth. The associations of his boyhood repressed the misgivings of his moral nature, and he was taught, both by precept and example, that it was a clever thing to steal without detection, and that stealing was some men's legitimate calling. To that example he yielded. We admit that he willingly and sinfully yielded: our
object

object is not to excuse him, but to inculcate others along with him. Then the police were set upon his track. He was put into prison, tried, sentenced, punished. Branded as a criminal, to him reform became next to impossible. He was known as a thief, and could get no industrial employment. Becoming through necessity a thief by profession, he was again caught, transported, and ere long came back a returned convict, hardened in crime, desperate. Does he at length, going from bad to worse, stain his hands in blood? What wonder if he do? And whose is the crime? Not his alone, but that of society together with him,—society which predetermined his early circumstances, which neglected him, despised him, would not give him work, and compelled him to steal to support life. And yet after hounding him on to a felon's death, society hangs up his dead body on the gibbet, and instead of feeling afflicted with its own share in the guilt, ostentatiously points him out as a warning, a beacon—a beacon to whom? to men who, like himself, are driven on time's lee-shore by circumstances which not they single-handed, but society alone, can control.

It has been observed by a scientific writer of eminence, that there is not a single event which takes place in the world, be it only the flight of a bird through the air, or the tread of a camel across the desert, but leaves behind it permanent results, extending through all time. Thus there are fossil remains that have had impressed upon them the wash of the wave, the rain-drops, the foot-prints of animal life—insignificant events once, when they happened myriads of ages ago, but how significant now in the hands of our geologists! As in these examples, so in everything nature treasures up to this hour, imprinted upon her in ineffaceable lines, all the events of her past history. Nothing that ever happened has been obliterated, nor can be. Mundane affairs always record themselves: they write their own tale, photograph their own image, exist still in the altered form they gave to physical nature at the moment they occurred. Now if this be an allowed scientific truth, how beautifully does it coincide with and confirm another truth equally indisputable. As no occurrence in nature is ever effaced, so neither is any human action. There is not a single word spoken, nor a single work performed, nay, not even a single thought entertained, nor passion indulged, but it leaves itself indelibly written on the individual man, on humanity as a whole, and oft on physical nature herself, through all succeeding time.

This truth, though perhaps startling, is so self-evident that it scarcely needs enlargement in order to its more distinct utterance. We have only to ask, What is the effect upon the world's history of any great event—say any great battle, such as Waterloo or Solferino? Do not such great events manifestly impress their image upon all humanity's future? But what is a great battle?

composed of? Is it not the aggregate of individual movements, so that every individual movement comprehended in the general idea, forms a letter in the inscription engraved thereby on time's tablet? Or let us select for illustration some well-known historical era: let it be the revolutionary struggle in our own country during the latter half of the seventeenth century. Let us mark the successive stages of that struggle, and observe how one begat the other. First, there was the despotism, the absolute church and divine right pretensions, and the total want of trustworthiness of the First Charles. That gave rise to the sturdy Puritans—men of the Hampden stamp—to Cromwell and his troop of yeomen; stern in principle, religious in their language and feelings, but conventional in their practice and visionary in their hopes. Then came the Civil War: What followed upon that? Can the religious character of a nation be maintained at a high level amid the excitement, storms, and passions of civil warfare? Impossible! Consequently, when the nation became involved in the wars of the Commonwealth, its high puritanic tone subsided; and those who had, at the commencement of their public life, been good and spiritual men, became, in the fierceness of the conflict, unspiritual, formal, hypocritical. Then, out of this backsliding and hypocrisy sprang a reaction; for what was it but the disgusting hypocrisy of the latter days of the Commonwealth that provoked the reckless licentiousness of the Restoration? That again, in its turn, awakened a reverse reaction; and the extreme elements were, at length, tempered down into the revived English moderate and practical spirit of the revolution of 1688. Thus in each of these great national changes one produced the other; not as mathematically as any physical cause produces its appropriate effect, but in the strict order of moral causation. And so it has been—although not always so easily to be traced—throughout all preceding and all subsequent ages of the world's history and in all nations. Has not the character of the present generation of mankind been formed elementally by the last? And was not the character of the last generation formed, in many of its leading features, by the generation which preceded it? and so on in retrogression; and do not we who exist together in the generation that now is, contribute to influence and modify the characters of each other? If this be so,—about which there can be no doubt,—we have only to carry out the same idea more in detail, and it must necessarily issue in giving operative force to each individual however obscure, and to each individual's every act, word, thought.

What we are in danger of, whenever we thus treat of great public events, is the forgetting that, instead of being simply events, they are really the composite acts of many individual actors, and that to analyse the act and apportion to each actor his separate part is not only practically impossible but theoretically inconceivable.

ceivable. This mingling of minds to produce one act gives to every separate link in the chain of events a corporate character, but when, in addition thereto, each stage of progress, instead of continuing a separate link, intermingles with its successor like a dissolving view dying away in that which follows, the character of the final result becomes in a still stronger sense corporate. We call it an event, thus concealing from ourselves its true origin ; but instead of an event it is a voluntary moral act. Whose act? A national act. But a nation is a section of humanity formed and influenced in its national character and acts by antecedent and contemporary nations : everything national is world-wide—human—having entire humanity for its base.

The conclusions to which the preceding reflections have led us would be equally well arrived at by contemplating the history of any great reformer, statesman, or warrior. How are such men created? Without denying that individual attributes of character place the last stone on the edifice, we are surely safe in asserting that its foundations were laid and the superstructure reared in influences that have probably struggled for centuries against difficulties, and reached at length their full development in the age that gave birth to the master-mind with whose name their triumph is now historically associated. To assert that he was their author is to reverse the order of causation. As when the argument pursued for some time by one skilled in eloquence prepares his auditory for the last stroke, and the oration, wound up at length by a powerful appeal, falls with resistless force, scattering the difficulties in the way of immediate action and arousing to high resolve ; so is it when nations, prepared by all their past history, are aroused to strike off the fetters that enslaved them—the relation of bygone centuries to their final uprising being in nothing different from the relation that subsists between the orator's previous arguments and his last appeal.

And let it be observed, all that we have said is not less applicable to the corporate character of virtuous actions than it is to that of vicious ones. No man has the right to attribute all the merit of his virtue to himself. And it is strongly corroborative of this assertion that no thoroughly good man attempts it, and that if any one having good points in his character make too strong a claim to be praised for his goodness, this assertion is universally felt to be a weakness. Ask any virtuous man what he considers to have been the origin of his virtue, and he will unhesitatingly enumerate a multitude of influences which have contributed to his character's virtuous formation ; and after concluding such enumeration, he will be found unwilling to appropriate even the residuum of merit to himself ; he ascribes it to a source that is divine. What is the inference to be drawn from such facts? Is it that virtue has really

no human habitat, and that man is nothing more than a piece of soft clay which unseen powers mould as they will? or rather, is it not a more rational conclusion that the power which creates virtue has a dwelling-place in humanity, and that it is by virtue of this embodied power (which like vegetable life has its seat not in this branch nor in that, but in the entire tree) that the branches all retain moral life, and at least the power of production, while here and there the pendent fruit indicates spots where, on particular branches, the power resident in the whole tree has been specially put forth?

And yet even thus to trace the relations of man with man, and of generation with generation, is to present the truth but partially. The forces of nature, as well as the acts of moral agents, blend in our constitution. We have been made what we are by the food we have eaten, the houses we have lived in, the scenes amid which our childhood, youth, and manhood have been nurtured. The storms that have rocked our ocean cradles, the lightning that has played around our half-terrified brows, the shady lanes that have added solemnity to our walks, the churchyards where oft we have meditated, the lakes and mountains seen in early dawn and evening grey that have impressed us with their varied beauties, the dense mist rolling from the mountain side, and the rainbow stretching across the vale—all have aided in the formation of our intellectual and moral character, and become thus part of us. So that instead of being, as we sometimes fancy, independent agents living aloof from our surroundings, we are in truth integral portions of the mechanical, chemical, and vital forces which together constitute the earth-unit.

III. But it may be said, and said with truth, that wherever there is moral responsibility there will be the intuitive consciousness of merit or demerit; and that if each of us be really implicated in mankind's corporate acts, our consciences ought to give us some intimation thereof. We grant that such should be the case: and we contend that it is so, as an actual fact. But it is not such a fact as will at once force itself on every one's attention. It lies hid. Even the sense of personal demerit exists only in minds that have had some degree of moral culture. Higher culture awakens a keener consciousness of evil: but it requires a higher culture still to inspire a sense of responsibility for the vice around us. Only the highest culture can make the whole truth unmistakeably perceptible.

If good men suffer for the crimes of the bad, it is tolerably clear that the moral administration under which such things happen sees no injustice in it. And yet there would be injustice, were there no other law of humanity but that of personal reward for personal merit, and personal punishment for personal demerit;
for

for that virtue does so suffer is beyond dispute. All suffering that has a human origin, and which any conceivable progress would correct, springs, by the very terms of the supposition, from moral evil; and yet virtue so suffers. To attempt to get over the difficulty by misrepresenting the future state as a scheme for correcting earth's present errors, is to reduce the moral government of the universe to a level with that blundering procedure from which not even English judicature has been wholly free, but which nevertheless fails not to call forth strong expressions of public condemnation. To recall a man from transportation who has been punished wrongfully, and to compensate him for the wrong done to him, is felt, however liberal the compensation given him, to be at best but very wretched justice. It is an insult to the Divine government to suppose that such is the kind of justice *it* administers. In opposition to such a notion, we have contended that the sufferings of virtue happen as a consequence of the law of humanity which attaches reward and punishment to mankind's corporate character; yet even this can only be true in combination with its sister-truth, that such a law is a just law, and ought to commend itself to our consciences as just.

To say that virtue suffers *through* evil, but not *for* it, is to make a distinction without a difference, and affords us no help. All moral rewards and punishments are in pursuance of a law that works out its end in a chain of natural sequences. Whether there be more direct visitations from Heaven, we neither affirm nor deny: all we say is, that if they happen they are the exception and not the rule, and that no such direct visitation is required for the purposes of our argument. Nor is it necessary that we give in our adhesion to any particular theory in relation to the origin of moral evil, and as to the distinction between it and natural evil. Take even the lowest ground, and assume the only difference between natural evil and moral evil to be the difference caused by the development of human reason, and that the pain consequent upon evil acts is but a stimulant to improvement. Adopt, we say, even this view, and let it be allowed that all punishment of evil is self-inflicted and corrective, it is not deprived by that circumstance of its character as punishment. We would refer, for example, to those visitations of cholera which we had in this country a few years ago. Is it not notorious that in many towns and localities the virulence of the disease was attributable to drunkenness and sensuality, and to the debility and filth consequent thereon? Who, under these circumstances, would hesitate to pronounce it to have been vice's punishment? But although vice might give existence and impetus to the plague, it did not assign bounds to its ravages. Once abroad, the pestilence fell upon the moral equally with the immoral; upon the thoughtful and frugal equally with the careless

spendthrift; upon the pious and benevolent equally with the profane. Was that which was, strictly speaking, punishment when it fell upon the immediate culprits, any less a corrective or a punishment—we may call it which we like—when it fell more widely? If viewed in the light of a corrective, does not its wider extension teach us that the virtuous are as much bound to aid in the work of progress as are the vicious? And if viewed in the light of a punishment, it but teaches the same lesson—that the virtuous owe a duty to their vicious neighbours for the neglect of which they suffer. Again: do not the calamities of war originate in some act of injustice and wrong? In such cases, war is crime's punishment: yet who suffer? Not always the most criminal, nor generally so: it is oft the innocent on whom vengeance falls most terribly. We mean the personally innocent; for, corporately, all may be said to be implicated. Do you ask where is the justice of such a procedure? We answer that on the principle of national responsibility there is no injustice to be complained of. The crime being national, the punishment is also national; the offence being corporate, the blow is also corporate; the hand steals, the back is smitten; there is unity in the culprit, and so long as the whip falls upon the unit, justice is indifferent as to the precise spot where it cuts most severely.

Once admit the principle we have just stated, and the consequence follows that, if our consciences are unaffected by corporate demerit, it is not because the demerit does not exist, but because our moral nature is imperfectly cultivated, and is not therefore sufficiently active and sensitive.

But there is no need for us to leave the argument here. Examples exist of various kinds, illustrating the aptitude of man's moral nature to be affected, both painfully and joyously, by the moral character of acts which are not the product of his own mind, and in which he is in no other way interested than through the operation of his human sympathies. To some of these examples we will now advert.

The earliest combination of two or more individuals is into that of the family: the next is that of the tribe or clan. But, in modern times, the clan has given place to the town, and towns corporate form one of the most expressive forms of social organisation. We have in a municipal borough something far beyond the mere dwelling together of a numerous body of inhabitants. Besides propinquity of residence, there are mutual concert and combined action for the general welfare. There is discussion in order to agreement; the minority yields to the majority, to effect unanimity: and so soon as the decision thus come to has been affirmed under the corporate seal, the act is no longer the act of a few, but the act of the many, the corporate act of the whole borough;

borough ; and as such, its observance is enforced. Now this sort of corporate action implies the existence of a common or corporate life ; and because corporate life in this particular instance illustrates forcibly what we mean when we posit organic oneness given and corporate life breathed into entire humanity, we will on this point invite attention to the following extract from the works of Mr. Gladstone, the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, whose acute mind and varied learning and experience give to his authority, on such a topic, accumulated value :—‘ Wherever common life,’ says he, ‘ in any form is established, then, in the same proportion as it prevails, there must be an actual surrender of the individual will : what is thus sacrificed is thrown into a common fund, and unity of being, instead of diversity, is to the same extent established. This joint or common life is what is ordinarily intimated by the phrase—the personality of societies ; a phrase applicable whenever the community of law, sentiment, and interest, belonging to the common life, assumes the determinate form of incorporation. The personality of societies is not a mere metaphysical or theological abstraction, nor a phrase invented for the purpose of discussion, but a reality.’ Mark these words ! ‘ The personality of societies is not an abstraction, but a reality.’ ‘ There are,’ adds Mr. Gladstone, ‘ qualities in a combination which arise out of the union of its parts, and are not to be found in those parts when they have been separated and are singly examined.’ Ascending from the incorporated town, let us see how this ‘ personality of societies,’ as Mr. Gladstone calls it, or, as we prefer calling it, this organised unity is exemplified in a nation. A nation is far more than an aggregate of individuals, speaking the same language and dwelling within a certain circumscribed territory ; and patriotism is something more than mere local affection. What is patriotism ? Why do we love our country ? The idea of country is not completed by a geographical description of it. Country is something of which each feels himself to be a living member. It is the land of our fathers ; the land for the liberties of which our fathers fought and bled ; the land whose soil they tilled, whose institutions they contributed to rear : so that its glories are interwoven with their memories. We have, with the land of our birth and of our hereditary and personal dwelling, an intermixture of being : it has become part of ourselves ; we should not have been what we are but for its modifying power. Hence we cannot be severed from our country without the severance of bonds of strong sympathetic interest. It seems even to have a common national consciousness in which we participate, coincident with our individual consciousness ; so that, when a nation acts through its duly constituted authorities, its national action thoroughly implicate all loyal subjects, that we are all

disgraced, and feel ourselves honoured or disgraced, accordingly as the acts of our rulers are or are not wise, just, and prudent acts. Here we pause to ask, What stronger proof can be required of the aptitude of man's moral nature to be affected by corporate good or evil, than is furnished by the existence of so fine a moral sentiment as that of national honour?

Bearing in mind that we are still considering how far the cultured conscience of humanity is affected by the general guilt, let us suppose the case of some great public calamity calling forth a nation's humiliation. How do good men pray in such times of national penitence? Although without any special consciousness that the guilt is their own, do they not assume that they are in some way implicated in it? Now upon what principle do they assume this? Is it not upon the principle that, since they are involved in the national punishment, and since punishment implies guilt, they conclude that they must, in the judgment of Heaven, be somehow implicated in the guilt also; and that therefore penitence and prayer not only befit their lips, but ought to be kindled also in their hearts? With what contempt should we look on the man who, in the time of national humiliation, laid the sin wholly at the door of his neighbour, and asked God's mercy for others, but disclaimed all need of it himself! And yet all this proceeds on the assumption that there are national sins and national punishments, and that if the sin be national, the consciousness of it should be national also—national in the sense that every individual conscience should share the general burden.

This tendency in the human mind to appropriate to itself the attributes of those with whom we have common action, shows itself in various other ways. The incumbent of a large church, comprising many men of great rank, wealth, piety, activity, and benevolence, assumes, and has conceded to him, a *status* derived, not from himself, but from his position and associations. A member of an old-established and wealthy firm of merchants carries with him, throughout all his transactions, the *prestige* of his house. The youthful heir of a distinguished family is revered, not so much for his personal qualities as for the long line of traditionary honours he represents; and it is thence, rather than from his individual resources, that he derives the air of reticent self-respect and easy confidence which gives character to his demeanour, both in public and private life. But here we would introduce another thought. In all these cases there must be, on the part of the individual who appropriates the attributes of others, a corresponding spirit. The clergyman over an influential congregation, should he conduct himself personally in a manner unbefitting his high position, would be even more dishonoured than one more culpable, but less prominent. The active partner of the well-known

known firm must be himself superior to everything mean and suspicious, otherwise his representation of the old name will expose him to reproach, instead of yielding him honour. The youthful heir must needs conduct himself wisely and well, or his family honours will redound to his personal disgrace. In each of these cases the individual acting must breathe the spirit of those whom he represents, as the zephyr breathes the fragrance of the fields over which it has passed on its way to us. Hence two things are to be observed. There is in the human mind an aptitude to appropriate the meritorious claims of those with whom we are in any way identified; and yet this appropriation can never be made successfully, unless we aspire personally to share the same attributes.

To make this plainer:—The facility men have in combining for a common object, and in appropriating to themselves personally the honour or disgrace of their combined success or failure, is so familiar to every mind that our difficulty will be, not to prove its existence, but to prove that sentiments so ordinary can be made illustrative of so weighty a theme. In the gymnastic exercises of youth, for instance, the cricket-match or the boat-race, how thoroughly each member identifies himself with the traditional honours of the club and with its last hard-earned victory; and if peradventure ill-luck betide them, it is not those only whose blunders have caused the misfortune that are annoyed at the disgrace—the disgrace is felt by the whole club, and not least by those who outdid all their former efforts in striving to prevent it. And again, do not our military officers foster an honest pride in having their names associated with a regiment that has fought many battles and gained high distinction? Possibly not a man now survives who was present at the corps' earlier conflicts, yet that does not prevent the appropriation to the existing body of all the regiment's historic feats of valour. And should the body at any time tarnish its fame, who are they that will feel the dishonour most acutely? Not the cowards that turned their backs on the foe, but the men that fought most bravely. Now the correct analysis of this complexity of sentiment depends upon our distinguishing between a man's individual consciousness and the common consciousness which centres in the unity whereof he is a member. In his common consciousness he is overwhelmed with disgrace at the failure of the united effort, while in his individual consciousness he is satisfied that he personally did his own separate duty. Or *vice versâ*, in his individual consciousness he feels ashamed that he did his own part of the work so ill, and did not contribute as he ought to have done to the victory that has been achieved, but rather hindered than promoted it; while, with all this ground for self-reproach, he enters so thoroughly into the spirit and common consciousness of the united body that he shares
fully

fully the general joy at their combined success, participating in the benefit, but giving all the honour to those to whom it is due.

Out of this combination of the individual with the common consciousness arises, we submit, the right to express, and the true force of, public opinion. What right have individuals to pass judgment on the acts of their fellows, if it be not that all such acts have a public, a world-wide significance? It is because they are allowed to have such a significance that the right to judge them is on the one side upheld and on the other side yielded to. And, when exercised widely, how powerful! Few are the individuals that can resist long the force of public opinion persistently expressed. Even nations are compelled to yield. But why is this? The force of public opinion is not derived from its involving any threats of coercion, but solely from its coincidence with truth and justice. If not so coincident, it will prove but a passing breath, idle and inoperative: if coincident, resistless. Then whence its power? Is it not because public opinion, rationally vindicated and persistently expressed, is felt to indicate the doing of that which the public welfare demands, and because no individual conscience can long resist the obligations of the one to consult the safety of the many, the duty of a part to promote the welfare of the whole? It is a common consciousness of the right into which, although resisted for a while, we at length imperceptibly glide.

Leaving this class of cases, we next pass on to others still more significant. Suppose a parent to have flagrantly neglected the moral education of his child, and that, in consequence of such neglect, the child has grown up in infamous profligacy, and is at last condemned to an ignominious death for some horrible crime; ought not such a parent to be distressed in his conscience by his child's guilt? ought he not to enter into the guilty one's moral state, and feel his child's guilt as if it were his own guilt? Nay, if the parent be not wholly insensible to his moral obligations, is it not probable that his conscience will be affected even more painfully? Although only contributing by a neglect of parental duty, he cannot but identify himself with the criminal through his whole career; and we are but speaking the language of every day's experience when we say that, all things else being equal, and both consciences being alike aroused to healthy action, the parent's anguish of conscience will, in such a case, exceed that of the child. But in this case, it may be said, the parent himself personally contributed to the crimes of which the remembrance afflicts him. Take, then, another example, one in which there is no obvious contribution—that of a child strictly and judiciously educated. Assume that such child, like too many, forgetting the lessons of childhood, has, in after life, wandered from the right path, and buried himself in reckless debauchery. At length,
having

having advanced step by step in crime, a crisis is reached. Some base action exposes him to the vengeance of the law, and then follow disgrace, too late repentance, utter ruin. Does the agony of the father in such a state of circumstances amount to nothing more than affectionate sympathy—mere pity? Is there not a burning sense of personal shame, a hanging down of the head, a hiding from the world, the same consciousness of evil committed as if he, the father himself, had been the criminal? A less reputable father would probably repudiate his child in the hour of his woe, would even attempt to disown him, and join ostentatiously in the outcry against his atrocious wickedness: but in proportion as the parent's principles are high and stern, and his parental love deep, he will bleed in silence. In all instances of this kind, two elements exist which, though both in the abstract good and joyous, become in their concrete combination the source of deepest anguish. The one is love to the object; the other, horror at his crime. Reduce either of these, and you mitigate the sympathetic distress: intensify both, and you create at once the highest form of virtue and the most excruciating mental agony. In order the more prominently to exhibit this remarkable phenomenon, let us imagine a case in which a love transcending all human love embraces not kindred and friends merely, but the entire race, and in which the hatred of evil is such as can exist only in a moral nature absolutely perfect. Let such an one be an embodied element of humanity—thoroughly human in all his relations and sympathies; and there will stand before you a being who, although a faultless model of virtue, is at the same time the victim of immeasurable sorrow. Such is the picture which is presented to us in the Christian sacred books.

Referring to the example of the father suffering through the crimes of his son, it would be contrary to ordinary modes of thought to represent the good father as being punished for the vicious son's crimes. But we must not conceal from ourselves that such is the conclusion to which our argument tends. To put it abruptly thus, however, without explanation would be suggestive of error. It is not that the father, as an individual, is punished for the son's individual offences; but that the son's vice and criminality are corporate and their punishment corporate, and that, in the harmonious operation of the principle which visits corporate offences with corporate punishment, a very considerable amount of suffering falls naturally to the lot of those whose moral characters are most exalted, and whose sympathetic apprehension of human evil is in consequence thereof most acute and afflictive. And in the class of examples last adduced, we wish to be understood as quoting this phenomenon which pervades them in elucidation of our statement, that the conscience, in its higher exer-

cises, is not limited to individual errors, but embraces also those of others—of the world.

We are precluded, by the conditions of this discussion, from calling to our aid any facts of which the evidence is dependent upon religious faith. But the existence of the faith itself ought not to be excluded from an inquiry in which generally received opinions may be adduced as indicating mental tendencies. If large portions of mankind, of various religious creeds, concur in the belief that communities and nations are blessed or accursed because of the merit or demerit of individuals, does not that fact indicate that the moral system which permits such a result offers no shock to mankind's moral sentiments? To begin with the oldest recorded instance—that of the Old Testament Adam: his moral turpitude, it is said, involved in ruin the whole race. Whether this be a history or a myth, the fact of its being adopted as an article of faith by nations advanced in civilization and moral worth tends to prove that it involves something not revolting to the general conscience. Of a similar description was the Jewish persuasion that the Jews inherited the land of Canaan as a reward bestowed upon them by Heaven for the righteousness of their father Abraham; and that Sodom would have been saved from destruction had there been but ten righteous men within its walls. The Phenician sailors made no complaint against the justice of Heaven because the storm sent after Jonah threatened their destruction. If natural conscience had rebelled against such a visitation, we should have expected them to blame the gods, instead of supplicating their clemency. Nor are minor illustrations unfrequent in legendary lore. Homer records it as a fact that the Greeks, on their voyage to Troy, were visited with a plague by way of punishment for the crime of Agamemnon; and he does not complain of it as an act of injustice: quite the contrary. The piety of Chryses, he tells us, undid the evil caused by Agamemnon, and made the gods propitious. The self-sacrifice of Curtius was to the Roman mind an adequate reason for averting a great public calamity. Nor would many men of modern times, crossing the Atlantic in a passenger-vessel, and exposed to imminent danger in a hurricane, hesitate to admit the hope that the tempest might be assuaged, and all on board rescued because of the presence among them of some one of eminent worth, whose mission of great benevolence and public utility it was not unreasonable to think might awaken an interest in other worlds than our own.

We have now, we trust, said enough—at all events we have said as much as our space will allow—to vindicate our theme. There is, we say, a moral unity of the race—a corporate responsibility of entire humanity, as well as a personal responsibility of each individual. As the human body is one, though consisting
of

of many parts, so is humanity. The mischievous tongue offends, the whole man suffers the punishment; the hand labours, the whole body participates in the reward. Hence flow the following conclusions:—

1. On the question of society's right to inquire into individual conduct, it is the commonly received opinion that such right is limited by the obvious tendency of the individual act to inflict public injury. Our hypothesis leads to the inference that in no instance can vice, however secret, fail to injure others—to injure all: and that there is no individual act, therefore, into which society has not the right to inquire, the true limit of its exercise being one of pure expediency.

2. Philanthropy is too often represented as disinterested condescension; and many a kid-gloved pedant, simpering platitudes, fancies himself a superior order of being whom the vicious should look upon at a distance and admiringly obey, while he deigns to favour them with his pity. Worse than useless are all such labourers in the cause of moral progress. He only is worthy of the name of a philanthropist who, identifying himself with degraded and endangered humanity, becomes one of the crew of the tempest-driven barque, labouring as such for the rescue of himself and all on board. Feeling the danger to be a common danger, he throws his whole soul into the struggle, losing all thought of superiority otherwise than as it imposes the duty of more earnest effort; and, instead of wasting his energies in sentimental pity, reserves them for a toil which, while it has others for its direct object, is felt by him to be not the less necessary to his own deliverance.

3. In support, as is supposed, of providential equity, the attempt has often been made, but without success, to prove the condition of all men, as compared with each other, to be equal: the capacity for much joy, it is said, is counterbalanced by an equivalent capacity for much sorrow; and if the obtuse mind be capable of little enjoyment, that defect is said to be compensated by its having also a limited capacity for suffering. But a limited capacity is in itself a mark of inferiority; and to admit such inferiority, and yet contend for equality, is absurd. Neither is it the fact that pleasure and pain are distributed in equivalents: the distribution is as unequal in relation to the like capacities to receive as the capacities themselves differ. Men are not equal: but is God for that reason unjust? Contrariwise: men are unequal parts of a great whole, and the equity of the Divine procedure is amply vindicated when on examination we discover that, designing the progress and perfection of the whole, the law of common responsibility is made to work for that end, and is carried through entire community in harmonious operation.

4. Between a great living unit and the living

it is composed there are sure to exist points of resemblance: one of these offers a solution of the question not unfrequently put—To what end does virtue suffer? Why, we ask in reply, is the individual man so constituted that any disturbance in the harmony of his physical system causes pain; and that his moral nature is affected painfully by the consciousness of the existence within him of moral evil? Is it not that he may struggle against the evil, and eject that which occasions pain? Suffering virtue stands in the same relation to the entire race as that in which our painful consciousness of evil stands to the individual. It is the better part of mankind's corporate moral nature, urged by the lash and the spur to a more earnest striving against wrong: it is a pledge of the existence in humanity of a power of self-renovation, and the application of a stimulus to its more active exercise. Should virtue ever cease to suffer in a world in which it is mixed with vice, it will be because the moral life of the world is low, and its vital powers are paralysed and morbid. The more vigorous humanity's moral life, the more acute will be virtue's sufferings, until they terminate in the accomplishment of the purpose for which their existence is designed—Earth's purification from evil.

ART. II.—'THE SOCIAL EVIL' AND ITS CAUSES.

NOT of the plague which affects society—called in these times 'the social evil'—generally, and of its dreadfully wide extension, nor of the demoralising influence of the excessive use of intoxicants by a large class of the community, and the tendency of the common sale of strong drink to provoke to the undue use of it, do we now write. Our intention is to show the connexion which exists betwixt these two things—how the one fosters the other—and more especially how 'the social evil' is very largely promoted by the drinking habits of the country.

There can be no doubt that it is promoted by other causes than these. There are tendencies of corrupt human nature, habits of different classes, customs connected with courtship and marriage, poverty, and other things which foster this evil both in cities and country districts. But what we assert is, that the powers of these are immensely augmented by the common use of intoxicants, whilst to its single agency more of the evil can be directly traced than to all other causes put together.

On this subject the following testimony deserves to be deemed authoritative. It is the privately reported opinion of Mr. Joseph Harding, Travelling Secretary of the Associate Institute for the Protection of Women, a gentleman who has been for thirty years actively

tively engaged in counteracting female demoralisation. He
ys:—

‘I believe drink to be the direct or indirect cause of the ruin of nine-tenths of our
len sisters. It is the grand ally of the seducer, and the trade of the trepanner would
almost useless but for it. A woman who drinks freely is rarely chaste. The
cient Romans felt the full force of this fact. I imagine I am doing more to save
r daughters from sin and shame when I prevail on the young female to abstain,
when I can persuade parents to keep alcoholic liquors from their children, than
could do in any other way. And I believe when I can persuade our male youths
abstain from fermented and distilled liquors, I am doing more to lessen female
immorality, and to reduce the demand for female victims in the market of vice,
an is being done by all penitentiaries and other curative efforts put together; for to
duce the demand is to lessen the mass of female vice and degradation in our
wns and cities.’

Proof of this is abundant, and is to be found in such sources as
e following:—

(1.) Drink-houses to an alarming extent promote prostitution,
fallen women either being kept at them, or being allowed to
sort to them. We will adduce one or two examples. The official
turns of the criminal statistics for 1861 bear that 4679 public-
houses and beer-houses in England and Wales are known to be
sorts of prostitutes, and to be places where ‘the social evil’ is a
cognised part of the trade. And this is only a part of the whole
umber of drink-sellers who, to a greater or lesser extent, add these
tractions to their legitimate trade to increase their gains. Edward
ackhouse, Esq., of Sunderland, declares that in 10 of the public-
houses of that borough, on one night, he found 76 prostitutes har-
oured. These houses had rooms fitted up with sofas for an im-
oral purpose. In 6 other houses he found 128 girls evidently on
ie high road to ruin. The Rev. Francis Bishop declares that in
licensed houses he visited under protection, in rotation, in Sal-
rd, he found 68 men and 47 prostitutes. He found in many of
ie licensed houses he visited rooms unmistakeably arranged for an
moral purpose. Many of the better houses, too, he declares to
e vestibules for other establishments of a more depraved character.
1 one gin palace in Manchester he counted at one time 40 gaily-
ressed prostitutes; in another he saw 40, and there was a well-
nown brothel on each side of the house. In low drinking-houses
1 Manchester girls of from 12 to 20, barely dressed and half-
itoxicated with drugged beer, dance and make revelry for the
musement and excitement of the debased company. In Liverpool
ere are more than 300 brothels in which spirits and wine are sold.
Mr. W. James, superintendent of police in Leeds, in evidence
iven in 1854, states, amidst other horrible revelations, that at a
inking-house lads of about 18 years of age assembled after the
ctories were closed, and also girls of like age: the boys were in
ie habit of gambling for a prize, and the prize was that the winner
ould select any one of the girls for prostitution on the premises.

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An Address of the Society for the Protection of Females bears that in Newcastle there are 29 public-houses where private rooms are kept for women of loose character. Obscene songs, pictures, and representations of a theatrical character are quite common at licensed houses where musical and other entertainments are given. Prostitutes are allowed to harbour in these places night after night, for the sake of the sale of drink to the men they bring. These are only some very few examples amidst multitudes that might be given. Too often the publican and the prostitute are the fastest friends, and the one could not live without the other.

(2.) Another source of proof of the fostering nature of drink to this great social evil is to be found in the confessions of fallen women themselves. Ministers, missionaries, and all philanthropists who have come in contact with these unhappy ones can testify to this. In the Report of the Committee of Parliament in 1834 on drunkenness, Mr. G. Wilson, overseer of St. Margaret's, Westminster, says: 'When unfortunate females have applied for parochial assistance, or, being pregnant, for admission into the workhouse, I have invariably, in the presence of the matron, inquired into the causes which led to their wretchedness. Almost, if not always, they have attributed it to the excitement of liquor; being taken out by their companions in hours devoted to relaxation, or their attending a place of worship, and being taken to a public-house, and there the company or the excitement of spirits have thrown them off their guard; and they have dated their first ruin to that, I think, almost invariably.' Mr. W. Tait, late police surgeon of Edinburgh, in a work on 'Magdalenism,' says: 'Many, it is true, had no claim to the title of drunkards before surrendering themselves to a life of licentiousness; but comparatively few have yielded to the entreaties of their first seducer without being previously brought under the influence of intoxicating liquors. In the poorer classes a tendency to dissipation cannot be supported otherwise than by prostitution: whilst, in the richer, no woman who is under the influence of liquor is capable of resisting attempts upon her virtue.' He relates the case of a girl who told on her sickbed, with tears, that she could not speak to a gentleman in the street without being under the influence of ardent spirits. Very easily much more of this class of evidence could be given.

(3.) Another source of proof is to be found in the nature of the inflaming and exciting properties of strong drink to make victims for 'the social evil' on both sides. Drink not only entraps the female victim, but it helps her in like manner with a fearful retribution to victimize the other sex. In most cases licentiousness itself is not efficient as a temptation to the perfectly sober man; but when his passions are inflamed by drink, and his reason partly inoperative, he becomes an easy victim. Police cases are continually

usually telling of men entrapped, and often robbed when drunk or half intoxicated, through the temptations of the prostitute. Drink gives boldness to the seducer, throws the victim off her guard, creates the poverty which increases temptation, greatly helps the procuress, supplies fresh promoters of the vice on the male side, and sustains the degradation which to a large extent it has produced by enabling the fallen to carry on their shameful career. To the examples already adduced in proof, though, alas! it would be no difficulty, it is unnecessary to add more.

(4.) The same thing will be found to a large extent to be true in country districts, where, though common prostitution does not abound to such an extent as in cities, illegitimacy is far too common. There are many causes for this distressing state of things, of which allusion cannot be made now; but it is confidently asserted that were it not for the use and abuse of strong drink these causes would be comparatively innocuous, and that in very many cases the evil can be directly traced to stimulating drinks as its cause. One or two examples may be quoted, as credence may more readily be granted to the assertion that drink is at the bottom of 'the social evil' in cities than in country districts. A parish minister in an agricultural district of Scotland declares that illegitimacy is very frequent in his neighbourhood; that, from inquiries of the mothers of the girls, he had ascertained that nine-tenths of these births originated in meetings at farmers' houses, and that the girls, though not drunk, had drunk their toddy before they fell. Thus ruin may be wrought without attending public-houses, and where these are rare in a parish or district. Again, it is common for countrymen to visit young countrywomen after dark, in the houses either of their parents or masters, and often in the girls' sleeping apartments. In these dangerous circumstances of contact nothing is required but the assistance of strong drink, which may be brought in, thoughtlessly in some cases, to smooth the way to ruin. Once more, it is customary for country people of both sexes to frequent on certain days of the year fairs and markets, these often being markets for servants, in the towns near their residence, and, indeed, frequently in places at a distance from their homes or their masters' houses. At these markets large numbers of country people are congregated, many of them having no real business there, and only seeking pleasure. The public-houses do a roaring trade, and dreadful to witness are the beastly scenes of dissipation in the evening hour. In most cases the men, and even the women who are affected by drink, are not accustomed to be often under its influence, but on this account they are the more easily overcome by a comparatively small indulgence. If any one should wish to know the effect this has upon the spread of illegitimacy, he has only to walk along the country roads in the evening of a fair-day

fair-day in the neighbourhood of the town where the fair has been held, and see the people, and especially the young folk, returning to their homes. He would find many single couples of young people to some extent (generally the man more than the woman) under the influence of drink, walking together in very endearing fashion, as they would be ashamed to do if they were perfectly sober. They go home thus often by unfrequented roads for long distances, and sometimes do not arrive at their destination till the following morning. In many cases the young woman then finds she has been ruined, and sometimes can scarcely remember the circumstances under which the sin was contracted. Of all the causes for wide-spread illegitimacy in many districts, the most potent is the strong drink that is taken, even if only in small quantities, at these markets in the country towns. The feeing fairs themselves very badly serve the purpose they have in view both for masters and servants, and, with their concomitants the public-houses, should be swept away as belonging to a degraded and barbarous age.

Enough has been adduced to show the nature of the fatal connection which exists between the use of strong drink and the spread of 'the social evil.' Let us now devote some consideration to the best remedy for this state of things.

If the evil be mainly caused by the use of strong drink, the remedy must of course be connected with rescuing those subject to it from that fatal influence.

It is strange, however, that, although many preventives are often proposed and partly acted on, any allusion to intoxicants as any cause of the evil is sometimes carefully avoided, and a diminution of their use, not to say entire abstinence from them, is often never recommended.

Many religious tracts on the subject of 'the sin of great cities' never mention strong drink, and in some there is only slight allusion to it. Religious speakers and writers are surely doing wrong when they negate the existence of this most fruitful cause of vice.

Newspaper articles and letters in the public journals also, whatever view may be taken in them of 'the evil,' and whatever remedies may be proposed in them, are in many cases silent on the most prolific source of the vice they expose.

More particularly two efforts in the way of remedy of recent origin may be mentioned as examples.

Dr. John M. Strachan of Dollar, a medical practitioner, has been directing his attention to this subject, and has written two pamphlets upon illegitimacy, addressing the one to young women and the other to working men. These addresses show a large acquaintance with the matter, and evidence a real desire to remedy the existing state of things, especially as it is to be found in the rural districts. Dr. Strachan offers some valuable suggestions

tions also to masters and mistresses regarding their conduct : female servants. It is remarkable, however, that there is to be found in either address even a single allusion to strong

This is the more noticeable as Dr. Strachan does not take religious aspects of the subject, but deals with it in its civil and domestic relations. One of these pamphlets is published by the Religious Tract and Book Society of Scotland ; although it is hoped that valuable and active society does not endorse systematic negation of the main promoter of the vice which so fully vitiates the people of this country.

Now, an association has lately been formed, called 'The Scottish National Association for the Suppression of Licentiousness and Recovery of the Fallen,' the first report of which has been published, as well as a private appeal from the association to the heads of families. The committee of that association is composed of excellent philanthropic Christian gentlemen, who reside in Edinburgh, and who seem to be setting themselves earnestly to the task of removing the sin of great cities, and to propose and to promote the active influences of a personal, social, and legislative character.

They mention four main causes which lead to the extension of the vice they battle with, three of which are, medical abuses and advertisements, low literature, and want of sufficient accommodation and conveniences for families ; and sixteen causes less fertile of evil, but worthy of note as facilities and inducements, viz., the congregating of young persons of both sexes in taverns and pleasure, and often their living near each other in tenements ; the protracted work-hours of young females ; the neglect of regarding persons at an early age as men and women, yet their marriage is often deferred ; the fashion and costliness of female attire ; the engagement of men in businesses more or less devolving on women ; the neglect of the duties of masters ; the long hours of meetings for amusement and instruction ; the abundance of many evening entertainments ; the loosening of home ties ; classical literature ; the effect of infamous houses on the young ; the life-academy ; the exposure at bathing resorts ; inability of the poor to pay necessary marriage fees ; the influx of cities of country people demoralised by fairs and feasting ; and the frequent arrivals in cities of fresh detachments of soldiers. There can be no doubt that all these things are deleterious in a very high degree, and the efforts of those who expose them to remedy them are worthy of commendation. The committee further propose some eight measures of counteraction, seven of which are these :—A new police act to sweep the streets of the city, and to put down notorious houses ; the exposure of those who use their property for vile ends ; the support of agents to warn and deter the unwary, and to help the penitent ; the removal of

noxious

noxious placards, and the regulation of open spaces of ground; the promotion of a clause in feu charters that property devoted to prostitution shall revert to the landowner; the formation of district home protection unions; and care in the heads of families to guard their households from impure persons, publications, and the like. So far, well; as there cannot be a doubt that progress will be made if these measures be, though only partly, carried out. It is somewhat astonishing, however, to find that the committee make no allusion whatever to what, as we have seen, is the great cause of the evil; and their only notice of the facilities which public-houses afford is to be found in what they consider one of the accessory causes, viz.:—'Many of our public-houses being divided internally into small close compartments, are found to be the resort of the lowest prostitutes, in whose company men and boys have been discovered perpetrating deeds of the grossest enormity;' and in their measures of remedy they propose, 'To compel the publicans to remove the partitions by which, in so many cases, their premises are divided into small secret compartments.' There is not one word said of the evil influence of drink, even when taken in excess, in the extension of the evil deplored; and there is no suggestion regarding the propriety and even the necessity of reducing the number of drinking facilities as the best counteractive agency to the spread of the evil. We are delighted to see action in the matter at all, but it much grieves us that a more thorough understanding of the causes of it is not more widely circulated, leading to more likely measures for the suppression of the vice. Here is, indeed, a lamentable example of the power of prejudice, it is to be feared, existing in the minds of these excellent Christian gentlemen. This prejudice opposed to direct counteractive work against the potency of strong drink and the liquor-traffic, may arise from such ideas as that the abstinence movement is but a vulgar measure, and that it is antagonist to the spirit of religion; opinions which have often been exploded, but which still largely prevail. However this be, they avoid all allusion to the use of strong drink as any cause of the evil they have called themselves into existence as an association to suppress.

It appears from all that has been advanced, that other measures of remedy without an attack upon the potent influence of intoxicants, however good and useful in themselves, will go but a very little way towards making any reformation; and that an enlightened public opinion on the subject of strong drink and the traffic in it, leading to less use of, and even to abstinence from, that which promotes vice on the part of individuals, and to the diminution and even entire voluntary suppression of the facilities for procuring it, will be the most effectual means of lessening 'the social evil,' in our great cities and rural districts.

ART.

ART. III.—LIFE AND ITS RENEWAL.

The Renewal of Life: Clinical Lectures illustrative of a Restorative System of Medicine, given at Saint Mary's Hospital.
By Thomas K. Chambers, M.D. Second Edition. London, 1863.

‘RENEW our days as of old,’ was the great blessing prayed for in the touching threnody of the prophet (Lam. v. 21); and in its secular meaning it is one both strongly and naturally desired by the enfeebled, diseased, and prematurely old everywhere. Nor is it a mere wish, incapable of being realized: the renewal of life is a condition quite attainable in many cases by the use of such means as a rational biology and pathology point out. The reader, perhaps, in a spirit of scepticism so naturally engendered by the history and conflicting theories of medicine, may ask, What is a rational system of therapeutics? To which our reply must be, that, notwithstanding the varied errors of mankind on this and other topics, the truth exists somewhere, and that truth is one which, therefore, by the exercise of thought and the use of proper means of investigation, may be discovered and scientifically expounded. This implies, however, the rejection of that prejudice, and the abandonment of that blind belief in authority, which not only originate but perpetuate those practical blunders and theoretical errors from which the world reaps so much of misery and confusion. If men will ignore the first duty of rational beings—that of thinking—they ought to be content to suffer the inevitable consequences, and resign themselves cheerfully to the joint mercies of hazard and empiricism. The sole alternative is investigation into the appointed laws of life, health, and disease, and obedience to them when discovered.

Dr. Chambers, in his contribution towards this end, has displayed a breadth of view, and a freedom from prejudice, very uncommon in his own profession. We propose, therefore, in this article, to give as full a summary of the new and rational theories of treatment contained in his volume as our space will permit, interspersed with such a caveat and occasional criticism as the argument may require.

Dr. Chambers commences his first lecture by reminding his pupils of the famous proverb of Lord Bacon: ‘A cripple on the right road beats a racer on the wrong’; and then proceeds to indicate that right road along which he proposes to conduct his patients. Doubtless, as he remarks, the want of a guiding principle to connect the loose facts of therapeutical experience, has at all times been felt; and this need has given birth not only to many theories founded upon partial facts, but to some that are foolish attempts

attempts to treat disease with mere words and metaphysical conceptions! Of these manifold theories, our author speaks specially of five; because all practitioners, by the necessity of their nature, will have some theory, or nearly all the old theories will be found to range under some of the following heads.

1. *Allopathy*, which, assuming a motive cause of deranging the body in a given direction, prescribes as a remedy that which affects the organism in a contrary way. If the disease be constipation, the remedy is a purge; if the skin be dry, a sudorific; if the heart be excited, a sedative like digitalis. The theory is that disease is excess in one way; whence the curative agent is that which produces an opposing excess, or, in other words, one disorder must be neutralized by the setting-up of a contrary one. This system fails in three points: it is inapplicable to diseases whose symptoms are either subdued or dormant; it overlooks the essence of a disease in order to combat a symptom; and it would play sad havoc in those cases where the symptoms were purely efforts of nature to expel some effete, or foreign, or even natural matter—cases where the Hippocratic maxim holds good—‘No physic is the best physic.’

2. *Homœopathy*, which is a useful but, according to Dr. Chambers, an excessive and exclusive reaction against allopathy. This last, however, may be very wrong and yet the former not all right. Its enemies will allow that the smallness of its doses at least makes it innocent in all instances where what they consider to be more active treatment is not essential to the cure; and as professedly based upon experiments, Dr. Chambers concedes that the promulgator could logically demand that the system should be tried and tested, for ‘when an old road has been found wrong, it is quite rational to try the opposite one in the first instance.’ Dr. Chambers proposes the following as a test: quinine is easily proved to stop ague; it is quite safe to take it in consecutive ten-grain doses till its pathogenetic effects are produced; let this be done, and compare those effects with the well-known phenomena of the malady. Again, he argues, since iron cures anæmia, it is easy to find out whether the effects of its continued use resemble that disease. Here he seems to stumble into a paralogism; for the homœopath will retort that iron cures anæmia by supplying a lacking normal element of the blood, and is, in fact, food, not physic. Now, it would be palpably absurd to say that ‘since mutton cures hunger, it is easy to find out whether the effects of its continued use resemble that state;’ yet no more absurd than its parallel.

3. *Evacuation*, founded on Sydenham’s notion that disease is an effort of nature to expel or destroy some noxious or foreign matter—a conception that would make the physician’s main business to consist in watching the proper moment for aiding its elimination,

or

or in finding some vicarious channel of egress. This system is exceedingly partial and short-sighted, for morbid phenomena will not always cease with the expulsion of the original excitant. As the wound remains when the bullet is extracted, and the scald is painful when the water has grown cold, so the stomach is inflamed long after the poison may have been pumped out or neutralized. Moreover, some noxious matter, carbonic acid to wit, is not a foreign but a normal constituent of the frame, awaiting only a new combination to become life-giving. Such are acid in the stomach and colon, alkali in the blood, and anasarcaous serum in the tissues. Add to this the purely mechanical diseases of obstruction, and we shall begin to estimate the serious shortcomings of this system, and to find that the figurative language as to 'the efforts of nature' partakes far more of poetry than of science.

4. *Counter-irritation* is founded on the notion of substituting an easily-controllable artificial disease for one of a graver and less tractable kind. Its disciples, for example, if they suppose that the living house is burning inside, set fire to the outside. In fact, inflammation in one part is to be remedied by torrefaction in another.

5. *Stimulation*. This we regard as the dim dawning of a great truth; or rather, as a great truth misnamed, therefore, misapplied, and even fearfully abused. The progress of pathology, and its distinct study, have tended to divorce it too much from physiology, of which it should really form a part. Thus it has been the fashion to regard disease as an active foe, at war with the body—a foe not to be driven back in haste, but to be tired out by 'sustaining the vital forces.' Hence the starving of weak and fevered patients, under the delusive notion that to feed them would be to 'strengthen the fever.'

We concur with Dr. Chambers in thinking that 'the idea rested on a partial truth, and this has led to the practical error of attributing, by deeds perhaps rather than words, life-giving powers to alcohol, and its consequent abuse in the treatment of the sick. There is a tendency to lean on it alone, and to consider its effects as a pure gain of vital force—a tendency which is dangerous to both patients and science.'

In Herbert Spencer's 'Principles of Biology' (§ 63) there is an axiom which at once points to the truth and the blunder of the stimulation theory, viz. 'Whatever amount of power an organism expends in any shape, is the correlate and equivalent of a power that was taken into it from without.' He must be dull indeed who cannot hence perceive (1) that the food or nourishment of the patient is for him the only source of power with which to contend against his disease—whence the murderous folly of the bleeding

Life and its Renewal.

and starving systems; and (2) that stimulants, instead of 'g' force, simply call it forth and prematurely exhaust it.ulators—Brown, Darwin, and Todd—it will thus be seen, a right end, but sadly and fatally mistook the means by ne it can be reached. It is a singular Nemesis that the e the victims of their own theories!

Chambers wisely rejects 'expectant medicine' as a mere —'a protest against general error, as homœopathy is particular error. In fine, all confess, either by words or it a true guiding principle—a single aim—in the treat-lisease, is wanting.'

ion,' argues our author, 'is a step in the right direction, inasmuch as it against the foregoing practice; but it, too, fails to provide a rule for all xperience shows it an unsafe guide. One reason is, that its adherents hat mistaken the nature of the tools they employ, and have often mis-l and alcoholic drugs. But the chief error is, that it errs along with its in mistaking a shadow for a substance, and sets disease up as a positive at war with life; all its phenomena are viewed as actions to be checked ion is directed to the removal of death, instead of to the replacement e main hope for bringing therapeutics up to the level of modern in discarding at once and for ever this traditional notion. Then y be open for those true guiding principles which an advancing know-ture is forcing upon us,—that disease is in all cases a negation; not a of action, but a deficiency; not a manifestation of life, but partial therefore that the business of the physician is, directly or indirectly, away material, but to add; not to diminish function, but to give it , weaken, but to renew life' (Pp. 13, 14.)

a bold attack upon the narcotic and poisoning treatment n vogue. In his second lecture, Dr. Chambers likens the ody to a stately mansion, constructed of beautiful but perishable materials; and he observes that 'the most g body is the most active in decay: the more bodily al vigour are displayed, the more quickly do the various elt down into substances which are without delay re-the excreting organs.' But the body does not therefore r; for the more bricks are removed from the old wall, new bricks will a good builder put in; and so, provided upply is sufficient,—that the builder is a good one,—the id the drain, the newer, and stronger, and better will the me,—up to a certain point.

en is the cardinal constituent of flesh and tissue; and an an, weighing 130 lbs., contains upwards of 4·6 lbs. of nt, in combination with carbon, water, and salts. The l solid excreta by kidneys and bowels, for a year, contain of nitrogen; or for 3½ months (the time occupied in of a dead body), 4·7 lbs. In other words, in 3½ months, of nitrogen is removed by excretion, or vital decay, t contained in the whole mass of the nitrogenous tissue. nature and function of the individual life to absorb matter

without, and to assimilate it to its own form and long as it bears Cæsar's inscription,—so long as it is bone, bends in his muscle, reddens and pulses in his arms part of his brain,—so long it is Cæsar's peculiar but once beyond the charmed and evanescent circle of common matter—'Twas mine, 'tis his, and may be his again.' It is the form, the particular and indivisible makes the self; the elements are only its floating and instruments of the soul for further and higher ends,

'Use, use is life; and he most truly lives
Who uses best.'

It is clearly seen from this, that though the life of the body makes the materials it uses live longer than those it uses, it has the power of remaking them; of building a certain shape for a certain time. In fine, life itself is renewal. When this truth is once mastered, the 'cessation of vitality,' or 'superabundance of life,' will appear in clear terms. As Dr. Chambers affirms, 'There is too active a renewal of the tissues; for the fresher are the constituents, the more serviceable they are, and the more attention they have before them. There cannot be too adherence to that typical form which it is the business of life to keep up, any more than there can be too exact adherence to law and to order. The most active renewal of the body is health. The cessation of renewal is death. The disease is renewal is disease.'

The trenchant stroke is here levelled at those Lewesian notions of which so much was heard some years ago; what a relief from the jejune talk about 'the falsehood of extremes'; an exposure of the absurdity of recommending alcoholic drinks, by virtue of its property to 'arrest the metamorphosis!' It is the sage plan of increasing life by stopping the renewing force by lessening that very process of assimilation on which it is essentially dependent!

Clear ideas, infused into the minds of the people, can dispel the fictional falsities concerning food and physic, and effectually undermine the quackeries that prevail in consequence of ignorance of physiological laws, it is of the greatest moment that the relation of life and disease should be made plain.

It may be stated in the abstract in these terms. In the composition goes on to its end without any renewal of form, so that the living form disappears. In disease, the composition goes on, while renewal merely flags; and hence the old tissues are not fully expelled by the freshly formed tissues, they become 'degenerate,' not regenerate,—a kind of 'death-in-life.'

'death-in-life.' The microscope will furnish the concrete illustration, by showing, for instance, that the contractile fibre of an animal well exercised and fed, is full, firm, and elastic, of a bright-red colour; made up of parallel fibres, beautifully indented with crossings. But in the arm of an indolent man and a toper, or of a paralysed patient, the flesh has a widely different appearance—it is of a pale yellow hue, flabby and inelastic, streaking with grease the knife that cuts it. On closer inspection, dark globules of oil are observed, interspersed in the tissue. This is 'fatty degeneration,' the tendency to produce which is a striking effect of alcoholic narcotization. It is, in short, a stage of the very same process which occurs in the sepulchre, when the corpse is converted into 'grave-wax,' or 'adipocere,' a cerous fat, the result of chemical decomposition. A few months back it was recorded in 'The Alliance News' that a Newry doctor had, in a public meeting, gravely advanced the fact that alcohol 'fattened' his patients, as an apology for its use. This is the mode in which it fattens: and this is the key to its connexion with heart disease. Persons who are perpetually ignoring the essential tendencies of alcohol, by talking of 'moderation,' should mark these words of Dr. Chambers:—'Degeneration is a more or less relapse into a lower and lower form of organic life, and exhibits itself, therefore, in a variety of grades and amounts. Occurring in various parts, it occasions three quarters of the chronic illnesses which give work to the physician.' So long as the porter of Guinness or Buxton, or the India pale ale of Bass, Allsopp, or Whitwell can find empirics to cry it up, or people unwise enough to swallow it down, there will be no lack of patients for physicians.

Admirably, also, does Dr. Chambers expose another popular delusion—the tendency to measure health and strength by size. 'A battered, tinkered vessel is often much bulkier than a new one; and in the same way, these under-nourished parts are often enlarged, and so have been wrongly supposed to be over-nourished. They often attain a most cumbersome weight and bigness, without really containing tissue enough to do their work.' Cancer is the extreme type of malignant degeneration; an abnormal growth, that has never the vitality to assume the form of the part in which it is planted. But even a common cold in the head, or a relaxed throat, is a case of the same kind. Suppose yourself, says Dr. Chambers, laid up in dressing-gown and slippers, ready to study pathology in your own person:—

'Look at your throat in a mirror,—what do you see? The surface red, puffy, and, with the component parts, such as the uvula, enlarged. There is also poured out mucus. Examine in a microscope a little of this mucus, and you will find it made up of minute balls of transparent jelly, with a granular aspect, floating free, and rolling over without any tendency to adhere. Are these bodies a new creation—something which [only] an inflamed membrane can produce? Are they evidences

evidences of an additional life-force? By no means; for they are young cells—the form assumed by all [semi] liquid material which, under the influence of life, is being transformed into a solid. They are a baby tissue, strangled in its birth. The membrane is red, because its blood-vessels are dilated from loss of vital elasticity; the blood sticks in them, and the arteries throb because the obstruction impedes their action. Pain does not indicate an increase of proper sensibility; in this case it is associated with a very marked decrease; the membrane loses its power of distinguishing flavours, and the shape or size of morsels swallowed. Pain is the brother of death; a painful part is never performing its whole vital function,—it is partially defunct.

The vital fluids, of course, may be affected in the same way; that is, may suffer a destructive relapse into a less organic life, or an arrest of their development. In fever, the half-poisoned blood makes it impossible properly to sustain the patient, for insufficient nourishment is circulated to all parts of the body, creating the feeling of *malaise* by its deficient vitality. Or half-poisoned membranes permit the poisoned serum to ooze through them in diarrhœas, fluxes, blotches, or boils. If the quantity of blood poisoned be ‘moderate,’ it may be spared, since, being carried off by the secretions gradually, it is supplied in time by fresh blood. But if, through ignorance or false theory, as happens, perhaps, in every four cases out of five, there is an inadequate supply of material to take the place of the slain blood—if the fever be ‘starved,’ or port wine be given instead of unfermented wine, milk, and fruit-juice; or beer be administered instead of beef tea—loss of vitality must supervene. This happening slowly, one part is affected by congestion or inflammation—that is, local death—either of the digestive organs, or of the lungs or brain. In the doctor’s return, the last disease hides the history of the case.

Anæmia, or bloodlessness, affords an example of imperfect life in the vital fluids, occasioned by arrest of development. The disease points rather to deficient quality than quantity. The blood is pale, because wanting in the most highly organized and important of its constituents, the red globules, which are equally the measure of bodily and mental vigour. A man has more of them than a woman; a strong man than a weak one; an adult than a youth; a matured than an aged man; a patient after convalescence more than in illness; and even a horse in high condition has more than when brought back from grass. ‘Yet this floating capital may be largely encroached upon without a bankruptcy. Dr. Andral analysed the blood of a patient with anæmia, where the red globules amounted to less than 39 parts per 1000, whereas the natural proportion should be at least 120 parts.’ This deficiency, however, greatly impairs the activity of several of the fabricating and secreting organs, as the liver and kidneys, by interfering with their full and efficient nourishment. Hence bilious or urinous matter is retained, to the great damage of health, inducing a mixed pathology, a combination of arrested life with a relapse into a lower. Everybody com-

prehends the rascally fraud of a contractor, who lays the floors on half-dried timbers: the house suffers from dry rot. So, in anæmia, the re-creative power of the blood being depressed, a cheesy substance called tubercle is deposited instead of vitalized, elastic fibrine. The lungs, therefore, have their dry rot, and their corrective tissue softens and breaks up. The remedy is the same in both cases—to look after the builders, and to do what is possible to preserve the honesty of the one and the vitality of the other. Purification and nourishment are the chief keys to the cure, here and everywhere.

To repeat the figure with which the second lecture started, the permanent architect of the body is the indwelling Life or Force, and he best fulfils his duty, not by fits and starts of work, but by continuous and watchful industry. His business is to remove the old, and introduce the new, since health depends upon the synchronous and harmonious action of destruction and construction. The physician selects his re-agents, the tools with which he works, under this aspect, and classifies them in relation to their power to construct, to arrest, or to destroy, viz. :—

1. (a.) The constructives—or the materials of which the body is directly built up—albumen, fibrin, gelatin, oil, water, iron, lime, phosphatic salts, sulphur, etc.

(b.) Drugs or bitters which aid the assimilation of these materials.

(c.) Direct supply of deficient digestive solvents, as water, carbonic acid, bile, pepsine, lactic acid, etc.

(d.) Direct aid to impaired vital functions, such as artificial heat by baths, poultices, and clothes; electricity, and mechanical aids to sight, hearing, or locomotion.

(e.) The temporary stimulation of deficient function—as the deepening of sluggish respiration by ammonia, valerian, æthers, and essential oils—which, though followed by a collapse, indirectly contribute by the influence of the function of the stimulated organ upon other parts. So, deepening of breathing, by aerating the blood and quickening the circulation, adds to the capital of life a permanent result.

2. 'By arresters are meant those agents which stop for a time vital acts, such as alcohol, opium, tobacco, and perhaps all anæsthetics, which check notably destructive metamorphosis, and in various degrees probably also reconstruction, at the same moment.' (P. 33.)

3. Destructives include a long list of drugs called after the name, or function, of the organ through the gates of which they disgorge the products of their destructive work, as sudorifics, purgatives, diuretics, etc.

By a rational interference, the restorativist aims, through the first class,

assist the architect in one half of his duty, and thus contribute indirectly towards making him more active in the other, by a judicious use of the second and third class, he room, or gains time, for the normal growth of the tissues, in alone his prime object can be attained—the renewal of

Chambers ably replies to objections. As to morbid excreting sometimes more copious than natural ones, he answers: 'is no proof of life, and in urine abnormally augmented, there is no excess of its essential part, urea, but in almost all a deficiency.' Who, again, would take the death-rattle, caused by excess of mucus in the bronchiæ, for a proof of diminished vitality? As to morbid muscular motions being often observed, he replies: 'The function of muscular tissue is to contribute to obedience to antecedent animal acts. The highest development of life is the fullest submission of the muscle to its natural laws.' Moreover, relaxation may be an active state, as would be the case when our will is needful to stop the reflex muscular actions of sneezing, yawning, or laughter; and excessive rigidity is often attended by spasm and convulsion. On the other hand, at morbid temperature is often higher than the natural, he observes that it is no proof that more heat is produced, but that more is retained, than in health.

The author's explanation of his treatment of disease is very interesting as well as instructive; and confirms an opinion we have long held, namely, that as medical science progresses, the cases of temporary use of alcohol will 'grow small by degrees and ultimately less.' He deals a deadly blow at the professional superciliousness of the subject, and tells his pupils that as to know when to bleed they must first know why they bleed, so they must first know the nature and effects of alcohol, before they are entitled to use it. Without this, he asserts, they will do much harm and little good.

He adopts as his theory of continued fever, that it is poisoning imposed by organic matter received into the body from without. This typh-poison seems to be diffused in the air, especially in the neighbourhood of its birth in the air of sewers, putrid excrements, and crowded habitations. Two conditions are required for the production of the actual fever; first, the poison itself; next, a predisposition to its action. All persons may be breathing the miasmatic agent to a certain extent, but some can oxidize or digest it, and in other ways counteract its tendency. When, however, there is diminished vitality in the subject, or extra potency in the poison, as in the case of epidemics, we are then affected with typhus, or typhoid.

In the early attack an emetic will often cut short the fever, and is followed by ejecting part of the dose of poison swallowed; and of

all organs, the gastric mucous membrane most vehemently resents its presence. The blood discs lose their redness, and become black (melanosed), darkening the skin; while waste rapidly goes on. By-and-bye, another symptom of the progress towards dissolution—pain—sets in. Heat accumulates in the body, especially towards the skin; not because more is produced than in health, but because the evaporating function is lessened. At this juncture we see the utility of cold affusion. Not that it ‘checks’ or ‘arrests’ heat, but that it opens the pores as a tonic appliance, and these remove the collected heat, while increasing the true function of combustion. Dr. Chambers warns his pupils against the notion of the humoralist, that the poison is the disease, which he thinks he has done his duty by endeavouring to eliminate.

‘No—the typh-poison is not the disease, any more than a bullet, or opium, is a disease. The partial death which these agents cause, is the disease—is that (state) which requires to be treated. Here, then, the Restoratist asks himself, “What vitalities are wanting, and where?” and, “How shall I easiest supply them?” In the first place, noticing the lowered vitality of the stomach, he empties it with an emetic; secondly, he remarks the hot and dry skin, in a great measure from deficient perspiration. He sponges the whole person over, three or four times a day, with tepid water; which is more agreeable by the addition of a little distilled vinegar. The relief is sensible and immediate. Rubbing afterwards with sweet olive oil aids the absorption of water in living tissues. Thirdly, he sees a large waste of nitrogenous material, which cannot be restored by ordinary digestion, for the stomach rejects all solid food. Small doses of liquid nutriment—as milk,—given every two hours, are generally found sufficient to counteract dangerous waste and “sustain” the patient. If the milk coagulates, mix it with a little soda or lime-water; or substitute beef-tea. Fresh eggs, taken raw, diluted with milk or water, will be quickly assimilated, in most cases. Fourthly, the Restoratist turns to his *Materia Medica*, to see what serviceable thing can be culled from its pages. He finds that the blood contains more *alkali* than there is acid to neutralize,—and he therefore looks for the means of rectifying this “sub-acidity.”’

We have often prescribed Wright’s unfermented grape-wine with advantage, but Dr. Chambers gives the following recipe:—*R. Acidi hydrochlorici diluti, mxx. ; syrupi, 3j ; aquæ, 3j. ; alternâ quâque horâ sumat.*

This, no doubt, will be at once pleasant and beneficial. Dr. Chambers adds: ‘I have employed the plan above described in every case of low fever since the summer of 1857, and have now, in October, 1861, not lost one of those patients who had been thus treated for thirty-six hours.’ If the reader will turn to the ‘Works of Dr. Lees,’ vol. i. p. 77, he will find a passage in reply to the ‘Edinburgh Review,’ which anticipates this treatment by many years, and illustrates its advantages by a still greater collection of cases. But hear Dr. Chambers again:—

‘As to the use of alcohol, I am guided almost entirely by the condition of the nervous system. A very complete prostration and delirium of a low muttering character; tremulous muscles, marked by a quivering of the hands and fingers; a sharp, weak, unequal beat of the heart;—all these indicate that the nervous system is feeling very sensitively the destructive metamorphosis going on, and has

duced by its sensitiveness. Then is the opportunity for the powerful alcohol, which in severe cases you see me order without scruple, but not rank as part of the necessary *methodus medendi* of Continued-fever. I would caution you against employing wine as a substitute for the true treatment I have been describing. It may be useful as an adjunct, or but never in its place.' (P. 61.)

markable that the same author, who wrote so ably against n in 1854, should now be asserting the very same things, the very same words, concerning alcohol regarded as food c, which a well-known defender of temperance doctrine ed in 1848.* In the course of that notable controversy minated in the article of the 'Westminster Review' in l the reply to it by Drs. Lees and Macculloch, Mr. G. H. ked of 'the exaggerations of partizans, who make sweep-es which common sense is bound to reject. All honour to : and sincere ; all scorn for the noisy shallow quacks who 'ade of the cause.' Mr. Lewes, himself, it would seem, is stranded upon the 'shallows'—the waves of true science ached the high-water mark of temperance.

er or not cases like those indicated by Dr. Chambers ever he practice of such men as the venerable Mr. Higginbot-S., of Nottingham, or Mr. Mudge, of Bodmin, we know hey do happen, they somehow come on very well even lecohol, the anæsthetic.

ting pneumonia, port wine is recommended prior to bleed- in nervous prostration, and in old persons of the upper who have been used to good living, and in persons of all have indulged too freely in alcoholic liquids.' That is, here nature has not had fair play, and is out of tune by bad dietetic habits. But, Dr. Chambers concedes, 'in it is not required, *and they get well quicker without it.*'

Purgatives he regards as almost fatal in this disease, and e discards those old favourite 'destructives'—antimony ury.

e XII. treats of pulmonary consumption, that scourge of s rather than of climate ; and is full of sound advice, of s is the chief. 'The chest is the battle-field of past the stomach the ripening ground for new levies of life.' ther case of purification and nourishment, *i.e.* of air, and food. His medical allies are iron and cod-liver oil— increases the hæmatine of the blood, the second aids in wn new tissue. As an easily assimilated oil, it rightly ler the head of 'constructives,' for it is itself the mate- ich life is manifested. All germs (of the highest kinds

of Dr. Lees,' vol. i. Appendix. Reply to Dr. Chambers, vol. iii. alcoholic Liquors, chaps. 2 and 3.

of organism at least) are rich in oil, whether seed, nut, egg, or sperm. Hence its wonder-working power. Debilitating discharges cease, and normal ones increase; the mucous membranes become moist and clear, no longer oppressed with sticky epithelium; the pulse becomes firmer and slower, *i.e.* stronger, for abnormal quickness is always a proof of vital weakness. Such are the happy results of furnishing the molecular base for interstitial growth. Some years ago, the physician of the Wakefield Lunatic Asylum propounded alcohol as a preventive of tuberculosis.* Though Dr. Chambers allows a small quantity of alcohol as a kind of 'appetizer,' mingled with a bitter, he says:—

'The liberal use of alcohol as a remedy, or preventive, is a different question. Excepting for its beneficial action upon the mucous membranes, alcohol is not only useless but injurious to the consumptive. It arrests and obstructs the vigour of vital action. By its growth is checked, as we see in animals perfectly kept small for artificial purposes, and in men who have from youth habitually indulged in spirits. Under its use renewal goes on slower, as we know by the diminished excretion of urea, water, bile, etc., and we can hardly therefore reckon it advantageous where the chronic renewal of vital powers is our primary object.' (P. 183.)

Dr. Chambers then gives two cases apparently tending to confute his views:—

'J. P., a butcher, strong and stout, was first attended by me for delirium tremens, which he had suffered from several times, and was always well in the interval. An attempt to become a teetotaler was followed by galloping consumption.

'J. A., a brewer, came to me last year about indigestion and pimples. I urged him to give up brandy-drinking before breakfast and between meals. He has now a developed vomica in his lungs, of which previously there was no evidence.

'I do not think such cases mere coincidences, but I explain them in a way by no means corroborative of the idea that spirit-drinking keeps off consumption. I think that alcohol acts as an anæsthetic, and keeps the system from noting and exhibiting the presence of the tubercles; then, when it is left off, they act with doubly deleterious effect on the body unaccustomed to feel them, unprepared by their gradual increase to bear them as it were by habit. The quondam tippler is then in the same position as one in whom there is a large sudden development of morbid matter. Thus, instead of really checking tubercular disease, the alcohol has acted merely as a mask, behind which the evil has gone on unperceived.' (Pp. 183, 184.)

On 'heart disease,' in Lecture XIII., our author is equally excellent. He frankly declares the renewal of the destroyed tissue to be impossible, while he instils hope by the declaration that we may repair the reparable conditions which bring on enlargement, and thus indefinitely prolong life. He gives the advice to 'cure what is curable, and trouble as little as possible about by-gones.' The following, roughly stated, are the causes of anæmia, which often produces disease of the heart:—

1. Renewed attacks of rheumatism; 2. Insufficient food; 3. Mental anxiety; 4. Drinking; 5. Over-work, or sudden violent exertion. The first danger must be shunned by warm clothing, high and dry air, especially in the bedroom, and avoidance of

* Quoted in 'Works of Dr. Lees,' vol. i. (1854), p. cxc., with whose views on the topic Dr. Chambers now closely correspond.

wet. Iron is the great remedy for anæmia, and therefore useful here. In palpitation, digitalis is sometimes useful.

'Strange, that this drug, which makes a healthy heart first intermit and then stop altogether, should reduce to regularity the organ when it is weak and beating irregularly. We can only account for the apparent anomaly by supposing it to act as an anæsthetic on the cardiac nerves, withdrawing them from normal and necessary stimulation in the first case, and from abnormal and hurtful stimulation in the second.' (P. 208.)

The effect may be understood by comparison with the patent drag upon the chariot wheel. Its application is obstructive and disturbing on the plain, occasioning a waste of force by increasing the friction to be overcome; but when going down-hill, it steadies the carriage, lessens the danger of an overturn, and assists the efforts of the horses by opposing gravitation.

'While you encourage your patients to live generously, take care to disabuse them of the vulgar notion that the advice includes excess in alcohol. There is no more certain road to that degeneration of the muscular fibre so much to be feared. And in heart-disease it is more especially deleterious, by quickening the beat of the pulse, causing capillary congestion and irregular circulation, and thus mechanically inducing dilatation of the cavities. Let the alcoholized drink taken, be limited to that quantity which increases the appetite and does not hasten the pulse. In a great many instances this quantity may be very shortly written down—0.' (P. 208.)

In Lecture XV., Dr. Chambers strongly denounces the use of mercury in albuminuria, and adds:—

'Next to mercury, I think alcohol has the most harmful power. We may suspect the injury to lie in further arresting the already deficient metamorphosis of tissues. You will find, under its use, the skin become anasarcaous, fluid accumulate in the serous sacs; soaking of the lungs, producing dyspnoea and cough, poisoning of the brain with ureous blood, indicated by stupidity, giddiness, and coma. And alcohol has not, like mercury, a virtue which makes you overlook its felony. It seems to do nothing but harm in that deficiency of life which is the essence of the disease.' (P. 230.)

The following compromise is ingeniously done:—

'You may readily distinguish those who have exceeded what is good for them in their employment of alcohol, by this very weakness—they cannot bear to leave it off when on a bed of sickness,—the bond-chains are so welded-on to the nervous tissue, that in tearing them off you tear away life with them . . . Be careful to ask your patients if they ever take alcoholics in the forenoon, or between meals, as, if they do not, you need not in general be at all afraid of ordering them entirely to abstain.' (P. 231.)

Lecture XXIX. treats expressly 'of the use of alcohol.' It begins with some experiments; but they are so few and imperfect that their author confesses that they only 'seem to prove' certain things. To some of the concessions of this chapter we referred in our late review of 'Dr. Nott's Lectures.' Dr. Chambers 'can hardly hesitate to call alcohol an arrester of nerve-life, and consequently a controller of nervous action on the rest of the frame; and it would be wise to cast about for explanations which would

would associate this with its other operations.' He gives the case of a woman to whom three ounces of brandy daily were given with her food (at dinner and supper), inferring an increased force of vital metamorphosis for the increase of the solid constituents of the urine. But on referring to the table we find no sufficient authority for this, for during the whole period of seventeen days there was great variation in the amounts, and the average of the non-alcoholic period is nearly as great as the other; and it is to be expected that vitality must manifest itself more as the patient advances to convalescence.

<i>On 3 days without Alcohol.</i>				<i>On 3 days with Alcohol.</i>			
Urea in grammes	14.504	12.729	15.353	Urea in grammes	13.645	22.027	13.231
Chloride of sodium	4.400	3.500	4.480	Chloride of sodium	5.120	7.425	2.925
Phosphoric acid	.409	.540	.494	Phosphoric acid	.162		
Sulphuric acid	.878	.715	.596	Sulphuric acid	1.039	1.358	.790

The last item shows the sulphuric acid to be less than in the middle of the treatment; and the phosphoric acid is remarkably lessened, indicating arrest of brain-action.

Dr. Chambers is so full of 'cautions' in his recommendations of alcohol, and withal so frank in his statements, that we can hardly find it in our hearts to criticise his somewhat paradoxical statements. 'As long as a sick person takes and digests food better with alcohol than without, so long it is doing good. Beyond that we have no evidence.'

Truly, the faculty are in the dark; and we must be patient while they grope their way—backwards. The 'moderate drinker,' however, will get poor comfort out of Dr. Chambers, whose advice is as follows:—

'Divide the daily allowance into two or three doses only, giving enough at once to produce a decided effect. The action of frequent small divided drams is to produce the greatest amount of harm of which the alcohol is capable, combined with the least amount of good.' (P. 413.)

Our space narrows down to a page; and we too, like Dr. Chambers, must conclude with our *Envoy*. He reiterates the truth that the laws of health are not different from the laws of disease—one body, one chemistry, one vitality, being concerned in both.

'The nice balance of vital functions convenient for the use we put our bodies to, is called health or ease; that deranged balance which is inconvenient, is bad health, or *disease*. There are no new forces to be studied . . . See and believe that the art of healing is a true thing, not a set of rules, not a doctrine, but a real means of adding to life and happiness. See—for you can see, if you like—that it is founded not on opinion or traditional notions, but on a sure knowledge of God's works. And be assured that not cleverness, or knack, or habit, learned from others, can be the chief virtues of the professor of this art. I would call upon all to remember what a high matter it is that we take upon ourselves to handle. Man's life!—that which makes him God's viceroy on earth; for separated dust and spirit cease to hold that lofty post. Every minute that we aid him to retain it in vigour gives him fresh hope of working out salvation for himself and others; every minute by which it is shortened, damps that hope.

Finally,

Finally, having reached the conclusion, and justified the faith of the prophet, when, with a foresight of the bountiful methods of physical as well as of moral restoration, he exclaimed—‘Bless the Lord, O my soul; bless the Lord, who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle’s’ (Ps. ciii.)—let us learn to look with greater reverence upon the natural laws which are the channels of his goodness, and to pay to them a more reverent and constant obedience. In this way we shall enrich both ourselves and our children, transmitting to them the inestimable blessing of a healthy and untainted constitution, the aggregate of which constitutes the fundamental capital of a commonwealth; and demonstrate once again, in the history of the world, the inseparable connection between the observance of the laws of health and temperance, and the true greatness and power of a nation.

ART. IV.—CO-OPERATION.

MARVELLOUS and rapid are the discoveries and innovations of physical science in this wonder-working age. Art, natural philosophy, and mechanics (each in its own sphere, but all acting with correlative forces), are moving with a speed heretofore unknown. The power of man to control, modify, or transmute the ‘elements’ for the purposes of an ever-advancing civilization is being exhibited in countless modes, and the God-given birthright of the race seems to receive emphatic, if not complete, assertion. But coincident with these physical phenomena higher and more important processes are going on; and it is more than probable that they will find fit parallels in some of the social changes now quietly but steadily developing. We know that a favourite theory with some is the harmonious and contemporary march of scientific and moral improvement. They would wish us to believe that Providence is gradually preparing the earth for a millennium by permitting the apparently resistless progress of intellectual power, giving, in these later days, a fresh impetus to the swift conquest which man is making over material things. Steam, electricity, heat, light—the most subtle and intangible but most puissant physical forces—appear to be revolutionizing the world; and their ultimate destiny will be the mitigation, if not the destruction, of most of the physical ills to which flesh is heir. It cannot be denied that these men have some, if not sufficient, grounds for their prophecies; nor can we close our eyes to the fact that every ‘revolving year’ brings them new justification of their opinions. They claim every achievement
of

of skill and every project of philanthropy, and with vehement energy proclaim an upheaval of the surface of society which shall result in a happier and purer condition. Without affirming or denying the correctness of such views, we are bound to admit the existence of remarkable and novel influences of a most healthy kind in the very core of social life. We are constrained to believe that humanity may cheer itself with the thought of a 'good time coming,' in which it may sing pæans on the attainment of moral triumphs not less extensive, but far more valuable, than those of mind over matter. Already many tantalizing questions are being wisely and patiently examined. Their settlement may be delayed, but the process of honest discussion is itself elevating. Some will require—but they can afford—time for careful consideration; so much is involved in the issue, so many prejudices are to be met, difficulties to be overcome, dangers to be avoided, good things to be realized. They will have to 'run the gauntlet of a file of doubts,' 'stand fire' from hosts of foes; survive the killing kindnesses of many friends. In this class must be placed the old and knotty question of Capital *versus* Labour, a question coeval with man, and as 'full of thorns as a hedge.' Every age, and every nation that has risen from barbarism, has had to deal with this problem. No people has escaped it, no period has been allowed to ignore it. To some it has come in a shape which demanded, and received, immediate and constant attention, either in oral discussion, social arrangement, or political legislation. To others—too illiterate and ignorant to grasp it—it has been a nightmare of depression and difficulty through which they have passed as best they might, without relief to themselves or example to others. History has not furnished materials for its illustration, experience has not supplied facts for its settlement. In this country it is the heirloom of many generations, and has been handed down to successive eras, an unsettled but ever-pressing subject; and in our own times it has been, and still is, the attendant shadow of a commercial and manufacturing success unmatched in the annals of the world. It is a trite thing to say that feudalism taints all our institutions; nor is there anything novel in the statement that society consists mainly of those who possess wealth, and those who live by their labour. A very limited brain may recognize the fact that our England is divided between wealth-poseessors and wealth-producers; and an easy and flippant philosophy satisfies itself with the assertion that these two grand class-divisions are final and perpetual; that, with slight and unimportant modifications, the rich will maintain their 'pride of place and power,' and that the poor (or labouring) classes will ever be pretty much as they are. The unprecedented extension of trade in the last half-century, however, has compelled the reopening of this great organic question on

terms

terms more favourable to the dependent classes, who have been at the lower end of the social scale, but always the makers and sustainers of wealth. Capital has monopolized power and profit. That it should do so is natural and explicable. Nor is there anything inherently evil in such a state of things so long as justice rules. Hitherto capital has ruled supreme. It has created manufacturing industry, perfected machinery, converted the world into a product-consuming market, and has seized the reward. In other words it has absorbed the profits. Labour has been considered in the light of a marketable commodity—a thing to be bought or sold, employed or thrown aside as interest dictated or policy prompted. And this kind of proceeding might have gone on indefinitely, had labour been performed only by machinery or the lower animals. But the wealth-owners and the wealth-producers are ‘one flesh.’ The mental capacity which directs, and the nature which enjoys the use of money, are shared by the busy toilers at the loom, the forge, and the wheel; and the desire which impels the capitalist to seek gain, stirs in the workman with no less vitality. Thus has arisen the vast and pressing subject of the rights of labour, in which, as everybody knows, are involved the exciting and frequently strife-producing questions of wages and work-hours. It is not our purpose to say anything upon the bearings of these oft-debated and still unsettled topics. We notice them as incidental to the subject in hand, and as indicating the importance to be attached to any scheme which has for its object the rearrangement of any portion of the great capital-and-labour question. That there has been engendered a strong feeling of antagonism between the representatives of capital who are employers and the operative classes, is a fact much to be lamented. Despite the ruinous experiences of strikes, short-time, and no work, the uneducated will continue to misunderstand the true relationship between master and man. Selfishness and cupidity still assert themselves, and, under the plea of self-defence, many iniquitous things are done. Nevertheless, agitations have not bridged over the gulf between the employer and his hands. Capital has not been dethroned, nor have its owners been dispossessed. Strong, indeed, has been the determination displayed by the labouring classes to assert their ‘rights,’ and the first perception of their importance to employers was accompanied by a keen sense of injustice. Time, education, and the influence of humanizing institutions, have combined to produce more correct views of social economy and of the relative positions of the various grades in the community. It would have been too much to have expected that all bitter feeling should have died out, but the attitude of the labouring classes during the American war is a sufficient proof of their moral and social improvement. It is one of the last and most difficult attainments to bear want with patience, no matter what the
cause ;

cause; and only a population imbued with sound principles could exhibit the calm endurance of the English operative. His present position and dignified conduct have given birth to as much surprise as admiration. Remembering the days of Peterloo and many similar exhibitions, some have constantly expected what is usually termed an 'outbreak'—meaning the rise of mobs, the destruction of machinery and property, and possibly the sacrifice of life. There are those—and their number is not small, nor their position low—who daily anticipate such troubles. The old feudal sentiment lives within them. The rich, they believe, are hated by the poor; or, if not hated, envied to the point of irrepressible desire. Any cause of dissatisfaction, they think, will issue in disturbance. These feelings are entertained, of course, towards that immense multitude of their fellow-subjects known under the name of manufacturing operatives; and the peaceful endurance of the present distress is to all such a matter of wonder. Nor have others, more intimately acquainted with these districts, been free from solicitude. Murmurs have been heard, and discontent has found a voice; not, however, of the old kind or in the old tone. It is not now the cry of vindictive anger. The masses complain not of those above them; there is no enmity betwixt the millowner and his hands. Everywhere in the cotton districts there is distress, nowhere violence; everywhere there has been want, woe, suffering, if not positive starvation, but the afflicted people endure and wait.

The true explanation of this social phenomenon is only to be found, as we have hinted, in the diffusion and application of sounder social principles. A very few years have witnessed their introduction and growth; but brief as the time has been it has proved sufficient to effect a great reformation in the habits, thoughts, and conduct of our working classes. Renovating agencies are evidently at work, and amongst those which may claim the largest share of success is that known under the title of CO-OPERATION.

This system has sprung out of the earnest discussions to which we have alluded. It is the last and best effort to improve the condition of the working man. Bootless and heart-burning debates about the 'rights of labour' have terminated in this beneficent idea, which combines within its scope a solution of many of the difficulties that oppressed the brains of the operative class. Although not strictly novel, co-operation in its present form is new to this country. Like other great innovations it is a growth, and combines within itself some old truths and some new theories. It is by no means a revival of Communism; but, fairly carried out, it will realize the only valuable portions of the French system, under which an attempt was made to found a society on the principle of *community of goods*. Neither is co-operation a revival of Socialism;

Socialism, as inaugurated by Robert Owen, and put into practice in Scotland and the United States. The followers of St. Simon were drawn into a social absurdity. The plan violated the very first principles of social law, by permitting equal reward to the slothful and the diligent. Idleness was fed, clothed, and maintained equally with labour; the failure of a plan so rotten at the core was only a matter of time. The English Socialist succeeded well at the outset. Robert Owen was a man with great natural endowments. Clear-headed and energetic, he carefully prepared and matured his system, honestly believing that its adoption would remove the distressing inequalities of human life, and tend to universal happiness. Having listened to the explanation of the Socialist theory from the lips of its author, we could bear testimony (were any needed) to his earnest and unselfish philanthropy, and must admit the correctness and plausibility of much that he advanced. It was his wish to avoid the evils of Communism, and elaborate a system which should work in harmony with his own views of political and social economy. His failure was due to many causes, at which we cannot even hint. No arrangement for equalizing 'reward and recompense,' except on the natural basis of work accomplished and individual effort, can stand the test of experiment. The eternal laws of life forbid that equality should be the result of injustice to the good; and such injustice cannot be avoided in systems which take men indiscriminately, and place them in an artificial state, where the stimulus to labour is neither equal nor continued. It may be that, like the origination of a new language, the development of a new social system is beyond human ability. The future must grow out of, and rest upon, the past and present; even its improvements must be the outgrowth of 'what is.' The removal of man from the great sea of life wherein he was born and destined to remain, is fatal. Sever him from the conditions of the world—confused, evil, destructive as they appear—and his ruin is only expedited. Such is the lesson taught by the efforts of Fourier, Cabet, Owen, and others of their class; and we turn with more of hopeful feeling and confidence to the establishment of co-operation, if only because it accepts the world as it is, takes man as it finds him, and sets about social improvement with the materials close at hand. Finding the operative in a necessitous but not hopeless condition, it points him to the true method of increasing his resources. Small are his means: a weekly wage, it may be, barely sufficient to clothe and feed himself and family. But he is a very poor man indeed that cannot save a few pence out of his weekly earnings. However small the sum, co-operation teaches him how to make it reproductive. One, two, half a dozen operatives might place their Saturday savings in a heap, and, as they contemplated the miserable amount, decide that capital could never accumulate.

Co-operation.

by such minute instalments. And many such hopeless ones have ended in an adjournment to the beer-house or race, where the despised money has purchased its baneful of poison and temporary excitement. But co-operation takes charge of the little hoard, and, like bread thrown to the hungry, it is 'found after many days.' The system goes on the principle that 'union is strength;' and, as combination is power, it teaches masses of working men to unite their efforts as to produce that powerful thing called capital, which small numbers they are unable to obtain. Co-operation is at present working in two modes. The first is in what are known as co-operative stores, for a description of which we are indebted to Mr. Henry Pitman, editor of the *Co-operative Era*, the recognized organ of co-operative societies. Mr. Pitman writes:—

Working men resolve to co-operate, or club their money and services together. They subscribe a few pence per week, canvass their shopmates for subscribers, some of whom contribute, but others shake their heads. Distrust of the system is the first obstacle to co-operation. Having raised enough capital and registered under the Industrial and Provident Societies New Act, with limited powers, a shop is opened for the sale of food. Customers are ready in the hungry neighbourhood. There is no good-will to be bought, and no money is spent upon puffing advertisements or plate-glass. With honest management trade grows, profits increase, and capital accumulates. Twelve months a branch store is opened; and presently the members have a central and spacious central store, with the addition of a large room for recreation, and instruction. The opening of such a building is a red-letter day in the co-operator's calendar.

The establishment of such a society co-operation presents to the working man distinct and tangible benefits, each worthy of notice. In the first place, it brings some of the advantages of co-operation to his very fireside. In effect it says, 'Having raised our funds by the joint contributions of yourself and fellow workers, you are enabled to buy the necessities you consume in the markets at the lowest prices. You are protected, too, against the "tricks of trade," such as short weight, adulteration, and spurious articles.' Were these all the advantages co-operation could hope to enjoy, they would fully justify combination, but they are only the most obvious and immediate. Co-operation is reproductive, and the system affords ample opportunities for the realization of profit. It will be obvious to the most superficial observer that such a system dispenses at once with the services of the wholesale and retail dealers. It abolishes these dealers, and with them their profits, so that a considerable saving is obtained in the cost of goods to each purchaser. Of the effect of this action upon the vast body of shopkeepers there is no need to dilate. Serious and destructive it must certainly be, but it may be not the less beneficial to the community at large.

Mr. J. Stuart Mill writes to the 'Co-operator' (Sep-863) on this special point: 'The direction in which we for the greatest improvement in social economy is the removal of the vast number of middle-men, who share among us so large a proportion of the produce of the country; services they render, though indispensable, might as well be paid for by a tenth part of their number.' Co-operation, the foe of the shopocracy. It puts an end to 'puffing,' 'padding,' huge sign-boards, 'plate-glass,' and the innumerable 'drawing custom' now in vogue. It is well argued that expenses must be paid for by purchasers. Shopkeepers cannot spend large sums on gorgeous window-displays, daily novelties, or magnificent premises if they do not receive returns to cover such outlay. The working man is now to trade at his own store with his own money, and purchase unburdened with the additional and extravagant profits of shopkeepers. At first sight, however, the word profit may appear repugnant to the returns obtained by co-operators in the purchase of goods. It is fairly urged that if a hundred members give their money to make wholesale purchases, they can make no difference between the wholesale and retail prices. True; and it might be added that there is a certain and easily ascertainable limit to the advantages accruing from such a system. At co-operative stores sold goods to their members only, their interest is limited to the avoidance of shopkeepers' charges and the use of the best articles. Latterly, however, their business has been extended to non-members, who receive a bonus on every purchase, but cannot, of course, participate in the general profits of the store. On this subject we apply again to Mr. Pitman:—

An active feature of co-operative trade lies in the system of apportioning five per cent. having been awarded as interest upon capital, due allowance for depreciation of fixed stock, &c., a bonus of one to two shillings in the pound upon purchases, and even non-members share this bonus according to the amount of their purchases. This is both just and politic, and the principle works beneficially and profitably. The plan pursued is to give small tokens to each customer stamped with the amount of his purchase. These are sent to the store at the quarter's end, when the dividend or bonus is paid, and the largest buyers are the largest families; consequently they receive most who need most, or, in other words, "the more they eat the more they get." The bonus can be used for anything or it may be left to accumulate with interest. In this way the poorest man can save in what he spends, and literally eat himself into a capitalist. It is upon this happy and profitable plan of sharing profits is not certainly more than one co-operator is credited with the discovery. . . . Every man who desires to be better off should join a co-operative store. The payment of the bonus makes a man a member, and entitles him to a copy of the rules, and to be paid up at not less than 2s. 6d. The shares are 1s. each, and the profits of the store will therefore yield enough to enable a person to buy 7 for several shares, and put something into his pocket besides.

in brief, is the modern system of co-operation

simplest form, which is held up to the working classes as the great means of their social amelioration. Volumes might be written in its favour, and there is scarcely a limit to its adoption or its application to human wants. With suitable arrangements it may be extended to every retail business. Many large stores now exist which supply almost all the requisites of food and clothing under one roof. Such exist at Rochdale (the birthplace of co-operation), Oldham, and other manufacturing towns. In Manchester the manager of a store has business transactions with wholesale merchants of every kind, and with manufacturers of all descriptions of goods. The last trade in which a venture was made was that of the butcher, but it proved unmanageable under imperfect arrangements. What are called 'perishable' goods have not yet received sufficient attention, but there is no reason why every article of human consumption should not be purchased and distributed in a co-operative store.

A fair estimate of such a system must lead to the conclusion that it is calculated to revolutionize the trading system of middle-class shopkeepers, and to work a not less remarkable change in the habits and character of the operative class. Of the first result we may affirm that if co-operation be in accordance with sound political economy, no permanent evil can attend the abolition of a useless, and, as it would seem, an extravagant order of tradesmen. All that can be saved to the working man in his daily expenditure is so much gained for educational and social purposes. The slow advance of the poor is largely due to their want of means; and if their means have been absorbed by middle-men, the sooner such a wasteful process ceases the better. The injurious consequences to the shopkeepers are real and great, and sincerely to be deplored. But they are not to stand in the way of a great social good. Shopkeepers on the whole are a well-to-do section of the community, and are quite able to readapt themselves to an altered condition of things. Co-operation, however, has its dangers and weak points, and, being on its trial, has a fiery ordeal through which to pass. It is already hinted that the system of the stores is nothing more than buying for and selling to one's self; and that it is very difficult to ascertain 'whether any real profit has been made—whether one's profit as seller consists of anything more beneficial than one's loss as buyer—whether, for instance, the dividend is not made up of superior payments for inferior tea and sugar.' We can imagine the reply of the co-operator to such objections; we think the complete answer is found in the extension of the system to members and non-members, so that every store becomes a trading business open to all classes of customers and making profit from all. It is said, further, that co-operative stores 'present themselves as substantially adventures in this or that trade by persons belonging to other

rades—say the setting up of grocers' and bakers' shops by ; and weavers—a procedure which does not at once com- itself as reasonable and hopeful.' The objection is met, we e, by saying that stores are conducted by managers care- elected for their prudence, ability, and business skill, who, noney in their hands, are able to buy the best articles at the prices. It is unquestionable that a tailor might not be a ea-dealer, or a weaver a first-rate butter-man ; but this is y the point. Experience has already demonstrated the fact ble managers are speedily educated for their posts, if not ready to hand ; and it will be seen from the facts we shall that co-operative stores have not suffered through the inca- of their conductors.

dangers to the system arise from human weakness and failing. Honesty and faithful management of funds and ty are the two great desiderata ; these being secured, success ain. The control is invariably and entirely in the hands of rs, and self-interest is sufficient to sharpen and improve the ss instinct. Another conservative element in the constitu- f co-operative societies is their 'singleness of purpose.' end is simply and purely social : 'No ulterior object, al or religious, is permitted to divert attention and thwart alization of the desired object by introducing discord and on.' It may be said, therefore, that it rests on the surest roadest foundation, combining at once the well-being and ess of the greatest number. That some such opinion of ration has spread through the 'length and breadth of the is proved by the statistics of its operations. These are to be in the Parliamentary Return relating to Co-operative and ly Societies obtained by Mr. Ayrton, and prepared by idd Pratt. To this return, and to the growth of co-opera- cieties, Lord Brougham thus referred in his opening address Social Science Congress at Edinburgh :—

truly gratifying to find that there were in December last (1862) 312 co-operative institutions, with 90,458 members, having 351,613 shares, and a property in value of 584,766*l*. The sums paid for goods bought in the 2 amounted to 2,067,867*l*. ; the cash received for goods sold to 2,331,650*l*. ; zed profits to 165,770*l*. But this is not the whole as it at present stands, T. Pratt informs us by letter, dated at the beginning of August, that the of co-operative societies registered by him amounts to 521. The progress ration at present may be proved by this—that of the 90,458 members in er last, 24,308 entered during that year (1862). But to perceive the prom- the beginning, we have the remarkable origin of the movement recorded, a by forty working men at Rochdale raising among themselves 28*l*., and ck was such that a jealous shopkeeper told them that he could carry it off elbarrow. Their weekly sales three years ago amounted to 2,700*l*. The transacted by them amounted to 150,000*l*. yearly. The profits are 20 per the capital, of which part is devoted to a library and reading-room, and nt. distributed to the shareholders.'

Co-operation.

'Rochdale Pioneers'—such was the prophetic and appropriate name they assumed—must have the honour of having introduced the co-operative system in its present form, and of defining its value by their unparalleled energy and success. This our society has issued its Seventy-fifth Quarterly Report, from which we learn that the total amount of cash received for goods was £215*l.*, and the profit on business transacted 5,328*l.*, enabling the directors to declare a dividend to members of 2*s.* 6*d.* in the

It must be here remarked, that the efforts of all co-operatives tend to the abolition of credit in buying or selling.

Central and sustaining pillar of the co-operative structure,' says Mr. H. is the principle of "No Trust." This rigid rule may seem hard, but it is wisdom. The credit system is a curse to buyer and seller; it tempts the buyer to run up a score—and only the debtor knows the misery of being in arrears; the honest customers pay for the defaulters, or else the poor shopkeepers suffer. In short, the tally system breeds improvidence and duplicity, while money trading nurtures economy and honesty.'

'No Trust' plan is not universally carried out. Some co-ops buy for cash and give credit; some both buy and sell on credit, but the wisest and most successful buy and sell for ready cash. Mr. Tidd Pratt's Return furnishes details of unusual interest on this and all other points; and we have analyzed it, so as to present the following summary of results classified by county divisions of the kingdom. The Return, we may say, extends only to England and Wales.

	No. of Members.	No. of Societies.	Amount or Value of Assets.	Profit realized on Goods bought.	Buy and Sell for Cash only.	Buy for Cash, Sell on Credit.	Buy and Sell on Credit.
			£ s.	£ s. d.			
9 ..	93	1	66 13	42 17 0	1
..	251	1	512 0	665 7 0	1
..	58	1	198 12	69 7 0	1
..	2,727	17	15,525 17	4,875 5 8	7	6	4
				81 3 (loss)			
..	49	1	166 15	32 15 0	..	1	..
1 ..	439	3	2,304 0	565 13 0	..	2	1
..	2,437	8	8,617 14	3,089 19 0	1	2	5
..	680	6	2,025 10	494 6 0	1	2	3
..	144	1	280 7	88 13 0	..	1	..
..	2,570	19	11,063 0	3,189 2 0	11	..	8
..	571	4	1,240 11	639 1 0	4
..	1,022	4	4,526 15	1,332 16 0	1	..	3
..	67	1	67 13	37 9 0	1
..	2,705	6	7,921 16	1,927 11 0	3	1	2
..	35,083	98	452,239 8	100,966 19 0	49	26	23
..	377	4	1,042 7	209 15 0	3	..	1
..	159	1	371 5	77 18 0	1
..	339	1	724 15	231 7 0	1
..	3,378	20	5,499 17	2,684 14 0	15	3	2
..	297	2	1,922 8	495 16 0	1
..	417	2	857 15	251 16 0	2

Northampton

	No. of Members.	No. of Socie- ties.	Amount or Value of Assets.		Profit realized on Goods bought.			Buy and Sell for Cash, only.	Buy and Sell for Cash, on Credit.	Buy and Sell on Credit.
			£	s.	£	s.	d.			
on...	1,227	6	5,220	1	1,801	5	0	3	1	2
Plan-l	1,906	12	5,101	6	2,940	2	0	10	2	..
" ..	718	3	4,339	10	29	9	0	1	1	1
" ..	439	3	1,984	6	486	9	0	1	1	1
" ..	416	4	1,137	2	389	1	0	1	..	3
" ..	2,292	15	9,789	14	2,775	11	0	11	2	2
" ..	66	1	152	18	26	17	0	1
" ..	854	5	2,574	11	501	15	0	1	2	2
" ..	324	2	1,823	9	558	6	0	1	..	1
" ..	285	3	551	18	141	13	0	2	..	1
and	175	1	355	17	64	14	0	1
" ..	793	5	2,413	3	798	4	0	3	1	1
" ..	151	2	383	7	61	2	0	1	1	..
" ..	26,345	64	116,381	12	34,151	14	0	21	13	30
" ..	91	1	99	16	1
" ..	119	1	459	0	59	1	0	1
" ..	310	3	942	16	340	4	0	2	..	1
" ..	30	1	137	10	8	12	0	1

tional details may be gleaned from the Parliamentary , but those we have epitomized sufficiently indicate the extent, and remunerative character of co-operative enter-

In the centre of the cotton districts the system has taken ot. In Yorkshire, too, it is rapidly widening its influence ; e, Durham, and Stafford follow, and there are few counties h the principle has not shown signs of life. The universal *f gain* has doubtless been the great motive power, but other blier instincts have urged the promoters and founders of ative stores. Profitable concerns are either providing or plating a supply of educational adjuncts for the use of their rs. News and reading rooms are in some cases being

. This is a most favourable result, and sanctions the belief permanency be due to thoughtful and intelligent manage- o-operation will endure. This question of management is al point of the system. Any misconduct on the part of rs, any deviation from the simple and plain objects of the any nefarious practices, will prove fatal to success ; the o as working people are easily alarmed ; their confidence dily shaken, and, when so, they hurry to withdraw their ents, and care little for the consequences to a system or to

Those who possess little, and have literally *scraped* it r out of their 'bones and sinews,' are naturally anxious for ty. The 'Rochdale Pioneers' have had experience of this The least implication of weakness or suspicion of diffi-

Co-operation.

to cause a 'run' upon the society; and it has been a
so to arrange the management as to leave it virtually
s of the members themselves. In the majority of cases
ent member is appointed in turn on the directory;
s means confidence is maintained, deception or dis-
vented, selfish and unfair dealing are frustrated, and
e satisfied.

ociations will have to stand the test of depression and
and it has been matter of curiosity to learn how the
astrous state of the cotton manufacture has affected
ancashire the returns inform us that the withdrawals have
to 179,000*l.*, and the sums invested to 66,000*l.* The
mitted were 5,968, the number who retired being 8,841.
es tell the tale of the times forcibly enough. Co-opera-
es have been weakened by bad trade, and as in Lanca-
low has fallen, it is in that county that the system is
its period of severest probation. In all other parts of
m co-operation thrives and extends. And its sphere of
it is enlarging. Indeed we see no limit to its operations.
etable commodity may be brought within the scope of
e stores, and the principle of union for purchase and
on may be co-extensive with the articles of human con-

Such a system must prove a mighty engine of economy
s of the working classes, and its effects will some day
philosopher and the politician. Already a union of
e societies is in process of formation, whose object is to
larger amalgamation of means, increased power over the
rkets; and there can be little doubt that, speaking in a
use, co-operation (in the words of one of its advocates)
produce all that man wants on earth.'

e not yet alluded to the second—although in point of
dest—form of co-operation, we mean the union of capital
cturing and productive purposes. Associations of this
long been in existence in this and other countries.
in various trades have frequently combined, with the
ecuring to themselves the profits and advantages usually
y employers. In France spasmodic efforts of this nature
tedly attracted attention. Whether it be owing to the
y of Frenchmen, the changing nature of their institu-
eir inability to submit to and follow out for any long
restraints of a system, we shall not attempt to discover,
all known that organizations of the kind have had fitful
isfactory histories. Experiments have been incessant,
eat co-operative system has been developed; the only
rving of the name being the *ateliers nationaux* of the
the revolution of 1848, which were radically vicious in
principle

and demoralizing in tendency. According to Lord the Russians 'have turned their attention to the co-operative system. Men from St. Petersburg and Moscow have towns, where co-operative institutions are established.' possessed, too, a rude kind of unions termed *atcles*; of the earliest effects of serf emancipation may be the it of a system similar to our own. Germany, as we Professor Huber of Berlin, has co-operative associations at these, in the two forms they take, are scarcely analogous English societies. The *genossenschaften* are lending comparable with our loan societies, the *rohstoff-vereine* ciations of small manufacturers who unite their confor the purchase of raw materials. The stream of ort, however, is running in the direction of large manumpanies. In Rochdale, Oldham, Middleton, and elsewhere mills are springing up on the co-operative system. he Limited Liability Act affords encouragement and the number of the undertakings has been restrained only ressed state of trade. Under wise management there is or the failure of such schemes. But they will bring to test the long-discussed question of Capital *versus* and it remains to be seen whether firms consisting of who do the work, contribute the capital, and divide the be successfully carried out. This strikes us as the of the system. In such establishments as these co-operative the workman is virtually his own master and manager. longer liable to tyranny and its alleged evils—arbitrary of wages, and unreasonable hours. The capitalist can 'lord' it over him, nor rob him of his 'fair day's wage lay's work.' The conditions appear to be such as the issues have long desired, and we shall await the result interest. Many dangers 'loom in the distance,' but be avoided by prudence and self-command. Hitherto of a capitalist, or of a firm of two or three, has prepossible clashing of various opinions; management has ntrated in one or two hands; authority has been centred le proprietor or firm. Will it be possible for a number men to combine with the same unity of purpose and nergy? Will they give and take—bear and forbear—and yield—for the general good? As we have before nan weakness is the great source of danger; but the is in progress, and we must await the issue. At present statistics sufficiently wide or faithful to guide us in disbranch of co-operation. From personal knowledge we t to a few mills which are working under its name, and iciples. We cannot say, however, how far the purely

Co-operation.

During class are interested, what is their share in the ventures, what their probable reward. For such information we must t. And we can do so hopefully. The system of stores has duced results far beyond expectation, and we have faith in the d sense and keen business ability which have brought it to its sent position in the country. Whatever be the termination of newer experiment, we are convinced that it is the largest and t effort on behalf of the emancipation of labour that has yet n made. Its principle is sound, its basis safe. It is in the ural order of things that man should receive the full benefit of intelligent labour, and occupy a fair vantage-ground from ch to rise. With these in possession he is solely responsible for cess or failure. But there is every inducement to diligence, esty, sobriety, and charity, in the pursuit of co-operation; and, h these, failure is impossible. Working men have been weak want of means; here is a system which supplies them. They e been disunited; here is a bond of fraternal union which blends ir commonest comforts and their highest aims. Let us see how y will act. There can be no antagonism to them, because their cess will be the grandest material impulse society has yet felt. All er classes must rise with them. Every philanthropic heart beats them, and it is theirs to exercise those practical virtues which re a triumph to every good cause. In being true to them- es and to their own interests they are exhibiting a great social on, giving the lie to all past taunts and sneers, and securing a nd-point for the future of which no external force can deprive m. History has many records of the invincibility of united sses. Often—too often—their purpose has been only worthy of ure, and in the few instances of really noble purpose ignorance, uality, and passion have marred, if not spoiled, the victory. rtunately a happier time permits a fairer struggle, and, if but hful to each other, our co-operative classes may realize the truth a great poet's assertion, that, united,—

Mortal men
Become impassible as air, one great
And indestructible substance as the sea.

ART. V.—BENEFIT SOCIETIES; THEIR NAMES, HABITS, AND FAILURES.

THE issuing of the latest annual report of the registrar of friendly societies in England, has caused attention to be ain attracted to the many excellently intended, but not always rely-worked institutions, of which Mr. John Tidd Pratt has so g been the legally constituted recording officer.

The number of societies which ought to send in returns to Mr. Tidd

Pratt is about 20,000. Many of these, however, have neglected to do so, or have intentionally refrained. The suspicion naturally arises, in all these cases, that the state of the society is not what it ought to be, and that it is quite desirable to lay under the eyes of the public. The societies, however, which have complied with the regulation placing returns in the registrar's hands, fill upwards of a hundred pages of the blue book. They number about 10,200, being an excess of 1,300 over those received the previous year, when the total number of societies which ought to have been reported was 21,433.

We propose to entertain our readers with a few remarks touching the nomenclature of benefit societies.

'Friendly' is the most common of all the titles used; and perhaps next in frequency are words of the like or kindred meaning, such as 'Amicable,' 'Benign,' 'Brotherly Knot,' 'Supporting Friends,' 'United Brothers,' 'Sons of Amity,' 'Foundation of Friendship,' 'Cultivation of Friendship,' 'Poor Man's Friend,' 'Friend in Hand,' and 'Friend in Need.' In names like these, the ruling idea is of a benefit gratuitously conferred, rather than of a business-like arrangement securing to each member something for which he has fairly paid. The same characteristic belongs to societies to which have been given the titles of 'Generous Heart,' 'Sons of Friendship,' 'Friends of Humanity,' 'Provisional and Humane,' 'Persevering Munificent,' and 'Free Gift.' It is obvious that the correct principle of all the societies is that of mutual insurance, each contributor receiving either in money, or in the pleasure of knowing that a possible need is provided for, the equivalent of the fund which he has deposited. A nearer approach to this true conception is seen in such names as 'Independent,' 'Mutual Aid,' 'Mutual Provident,' 'Social Covenant,' 'Mutual Justice,' 'Operative Justice,' 'Honest View,' 'Free and Economy.'

The simplest and most business-like, though not necessarily the best titles selected, are such as indicate some special class of persons whom the society was designed. Amongst these, we find the 'Tailors' Mutual Aid,' the 'Furriers' Mutual,' the 'Postmasters' Provident,' the 'Brewers' Provident,' the 'Pocket-book Makers' Society,' the 'Cabman's Friendly,' the 'Iron Ore Brotherhood,' 'North End Riggers,' the 'Speed the Plough,' the 'Telegraphic Equitable,' the 'Benevolent Slopcutters,' the 'Brotherly Distaplers,' and the 'Benevolent Whip.' Societies exist in like manner, apparently limited to copper-plate printers, fishmongers, native painters, British hairdressers, artists, colourmen, the cigar makers, plasterers, labourers, watch-case makers, hammermen, locomotive steam-engine men, and stone-dredgers. We have seen and a society purporting to consist of ward-beadles!

344 *Benefit Societies ; their Names, Habits, and Failures.*

insurance it is generally desirable to include in one liability as many different classes and occupations, if of nearly equal risk, as possible ; this seems to be overlooked by the framers of the small and peculiar trades' societies.

There are reasons, however, for which, in certain cases, it is wise to restrict the insurance to a class. Habits of life, even peculiarities of diet, have much to do with health and sickness, longevity and death. Persons who abstain from alcoholic drinks justly lay claim to a superiority which tells upon the tables of mortality in the long run. Hence, in part, the wisdom of distinctive societies such as are indicated by the names 'Sons of Temperance,' 'Rechabite,' 'Temperance Treasure,' 'Total Abstinence Burial,' 'Teetotallers' Refuge,' 'Band of Hope Benefit,' 'Working Man's Teetotal,' 'Independent Total Abstinence Sisters of Progress,' and 'Honourable and Independent Teetotal.'

Sectarian preferences have prevailed in the naming of many friendly societies. We may instance the 'Congregational Mutual,' the 'Church Friendly,' the 'New Jerusalem Church,' the 'Scotch Church,' the 'Unitarian Sick and Burial,' the 'General Baptist,' and the 'Jewish Birmingham.' On the one hand we meet with the 'St. Anne's Catholic;' on the other, with the 'Victoria Protestant Tontine.' Here we find the 'Church Guild;' there, the 'United Dissenters' Relief Fund.' Of Methodists, we have the 'Wesleyan Methodist,' the 'Methodist New Connexion,' the 'United Methodist,' and the 'Independent Methodist.' There is a society for 'Scripture Readers;' and, to balance the 'Clergy Provident,' we can cite the 'Protestant Dissenting Ministers,' and the 'Primitive Methodist Itinerant Preachers.'

Over other societies, in the matter of the name, the presiding spirit would appear to have been a broadly religious one. Such denominations occur as the 'Christian Mutual,' and the 'Religious Friendly.' Titles of other societies are, 'Mystery of Providence,' 'Trust in Providence,' and 'Submit to Providence.'

Of scriptural names we have marked quite a large selection. Amongst them are: 'Solomon's Temple,' 'Star of Bethlehem,' 'Good Samaritan,' 'Rehobeth Friendly,' 'Rose of Sharon,' 'Hosea,' 'Jethro,' 'Jonadab,' 'Solomon Friendly,' 'Loyal Samson,' 'Ephraim,' 'Tree of Lebanon,' 'Ebenezer,' and 'Tree of Life.' Of places mentioned in Scripture, we note 'Zion,' 'Mount of Olives,' 'Mount Gilead,' 'Joppa (Benevolent Fund!),' 'Cave of Adullam,' 'Land of Goshen,' and 'Rock of Horeb.' A body of women are called 'Daughters of Rachel;' and another of men, 'Sons of Japheth.' There is a society which has actually assumed as its name, 'Aaron the High Priest!' Besides these, we have 'Star in the East,' 'Aaron's Rod,' and 'Noah's Ark.'

In the last instance the thought of a refuge when floods of temporal

poral distress invade, is very naturally applied. A similar thought led to the choice of the names 'Ark of Refuge,' and 'Ark of Safety.'

Political predilections account for such names as the 'Constitutional,' the 'True Blue,' the 'Reform Birmingham Union,' the 'Independent Reform,' the 'Royal Blue Patriotic,' the 'Liberal Constitutional,' and the 'Conservative Working Men's.' Perhaps the 'Pilot that Weathered the Storm' has a similar connection.

Even the idea of nationality has not been altogether unimportant in this matter. There is a society of 'Free-born Britons,' with whom, of course, would sympathize others known as the 'Staunch Britons,' and the 'Anti-Gallican.' There is a 'Caledonian' society; a society of 'Hibernian Friends;' also a society of 'Sons of Gomer,' who would no doubt fraternize with the members of the 'Solid Rock of Wales.' We know not whether French nationality or British whim it was that chose the title 'Club des Independents.' One society assumes to be 'Cosmopolitan.'

Names of royal and noble, or famous, personages are in favour. We meet with Victoria, Albert, Prince Edward, King George IV., King William IV., and Adelaide. There is a 'Duke of Clarence' society, and an 'Earl of Durham.' Tokens of military and naval events much talked about at the dates of the formation of societies are frequent: as, 'Waterloo,' 'St. Vincent,' 'Trafalgar,' 'Alma,' 'Inkermann.'—'Wellington,' 'Lord Nelson,' 'General Pottinger,' and 'General Havelock,' are found in the list. We are reminded of a recent loss to the country by the titles 'Gallant Campbell,' and 'Sir Colin Campbell.' Garibaldi has his memorial here; as also has Kossuth. One society honours itself by taking the name of 'Harriet Beecher Stowe.' Amongst contemporary statesmen thus patronised, we have Lord Brougham and Lord John Russell. As tributes to literature, we meet with 'Doctor Johnson' (this occurs at Litchfield), 'Lytton Bulwer,' 'Byron,' 'Poet Cowper,' 'Milton,' and 'Shakespeare.' Chemistry has one of its great names remembered in 'John Dalton.'

This disposition to commemorate great names has not confined its range to modern times, but has leapt back to the remotely past, even to the legendary and mythological. We have 'Prince Llewellyn,' 'Old Robin Hood,' and 'St. George.' Then we have 'Druid's Home,' and 'Druid's Arch;' the 'Apollo and Hercules Sick and Burial Club;' the 'Europa Lodge,' and the 'Vulcan.' Ancient Rome is represented not only by 'Marc Antony;' there is an 'Order of Romans,' and amongst its 'lodges' are those dedicated to 'Cincinnatus,' to 'Claudius Cæsar,' and to 'Pollio.' By way of contrast to these names, which reach far back into the past, and to the mediæval 'Old English Baron,' and 'Ancient Abbey,' we may appositely quote one which boasts to be the society of 'The Present Day!' Apropos of Roman names, the

Latin

Benefit Societies ; their Names, Habits, and Failures.

a language has been had recourse to occasionally ; there is an 'Lodge ;' and there is a society that calls itself the '*Virtute rus*.' So it is printed in the list ; *securus* is, we presume, the intended. A 'Meliora' friendly society at Rawmarsh, in Yorkshire, has very probably been named by admirers of a Review unknown to our readers.

As with some a classical, with others, as already evident, a local tendency has determined the name chosen. We meet the 'Never Failing Spring,' the 'Cottage of Content,' the 'Tower of Rossendale,' the 'Rock of Hope,' 'Deer on the Hill,' 'Ant Temple,' the 'Emblem of Peace,' the 'Peaceful Dove,' the 'Mountain of Rest,' the 'Temple of Love,' the 'Star of Freedom,' 'Pe at the Fountain,' the 'Endless Chain,' the 'Laurel Branch,' 'Pleasant Fountain,' and 'Sweet Home.' There are almost 'Shepherds ;' 'Shepherds in Prosperity,' 'Shepherds on the s,' 'Shepherds in the Turf,' and 'Shepherds in the Valley.' Not a multitude in this direction, a female society affects to constitute 'United Sisters' Sanctuary of Shepherdesses !' To set against a, we have such grim titles as the 'Trimmers' Death and Pen- ;' and such intensely bare and business-like ones as the '50*l*. al,' and the 'No. 2 10*l*. Burial.' There is a 'Rational Sick Burial.' The geniuses who called their club the 'Male and ale,' and those others who are known as the 'Society of Males,' ar to have had the barrenest of inventions. They can have in common with those elsewhere whose society is distinguished by 'Pride of Names.'

It is amusing to note the bold appropriation of all the virtues in naming of benefit societies. Some hold themselves forth as 'True Sons of Equity ;' others boast of their 'Good Intent,' 'Improvement,' their 'Patience,' their 'Concord,' their 'Peace and Progress,' 'Sincerity,' 'Faith, Hope, and Charity,' 'their 'Industry.' We have found a society of 'Working Bees,' another called the 'Indefatigable.' One proclaims itself as 'Faithful and Needful ;' another as 'Laudable and United.' A shadow of discord seems to have been painfully present to the minds of the originators of some of the societies, probably as one of squabbles in which some former society is vividly remembered to have succumbed. Hence such titles as 'Mansion of Peace,' 'Unanimous and Peaceable,' 'Lovers of Unity,' and 'Pursers of Peace.' To this class probably belongs a society calling itself by the name of 'Reconciliation,' and another, the 'Long Unanimous.' Former painful cases of injustice have deeply rankled in the minds of those to whom such titles as 'Truth and Justice,' 'Righteous Path,' and 'Tent of Righteous- ;' have commended themselves. We note one company of 'Faithful Strivers,' and another of 'Determined Brothers.' With some

failure through ill-management, or from unforeseen causes, to have been predominant to the thought, as the one great be shunned; hence names such as 'Judicious,' 'Good nent,' 'Safe Anchor,' 'Granite Refuge,' 'Terra Firma,' and 'Safe in Port.' Fidelity is a virtue evidently much approved; addition to that name, we have 'Faithful Britons,' 'Faith-ers,' and 'Hearts of Oak.' This last, however, claims as also does 'Dreadnought.' One society of women to be constituted of 'Virtuous Sisters.'

Inflation appears to have been absurdly excessive in many, producing high-sounding and pretentious names, as 'ble Phoenix,' 'Farmers' Glory,' 'Builders' Pride,' 'Isle of 'District Grand Lodge,' 'Pride of Liverpool,' and 'Pride ry.' In the same bombastic spirit, societies are found; to be 'Benevolent Knights,' 'Knights of the Wood,' 'in Deed,' and 'Elephant Triumphant!' Amongst the s,' in one case, we even find 'Knights of the Garter!' have particularly enjoyed the following name—'The High f Boiler-makers!'

readers will see that we have already nearly passed through usly bombastic to the designedly comical. Fun seems, in- have been the genius under whose presidency some of the death societies have been directly constituted. There is an 'Comical Fellows;' and the now familiar and no longer ame, 'Odd Fellow,' probably originated in a similar hu- thought. Perhaps it was not a joke,—only a public-house nce,—that has given us the amusing combination 'Provi- Dolphin.' It must, of course, have been a joke that fixed e society, still extant, the denomination of 'Loyal Knights led Cushion.' A company of women (they ought to be ones) rejoice in the name 'Blue Sisters.' Conviviality, it, dictated the title of the 'Friar Tuck Friendly.' Some constituting a society claim to be 'Free and Easy Johns;' re 'King Dicks;' others, 'Jolly Bucks;' still others, 'Jolly ' These smell of the public-house.

e-way,—Is it crass ignorance on our part?—We certainly ourselves quite unable to fathom the reason, if any, which the choice of such names as the 'Friendly Ivorites,' the 'Tes- riendly,' and the 'Independent Order of Tessarians.' Nor been able to discover the significance of the 'Loyal Inventa- al of the societies have evidently a musical bond; as Fund,' 'Apollo Glee and Friendly,' 'Anacreontic Good and 'Sons of Amphion.' Most of these, probably, are connection with public-houses—a relationship which ap- ainly on the surface in other instances, as where we meet h titles as 'Beehive,' 'Oak,' 'Britannia,' 'Old Har-

Bush,' 'Angel,' 'Cross Guns Inn,' 'Bell Inn,' and 'Green Man.'

To some extent, it is too probable that various botanical names occurring in Mr. Tidd Pratt's list ought to be classified as derived from public-houses. But not all. We have many societies of 'Free Gardeners;' and floriculture and horticulture have, no doubt, been concerned in the selection of some of the following titles of societies:—'Blooming Dahlia,' 'Britannia Snow-drop,' 'Primrose,' 'New Rose,' 'Late Spring Rose,' 'Rose and Thyme,' 'Province [Provence] Rose,' 'Christmas Rose,' 'Saffron Bloem,' 'Lily of the Valley,' 'Cedar Tree,' 'Delphinium,' 'Rhododendron,' and 'Flower-of-all.' There is even one society called 'The Botanist,'—possibly limited to the scientific class so called.

We are, however, probably still within the public-house sphere, in the ornithological names 'Bird in Sacristan,' 'Phoenix,' and 'Black Swan;' and in the zoological, 'Lion,' 'Black Lion,' 'Red Bull,' 'White Hart,' 'Golden Lion,' 'Black Horse,' and 'Lamb.' And still, too probably, we are not remote from the same corrupt atmosphere in such astronomical names as the 'Sun,' the 'Rising Star,' and the 'Rising Sun.' Whilst we are amongst the stars, we may cite the 'Pleiades,' the 'Arcturus,' the 'Morning Star,' the 'Evening Star,' the 'Benevolent Star,' and the 'Star of Humanity.' There is one society which oddly styles itself the 'Light Moon.'

It is deplorable that the atmosphere of the public-house should so very markedly prevail about so many of these well-meant benefit societies. But a large part of Mr. Tidd Pratt's latest report, as of previous ones, consists of allusions to or proofs of this unhappy connexion. From a number of letters received by the registrar in the course of the year, he has selected and published many which reveal causes of loss and too often of decay and ruin in benefit societies. One writes: 'Nearly all societies hold their meetings at public-houses, and it is a general rule, almost without an exception, to pay the landlord a deal more money for rent than they have any necessity to do, in order that it may be returned again to them in liquor. If I say that 5 per cent. of the gross income is paid from the contributions of the members to the landlord for rent, it will be rather under than over the amount I have stated. There are a few members in some societies that have grappled with this monster evil, but the fact is, they are greatly in the minority; and until it is made penal by Act of Parliament to so misappropriate the funds, the evil will continue.' Another complains that whereas in one of the rules of his society a contribution of twopence monthly is provided towards defraying expenses of management, the fact is that those expenses are paid out of the general fund, and the twopence is taken for beer on every club night. Each member present, he says, receives from two to four

pints per share at each meeting, and 'order or good behaviour' is an exception.' There are many members, he adds, who do not come regularly to the meetings, yet they are expected to pay for their share of beer, which other men drink in their absence. A third correspondent states that the society over which he presided had for some time past paid rent for their room, and had had beer; but that several members insisted on having beer, and that they finally settled the question was appointed. When that came, the president was told that they would have beer in place of him, and when he showed them Mr. Tidd Pratt's assurance to the contrary that it was illegal to provide beer out of the society's funds, they jeered him and the letter, and took their own way. He only so, but they proceeded to alter one of the rules, so as to enable them to select stewards of their own complexion, and to keep out of office all who gave them trouble in this matter. By another correspondent it is explained that public-house clubs are costly, wasteful, and pernicious; that they are got up for the benefit of the publican; that in his parish a club of some forty members pay per man a shilling a month for benefit and $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ or $3d.$ for beer, whether they have the latter or do not. This rule, he says, is injurious in two ways; it either induces a member to spend more money, or, if he keeps away from the temptation, as some do, he loses some of his hard-earned wages, which would buy him the day's bread. Then there is the annual dinner at a charge of $5d.$ per head, by which the publican makes a pretty harvest; the residue of the money is then divided, and the club is dissolved, only to be re-formed of the same members whom the publican has already got into his net. By the calculation of another correspondent, Mr. Tidd Pratt is assured that from September, 1837, to November, 1862, there had been spent, by a single club, in all, £568 for the benefit of the publican, a sum of 568*l.*

From a letter from another quarter, he is informed that two cases of drunkenness, directly caused by drunkenness, had occurred in a club during the year; in one of these the patient was kept for eight weeks in a lunatic asylum, and received sick pay all the while from the club. Another correspondent remarks that 'there is no doubt that many of these clubs are little more than snares to working classes; and irrespective of the financial embarrassments of their own funds, their being in such dangerous places is to the ruin of hundreds of the best operatives in the country.

Most capable get into offices, and have to attend most of the time; and imperceptibly, and apparently at little personal cost, they are reduced to drunkards.' A letter from another source gives a sad glimpse into the working of one of these societies: 'In these two last Easters, 6*l.* have been taken out of our funds for drinking and drink; myself and a few more have opposed it with

all the effort we had, but to no purpose ; one or two of the officers, with one trustee, have gone with the majority, and the laws have been set at naught. This day week feast, they would have 25s. out for drink. The chairman opposed it with all his might ; they demanded the key of the box, and threatened to turn him out of the room. Charles Buswell, a trustee, had taken possession of the key, and before the day was over they got drunk, and fighting took place, and some of the landlord's furniture was broken, and all was confusion and uproar.' In another club, 'the host and his son have the principal say.' Because, in accordance with Mr. Tidd Pratt's advice, he refused to pay for a dinner that he did not partake of, one poor man writes that he has been expelled from a club, of which he had been for twenty-six years a member ; and this is by no means a singular case. There is much evidence of the like injustice and tyranny in the registrar's report.

Mr. Tidd Pratt received during the year notices of dissolution from 137 friendly societies. Observing the frequent want of wisdom in the terms of admission of members, the unfortunate disposition to multiply small societies rather than to swell the lists of large ones, and the public-house system of management, and its influence in promoting at once reckless management and sickness, we do not marvel, though all must deplore, this very serious annual mortality.

One society, established in 1805, had seventy-eight members, no doubt mostly or wholly old ones, and at the time of its dissolution had only 25*l.* 8*s.* 9*d.* laid by to meet the increasing claims of senile sickness ! Another, at Lewisham, dated from 1798 : it had sixty-eight members, nearly all advanced in years ; several had been forty or fifty, two more than sixty years in the club. In a 'Society of Brotherly Love' at Bury St. Edmunds, the failure was attributed to the lack of any distinct provision for superannuated men. The members were reduced to forty-eight, and the ever-increasing calls on the funds could no longer be provided for. Not more than one or two of the societies dissolved during the year had tables prepared by an actuary ; all the rest had adopted a uniform monthly payment for all members, in addition to which, in most of them, a 'pension' (or annuity) was undertaken to be paid to the old. '*Most of them,*' adds the registrar, '*were held at public-houses, and a monthly contribution was required to be spent in beer.*'

It is pitiable to think of the ruined expectations and the bitter mortifications of old men, who have paid for thirty, forty, or fifty years for a help in old age, which failed when it was most needed. When will our working classes learn that a benefit society, unless wisely constituted, is a broken anchor, and that if connected with a public-house, it is no better than a snare ?

— Mr. Tidd Pratt, in his Report of Friendly Societies for 1859,
summed

summed up the causes of the frequent failures of such institutions. The first cause he named is the small number of members of which a society consists. Secondly, he noted the insufficiency of the contributions to meet the payments; in other words, more benefit is given to those who fall sick earliest, than is paid for on the average of the whole, and there is nothing left for the healthier members when their own time of need at length comes upon them. Thirdly, the contributions not being regulated according to the age of the members, there is in most instances one uniform amount of contribution for all the members, irrespective of age; and this fatal equality of payment is not at all adequately compensated for by the small fee which is often demanded on the admission of older members. Fourthly, sick pay is granted for the whole of life; and as the average liability to sickness, which is one month per annum at 60 years of age, mounts up to two and a half months at 70, to nearly four months at 78, to five months at 80, and to six months at 85, it is evident that when members become old they press upon the funds with a weight which no ordinary rates of contribution can justify. A fifth cause of failure is, that the contributions are made in one sum, and not divided and made applicable to the different benefits assured for. Sixthly, the funds are not wisely invested, or according to the provisions of the Friendly Societies' Act. Seventhly, no regular audit or examination of the assets and liabilities of the society is made. Eighthly, divisions are effected of part of the funds without the advice of some competent actuary as to whether there is, in fact, any real surplus, although the property of the society may appear large. Lastly, Mr. Tidd Pratt mentions, as another cause, the absence of a separate fund to defray the necessary expenses of management. If to the above had been added, what Mr. Tidd Pratt elsewhere admits to be a fertile source of instability,—the connexion of clubs with the liquor-traffic,—the enumeration would have been still more complete.

In Mr. New's pamphlet* there is an excellent chapter on 'Public-house Clubs.' We are about to lay nearly the whole of the chapter before our readers; to this, indeed, the foregoing remarks are merely introductory. We commend the long quotation to the thoughtful attention of all members of benefit societies; to whom also we recommend the perusal of the entire pamphlet, of which the following extracts form a small, but not the least valuable part.

*There are in England and Wales 64,455 licensed victuallers, and we may fairly estimate that nine-tenths of these have one or more clubs attached to the house; in fact, many have as many as six or seven. Every village and hamlet in England and Wales has its public-house club, whilst in our large towns and cities they abound by hundreds. We have already stated that there are upwards of three

* 'The Right and Wrong of Benefit Societies.' By Frederick
Pp. 74. London: H. Pitman, 20 Paternoster Row; W. Tweedie, 33

352 *Benefit Societies ; their Names, Habits, and Failures.*

millions of members of benefit societies. Now, when we remember that in most of the old societies each member is compelled to spend not less than five shillings per annum, and that in those of a later date he is *expected* to spend an equal amount, and generally spends a great deal more, we can form some idea of the extent of the evil; in fact, it has been stated that one-fourth of the male adult population of England are exposed to the temptations of the public-house through the medium of benefit societies alone. We need no elaborate statistics to prove that the system leads to a large amount of profligacy and intemperance amongst that class of persons who with the best intentions become members of those societies, which are generally got up for the sake of self-aggrandisement and to benefit a favourite publican. We can easily imagine how the system sprang into existence. In the seventeenth century it was a common thing for mechanics and even country labourers both to take their meals and lodge at inns; consequently they became a kind of home to them, and it was but natural they should form their club there. Even at a much later date school-rooms were a rarity, and we doubt whether any other place of meeting could have been obtained equally convenient. But surely this excuse has long since passed away, and there is no reason but the interest of "mine host" why the evil should not be entirely swept away. It is all "boosh" to talk of raising the working classes, by means of the club, from the tap-room to the parlour. We have yet to find the great superiority of the one over the other.

'We charge the system with leading thousands of our young men to the public-house who otherwise would not go there at all, and with furnishing to thousands of others an excuse, of which they are only too glad to avail themselves, to neglect their homes and spend their evenings at the pot-house. Ah! but it may be said, this is all rodomontade without proof. Well, we will give you our reasons *seriatim* why no provident society ought in any way to be connected with a place where intoxicating liquors are sold.

'Our principal illustrations are taken from the registrar's annual reports, so that their veracity may be depended upon as far as the facts are concerned. We object, then, to this ruinous connection—

'1st. Because it leads to bad management. The publican is generally the treasurer, the office-bearers are his friends and customers, the members who treat most generally gain the highest positions, and no one is cared for unless he patronises *the house*. The publican's interest is considered paramount, and any attempt at reform is met with immediate opposition from his advocates, who decry any interference with "his vested interest;" the vilest motives are attributed to the reformers, and falsehood and misrepresentation unsparingly made use of to bolster up a tottering cause.

'In a case that came under our own observation in a Foresters' Court, the surgeon was a regular customer to the house; and, although the members had so little faith in him as to refuse to take his medicines, yet he was dismissed only by a majority of one, and that majority was obtained by stratagem.

'In a paper, signed by several members of a society, forwarded to the registrar, it states: "Threepence out of every member's contribution of 1s. 6d. was spent for beer, *when disgraceful uproar arises*, and the business cannot properly be done." One or two quarts of ale is a common *allowance* for the secretary on club nights. After this act of *addition*, it is not surprising if *subtraction* follows and he blunders in his *multiplication*. Conducted at the public-house by an ill-paid secretary to collect the funds and keep a kind of beer score thereof, and then lock up his books in the formidable "box," and there end his labours without any further thoughts as to the real welfare of the society until the next monthly night—it is no wonder that mismanagement takes place. The fact is, the publican considers the club a part of his property, as much as the fixtures and good-will of his house, and, like these, societies are bought and sold, as may be seen by the daily advertisements. A house is considered improved in value as soon as a club is added to it.

'The secretary of a very large society, in writing to the registrar in July, 1860, says: "During thirty-two years the society has at various times been transferred with the fixtures and good-will of the house, with a brief notice, or no notice at all. We have had two bankrupt treasurers; our club-box taken in execution, and the house closed for a period of two months; but these are trifles consonant with the usage of the trade, and must be borne with meekness and resignation." Subject to such contingencies, how is it possible for these societies to be successful?

'2nd. Because it leads to drunkenness and danger. It is stated in the report for 1860

1860, that in one club "ten gallons of ale are consumed every monthly meeting by a small number of members living in the neighbourhood, but *paid for by the whole of the members.*" Many persons may wonder how they dispose of so large a quantity. The fact is, in most public-house clubs there is a useful body of men termed the "regiment in reserve," who are able to put away almost any amount of liquor, supplied at the expense of the members, without its very largely affecting their brains, if they have any. Mr. Ansell mentions a society examined by him, where, "after a large quantity of beer had been consumed, ardent spirits were drunk, and ultimately beer was thrown out of the window for the *good of the house.*"

'It also leads to danger. We refer especially to the custom of the members of one club paying friendly visits (?) to another, when sundry drops are taken to keep their drooping spirits up, many of the members get intoxicated, and, in driving or walking home, meet with accidents that not unfrequently are attended with most serious results, and sometimes the members are obliged to be locked up in the police cell for safety.

'3rd. Because it leads to immorality. Think of the following scene occurring at the present enlightened age:—A member, in writing to the Registrar, after complaining that 10*l.* of the funds were spent for refreshment at the feast, says, "A lot of disorderly men get intoxicated, and then quarrels ensue; and last Thursday, being the day of their annual feast, a number of little boys were made very drunk for the sake of fun, and were seen rolling into dikes, and other such-like painful sights, and this at the expense of the society, whose funds have decreased during the last year upwards of 7*l.*" In the same report a Female Dividing Society is mentioned, which was held at a public-house, where each member had to spend a certain amount in liquor; "drunken rows" frequently took place, and at their last annual day a policeman was nearly killed in trying to keep order.

'Surgeons to these societies well know that diseases are frequently contracted by the members on returning to their homes from their clubs in a state of semi-intoxication at a late hour of the night; and often at the feasts the members do not go home at all, but sleep in the open air, by which means they sow the seeds of incipient consumption and an early death.

'That the *system* leads to immorality is presumed from the laws which are in force amongst the Odd Fellows, Foresters, and other public-house societies, imposing fines for fighting, quarrelling, *eating*, sleeping, swearing, betting, singing immoral songs, or giving immoral toasts or sentiments; these things being, we presume, the natural result of men associating together at public-houses. Why a man should be fined for eating and not for drinking surpasses our comprehension, unless it is that the interest of the baker and the publican are thoroughly opposed to each other. We know many will answer, "Oh! but I do not do these things: I go and pay my money, and as soon as lodge business is done I leave." Then how long will this last? 'Tis the old, old story over again. Oh, silly moth! to think you can flutter around the flame without burning the wing! Oh, simple youth, to dream of touching pitch without being defiled! Can snow keep pure and frozen in the midst of fire? Can a man live in an atmosphere of malaria, and not be infected by fever? The whole system is rotten, and the atmosphere full of contagion, tempting you to drunkenness, improvidence, and immorality. * * *

'4th. Because it leads to the admission of unhealthy and unprofitable members. The *interest* of the publican and that of the society are diametrically opposed to each other; the former wants good customers to his house, and it is his interest to encourage those who drink most; he therefore canvasses for members amongst his friends, and his interest is generally sufficient to smuggle in good customers, although they may not be profitable members to the club; in fact, the publican and his best customers are the worst members the club can have, as may be seen from a comparison of

The Mortality of Inn and Beer-shop Keepers compared with other Trades.

Thus, between the ages of 45 and 55 out of every 1000				Farmers.....	12 died.
"	"	"	"	1000 Shoemakers.....	15 "
"	"	"	"	1000 Weavers.....	15 "
"	"	"	"	1000 Grocers.....	16 "
"	"	"	"	1000 Carpenters.....	17 "
"	"	"	"	1000 Blacksmiths & Labourers	17 "
"	"	"	"	1000 Miners.....	20 "
"	"	"	"	1000 Inn & Beer-shop keepers	24 "

The mortality between the ages of 45 and 55 amongst the whole population of England is at the rate of 18 in 1000; so that the mortality amongst publicans is 11 per cent. above the labourers, and 10 per cent. in excess of the whole population.

It must never be forgotten that the direct tendency of intemperate habits is to promote disease, to encourage sickness, and destroy the healthy action of the functions of the body. The "Edinburgh Review" says, "Waiters in hotels and taverns sap their health by surreptitious tipping. A medical friend says his experience of them is, that, with few exceptions, they are *all rotten with perpetual imbibitions.*" Again it says, "Drink is the bane of many trades and occupations. The gigantic brewer's drayman, who seems built as a match for the Flemish team he drives, is but a giant with feet of clay; his jolly looks are a delusion and a snare. The enormous amount of beer and stout he is allowed by his employers—on the principle, we suppose, that you should not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn—so deteriorates his blood, that a scratch prostrates him, and any serious illness is pretty sure to carry him off." Hence his average age at death is only 43 years.

"If we take another class of persons thrown continually in the way of tipping, we find the result is equally unfavourable. The pot-boy of the metropolis, with whose doughty face and pert leer we are so well acquainted, scarcely lives out half his days. In his case, in addition to continual potations, he is perpetually breathing, until twelve o'clock at night, an atmosphere compounded of drunkards' breath, stale tobacco, and all the impurities arising from the brilliant gas illumination of a gin-palace; it is not, therefore, surprising to find that his average age is but 41½ years. The publican is almost as great a sinner as his man in the way of intemperance, and his life in consequence is at least 2½ years shorter than the very limited span of the tradesman." *

Mr. Alfred Smee, F.R.S., F.R.C.S., the Chairman of the Accidental Assurance Company, at their last annual meeting said, "He had had great experience in life assurance, and had always found that the life of the drunkard had no assignable value even in life assurance. He might pass under medical examination, and nothing would be seen. The lungs might appear healthy, the heart sound, the stomach without disease; but, nevertheless, there was a damage in every part of the structure of that body, and that damage of structure caused, under the simplest cases of illness or the slightest accident, such injury to the whole system that the party might not rally, but suffer premature death. *A man who had once been a drunkard was damaged for ever.* It was doubtful whether he ever thoroughly reinstated his constitution in its primitive state." And speaking of the effects of drunkenness, he added, "Not only did it in all classes of society lead to accident, but when accidents occurred they were far more likely to terminate fatally."

Mr. Neison states that, out of 357 who died of drunkenness, there should have been only 110 according to the ratio of sober mortality. The drunken man at the age of 20 may expect to live 15 years, and the sober man 44; at 30 the drunkard may expect to live 13 years, and the sober man 36; at 40 years the drunkard may expect to live but 11 years, and the sober man 28. A correspondent of one of the weekly papers, in speaking of the members of his club, says, "I have followed to the grave upwards of one hundred of those brothers that I was in the habit of associating with, and, with very few exceptions, they have all died drunkards!"

"Surely these facts will suffice to prove the proposition that no provident society ought to be held at any place where liquors that produce such disastrous results are sold.

5th. Because it leads to an extravagant waste of money. Dr. Edgar mentions, in his evidence before the Select Committee of the House of Commons, "One club which in eleven years spent 72l. 12s. out of the funds for strong drink; another which, in the same period, spent more than double that sum, or 150l.; and a third, consisting of from thirty to forty members, which, in ten years, took 60l. from its funds for the same purpose." Mr. Thomas Biggs says, "It is difficult at all times to examine the expenditure in drink, but the most reasonable calculation gives a great amount." He then makes a calculation of the amount spent in comparatively small towns, and estimates that the members spend annually 1238l. at their annual feast and club meetings. But it may be said things are altered since then: let us see:—

* 'Edinburgh Review,' Jan. 1860.

'In the Registrar's Report for 1859, Mr. J. Tidd Pratt says, "The evils thus pointed out in 1825 still remain." Again he repeats the assertion in the Report for 1862, and of this he gives abundant illustrations in each yearly report; one or two must, however, suffice. Here is a Foresters' Court, in which a member pays annually 15s. into the funds of the society, and it costs him 8s., or upwards of 50 per cent., to do so, besides what is spent voluntarily to prevent being thought a "shabby fellow," for the least part of the expenditure in the club-room is that which takes place during lodge hours.

'In the Report for 1860, the publican reigns supreme, and the system is to "spend all the management fund each meeting night—it will be some recompense towards the loan of his room for our meetings;" and so it has been spent even to the amount of about 70*l.* within the last four years. In what? Why, "in drink in one lodge alone." We are aware it is alleged as an excuse for this expenditure that the publican receives no rent for his room: but by these means he is paid for the room at a most exorbitant rate; for instance, one society is mentioned as paying 75*l.* in "liquor tickets," in exchange for a room worth at the most 10*l.*: by these means the society is not only defrauded, but the members are chargeable with spreading intemperance. In all the Friendly Societies, in one town, it is a rule that for every shilling that goes to the funds, two-pence goes for beer "for the good of the house." From the same Report we learn that the accounts sent to the Registrar are "cooked" to prevent publicity being given to the amount spent in liquor; and one correspondent, the president of a society whom the Registrar had taken to task, confesses that "about 1*l.* has been spent each pay-night in ale, and about 35*l.* each year at the annual meeting, towards which about 17*l.* is paid by the members." A gentleman writing to us from a small town in Suffolk says, "There is an old sick club here whose annual income is from 35*l.* to 40*l.* per annum; out of this amount the members spend annually at their feast from 15*l.* to 17*l.* for the benefit of the publican;" and he truly adds, "This needs great alteration." The Registrar's Report for 1862 presents matters in the same deplorable light. One society is mentioned as "having spent since the commencement near *thirteen hundred* pounds, and at present it amounts to more than 40*l.* annually, at threepence monthly each member." Another society gives the whole of the expense fund to the publican, which amounts to about 7*l.* per annum, "as rent for court-room, in lieu of the 1*l.* per year hitherto paid, with an understanding that the whole amount of such increase should be returned by the landlord in BEER"—thus evading the law, and, as the correspondent justly says, "Undoubtedly laying the foundation for some more evil system of duplicity." In another society, "Upwards of 40*l.* for feasting on the annual meeting day" illegally subtracted from the funds. These are but a sample of the general doings at public-house clubs, and though *all* may not present the same amount of evil, yet the system is the same, and it is that which we denounce.

'There is another item of expense which is seldom considered; that is, the loss of time. It is well known that at the annual feast, the working man loses from one day to a week's work. Now the loss of several days' work is a serious misfortune for men who have to live upon the fruits of their toil, and who, during that period, are not only not earning, but uselessly expending their careful savings, or getting into debt: political economists may well study this aspect of the question.

'Lastly, we object to the system because "the meeting at public-houses has also the effect of preventing the establishment of Friendly Societies upon sound principles. In most populous villages every public-house has one or more clubs, consisting of 60, 70, or perhaps 100 members each; and as this number is not sufficient to secure the permanence of a society, however correct the rules and tables may be, it follows, as a matter of course, that in a few years the society is dissolved or broken up." Some societies even consist of from 20 to 30 members, and yet think they are perfectly safe. The Registrar adds, "But it would have been very different if the members had formed one society, and held their meetings at a school-room or private house." The rules of the village club generally provide: 1st, That the business shall be carried on at a certain public-house; and, 2nd, That it shall continue as long as *three members* are willing to support it. And thus the publican defies the members to remove it or break it up, however rotten it may be.

'This division into five or six societies of a number of members scarcely sufficient

to form one society of moderate extent, is not only very expensive, but destructive of the very principles upon which they ought to be based, and frequently causes their failure. "In the course of last year the Registrar found that in Herefordshire, since 1793, the number of societies enrolled and certified were 136; of this number 123 were held at *public-houses*, and 13 at schools or private rooms. Of those held at *public-houses* no less than 43 had broken up; but of those held at schools or private rooms, only one had been dissolved."

'Away then with a system fraught with so many evils! It is a mere farce to call them *provident* societies, whilst they continue this illicit connection with the public-house. How many young men, attracted by the good company, tempted by "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," and spell-bound by the respectability, the wisdom, and the joviality of the brotherhood, have contracted habits of intemperance which have destroyed all manly feelings, blighted their future prospects, and ultimately sent them forth as reckless and heartless spendthrifts—a disgrace to their families and outcasts from society! If the cultivation of drinking habits be a benefit, then these societies can make out a good title to be called "benefit clubs;" but since these habits are "the curse of Britain," let the clubs which encourage them be called by some other more fitting though less fascinating name.'

ART. VI.—ONLY A SEMPSTRESS.

I.

IT was the noon of a raw November day. The red sun, round and rayless, peered through the fog which hung heavily over the metropolis. Parlours and drawing-rooms, with their comfortable fires, looked all the more cosy in comparison with the cheerlessness of the streets.

Mrs. Parker remarked this to her daughter Ella, as she wheeled an easy-chair nearer to the fire in her well-furnished sitting-room. The two had just returned home from indulging in that (to some ladies) most agreeable of feminine recreations—shopping.

'It is indeed miserable weather,' replied Ella, almost vindictively, and with an impetuous shrug of the shoulders. 'I don't envy people whose business calls them out of doors to-day. Now, mamma, I am going to make myself perfectly comfortable,' she added, drawing a couch forward and throwing herself upon it, 'and with your leave I will commence the third volume of this charming novel. I am dying to know whether Violet eventually marries Rudolph.'

'Stay a moment, dear, before you begin,' returned Mrs. Parker. 'It is strange how that woman's face haunts me.'

'What woman, mamma?' said Ella, quickly.

'That miserable-looking creature in

black that we saw in St. James's this morning. She had evidently brought some work home, and the foreman was parleying with her about payment. She looked positively despairing.'

Both were silent for a moment. Then Mrs. Parker resumed:

'It was certainly a striking face; the woman must have been handsome at one time. Her eyes were so beautifully large and bright, though sunken. I wonder—'

'Don't wonder or trouble your dear self anything about her, mamma,' interrupted Ella impatiently. 'She is nothing to us, and is, doubtless, only a sempstress. And now, with your permission, I will commence volume three, chapter forty-five.'

Ella, having summarily dismissed the unwelcome subject, commenced reading aloud in a drawing, affected tone from the insipid volume which she held in her hand.

When the poor sempstress, Emma Darwin, left Jones's mammoth establishment, in which Mrs. Parker and her daughter were making extravagant purchases that morning, she drew down her rusty crape veil that the passers-by might not see her fast-falling tears as she dragged her weary way through the thronged streets.

The previous night she had robbed herself of needful rest to finish some work; and she had calculated upon receiving considerably more for it than the foreman deemed it right to pay her.

Yet

Yet what was the use of insisting on better terms? He had it in his power to snatch even the little bread that she now earned from her children's mouths. Indeed he had threatened to teach her 'how to keep a civil tongue in her head,' when she ventured to remonstrate with him for his unjust dealings; and she knew what that threat meant.

'Have you brought some more work, mamma?' said the elder of her two little girls, as she entered the one apartment which constituted their 'home.'

Mrs. Darwin laid the bundle of material on the table, and sighed, 'Yes, darling.'

'I thought you were going to have a holiday when you had finished all those skirts, mamma?' continued the child.

The mother wiped away a few tears that remained on her pallid face, and said, with a short unnatural laugh, 'I shall have a long enough holiday soon, Bertha. Come, darling, don't talk; you must have your dinner at once. I want to get to work quickly.'

She hung up her old bonnet and shawl, and proceeded to break up some pieces of bread into basins, over which she poured some watery-looking broth that had been simmering on the hob. The children seated themselves and commenced their meal.

'Where's yours, mamma?' asked Bertha, as the mother turned away to unfold and prepare her work.

'I can't eat just now, dear,' she replied. 'Don't you trouble about mamma; but be quick at your dinner. This afternoon I want you and Flory to be very quiet, good little girls, because ma doesn't feel at all well.'

The little ones lisped a pretty promise of good behaviour. Mrs. Darwin rose and tidied the apartment, and the two children engaged themselves in a corner with make-believe toys, such as bits of pasteboard, empty cotton-reels, rag dolls, and other poor things.

Once in Mrs. Darwin's room, you could scarcely imagine that you had found your way to it down a close, unhealthy street, and up three flights of dark, gloomy stairs; for the little place itself was so neat and clean, so refined in its utter poverty by the presence of its lady-like mistress.

'Ladylike!' you echo. 'Why she, was only a sempstress!' Nevertheless, a lady. A poor sempstress if you will, a beggar in outward appearance; but a true lady at heart.

In speaking of her as she bent over her work, I might quote Thomas Hood's lines with propriety, were it not for the line that says—

'A woman sits in uncommanly rags
I'ying her needle and thread.'

For Emma Darwin's slight, drooping figure is not draped in rags, albeit her entire wardrobe would scarcely be worth picking up in the street. In her extreme poverty she retains all her old self-respect, and, as her fellow-lodgers remark, 'She and her children keep themselves so close and respectable you might almost believe they were broken-down gentlefolks.'

And what an air of poor respectability her room wore! The patched carpet, the neatly-mended chairs, the little decorations around the place—all these were far more pitiful to see than the most squalid poverty. In this little home you behold a weak woman with a strong, noble heart, battling in her weakness with the grim tyrant, Poverty; her only weapon a needle; in another home you may see the inmates stricken down by this same tyrant, and quietly succumbing to their fate. They are passive, careless in their wretchedness, and make no efforts to rise up against the life-crushing victor. Not so Emma Darwin.

Through that short, dim November afternoon she stitched away until every glimmer of light faded. Then she laid the sewing aside; prepared what was but an apology for tea for her children and herself; talked with them awhile to keep their spirits up, and to endeavour to raise her own; and presently made up the sofa-bed and laid them to rest. As was her wont, she sat singing to them in a low, sweet voice until they dropped to sleep. Then she fell into a reverie. The glaring white work slipped from her fingers; her aching eyelids drooped, and tears came slowly, slowly creeping through them. The fire crackled and made merry all to itself; then grew sulky, and burned lurid and flameless. The one solitary candle did not give half its usual light, for the lengthening wick kept its flame from rising. Ever and anon the banging of a door in the house disturbed the stillness; or the rude, rough voices of half-civilized lodgers; or a noisy shout from the street without. But none of these sounds disturbed the sempstress. She and memory were holding converse. They were

~~talking~~

talking together of the sweet, sad past.

Emma Darwin had been an only child. Her parents, living in ease and comparative luxury, were enabled to gratify even her unspoken desires; they thought no sacrifice too great to make for her. She was beautiful, accomplished, beloved, and knew nothing of care but its name.

Years passed by and bore away to the halls of death the head of the little household. Emma and her mother were left in reduced circumstances to weep over their loss. But there came one in the pride and glory of his early manhood, and devoted himself to the two mourners, and he learned to call the widow 'mother.'

Emma's sable garments were presently exchanged for bridal attire; and fortune and happiness seemed to smile upon them once more. What though the world called them poor? The young husband was a genius. His fond foolish wife said so, again and again, in a voice that was not to be contradicted. She called him a George Stephenson, and avowed that England would one day be proud to call him her son. What though the young wife was as ignorant of home-duties as a babe? She talked of 'love in a cottage,' determined to ignore all her accomplishments, and to be oh, so brave and self-denying to help this clever husband—this genius. Years passed by, and a new sorrow came. The dear old mother passed away from the home; but her place was filled by a little presence, and yet another. The fond parents called these their 'treasures.' In truth, they had no others. Fortune seemed determined to refuse to smile upon their dwelling, or to crown their efforts with success. A smile sometimes gleamed upon the poor husband's melancholy face as he said, in a voice that he intended to be cheerful, 'Men who are to make themselves famous must be very patient and content to struggle and wait.' And the disappointed wife would smile, too, and say, Amen, for she considered everything that he said irrefragable.

Weeks and months of hope and disappointment rolled on; then a cruel separation was pending. Both husband and wife tried to shake off the impression that it would be a final one; and they deceived each other by talking hopefully, and tried to feel that it was not such a very dreadful thing after all for the wide, wide ocean to roll its

gloomy billows between them. Fickle Fortune, though she did not deign to recognize poor Darwin's talents, had bestowed her warmest smiles upon an inventor from the New World. So Darwin determined to go humbly to work to assist in perfecting an invention somewhat less novel than a sewing-machine; and for this purpose he left home, and all that he held most dear on earth.

Oh, the suspense of the young wife and mother at home! She tried to bear up bravely, though her soul was sick with hope deferred. At last suspense and hope were at an end. Out from a cool, business-like letter, which laid her crushed and prostrate in the dust of despair, two words gleamed as if written in letters of flame—*yellow fever*. And around her wailed her two fatherless babes.

There, in the dim London garret, drooping over a dying fire sat the once beloved and cherished Emma Darwin. The temptation to muse a little was very great that night, for her eyes burned and ached, her fingers were stiff, and her heart was unusually heavy; and she yielded to the temptation. But only for a time. The minutes and hours were her children's bread: she dared not waste them. She roused herself, resumed her work, and plied the needle quicker than ever to make up for lost time.

Musing was a luxury, and not to be indulged in without entailing loss and suffering. Memory kindly enabled her to forget herself, her troubles, and the world's coldness and cruelty for a space, but then she had to wake up again to the mournful fact that she was 'only a sempstress.'

II.

Mrs. Parker was subject to periodical fits of benevolence. While under their influence she generously dispensed to the needy from the overflowings of her cup. Her purse-strings became loose; her heart, for the time being, softened. But when the spirit of benevolence left her the purse-strings tightened; her heart grew cold, and her eyes were as wide open as anyone's to see that she got twenty shillings for her pound, and twelve pence for her shilling.

The morning on which you saw her in her sitting-room, she was evidently about to be affected by one of these very benevolent fits. Her thoughts were

were so occupied by the poor sempstress whom she had seen, that she only half listened to the exciting description of a duel between Rudolph and another milk-and-water hero, which Ella was reading aloud from her favourite novel.

That young lady was dreadfully piqued by her mamma interrupting her, just at a part of breathless interest, by exclaiming, 'Ella, I must find out about that woman in black.' Ella threw down the book pettishly, and declared it was of no use reading to people who did not care to listen. She sulkily took up her Berlin-wool work, and kept her lips close for an hour. The next morning Mrs. Parker paid another visit to Jones's establishment, and succeeded in obtaining Emma Darwin's address. She felt tempted to abandon her benevolent intentions when she heard the name of the street in which the sempstress lived.

'It is a horribly low place, I fear,' she said, in a vacillating manner, to her daughter.

Strange to say Ella raised no objection to their going. She thought it would be something perfectly novel and delightful to play the part of a Lady Bountiful; in fact, it would be romantic in the extreme. For she had read of tender-hearted heroines who had done the very same thing. So she said—

'Perhaps the street is not so bad as you imagine, mamma. At all events we can go and see.'

And they went. But they saw only an Irish woman, one of Emma Darwin's fellow-lodgers: for the sempstress was out. Mrs. Parker left a message, with her name and address.

Oh, how Emma's heart thrilled with hope when, on her return home, she found that some one, a *lady*, had called to inquire for her! 'It may be,' she sighed, in an ecstasy of gratitude, 'that all my prayers are going to be answered now!'

On the morrow she set out early on her joyful errand. Mrs. Parker received her kindly, and gave her a shilling, and half a dozen shirts to make, promising that she should be paid directly they were finished.

The widow's heart fairly sang for joy as she hastened home with her bundle; and all at once her step seemed to have regained somewhat of the elasticity of girlhood.

'Now there seems to be a prospect of deliverance from the slavery of that

weary, ill-paid shop work,' she said with a gush of thankfulness.

She spoke truly—'weary, ill-paid shop work.' For although it may be that our English sempstresses are not ground down to such a degree as some of our poor continental sisters (of whom the public papers have lately told us) whose employers slowly murder them by paying them but *threepence* for making a shirt, yet One above knows that the best paid of them get barely sufficient to keep body and soul together.

Emma Darwin worked early and late at the shirts. She allowed her stiff, sore fingers no rest during the day but what she was obliged to give them. And in the long, long evenings she forbore indulging in a little quiet dreaming. But hope cheered her as she sat so assiduously to the tiring work.

At last they were all finished. Sick as the sempstress was of the sight of them, she could not help looking admiringly at the half-dozen shirts, as she smoothed and folded them preparatory to taking them home. There was a large quantity of fine stitching put in them, as Mrs. Parker had directed; double rows, so evenly done, and so beautifully clean.

'I should think,' soliloquised Mrs. Darwin, as she tied on her old bonnet, 'that Mrs. Parker would pay me two shillings each for them at the very least. There is so much work in them.'

It was a bitterly cold, snowy December morning. The snow, trampled to mire on the pavements, quickly penetrated the sempstress's boots, so that they were quite wet through before she reached Mrs. Parker's house at Bayswater, a long distance from her own poor home at Westminster. She could have had a lift in an omnibus for threepence; but threepence was the price of a small loaf of her children's bread; so she trudged in the wet and mire the whole distance.

Six twos are twelve. Twelve shillings; and she had a hundred needs for it. She owed two weeks' rent; she was out of coals; there were candles, bread, and tea to buy. Besides, she so much wanted to get little Bertha a second-hand pair of shoes. The child had none in which she dared to tread the street-pavement.

How exceedingly happy and comfortable Mrs. Parker and her daughter looked in that model of an English sitting-room of theirs! The widow could scarcely retain her *self-possession*

while there. She saw in Ella her former self, and in Mrs. Parker her long-lost mother. Oh, the happy days that could never, never come again!

The tears would not keep back, and they fell from her downcast eyes, while Mrs. Parker was examining the work.

The latter lady suddenly looked up and said, 'They seem to be very well done, Mrs. Darwin. But you see they are quite ordinary shirts. What is your charge?'

'I thought two shillings each would be a moderate price,' timidly responded the widow. Mrs. Parker raised her eyebrows and turned the shirts over again without speaking.

'There is more stitching in them than I usually put in shirts,' continued the sempstress.

'Ahem! Well, Mrs. Darwin, I have been in the habit of paying eighteenpence or one and ninepence; never more.'

Emma made a rapid calculation; six shirts at eighteenpence, nine shillings. She felt desperate. That was three shillings less than she had anticipated receiving.

'Perhaps not with so much work in them?' she ventured to say.

Mrs. Parker did not heed the questioning tone, but repeated, 'Eighteenpence is my usual price of payment.'

'I assure you, ma'am they have taken me—'

'O yes; I've no doubt they took a considerable time to do,' interrupted Mrs. Parker, 'but you see shirts can be bought ready-made at such a cheap rate now, that it seems ridiculous to pay much for having one's own material made up. However, I am pleased with the work, so we will divide the little difference and pay you one and ninepence each for them; and I think I must say I'll not put any more work out.' Thereupon the lady drew out her purse, and, tending the widow half a sovereign and a sixpence, graciously bade her good morning. As the widow left the room Ella said, 'Then you have done with her, mamma?'

'Yes, Ella. She is, I fear, like the generality of them—a hypocrite. As I looked up quickly I saw her squeezing out a few tears; but people can't deceive me with any of their tricks. I am sorry matters have turned out so, because she is an interesting-looking person; and I should have felt a pleasure in doing any little thing to help her. I don't mind

assisting persons in distress; but I cannot endure anything like extortion.'

Mrs. Parker had a conscience, and just then it made her feel a little uneasy. By way of silencing it she continued, 'You know poor Mrs. Weller, dear?'

'Yes, mamma.'

'I once gave her some shirts to make; certainly they were plainer than these, but what do you think she charged?'

'I don't know, mamma.'

'Only sixteenpence, Ella. Now I admit that that was too little, and I paid her eighteenpence. By the way, my dear, I fear she is dying. She sent to ask me to come and see her yesterday; but, as I could not go, I sent Jane, and she brought me back a very bad report. Her husband has been dead a twelve-month; and I cannot imagine how she has struggled on with four children up to the present time. I certainly shall not desert her; but as for Mrs. Darwin there is a peculiar something about her that I don't exactly like; and I've no doubt she can manage very well without me. She is a beautiful worker, I must say, but her prices are rather extortionate; so we must be content to part company.'

As the subject of the foregoing remarks entered her garret-home, wet, weary, and desponding, she caught up her elder child almost passionately, and said with wild, half-fierce emphasis, 'Bertha, my child, don't ever believe anyone! The world is cruel and hollow! There's no such thing as benevolence! Human beings haven't hearts! There's only God for us, child. He only is faithful: and He *is* faithful.' Then came a flood of tears.

She thought she had seen a break in the clouds that hung over her dreary life, and a promise of sunshine; but now the little rift was closed up; the clouds seemed denser than ever; and night was coming on.

Christmas and the new year came and went.

Some of Emma Darwin's lodgers wished her at Jericho for disturbing them at night with her hollow, continuous cough. Beyond that, no one betrayed any unusual interest in her.

When at length she became too feeble to rise from her bed, little Bertha, the child of six years, seemed suddenly to be burdened with the care and anxiety of a woman. She used to cry every morning, 'Give us *this day* our daily bread,' with an earnestness which a drowning man would manifest in crying for help.

The

The dying sempstress discovered in her extremity that one human creature at least possessed a feeling heart, and that one was the poor Irishwoman, her fellow-lodger. She showed her broad kindly face every day in the garret, which the other lodgers sneeringly designated the 'drawing-room.' And often at night she refused to leave Emma Darwin 'to lie there all alone like a castaway.'

Once or twice she begged permission to fetch a 'praste,' but the dying woman said, 'O no!' with such a peculiarly beautiful smile that the old woman concluded, 'It's no use a botherin' her; fifty prastes couldn't make her a bit more peaceablar an' she is.' The sempstress only begged her generous-hearted nurse to read her a little out of a worn, morocco-bound Testament that she kept under her pillow.

III.

Poor Mrs. Weller died, and was buried in a pauper's grave. Her four children were taken to the workhouse.

Ella Parker thought of indulging in a new pastime; it would be such a very graceful act to place early spring flowers on a pauper's grave, so she purchased a few snowdrop and crocus bulbs, and asked her mamma one clear, bright afternoon, to accompany her to the cemetery where Mrs. Weller was buried.

Upon reaching the grave-yard her benevolent wishes were frustrated, for a burial was taking place close by the spot which she desired to work upon. Indeed Mrs. Weller's grave was entirely hidden by a large mound of earth which had been thrown up to prepare room for another parish coffin. The workhouse hearse, drawn by four woebegone looking men, came up just as Mrs. Parker and her daughter were moving away. The surpliced clergyman approached the open grave reading the burial service.

'Let us stay, mamma,' whispered Ella, drawing out her pocket-handkerchief; 'the service is so impressive.'

There were no mourners. A few persons of the class that make it the business of their lives to attend every marriage and funeral that takes place within five miles of their dwellings hung about, staring inquisitively at the initials and age on the coffin-lid: 'E. D., aged 27.'

The little crowd departed with the clergyman as another funeral was to

take place in another part of the cemetery. Only a big, brawny woman, attired in an old black bonnet and a red woollen shawl, stood close beside the open grave into which the sexton was rapidly shovelling earth.

'Look at that woman, mamma,' said Ella. 'She stands like a statue.'

'Perhaps the dead person was a relative of hers.'

'I should like to know,' said Ella, with vulgar curiosity. 'May I ask her, mamma?'

'If you like, dear.'

Ella went up and touched the woman's shoulder; she took no notice. Then again; and the woman turned impatiently and showed a tear-stained face.

'Do you know who is buried here?' said Ella.

'A poor sempstress,' was the curt reply, uttered with an Irish accent. Then she turned and regarded the sexton with fixed attention as before.

Ella walked away.

'Who is it, dear?' inquired Mrs. Parker.

'Only a sempstress, mamma,' replied Ella; and the mother and daughter left the cemetery.

Ella was very desirous to see the interior of a workhouse, and now that Mrs. Weller's children were immured in one, she saw a prospect of having her desire gratified.

One morning she and her mamma took a cab, and soon found themselves standing before a massive door that looked like the entrance to a gentleman's mansion. You might almost have supposed that their summons would be answered by a footman rejoicing in the possession of a pair of tremendous calves, and a powdered wig. But no such thing. The door was swung back by an old porter, attired in a coarse white smock frock and a slouch hat, which he decorously doffed as he confronted the ladies.

They uttered a request, and he limped before them to lead the way to the 'nursery.' He knocked at the door and left them. A kindly-looking woman, dressed in a blue check gown, white apron and cap, admitted them; and they suddenly found themselves in the midst of thirty or forty children, of ages varying from a month to five years. Four or five nurses were in the room engaged in various ways with the children. The clamour, which had subsided

sided on the entrance of strangers, gradually broke forth again. Some of the little ones were laughing and tumbling over each other; some were quarrelling; others were crying and sobbing piteously; and in the midst of it all one or two were asleep in little cribs.

Mrs. Parker singled out the two younger children of Mrs. Weller, and gave them sweetmeats; which act forthwith converted half a score of the little creatures into beggars. Mrs. Parker evidently meditated beating a hasty retreat: seeing which, a couple of nurses set themselves to the task of restoring order, and protecting the two little Wellers from the vigorous aggressions of their companions in poverty.

Ella laughed, and said she would bring them all some sweetmeats some fine day; but she took good care to keep at a respectable distance from them.

As she and her mother were leaving the room their attention was attracted by two quiet children who sat apart from the others.

'Is not that child old enough to leave the nursery?' inquired Mrs. Parker, pompously, as she pointed to the elder of the two, who hung her head shrinkingly in the presence of strangers.

'Yes, ma'am,' replied the nurse, 'but they have only been here a week, and the little one cried so dreadfully for her sister that we could do nothing with her; so the matron allowed her to come in; but they'll be parted next week.'

'Oh, I don't want to be sent away from her,' said the elder child, raising her large blue eyes, which were full of tears, imploringly to the face of Mrs. Parker, and folding her arms tighter around her little sister. At the sight of her tears the little one commenced crying aloud.

The nurse kindly took her on her knee, and soothingly stroked the little frizzy curls which the scissors of the pauper barber had failed to awe into subjection.

'Don't take me up,' cried the child, 'I want to be by Berta.'

'Want to sit by Berta?' said the nurse.

'Yes. I want Berta and mamma, not you.' Then pointing to the nurse, and looking up through the flashing

tears to Mrs. Parker, she added, '*Dis* isn't my mamma.' And the pitiful sobbing recommenced.

'Hush, hush, Florence!' said the nurse, soothingly, 'you shall have mamma some day.'

'Bertha and Florence,' echoed Ella, with raised eyebrows, 'what romantic names for pauper children! Who are they?'

'Their mother was buried by our people a week ago,' replied the nurse. 'I was sent to her lodging to fetch the children away. It was a very tidy place, though I know the mother was as poor as could be, and a widow. She was a sempstress.'

'A sempstress,' repeated Mrs. Parker. 'Doubtless she had seen better days. Where did she live?'

'In a garret in — Street, Westminster, ma'am,' replied the nurse.

'And was her name—Let me see, Ella; what was the name of that woman who did some work for me some months ago?'

'Darwin, I think, mamma.'

'Yes; was her name Darwin?'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'Really!' ejaculated Mrs. Parker.

As she and Ella rode homewards she said suddenly, after a thoughtful silence: 'Now I remember, Ella, I think that the woman in the red shawl that we saw at the cemetery was the one who spoke to us when we went to inquire after Mrs. Darwin.'

'Perhaps so, mamma,' answered Ella, in an indifferent tone. 'I think it was. Look, mamma, that is the shop where I saw such exquisite mantles last week.'

'Don't trouble me now, dear,' said Mrs. Parker, impatiently. 'Do you remember what the initials on that coffin were?'

Ella withdrew her gaze from the shop-windows and stared at her mother.

'Why, mamma, what *are* you thinking of?' she said. 'The initials were "E. D." Why do you ask?'

'The "D." stood for Darwin, I know,' replied Mrs. Parker, in a strange voice.

'Well, mamma, then the poor woman is out of her troubles, if she really had any. You know we had cause to doubt her.'

'Yes, we doubted her,' replied Mrs. Parker, absently.

After a long silence, during which her conscience had been working in an unusual manner, she startled Ella from a dream

a dream of new dresses, by saying, 'I wonder what she died of?'

Ella turned with a half-scornful, half-astonished expression on her face, and said snappishly, 'Why ever do you think and worry about that woman, mamma? She was only a sempstress.'

The words rang in the lady's ears like an accusing voice. Whenever her hands touched those shirts, and her eyes fell on the beautiful work which was in them; when she thought of the two lovely babes in the cheerless work-

house, and of the anguish that filled their little hearts, which as yet they could not comprehend; when memory presented to her mental gaze the picture of a pale, drooping widow, attired in rusty black, with an expression of wild trouble and disappointment in her sunken eyes; she tried to drown the tormenting voice of an ever-accusing conscience by saying, 'She couldn't expect anything else, she was *only* a sempstress.'

ART. VII.—NOTES OF THE QUARTER.

HAVING occurred so soon after the issuing of our October number, it has become an old story now; yet we do not like to omit all notice in 'Meliora' of the seventh session of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, opened in Edinburgh on Wednesday, October the 7th. Lord Brougham was there, the 'old man eloquent,' who from the first has filled the presidential place, to which his parental relationship to the Association entitles him; and once more, before an audience of about three thousand persons, his lordship delivered one of those copious addresses, wherein, according to annual custom, it is his pleasure to review the course of contemporary events. Amongst the topics selected for remark some were foreign, as the Czar's Russian reforms, the Polish question, the proposed federation of Germany, and affairs in France, Mexico, Italy, and America; others were especially British, and amongst these, emigration to the colonies, convict treatment, the consolidation of the statutes, the employment of women, sanitary reforms, the condition of domestic servants, hospital nurses, sundry educational questions, co-operation, savings banks, and the early closing movement. These subjects, and many others, were discussed with much perseverance and no little intelligence during the sittings of the Association. Reports of the discussions, more or less full, have long since appeared in the newspapers; and others, also more or less full, as the good pleasure of Mr. G. W. Hastings may decide, will before long be accessible in the yearly volume of proceedings issued to members of the Association. Of the manner in which,

in the working men's meeting at Edinburgh, and in the congress itself, the gentleman just named appeared to give the least possible quarter to topics in which he feels only a defective interest, many unpleasant remarks have been made. More recently, by correspondence in Scottish daily newspapers, the public has learnt from Mr. Duncan McLaren reasons that exist for dissatisfaction with the over-management of the affairs of the society by the honorary secretary, and with the unfair distinctions made in the publication in full, the curtailment, or the exclusion of papers having equal claims to appear in the annual volume.

The annual report of the Council was as follows:—

'At the London meeting of the Association, held in June, 1862, the constitution of the council was materially altered. Up to that time it had consisted of the officers of the Association and of 60 other members, elected annually by the whole body of the Association. Under the present laws, these 60 members are chosen in equal proportions by the committees of each of the six departments; and to their number are added, besides the officers and such members of the former council as had been thrice elected, every member of either House of Parliament who is also a member of the Association, and representatives chosen by learned societies and other bodies connected with our society. This enlarged constitution has added greatly not only to the number (now exceeding 200), but also to the influence and efficiency of the council, as a body representing the opinions and deliberating on the policy of the Association.'

tion. At the same time an executive committee was appointed to transact, under the direction of the council, the ordinary business of the Association. It is proposed in this report to lay before the members an account of the proceedings both of the council and its executive committee.

'The council first proceeded to deal with the resolutions which had been passed by the departments at the London meeting, and referred to the consideration of the standing committee on Education the resolutions affirming the necessity of providing means for "testing and attesting" the education of women of the middle and higher classes, on which they have not yet received a report. The council are of opinion that this is a question requiring considerable deliberation and inquiry. They are informed that efforts are being made to open to female candidates the middle-class examinations of Oxford and Cambridge; and the example of the examinations by the Society of Arts, which have been for some time open to women, affords an encouraging precedent.

'Another resolution passed by the Education Department, requesting the council to consider whether the beneficial results which have been obtained in the district schools for destitute and orphan children might not be increased by an extension of the same principle, was referred to the standing committee, and has been reported on by them.

'The council having referred to the standing committee of the Third Department the resolution passed by the London meeting, recommending a further inquiry on the subject of prison discipline in England and Ireland, the supervision of convicts, and the establishment of a reformatory for refractory juveniles, the committee recommended that the subject should be referred to a special committee, which was accordingly appointed, and which, during the last spring and summer, was actively employed in watching the proceedings of the Royal Commission on Penal Servitude, and collected information on the subject, and issued several reports, which were printed and circulated. The council hope that the whole question of convict treatment will again receive the fullest consideration of the Association at this meeting, and that the standing committee of the department will direct to it their anxious attention during the ensuing year. The council, indeed, felt

that one portion of the question—namely, the renewal of transportation, which had been strongly pressed upon the Government—was of such urgent importance that they convened a special meeting of the Association to consider the subject. The meeting was held in Burlington House on the 17th of February last, when a resolution was passed condemning any return to the old system of transportation. At a meeting of council immediately following, the wider question of convict discipline was brought forward in a series of resolutions moved by Mr. Hastings, and seconded by Mr. Stephen Cave, M.P.

'The council felt that, however inexpedient it might be, as a general rule, to express definitive opinions upon controverted questions, on this subject so much information had been obtained at successive meetings of the Association, and such a clear preponderance of opinion existed among the members, that it became advisable for them to declare in a public and decisive form the conclusions at which they had arrived; and the resolutions, which were as follows, were unanimously affirmed:—

"1. That the failure of the present system of convict discipline in England is chiefly due to the short sentences frequently passed on habitual criminals, the want of an efficient probationary stage for convicts under sentence, and of police supervision over discharged prisoners.

"2. That these defects would be remedied by adopting and carrying out the principles of the convict system which has been so successfully administered in Ireland.

"3. That it is not desirable to attempt any return to the old system of transportation, which, apart from the opposition it would provoke from the colonies, would entail heavy and permanent expense on this country, without producing any adequate advantages, or any results which would not be better, as well as more cheaply, obtained by well-regulated convict establishments at home.

"4. That, at the same time, it is most desirable to encourage the emigration of criminals sentenced to penal servitude, who shall have, by steady industry and labour whilst in prison, or whilst under probation, saved sufficient to enable them to defray the whole or the greater part of their passage-money to any colony they may select."

' These

'These resolutions were, by order of the council, forwarded to the royal commissioners appointed to inquire into the Penal Servitude Acts.

'In pursuance of the discussion which took place at the London meeting on the effect of occupation on health, a resolution was passed by the council, on the motion of Dr. Greenhow, on the 19th of February:—

“That in the event of any Bill for the extension or amendment of the Acts at present in force for the regulation of labour in factories or mines being brought before either House of Parliament, the executive committee be directed to represent to the Government the importance of introducing into such Bill special provisions for obviating conditions known to be dangerous to the health and safety of the operatives employed.”

'The provisions of a Bill for the Sanitary Improvement of Scottish Towns, and the introduction into Scotland of the principal provisions of the English Local Government Act, having been brought to the notice of the council, they petitioned the House of Lords in favour of the measure, as calculated to further one of the great objects for which the Association was established—the improvement of the health of the people. In the year 1861, a deputation was appointed by the council to wait on the Home Office and the Poor Law Board, with reference to a more efficient system of registering births, deaths, and sickness; and in consequence of communications received from the Royal College of Surgeons of Ireland and the British Medical Association, the present council, in November last, requested the deputation to re-assemble, and to take such steps as they might think advisable respecting the Registration Bill for Ireland, then in preparation by the Irish Government. The deputation, accordingly, having added to their number several Irish members, proceeded through those gentlemen to communicate with the Irish Government, and forwarded a statement of their views, which substantially embodied the series of resolutions which were framed by the special committee of the Association on registration and sanitary police, and which had been adopted by the council in 1860, and will be found in the introduction to the Transactions of 1860. The deputation have reason to believe that their representations were not without

effect, though the Irish Registration Act of last session, as finally passed, leaves very much to be desired.

'In consequence of the discussions at the London meeting on the subject of establishing a uniform international system of general average, the council determined to appoint a special committee to prepare a Bill or series of resolutions, having for object the establishing one uniform system of general average, and to consider and report the best means of proceeding, with a view to obtaining legislative or other competent sanction for such system in the different countries in the world. The council are informed that considerable progress has already been made by the committee in obtaining the opinions of chambers of commerce, boards of underwriters, and other commercial bodies in the different States of Europe and America; and at our next annual meeting a full report may be expected.

'In September 1862, an association was formed upon the Continent for the same objects as our own, and modelled on the same plan. It had indeed originated with some continental friends who had attended our meetings; and at the London congress a paper was read by Monsieur Corr Vander Maerren, describing the plan of an International Association for the Promotion of Social Science. This offspring of our body held its first meeting at Brussels, at the time already mentioned, and its second congress has recently taken place at Ghent with great success. On the first occasion the council sent their general and foreign secretaries as a deputation, to congratulate the founders of the International Association on the commencement of their undertaking, and to express their warm sympathy with its objects. The council trust that these two kindred societies will always be found working together in harmony and mutual help.

'The members of the Association are well aware that the Congrès de Bienfaisance, in 1862, held its sittings in London conjointly with our own meetings. The council undertook to guarantee the cost of printing and publishing the many valuable papers which were read to the Congrès, and the *Compte Rendu* of that body has accordingly been published in a French and English volume, and may be obtained by members of this Association at a reduced price.

'The accounts for the year have been, as usual, prepared and audited by direction of the council, and a statement of the income and expenditure is appended to this report.

'We have had to lament, among others, since the Association last met, the deaths of the following members:—Sir Benjamin Brodie, Bart.; Sir Joshua Jebb, K.C.B.; Mr. J. W. Gilbert, F.R.S.; Dr. Duncan; Mr. J. Meadows White.

'The London meeting added largely to the number of our members resident in the metropolis; and the council have kept in view the expediency of giving a more active development to the central operations of the society. With this view, they engaged, in 1862, the services of a permanent assistant-secretary, and during the spring of the present year, as already mentioned, they summoned a general meeting of the members in London to consider the question of transportation. The complete success of this meeting has convinced the council that it would be well to hold periodical meetings in London for the discussion of specific questions during the intervals between the annual meetings, and they propose to obtain adequate rooms and offices for this purpose. The council believe that a series of meetings on juridical, educational, sanitary, and economical topics, would largely increase the number of permanent members, and would be productive of great public benefit. Some additional organization would, no doubt, be required to carry out this proposal, and the council suggest that they should be empowered by the Association to frame new and suspend existing laws, subject to confirmation at the next annual meeting.'

The tenth anniversary of the United Kingdom Alliance for the Suppression of the Liquor Traffic, has been held since the publication of the October 'Meliora.' On Thursday, October 22nd, the Mayor's parlour, at the Town Hall in Manchester, was thrown open as a place of reunion for about a hundred specially-invited friends of the Alliance, who, in mutual greetings and friendly conversation, passed a very pleasant evening.

Early on the morrow, about a hundred and twenty gentlemen and ladies partook of breakfast in the Assembly-room of the Free Trade Hall; and at ten o'clock in the forenoon the general council of the Alliance opened its annual session. The attendance was un-

precedentedly large. A most gratifying harmony prevailed throughout the conference, under the presidency of Sir Walter Calverley Trevelyan, Bart. The annual Report was read by Mr. Samuel Pope, the Honorary Secretary of the Alliance. Amongst the resolutions passed (and all unanimously), were the following:—

'That this council, reviewing the course of the agitation during the past ten years, is deeply impressed with the many unmistakeable signs of progress, as evidenced chiefly by the increased attention and more respectful attitude of the public press, the various discussions and speeches in Parliament, and the numerous testimonies from public men, tending to demonstrate the inherent and incalculable evils of the liquor-traffic, and recognizing the pressing necessity for the adoption of some effectual means for the removal from the community of this terrible bane and nuisance.'

'That the council cannot but accord its most grateful recognition of the services of Mr. Lawson, M.P., and hereby expresses its high approval of the able manner in which he has, during the recent session, set forth the views and aims of the Alliance; and the council begs to assure the honourable gentleman that its members will use their best endeavours to sustain him in his promised introduction of a Permissive Bill, by promoting numerous petitions, holding public meetings, circulating documents, forming electoral organizations, and by all legitimate means of agitation and public influence in behalf of the measure.'

'That in order to promote a vigorous agitation to impress the Government and Parliament, and to give full effect to the deep and widespread conviction in the public mind in favour of the principle and policy of the Permissive Bill, all temperance men and associations, all social reformers, and all religious bodies are specially called upon to co-operate with the executive of the United Kingdom Alliance, and to bring their utmost influence to bear in support of the measure to be introduced in the House of Commons early in the next session.'

'That the following draft of a Permissive Bill be agreed to, subject to such modification as may be deemed expedient by the executive; that Mr. Lawson, M.P., be respectfully requested to introduce a measure founded thereon, early in next session; and that the

the various members of Parliament more or less favourable to the objects of the United Kingdom Alliance, be urgently entreated to co-operate with Mr. Lawson to secure its impartial consideration and adoption by the legislature.'

In the evening, a public meeting was held in the spacious Free Trade Hall, where between four and five thousand persons were assembled to hear the Alliance question set before them in a series of addresses, and to encourage each other and the executive in the prosecution of the great task which they have undertaken. The speakers were, the Mayor of Manchester (Mr. Abel Hey-

wood); Mr. Alderman Harvey, J.P., Chairman of the Executive; Mr. J. H. Cotterill, of Bath; Rev. Dr. Dill, ex-Moderator of the Irish Presbyterian Church; Wilfred Lawson, Esq., M.P.; Sir W. C. Trevelyan, Bart.; Mr. Samuel Pope; the Rev. Canon Jenkins, M.A., Llandaff; the Rev. Henry Gale, B.C.L., Rector of Treborough; and Professor F. W. Newman, of London.

The proceedings of the anniversary were, throughout, cheering to a high degree. The subscription-list filled up on this occasion exceeded the largest previous list by the amount of a thousand pounds.

ART. VIII.—REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

The Church's Work in Our Large Towns.

By George Huntington, M.A., Clerk in Orders of the Cathedral and Parish of Manchester. Pp. 238. London: Church Press Company (Limited), 11 and 13, Burleigh Street, Strand.

THE book before us contains, reprinted, or completed, a series of papers commenced some time back in the 'Church Review.' In order to go arm-in-arm with the author in his survey of our large towns, and of 'the Church's' work in them, it is necessary first of all to grant to him that 'the Church of England is God's appointed instrument for the religious training and Christian education of the young, the building up of the faithful, and the evangelization of the whole nation.' Only those ameliorative agencies are specially noticed with approval which are conducted 'in the strictest accordance with the doctrines and discipline of the Church;' but the author professes not to intend in this avowal 'to imply censure upon other persons and associations who may differ from him in his estimate either of the needs of our home population, or of the means for supplying them.' We do not propose to examine here the character of the exclusive claim asserted by Mr. Huntington on the part of the Church in which he is evidently a very sincere and earnest-hearted priest; neither will we discuss the wisdom of all his recommendations. It will suffice that we indicate in a few words some features of the course taken

by his argument, and that we note certain passages which will be especially interesting to our temperance friends.

A 'general statement of the necessity of the case' serves as an introduction to the business of the volume. A painful contrast is noted 'between the claims and prerogatives of the Church and the actual discharge of her divine commission.' There is 'a growing distrust of the clerical body, and a gradually loosening hold of objective truth on the part of the laity.' The population has increased fourfold, yet the Church of England numbers fewer communicants to-day than she did at the commencement of the reign of the first James. In the spirit, not of despair, however, but of faith and hope, the author pursues his inquiry, confident that 'if the enemy is powerful, the voice of intercession is louder than the strife of tongues; if there is much disunion, much disaffection, much irreligion, men of prayer and faith, like Abraham of old, are interceding for us: if there is coldness and dislike on the part of our rulers, warmth and heartiness are shown by those who are engaged in the good cause.'

Convinced that the centres of operation are in our large towns, and that therein must be waged the great struggle which is, he hopes, to result not only in the triumph of the Church of England over Dissent, but also in that of truth over error, faith over infidelity, and loyalty to the crown over civil and religious disaffection, Mr. Huntington devotes several chapters of his very interesting

interesting volume to a description of the religious and moral condition of the large manufacturing towns, and to an explanation of the reasons why affairs, as regards 'Church' influence on the masses, are so far unprosperous. He maintains that it is the duty of 'the Church' to make her voice heard by the men of wealth; to set her face against the arbitrary separation of classes, and to kindle feelings of mutual love and sympathy between high and low, rich and poor, noble and ignoble. Her next duty is to gather into her fold her separated and alienated children. In large towns her work is essentially missionary. She wants men and buildings. She must establish missionary stations, and send her ordained ministers, in her Master's name, and by virtue of her Master's commission, into the highways and byeways, to gather together in one the children of God that are scattered abroad. She must combine with her clergy, her pious laity—godly men and women co-associated—as district visitors, sisters of mercy, deaconesses, and members of brotherhoods, sisterhoods, or guilds. She must station her clergy in the midst of their work, and compel them (where they can) to live amongst their poor. In some cases she will find it advisable, to save labour and means of support, for clergymen to live collocated, to sustain each other by mutual counsel and co-operation, and to derive spiritual strength from their chapel services and frequent communions. She must seek out the lame, the halt, and the blind, and compel them to come in. And she must open wide the doors of her fabrics to all, without distinction of name or rank, so that the poor man in vile raiment may be treated with the same courteous consideration as the rich man that weareth the gay clothing.

Such are some of the directions in which, according to Mr. Huntington, the Church of England must go forth, if she is, humanly speaking, to maintain her existence as the national communion, by winning back her separated children and restoring the wanderers. He believes that 'the Church' contains within herself all the requisites for discharging her holy obligations, by means of her diocesan and parochial systems, her sacred synods, and her associations of faithful men and devout women. He believes, also, that the present generation is suffering from the sins and neglects of

the past; firstly, in the growth of a godless and demoralised population; and, secondly, in the apathetic indifference with which Churchmen have heretofore acquiesced in the forfeiture of their legal and constitutional rights to meet and deliberate on matters affecting their own faith and practice in the lawful ecclesiastical assemblies.

It is in chapter xix. that the author treats of some of the social hindrances to the work of 'the Church' in our large towns; especially he dilates upon 'the national vice of drunkenness,' the condition of the homes of the poor, and the extensive circulation of immoral publications. These, he says, 'confront us in every scheme for the amelioration of the condition of the people; they enter into our calculations when, as Churchmen, we think of the extension of Christ's kingdom; and they must be taken into account when, as philanthropists, we would raise our fellow-men in the scale of rational and responsible beings, and rescue them from the depths of degradation in which so many of them are wallowing.'

The drunken habits of the people, says the author, offer impediments to the diffusion of the gospel, more inveterate and insuperable than any heathen prejudice or superstition whatever. They neutralize the most eloquent preaching; they render ineffectual the most careful religious training. 'We may build and endow churches; we may found schools and appoint teachers; we may divide and subdivide parishes; but if public-houses are permitted to have the unhappy proportion they do, all will be unavailing. Facilities for getting drunk will outweigh the influences of the house of God; and till we have diminished the amount of temptation, little perceptible impression will be made.'

Amongst the evidence adduced by Mr. Huntington to corroborate these assertions, we find quotations from the reports of Parliamentary Committees and of the Oxford Church Congress.

'The authorities prove,' he adds, 'what I well know to be the fact, that nearly all the lower houses of ill-fame are beer-houses, and that spirits are sold in them, although the proprietors have no licenses for doing so. They are frequented by persons who are given to gambling, because they are not so likely to be disturbed by the police. In Plymouth, houses of entertainment of much higher

higher pretensions have been shown by recent police inquiries to be nothing better than brothels. The profits derived from many music saloons, casinos, and other places of questionable resort are often made entirely out of the liquors consumed. Nor is this all. Drinking is the bane of every relation of life. Wages are seldom paid, bargains struck, or business transacted without beer or spirits being consumed. No marriage, no funeral ever takes place unaccompanied with the bottle. Drunkenness is an only too frequent finale to the meetings of those otherwise excellent institutions, clubs and benefit societies: the entertainment is given at a public-house, and the drink must be ordered "for the good of the house." I wonder if any party of pleasure, if any cheap trip ever returned with all present in a state of perfect sobriety. My Lancashire experience may be an unfortunate one, but truth compels me to say that I never knew of such an instance; and yet a brother of my own, who has resided many years abroad, has assured me that he has seen crowds of Italians and Frenchmen at the close of a holiday, not one of whom was intoxicated.

"The contrast between English and foreign emigrants has often been remarked. "Familiarised to the sight ourselves," says the Rev. H. J. Ellison, "the national characteristic may appear to us less developed in its proportions and less revolting in its features: to the foreigner, as he is brought in contact with it in the colonies, it stands out in all its hideousness." "The first thought of a French colonist in his new home," said one of these, "is a ball-room; of a Spaniard, a church; of an Englishman, a public-house." "It is well," said another, "that you English are a nation of drunkards; for if you were not, with the energy and enterprise which belong to the Anglo-Saxon race, you would be masters of the world."

"Such is the gigantic evil which obtrudes itself in the way of the pastor of the Church, as he sets himself to do Christ's work among his people. His exertions are paralyzed, his labours are neutralized by the intemperate habits of his people, over which he can but hopelessly mourn. He sees many of the most promising of his flock fall captives to this most degrading vice; he knows that it is the source of by far the greater part of the domestic misery around him. He is perfectly aware that it is the

skeleton in the cupboard of many a seemingly happy household—the "black ox" which treuds out domestic peace and crushes conjugal love; that it is the certain precursor of "mourning, lamentation, and woe." He may preach, but the drunkards are absent or insensible to his warnings. He may pray, but even prayer itself seems unavailable so long as the incentives to this vice are close at hand, obtruding themselves on the victims of intemperance—so long as the customs of society weave around him a web of bondage from which he is incapable of breaking loose."

We had at first some difficulty in recognising in the name 'Mr. J. R. Wilkinson, a noted temperance advocate,' that of Mr. T. R. Wilkinson, a friend of our own, who was never a temperance advocate in the professional sense, but whose paper, read before the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society, and quoted by Mr. Huntington, was based upon facts collected, as we know, at a considerable sacrifice of time, labour, and feeling, in the short evening intervals of occupation in a bank, wherein Mr. Wilkinson has long held a highly responsible position. The truth of the startling descriptions given in Mr. Wilkinson's paper is corroborated by Mr. Huntington from his own observation. 'In company with a brother clergyman,' he writes, 'I put myself under the guidance of two intelligent detectives, and set off to visit these haunts of crime and abodes of the lost. We took an entire circuit of Manchester, commencing with the neighbourhood of the Cathedral, proceeding up Dean's Gate, Canal Street, Portland Street, Lever Street, and so round by Shade Hill and Charter Street, thus compassing the worst parts of the city.

'Much of what we witnessed is utterly unfit to be described in these pages. It is enough to say that at every corner of every street harlots were plying their traffic; whilst in almost every place where spirituous liquors were sold, they and their victims might be observed in all stages of intoxication.

'I do not know which spectacle appalled us the most—the brilliantly-lighted casinos, crowded by youths, whose education and social position made their profligacy all the more inexcusable, each one in the company of a prostitute; the active waiters, hardly able to satisfy the demands for drink or

that which is obviously the further stage in the proceedings; the low lodging-houses, where, *blase* and worn out, these wretched women subsequently take up their abodes as the known associates of thieves. Hogarth's plates only too accurately depict the progress of vice, and the steps are not too many which lead from the dancing-saloon and the gin-palace to the thieves' lodging-house, in which suspected crime is found to hide its head.

'Sad indeed were the reflections with which, in the early dawn of a July morning, my friend and myself sought our rest. This is a great city of Christian England in the nineteenth century. These young men are they whom trusting fathers and loving mothers have sent to Manchester to learn "the art and mystery" of that trade and commerce, on the permanence of which, we are told, our national greatness depends. These young women were once infants, over whose cradles, it may be, Christian parents have offered up their prayers; but vanity, indiscretion, impatience of control, love of dress, have worked their ruin, and drunkenness and disease will do the rest. Can we wonder at the defalcations on the part of young men in business, if this is the way in which they spend their time and means? Can we wonder that penal servitude awaits the youth who can in no other way satisfy the demands of "the strange woman which flattereth with her lips," than by the terrible expedient of falsifying his accounts, or of robbing his master? Can we wonder, too, that even a deeper degradation awaits the profligate associate of the other sex, when we know but too well the sad and solemn fact that her return to virtue is almost hopelessly impossible?'

'I do not say that vice, such as that described, is worse in Manchester than in other cities and towns. Elsewhere I have stated that Manchester will bear a favourable comparison; but I write what I have seen, and testify that which I know. Nor will I allege that drunkenness is in all cases the cause of profligacy, but I will affirm that it is in every case an accompaniment.'

Of the degraded state of the homes of many of the poor Mr. Huntington writes forcibly. But he says it is indisputable that the worst home of all is that of the drunkard. 'A sober and industrious man may, by the force of necessity,

if compelled to house a large family in a space which ought to be occupied by one individual, for his cottage does not grow on his back like the shell of a snail; but no man, in whose soul drunkenness has not wrought that insensibility to shame and indescribable degradation to which the Report of the House of Commons refers, would permit his family to live in such circumstances as I have myself witnessed, when, although the father was in the receipt of liberal wages, the whole family were sleeping promiscuously, without any distinction of age or sex.'

Whilst advancing remedial proposals, the author says:—

'The evils I speak of are national, and therefore must be dealt with by us not only as churchmen, but as citizens. If it can be proved, as it abundantly can be proved from facts and figures, that the national vice of drunkenness is the prolific parent of all other crimes; if it further can be made manifest, as surely it can, that drunkenness is fostered by a traffic which the legislature has taken under its special protection, and by means of which the revenues of the State are largely increased, then, beyond all question, it is the duty of every Englishman, whatever his religious faith or political creed, to do all in his power to impose some legal check on this most pernicious trade.'

Mr. Huntington afterwards quotes Professor Newman's weighty remarks on the duty of the State; and then, affirming that Parliament may and ought to interpose its authority with regard to the sale of intoxicating liquors, he adds: 'How the legislature can be moved to take action in the matter in a constitutional State is obvious. It can only be, first, by a diffusion of healthy sentiment on the subject; and, secondly, by bringing public opinion to bear on the parliamentary representatives of the people.'

Mr. Huntington speaks very highly of the value of the labours of temperance societies, and recommends the formation of parochial temperance organizations, with the sanction and approval of the parochial clergy. With regard to the Permissive Bill of the United Kingdom Alliance, he approves of it thoroughly as far as he understands it; but he seems not to be aware that the popular veto sought to be empowered by that Bill would not only prevent the establishment of new liquor-shops

shops, but would also withdraw the liquor-vending licences from those already in existence.

We will conclude our notice of Mr. Huntington's book by quoting the following avowal of conviction, to which we add our emphatic approval. He says: 'It is the duty of the Church to throw herself, heart and soul, into all those movements which have for their object the amelioration of the condition of the masses of the people. The religious and the social questions of the day are, as I have before remarked, so closely connected that they cannot be separated, even in idea. If we the clergy are priests, we are also citizens; and woe to us and our cause, if the suspicion ever attaches to us that we are opposed to the social and physical progress of the people.'

The Haunted House. By Eliza S. Oldham. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

WE are delighted to see here reproduced, with all Mr. Partridge's well-known excellencies of printing and illustration, the pathetic narrative, 'The Haunted House,' which originally appeared in our own Review. Our readers have already had the opportunity of perusing the tale; and, under the circumstances, 'Meliora' must be excused from attempting to criticise it. Those—and we are sure they cannot have been few—who admired it when it was first published will admire it all the more now that the jewel has received so ornate a setting. The type is large and clear, the paper excellent, the binding good, and the illustrations are many and superior. We shall rejoice if this favourite tale soon reaches a second edition.

The Home Nurse and Manual for the Sick Room. By Esther Le Hardy. Pp. 451. London: John Churchill and Sons, New Burlington Street.

THIS is a capital book for the home nurse who wishes to be instructed in the best methods of performing a thousand useful offices for the sick, and to be all the while in harmony with the orthodox allopathic traditions. With a tendency to use more words than are absolutely necessary, and with some total unsoundness in the matter of wine-cuddles, pale ale, &c., we find in this useful work a rich profusion of

shrewd remark and good advice, and abundant evidence of a strong inclination to discountenance the use of alcoholics as common beverages. A large number of recipes for the preparation of food, poultices, and other ordinary necessities of the sick chamber, and much good advice how to act in emergencies, are imbedded in the volume. There is a good index.

Chronicles of Waverlow. By Benjamin Brierley, author of 'Tales and Sketches of Lancashire Life,' &c. Pp. 262. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. Manchester: John Heywood, 143, Deansgate.

MR. BRIERLEY has won for himself a name amongst the delineators of the old life and dialect of Lancashire by his previous publications, of which the book in hand is a worthy successor. 'Trevor Hall; or 'The Weaver of Windy-Gap,' is the first and longest tale in 'The Chronicles of Waverlow.' It is deserving of note that in this tale all the sorrows of the hero and heroine spring from a single act of intoxication. In this respect, at any rate, the tale is life-like; in some others it is strongly melodramatic. There are several shorter sketches besides; and those who know how to enjoy the quaint dialect of the county palatine will find much in this volume to amuse and please.

The Theory and Practice of Teaching Modern Languages in Schools. A Lecture read at the College of Preceptors. By Charles H. Schaible, M.D., Ph.D., &c. Pp. 58. London: Trübner and Co., 60, Paternoster Row.

A BRIEF review of all the more popular methods, ancient and modern, of teaching languages in schools.

Total Abstinence in its Proper Place. Addressed especially to the Religious Portion of the Community. By Samuel Bowly. Pp. 16. London: W. Tweedie, 337, Strand.

THE writer of this tract addresses therein considerations to religious non-abstainers well calculated to lead them to review the ground of their opposition to total abstinence. His object has been to remove some of the difficulties and objections which have prevented many religious persons from joining the movement—

ment; and what he urges is well adapted to effect this object.

The Brewer's Family. By Mrs. Ellis, author of 'Women of England,' 'Widow Green,' &c. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

THE name of Mrs. Ellis, as a writer of tales calculated to commend the practice of total abstinence from intoxicants, has long been favourably known. From her pen has again fallen a temperance story, which will, we hope, reach a large circle of readers. For persons engaged in the liquor-traffic it supplies admirable reading. Its tone is much more free from bitterness, whilst no less firm and faithful, than that of certain temperance novels, addressed to the same class of persons by other well-known writers. The book is charmingly illustrated with engravings.

On Health—What Preserves, What Destroys, and What Restores It. Ten Letters to a Non-Medical Friend. With Ten Engravings. By Jonah Horner, M.D. Third Edition. Pp. 170. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder, St. Paul's Churchyard.

CONTAINS information on health, its preservatives and loss, with strong recommendations of hydropathic remedial treatment, as practised by the author at his establishment at Redcar.

Friends of the Friendless. By Mrs. C. L. Balfour. Pp. 47. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

BRIEF and interesting accounts of Sarah Martin; Mrs. Tatnall; Catherine, of Liverpool; Captain Coram; John Pounds; and George Müller, are given in this little work by a well-known philanthropic lady.

Tweedie's Temperance Almanack and Year-Book of the Position and Progress of the Temperance Movement for 1864. Pp. 93. London: Wm. Tweedie, 337, Strand.

FULL of matter interesting to abstainers.

Aunt Esther and Her Umbrella. An Interesting and Instructive Tale for Youth. By Louisa Simonds. London: Robert S. Stacy, 170, Shoreditch.

THIS may be an instructive tale, but it is far from interesting. Not to yawn very much whilst reading it has been

our great difficulty. The composition is neither vigorous, elegant, nor correct. We wish very much these things had not been so, for the book has features which attract us towards its unknown author.

Outlines of Ancient History; comprising Notices of the Manners, Customs, Government, Laws, Religions, Wars, Commerce, Natural Productions, Systems of Philosophy, Arts, Literature, &c., of the Nations of Antiquity. For the Use of Schools and Private Students. By Alexander McInnes, Head Master of the Caledonian School, Liverpool. Liverpool: Philip, Son, and Nephew, 51, South Castle Street.

Nor without faults, but on the whole a clever little digest in 70 pages. The chapter on Christianity is the least satisfactory. An amusing slip occurs on page 5: 'No man,' we are told, 'was allowed to change his calling, but was obliged to follow the occupation of his father.' What was the occupation of 'no man's' father is not explained.

Familiar, Proverbial, and Select Sayings from Shakspeare. By John B. Marsh. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. Manchester: John Heywood.

IN critically reading the plays of Shakspeare, with another end in view, Mr. Marsh marked a number of oft-quoted, proverbial, or otherwise noteworthy sayings, and having filled a small book with them, has presented us with the result in the shape of a well-printed volume, with a copious index. Mr. Marsh appears to have a very microscopic eye, and to be sometimes apt to give an undue importance to mere trifles. 'O short-lived pride;' 'Truth is truth;' 'Go, whip thy gig;' 'I know what I know;' 'God, and our right;' 'Scratch my head, Peas-Blossom;' 'A word in your ear, sir;' 'Tis a chronicle of day by day.' Fragments of speech like these are too insignificant to merit each a line to itself, with a number to find it by in the index, and a reference to boot for its discovery in the play.

The Life-Boat; or, Journal of the National Life-Boat Institution.

SINCE the opening of 1861 the Royal National Life-Boat Institution has expended 25,000*l.* on various life-boat establishments on the coasts of England, Scotland, and Ireland. During the

same period the life-boats of the Institution have been instrumental in rescuing the crews of a large number of vessels. In 1861 the lives saved amounted to 284, and in 1862 and 1863, to 1st June, 460. Besides these, for 562 other lives rescued by shore-boats and other means, the Institution has granted rewards amounting to 2,924*l.*, in addition to 66 silver medals. Since the formation of the Society, its operations have included the rescue of 13,166 lives. Deeply sensible of the great responsibility that rests upon them to maintain their present fleet of 125 life-boats in a thoroughly efficient state, and its crews in full practice in the management of the boats, the committee earnestly appeal for aid in upholding and perpetuating so great and noble a work.

Old Jonathan; or, The District and Parish Helper. London: W. H. Collingridge, Aldersgate Street.

THE old man, with his pleasant gossip and good counsel, his pious musings, and his pictures, comes punctually on the fifteenth of each month, and wherever he appears, no doubt a hearty welcome greets him.

The Practical Consequences of Teaching any Future Restoration of the Race: a Letter to a Friend, occasioned by the Recent Publication of, 1. 'Forgiveness After Death,' by a Clergyman; 2. 'The Unpreached Gospel,' by the Author of 'The Study of the Bible;' and, 3. 'The Destiny of the Human Race: a Scriptural Inquiry.' London: Houlston and Wright, 65, Paternoster Row.

THE doctrine of future restoration, to which this pamphlet refers, was noticed in the last number of 'Meliora.' Its peculiarity is in this—that it regards none as finally lost, except those who deliberately reject Christianity after its message has fully and fairly reached them; and promises to those who become real Christians in this life a missionary and tuitional function in the other, for the benefit of all that vast majority of the race who have died without having heard the Gospel at all, or not with full appreciation, whilst upon earth. The writer, who favours this doctrine, endeavours to set before his readers the good consequences which he supposes would follow upon the teaching of it.

The Teacher's Pocket-Book and Diary for 1864. Pp. 176.

The Sunday-School Teacher's Class Register, 1864.

Notes on Scripture Lessons, for January, 1864. Prepared under the Direction of the Committee of the Sunday-School Union. Sunday-School Union, 56, Old Bailey, London.

THE 'Pocket-Book' is a treasury for the Sunday-School teacher. With this in his pocket, he has at once a useful almanack and diary for ordinary purposes, and a considerable store of appliances, including a register to show the names, residences, and attendance of his scholars, Scripture weights, measures, and money, and all desirable information as to the constitution, auxiliaries, officers, and operations of the Sunday-School Union. The 'Register' is excellently adapted for use in Sunday Schools. The 'Notes on Scripture Lessons' offer great advantages to those scholars who use them.

Nancy Wimble, the Gossip; and How She was Cured. A Story of Village Life. By T. S. Arthur. Pp. 135. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

ONE of the very best of Mr. Arthur's stories, showing how a whole village may be made miserable by a single malicious tongue, and what means are best adapted to cure the evil.

What Put My Pipe Out; or, Incidents in the Life of a Clergyman. Pp. 123. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

THE whole history and mystery of tobacco, told in an easy, agreeable style. Admirable for the use of smokers, whom, with their leave, it cannot but instruct; and yet, whilst dissuading from 'the weed,' is not likely to offend. As usual with Mr. Partridge's publications, it is admirably illustrated.

Transportation Considered as a Punishment and as a Mode of Foundling Colonies. By Robert H. Torrens, Esq., Lieut.-Colonel A.V.A., and Registrar-General of South Australia. London: Wm. Ridgway, 163, Piccadilly.

A PAPER read before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at Newcastle, is here reproduced as a pamphlet from the press of Mr. Ridgway. The writer complains that the Royal Commission

Commission, which reported a short time ago, neglected to take the evidence of Sir Henry Young, and refused to hear that of Sir Chas. Cooper, men eminently qualified to speak on the penal system, and from whom the Commissioners might have learnt 'that transportation, tested in every conceivable form, had proved a failure, whether regarded as a deterrent to those lapsing into crime, or as a reformatory to those already enrolled amongst the criminal class; and that, whilst entailing enormous expense upon the mother country, it demoralized the social condition, and retarded the material progress of the communities which it was supposed to benefit. Rejecting the evidence of men so eminently qualified to afford the fullest information, acquired, moreover, in positions which free them from all suspicion of undue bias, the Commissioners exposed themselves to be influenced by those who regard the question exclusively from their peculiar stand-point as employés in the penal establishment at Western Australia.'

Lieut. Colonel Torrens claims attention for his own convictions, on the ground that these have been arrived at, not upon the testimony of others, but from his own observations, during a recent visit to the penal settlements, and in a colony adjacent thereto, in which he held the commission of the peace for more than twenty years, during great portions of which he was a member of the Executive and Legislative Councils. He makes a vigorous and weighty protest against transportation to any of the Australian colonies, and concludes with the following minatory words: 'It would take much to shake the loyalty and attachment of the Australian people; but injury may be overlooked when insult cannot. This would be felt as a wanton and intolerable insult by all these colonies, and the minister who ventures to act upon the "Report of the Royal Commission on Transportation and Penal Servitude" will incur the responsibility of alienating the affections of a million and a-half of her Majesty's most loyal subjects, and will jeopardize the integrity of the colonial empire.'

A Safe, Speedy, and Certain Cure for Small-Pox; with Cases Illustrative of its Efficacy in Every Stage of the Disease, in Preventing Disfigurement,

&c. &c. London: Kent and Co., Paternoster Row.

THE discovery of the alleged specific virtues of cream of tartar in small-pox was made by the late M. T. Rose, of Dorking, in 1826. His son now publishes many and various cases tending to demonstrate the efficacy of the proposed remedy. He gives full information as to the dose and manner of administration. He says: 'Whether welcomed or despised, the truth is now patent to the world that "a safe, speedy, and certain cure" for small-pox has been discovered, and that this hitherto dreaded, disfiguring, and fatal disease, by the blessing of Heaven, needs be so no longer.'

Russia, Poland, and the Jesuits; or, The Roman Catholic Conspiracy Against the Liberty of Europe Examined. By I. H. Elliott. London: G. J. Stevenson, 55, Paternoster Row.

ANTIPATHY to the Roman Catholic creed and all its professors appears to have induced Mr. Elliott to write this pro-Russian pamphlet. He is at much pains to depreciate the unhappy Poles. Properly understood, he says, theirs 'is no struggle for liberty: as reasonably might we expect the Irish to rebel for liberty. The silly Poles are struggling but for a change of masters: the scorpion for the whip; the Russian sabre for the Popish torch; the conscription for the inquisition. It is a religious rebellion, and nothing else; all besides is mere sham, Jesuitical pretence, and make-believe.' It will take many pamphlets to bring the English people round to this way of thinking. Mr. Elliott has set before himself, indeed, a very heavy undertaking.

The Mortons of Bardon. In three volumes. London: Newby.

HAVING opened this tale and read a few pages, we found it absolutely necessary to continue the reading until reaching the last page, so skilfully has the author woven the spell that binds the reader to him. And yet the tale has in it no features of high romance to charm; no cunning secret to be unearthed; no trick of plot to cheat the reader into pursuit; no sensational 'header' to take his breath; no utterances of wild opinion to outrage his feelings, or to provoke the curiosity of dislike to follow the author's windings, and see into what enormities he proposes

proposes to cajole the reading world. A simple tale of commonplace Lancashire life is all that is set before us in 'The Mortons of Bardon;' and it is the legitimate interest of character well marked, and plot naturally evolved, that compels the reader to maintain his place by the author's side so docilely to the close of the story.

Of the characters, it is to be noted that they are neither too few nor too many; sufficiently copious to make the stage busy, and prove the width of the author's faculty; but not so crowded as to embarrass the sympathies and antipathies of readers whom a large mob of *dramatis personæ* would bewilder. The hero of the tale is Walter Morton, young, handsome (of course), and possessing talents that at least pass for brilliant; and the heroine is Mary Graham, beloved at once by Walter and by every reader of 'The Mortons.' Job Fitton and his sister Sally, also, are characters admirably conceived and photographed: both Lancashire to the backbone; and, with all their shortcomings, great favourites of the reader, and only subordinate in interest to the hero and heroine themselves. Besides these four, we have Mr. Senford, Miss Graham's eccentric but deep-hearted uncle; Dr. Trimley, the schemer, and his daughter; Chris. Holden (another delightful portrait), with Mr. Holden, his father, and Lizzie, his sister; and last, not least, there is Walter's uncle, John Morton.

It is upon the character and fortunes of John Morton that the motion of the tale most of all turns. On him, to a large extent, the worldly success or failure of his nephew, the hero, depends; the closing of his hand works bitter woe to Walter and all his friends; and the catastrophe that for awhile appears to seal the fate of the Mortons of Bardon is the collapse of the Bardon and Burton Atmospheric Railway scheme, in which John Morton has become largely involved. The entanglement of so shrewd a man of business as John Morton in such a mere spider's web would be quite unnatural, were it not fully accounted for by the assistance to the acts of the scheming projector of the railway rendered by that almost universal agent of mischief—strong drink. It is the bottle that causes the strong man to become weak, and the clever man of business to succumb to the craft of Dr. Trimley.

Of Bardon, an average Lancashire town, the author gives an admirable description. His sketches of scenes in a contested election in such a town are exceedingly graphic and to the life. The justice he renders to those characters in his tale with whom the reader sympathises, although it is delayed, is satisfactory at last. Altogether, the writer, whose first appearance in this department of literature we have in 'The Mortons of Bardon,' must be congratulated on the success which he has undoubtedly attained.

The Truth Seeker. A Review of Literature and Events Relating to the Development of Religious Life and Liberty in the Christian Church. Edited by the Rev. John Page Hopps. No. 7. London: E. T. Whitfield, 178, Strand.

We shall have sufficiently indicated the school to which this publication belongs when we have said that the editor welcomes Renan's 'Life of Jesus' as a 'new attempt to rescue the life of Christ from the creeds and the schools,' and that he appears to give Bishop Colenso a large share of his sympathies.

A Familiar Epistle to Robert T. Walker, Formerly of Pennsylvania, Later of Mississippi, More Recently of Washington, and Last Heard Of in Mr. Coxwell's Balloon. From an Old Acquaintance. To which is prefixed a Biographical Sketch. London: Saunders, Otley, and Co., 66, Brook Street, Hanover Square.

An anonymous attack on Mr. Walker and the Federal cause.

The Church of England and Ireland Temperance Magazine. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday, 54, Fleet Street, and S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

We regret to find that, unless an effort be made for the extension of the sale of this very useful periodical, the conductors must either continue to suffer pecuniary loss or resolve to abandon the publication. The abandonment, we believe, is not contemplated; but a thousand additional subscribers are required to enable the magazine to pay its expenses; and considering to how large a class this organ appeals, we do trust that it will not be—as certainly it ought not to be—possible to make such a complaint after this year.

Rosa;

Rosa; or, The Two Castles. Pp. 92.
London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

A CHARMING little tale. Its romantic character will make it welcome wherever there are children to read it; and its Christian tone and moral make it good company for young and old.

Bygone Days in Our Village. By J. L. W. Pp. 208. Edinburgh: William Oliphant & Co.

THIS is a very neatly-printed and well-illustrated volume of sketches of village character. The subjects are all Scottish, and of the last generation; not creatures of the imagination, but human beings who have lived, and moved, and played their parts on this mortal stage. There is a graphic power about some, a quiet charm about many, and a religious keeping in all the pieces gathered together in this volume; and though only Scotch folk can fully appreciate, readers in all parts of our island will find them interesting.

The following extract will show the author's style:—

‘THE CHARITY OF THE POOR.

“Your father’s lang in getting hame the day, Teena,” said Mrs. Oliver, addressing her eldest daughter, who was busy preparing a savoury stew that simmered upon the fire. “It’s near five o’clock, an’ he used aye to be here about three.”

“He had to gang roun’ by Mireside wi’ some sacks,” answered the girl, “an’ he said he would be langer;—but that’s him now, I hear the sound o’ wheels.”

“Ye’d better put the kettle a wee bit nearer the fire, to let it be fairly boilin’, an’ mak’ him a cup o’ tea; he likes ane when he comes hame cauld an’ weary.” And, so saying, Mrs. Oliver continued her darning, leaving her daughter to prepare the evening meal.

A few minutes after this conversation, the door opened, and a stout, healthy-looking man, in the prime of life, entered, and was heartily welcomed by mother and daughter; while a chubby, fair-haired child, throwing away the doll with which she had been playing, trotted to meet him, exclaiming joyfully, “At dad, at dad;” adding, “an’ Ovey (Rover) tae,” at the sight of her playfellow, a large mastiff, who followed close to his master’s heels.

‘Gideon Oliver lifted his little girl in his arms, saying, “Has Isa been a gude bairn when dad was away?”

“Isa been gude, vely gude,” answered the child in her broken speech, drawing at the same time her dimpled hand through his hair.

Mrs. Oliver had risen upon her husband’s entrance, and began to unfasten the wrappings from his neck, exclaiming, “Ye are late the day, Gideon; but Teena says ye had to gang to Mireside afore ye can’ hame. It’s very stupid o’ me bein’ feared when ye are a wee ahint your time, but I canna help it, ye are as regular as the clock for ordinar’.” Then, perceiving a sad expression on his face, she added, in an anxious tone, “Has ony ill happened ye, Gideon, for ye look wae?”

Gideon Oliver turned away his face for a moment to brush a tear from his eye; then, quickly recovering himself, he placed in his wife’s hand a letter, which she received in silence, and read the following words:—

“DEAR SIR,—It is my sad duty to inform you that your sister Mrs. Fairlie died this morning, after a protracted illness, which she bore with Christian patience and resignation. While upon her deathbed, she requested me to mention her wish that you should come and make all necessary arrangements regarding her funeral, and also her desire that one of her children might be placed under your care, hoping that each of her late husband’s brothers would adopt one of the remaining three. I trust that after all the debts are paid, there may be a little left over, to assist in defraying the expense of maintaining and educating the children till they are able to support themselves.

“However, all these matters can be talked over when we meet.

(Signed) “JOSEPH BRAIDWOOD,
“Brampton Schoolhouse.”

‘It was some minutes before Mrs. Oliver could speak, after reading the letter; at last, the first burst of grief past, she said, as if addressing herself,

“Puir wee Ellen, she canna be mair than ten months auld, she was born about the time Sandy died. God help the motherless infant!”

‘That evening, after the children were asleep, Mrs. Oliver drew her seat near her husband, who sat in silence by the fire, and entered at once upon the subject of Mrs. Fairlie’s death; for well

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the true wife knew how tenderly her husband had loved this sister, and how sorely his heart was bleeding for his loss.

"I wish I had gae to see Peggy this simmer, Gideon," she began; "but it was a lang way to Broadlands, an' I didna weel see how I could leave the bairns; an' then I seem to ha'e nae heart for anything sin' our wee laddie died; but if I had kent she was sae ill, I wadna ha'e let anything stop me."

"There's nae use vexin' yoursel' reflectin', Mary," said her husband, kindly. "Peggy wrote that she couldna expect ye to gang sae far frae hame an' leave sae mony bairns. It's me that's been to blume; I might ha'e gane an' seen her, pur thing. But what dae ye say about us takin' Ellen? She will soon be auld enouch to toddle about the house wi' Lsa; only another wee one will gie ye no mair wark, an' ye havena been a'thegither strong this while back."

"Never think on me, Gideon," answered Mrs. Oliver; "I wud dae muckle for Peggy's bairns. We gae to the schule thegither, an' learned our lessons aff the same book, an' mony a day we played thegither by the burn-side at Auld Shiels; an' then, when we were bits o' lassies, no ower fifteen, we gae away to Thurwill Fair, an' hired oursel's to the same master. Do ye mind it, Gideon? It was there, tae, we attended Mr. Clark's sacrament. I was a thoughtless crater in thae days, never heedin' onything but dress or folly; an' mony's the warnin' I got frae Peggy to mind that there was another warld besides this one. A' the time o' the table service, when Mr. Clark was addressin' us, I saw the tears drappin' frae her een; an' the first serious thought I ever had was when she naude me kneel down beside her in the plantin' as we cam' hame frae the kirk that day; an' then, O how she did pray for us baith!"

"She was aye a by ordinar' lassie sin' ever I mind," answered Gideon, "an' no like any o' the rest o' us. I wonder where she got sic genty ways as she had. I never saw anybody could equal her, except yoursel', Mary."

"Dinna mention us in the same breath, Gideon," replied his wife; "I just wish I was half as gude as she was. I dinna ken what was about her, for nane o' the young men durst ever use

ony freedom wi' her; and even on the harvest-rig, or at the buchts in the mornin', where sae muckle folly used to gang on among the lads and lasses, her manner checked a kind o' nonsense. An' then, though she was sae bonny, that never seemed to uplift her. I mind ae nicht, at Hillend, after we were dune wi' our wark, we took a saunter up the burn-side frae the house, an' sat down on the bank aboon the washin' pule. We hadna been lang there when Willie Gourlay (our master's son) cam' up wi' some heather in his hand, which he put into Peggy's cap, an' tellt her to look at hersel' in the water, an' see how bonny she was, sayin', 'I saw the laird's daughters when they were dressed for a ball the other nicht, Peggy; but for a' their ribbons and brooches they didna look half as well as you.' Instead o' being the least carried wi' his praise, though she liked him sae well, she only was vexed, and said cannily—

"Ye wadna mak' me proud, wad ye, Willie? I ha'e as little right to be vain o' my face as the peacock has o' his grand feathers that he is aye spreidin' out for admiration; we didna mak' oursel's. Oh! Gideon, I whiles think if she had only marryt Willie Gourlay, they wud baith ha'e been happy, for Willie wud ha'e travelled ower the whole world, I believe, for ae kind blink o' her e'e."

"What can ye say about it, Mary," replied Gideon, sadly, "than just it had been ordered otherwise by Ane wha canna err? Ye see Peggy had her ain share o' independence, an' she couldna stan' his mother an' sister's lookin' down on her; but mony a vexed heart she had, especially after Willie listed, an' gae off to the Indies. Then we a' advised her to marry Robert Fairlie, thinking he was a grand match for her, besides bein' a clever, active man, though I doubt, after a', he wasna worthy o' her. But nane ever heard Peggy complain. If she had sorrows, she keepit them to hersel'. Ye havena tellt me yet, though, what ye think about us takin' wee Ellen."

"I am loth to part them, Gideon," said his wife. "Do ye no think we could keep them a'? Ye ken the Fairlies are a high, proud kind o' folk, an' sair my heart misgives me if Peggy's bairns wud be well lookit on among them. But mind this, Gideon, if they should come, an' if they should ha'e ony siller, no ae penny o' it is touched

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by us. I wad never ha'e it said that Gideon Oliver made his sel' rich at the expense o' the orphan bairns."

"It winna do, Mary," was the reply. "Dinna ask me, for it vexes me to refuse you aught. Ane is as muckle as ye can well manage wi' our ain. But as it is likely I may bring the wee lassie away wi' me, some o' the lads frae Black House had better meet me at the town on Friday night; the coach gets there about seven o'clock."

'It was a stormy and bleak winter day when the friends who were to conduct the remains of Mrs. Fairlie to her last resting-place, met in the farm-house of Lochhead.

'After a short prayer by the old and venerated minister, the mourners began to form themselves into a procession behind the hearse, which moved slowly forward to the churchyard, the "God's acre" of our ancestors, where man is the seed that the "Lord of the harvest" will raise up in glory when "time shall be no more."

'The snow, which had been falling for some days, was now drifted into wreaths here and there over the melancholy expense. Sometimes the air was calm, not a murmur heard of tinkling rill or rushing stream, for all were frozen up in winter's icy embrace; again the wind came in gusts, shaking the leafless trees in its fury, and scattering in every direction the dazzling masses of snow.

'The heart of Gideon Oliver was desolate indeed when he saw the clods thrown into the grave, and the skilfully cut turf smoothed over the mound which contained all that was mortal of one so well beloved.

'Turning to leave the place, his eye recognised a stranger standing near, his form muffled up in a military cloak, which half concealed his features. This stranger, like himself, seemed absorbed in grief, and started as Gideon laid his hand upon his shoulder, and inquired if he were not William Gourlay.

"Who asks my name?" was the surprised reply.

"Gideon Oliver," answered his companion.

'In a moment the other stretched out his hand, and grasped the hard palm of the carrier's in his own; then, sinking his head upon his breast, he groaned bitterly. After a few moments' silence, Gourlay, who by steadiness and ability had earned promotion from the ranks,

and now enjoyed the position of lieutenant, spoke, and said, "I am indeed William Gourlay. You will wonder to see me here, but a few words will explain all. Arriving lately in Scotland, after ten years' absence in foreign lands, a restless longing seized me to see your sister, though lost to me for ever, and to take one look at the face which had been the load-star of my life,—the face of my first, my last, my only love. I came here this morning, but only to have the sad privilege of following her remains to the tomb; and now I go forth a wanderer, without a home, to lay my bones on some distant shore."

"Dinna speak that way, Mr. Gourlay," said the kind-hearted carrier; "ye have still youth on your side, and ha'e ye nae sisters that need your care? Dinna be sae cast down: try to say, 'The Lord gave, and He hath taken away: blessed be His name.' Humble yourself under His hand, and He will lift you up again; bend to His will, and you will find that it has been good for you to be afflicted. Gang hame to your friends, Mr. Gourlay, and rouse yoursel' like a man. Had Peggy been to the fore, she wad ha'e gi'en you the same advice."

"Friends!" said the soldier, bitterly, "I have no friends. Have you not heard that few are left now of my father's house? Ten years' absence has emptied our dwelling, filled our burying-place in the churchyard, and scattered the survivors over distant lands."

"Puir chiel!" said the carrier, wiping away the tears that were flowing freely over his rough cheeks—"puir chiel! say ye sae? then I am wae, wae for ye. I am rich, for I ha'e a wife and bairns. Come an' see us, an' Mary will be a sister to you. Do ye mind o' her? She was Mary Innes lang syne—Peggy's friend and neighbour when she served at your father's."

"Yes, I do remember," answered Lieutenant Gourlay. "Ah! could I forget aught, or any one connected with those times? I loved your sister, Oliver," resumed the soldier, "as man never loved woman; but my family were proud, and they parted us for ever. Since that time, it seems as if the sap were dried out of my heart and my right arm were withered. But one word before we part—her children?"

"They will be provided for," was the reply.

reply. "But will ye no come wi' me? I canna think on ye gain' away sae desolate."

"Not now, Oliver, not now," groaned the poor man. "Farewell, my friend; and if we should never meet again in this world, may we all meet in a better." And so saying, the soldier hurried from the spot.

Gideon Oliver slowly and sadly retraced his steps to the house, where a party of friends were already assembled to consult about the disposal of the children, as well as to make arrangements for winding up the business connected with the farm. A place was soon made at the table for the new comer, and the conversation was resumed by the eldest brother-in-law of the deceased, who asked if any one present knew the extent of the debts; for Mrs. Fairlie's illness following so soon after her husband's death, these matters had been neglected.

'Mr. Braidwood, the schoolmaster, replied that, as far as he was aware, from what Mrs. Fairlie told him on her deathbed, after everything was cleared, there might be a matter of 50*l.* to each of the children.

"Then who amongst us is to take the children?" inquired the first speaker. "I understand my sister-in-law wished each of their uncles to receive one. I have no objections to the eldest coming with me; she may assist her aunt in household matters. Her money will go so far to maintain her; for I would consider it unjust to my own family were I to adopt a stranger, even though that stranger were my brother's child."

Gideon Oliver heard this cold, unfeeling speech with flushed cheek and kindling eye; then starting to his feet, he exclaimed, "Gentlemen—for ye are a' gentlemen that are here, an' I am but a puir man—no fit company for you, I'll warrant some o' ye are thinkin'. I ha'e heard Mr. Fairlie's offer—sae ha'e ye a': now hear mine. I will tak' a' the bairns—not ane, but a',—yes, a'," he repeated, seeing the company looked one to another. "They are my sister's,—the sister I liked best, now a saint in heaven; an' wha, I wonder, has as gude a right to them? I canna promise to bring them up leddie, but I will try and bring them up Christians." Then turning to the schoolmaster, he said, "An' you, Mr. Braidwood, will see that the money is put into the bank in the name o' the bairns; no ae penny o't will be

touched by me, as I hope to lay my head in peace on my dyin' pillow."

'After a pause, the silence of which seemed to imply the assent of the friends present, the minister rose, and, seizing the hand of the carrier, said, "Gideon Oliver, you have made me proud of my country this day. The children are yours, and may the blessing of Him who is the orphan's shield and the widow's stay be with you; but your wife?"

"I will answer for her; she will take them to her heart as if they were her ain; an' right glad she will be. It was her proposal that I should bring them a' hame wi' me; but I wadna listen to her, for she hadna been strong, and I couldna think o' her bein' toiled. And now, gentlemen," he continued, turning to the company, "I will bid you gude day and be aff, for we've a lang journey afore us, the bairns and me;" and so saying, Gideon left the apartment.

'Friday had been a day of excitement in the carrier's cottage; the children wearied, and counted the hours till evening would come and bring their little cousin; and even Isa asked, before going to sleep, that she might be awaked before "dad and wee Elie tam hame."

"That's them now, mother!" cried little Gideon, as he rushed to the door. "I ken Daughtie's fit; an' see, Rover kens it tae, for he's waggin' his tail." Then turning quickly, he exclaimed, "Fast, Teena, bring a chair! here's father an' a hale cart fu' o' bairns; an' the snaw's been fa'n' thick upon them, for there's a' as white as doos."

Few words passed between Oliver and his wife until the children were all safely in bed, after which Gideon related the sorrowful events of the past day, saying, as he concluded, "Ye will be glad for aye, Mary, that I brought them away; ye said the puir things wad be ill lookit on amang their father's friends."

"Gideon Oliver," answered his wife, fondly, while a tear moistened her soft, gentle eye, "I am prouder o' ye this night, my husband, than I was that day I stood wi' ye afore the minister, an' heard ye vow to protect and cherish me till death should us part. Glad I am—mair than glad. This is the first time my heart has been light sin' our wee laddie's death. The Lord has restored fourfold that which He took away. Oh that

that He may enable us to be faithful to this great trust!"

Club Night: a Village Record. Edited by Mrs. C. L. Balfour. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

CERTAIN notes made by a friend of Mrs. Balfour whilst on a tour some years ago in the eastern counties, form the materials of which 'Club Night' is constructed. The story is of a club of tipplers, who are converted to total abstinence by events herein narrated; and if all tippling-clubs could be persuaded to read what is here recorded, much good might certainly be expected to result.

A Guide to the Treatment of Disease without Alcoholic Liquors. By Henry Mudge, M.R.C.S. Lond., &c. Lon-

don: Jarrold and Sons, 12, Paternoster Row.

THE author of this useful little work has been struck (and not he only) with the unnecessary, flippant, and mischievous frequency with which the use of alcoholic drinks is recommended in almost all popular books of medicine. He has a strong conviction 'that the general public are injured, and teetotalers victimized by the hundred; and that therefore some further assistance is certainly required to deliver the sufferers from the injuries inflicted by the unholy alliance at present existing between alcohol and physic.' Towards this necessary and difficult work he proffers his aid; and the result is a book which, especially by those who rely on allopathic treatment, and in some respects by others also, will be deservedly regarded as a valuable acquisition.







1. The first part of the document is a list of names and dates, which appears to be a record of some kind. The names are written in a cursive script, and the dates are in a more formal, printed style. The list is organized into two columns, with names on the left and dates on the right. The names are: John Smith, James Brown, William Jones, and Thomas White. The dates are: 1810, 1811, 1812, and 1813. The list is followed by a section of text that is also written in cursive. This text appears to be a description of the events that took place during the period covered by the list. It mentions the names of the individuals listed and describes their actions and the circumstances surrounding them. The text is written in a clear, legible hand, and it is organized into paragraphs. The first paragraph describes the events of 1810, the second paragraph describes the events of 1811, the third paragraph describes the events of 1812, and the fourth paragraph describes the events of 1813. The text is followed by a final section of text that appears to be a summary or conclusion of the document. This text is also written in cursive and is organized into a single paragraph. It summarizes the events described in the document and provides a final statement about the individuals involved. The document is a historical record, and it is written in a style that is typical of the early 19th century. The use of cursive for the names and dates suggests that the document was written by hand, while the use of printed text for the descriptions suggests that it was typed or printed. The overall appearance of the document is that of a formal, official record.

